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MISCELLANY.

VOL. XX.

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O'Toole versus O'Callaghan.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XIII.

Revelations of a Medical Practitioner. — Irish Episodes. — O'Tool *versus* O'Callaghan.—Memoir of the Hunsgate family.—The narrative interrupted.

In the human bee-hive there was not a quieter cell than Holmesdale; and were its "short and simple annals" subjected to the most stringent examination, not an event would be discovered in its secret history save such ordinary ones as are incident to humble life. Never had the lords of the manor been implicated in high treason, nor had they expressed even a wish to interrupt the Protestant succession. No plot to take the Tower first, and afterwards rob the Exchequer, could be traced to the "Chequers"; and whilst the stocks rose and fell, Doctor Faunce sate quietly in his sanctum, and none accused him of being accessory to the ups and downs in public securities. In that pleasant farce called "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," an old gentleman remarks, that "they did nothing but die at Tadcaster." Now, in Holmesdale, they properly considered that there were other passages in life more agreeable than the last one; and much love was made, and a little marriage followed. Nor was the village without its gossip and its scandal. If Emma Smith exhibited at church that Sunday a *mousseline de laine*, and the next one a new Dunstable, Julia Thornhill wondered where the money came from to buy these envied articles? If Julia Thornton was found whispering with Corporal O'Tool, when the said Julia should have been in bed, why Emma Smith "would say nothing, but she could guess pretty well what these whisperings would end in."

Two events had kept Holmesdale for the last fortnight in a fever, —these were an arrival and departure,—and it would be difficult to decide whether the advent of Brian O'Linn, or the exit of Roger O'Tool had occasioned the greater sensation. And yet nothing could be more dissimilar than the causes which influenced the movements of these gentlemen—for Mr. O'Linn was come to undergo an honourable ceremonial, which Mr. O'Tool had levanted to avoid.

That a lover's visit to the prettiest girl within twenty miles, and that lover, too, universally admitted to be a very nice young man,—that this event should be the *laisser aller* for all the village tongues, was only what it ought to be,—while Corporal O'Tool had contrived to invest himself with so much interest during his brief sojourn, that his rapid retreat was held to be an event without a parallel in Holmesdale history, since the Reverend Richard Roundabout, in his seventy-fifth year, had led Miss Laura Lightbody to the hymeneal altar, on the sixteenth anniversary of the lady's birth.

Corporal O'Tool was six feet in his stocking-soles, and the grena-

dier company of the 18th Royal Irish could not produce a cleaner soldier. For the sins of the village—as the old women avouched—Roger O'Tool selected the "Chequers" for head-quarters, his errand being to obtain a supply of food for powder, to enable his Majesty, God bless him! to support his crown and dignity as it ought to be. That Roger was a loyal subject and a faithful servant, might be inferred from his activity and success,—he having, in the brief space of three months, induced divers clean-built lads to accept the loan of a shilling over-night, and the present of a cockade in the morning. It was to be regretted that Roger O'Tool was not more circumspect in his selection of candidates for the "bubble reputation," as more than one aspirant after glory, whom the gallant corporal despatched to "the tented field," should have, according to promise, at the temple of Hymen made honourable reparation for broken vows.

In recruiting instructions, I believe, the candidate for a musket is not obliged to produce testimonials touching his former life and conversation; nor will he even be required to give his subscription to the thirty-nine articles, provided he swear obedience to the articles of war. Corporal O'Tool made no enquiry into private morals, nor cared a brass button if a recruit had been thrice called in the parish church, provided he turned standard height, and satisfied the doctor. Well, if Roger—God forgive him!—now and then induced false youths to play perfidious, he was, after all, only labouring in his vocation — but in his beating orders, was he directed to drink tea with the smith's wife, when her husband had a sick-horse-call up the country? and when he made love to Bessy Brown on the honour of a gentleman, why did he not behave as such?

No wonder that popular astonishment was great, when, instead of departing with a *placens uxor* at his side, in the person of any one of half a dozen young ladies to whom from time to time he had tendered his hand and fortune, he, Roger, was seen on the box of the Express, cheek by jowl with Wat Whipwell, and lilting like a thrush "I'm ower young to marry yet." It was agreed *nem. con.* in the parlour of the "Chequers," the evening he had cut his stick, that Corporal O'Tool might be an excellent soldier, but that he was a very indifferent example for youth; while the old women, in a private coterie, enumerated such delinquencies as had come to light. There could be no doubt that Roger had committed grievous damage during his short stay; they hoped, rather than expected, that the extent of his offendings was ascertained. Mary Grey looked shocking ill; and Polly Wright, who had hitherto been a shapely girl, had become such a dowdy. "Well, well, gossips," added the *femme sage*, "six months more, and we 'll know the worst."

While some moonlit meeting in the church lane, or a *tête-à-tête* across a close-clipped hedge, were quite sufficient to fix public attention in Holmesdale for a day or two, the simple people little dreamed that aught was transacting there that could affect anything beyond a village reputation. They knew not that in the Priory its gloomy lord was devising means to secure his foully-gained inheritance; while, at the same moment, a wronged orphan was listening to a tale which to strange impulses and doubts before, brought confirmation "strong as holy writ."

"My dear young friend," said Doctor Faunce, addressing his guest,

"I feel towards you a sort of free-masonry—an order which I have the honour to belong to—which leads me to forget that we formed an accidental acquaintance on the top of a stage-coach, only four days ago. To strangers I am not very communicative; but in that light, a secret impulse tells me you are not to be considered. I will not give you partial information; and when you have heard my tale, you will admit that in you, I have placed confidence implicitly."

Mr. Faunce took a sip preliminary from his tumbler, and thus commenced

A DOCTOR'S REVELATIONS.

"It is now five-and-thirty years since my uncle articled me to Doctor Doseum. I was an orphan; but my only relative was a kind one—and, though but a small farmer himself, he determined to give me a liberal profession. Physic then, sir, was not what physic's now. Our pharmacopœia was, as it ought to be, extensive; and if a practitioner did not write half a sheet of paper—foolscap, of course, preferred—and two-and-twenty ingredients were required to compound the same, the patient was discontented, and the apothecary by no means pleased. The world is going railroad speed to perdition. You have been in my sanctum, my dear sir: 'tis now, alas! 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,'—my jars are untenanted, and my bottles occupied by coloured waters. In my early days, was there a flower of the field from which we did not extract a virtue, and embody it in syrup or in unguent? But now, sir, six deadly poisons, as many active purgatives, with a spatula, graduated measure, and a gallon *aquæ puræ*—all, save the simple element, containable in Polly's basket, is quite sufficient for the medical demands upon a modern chymist, who will undertake to convey within the brief compass of a salt-spoon, what Doctor Doseum could not have managed to administer in this tumbler."

The unhappy Doctor held the crystal between him and the candle, then applied it to his lips, and thus continued.

"But, sir, I tire you, and you care not a farthing whether the *materia medica* of my sanctum would require a Pickford's waggon for its conveyance, or be transportable in a lady's reticule."

A shrewder guess Dr. Faunce had never made; for Brian, with ill-suppressed impatience, appeared to listen to a Galenical tirade, when burning to hear disclosures which he fancied all-important to himself. Faunce was an oddity in his way; and little as Brian knew of mankind, he thought it better to leave him to himself.

"Doseum died two years after I had completed my apprenticeship, and passed the Surgeon's Hall. By the way, they mistook poor Doseum's case altogether. At the *post mortem* examination of the—"

"Stop, my dear Doctor, for the love of Heaven!" exclaimed the unhappy listener. "If you will have a *post mortem*, make it mine at once."

"Well, I'll come to the point with all despatch, and merely say, that I was considered, for a young man, a safe practitioner. The widow offered me the business, my uncle paid the sum demanded for the same, and here I am, successor to Daniel Doseum, M.D. —By the way, it was only an Aberdeen one, and there they'll give

a degree to a horse. But I'll tell you a pleasant story about that—"

Brian groaned.

"I mean, another time;" and Mr. Faunce thus proceeded.

"The Lord of Holmesdale Manor, to whom the present proprietor—if he be so—succeeded." And alarmed, apparently, at his own indiscretion in thus impugning existing rights, Doctor Faunce looked over his own shoulder in alarm. But it was only Polly and her empty basket that had obtruded on the *symposium*, to announce that her embassy was successfully completed, and if she had been what her master termed "tousled" on the road, why, the bottles had escaped undamaged. The leach waved his hand as a signal for her departure, and when the door closed, he thus continued his narrative:—

"I mentioned that the present Squire succeeded his uncle.—Ghost of Galen!" and the doctor started,—"I wonder whether that giddy girl gave my verbal directions regarding the lotion for Mrs. Bolter's ankle?"

Brian groaned again.

"My dear fellow," observed the man of drugs, "you recall forcibly to mind a patient I once had,—by the bye, a countryman of your own. His name was O'Quillaghan—no—O'Callaghan. The story 's short: let me get rid of it at once, and then I'll get back to the grand narrative. Well, Captain O'Callagan took it into his head to run away with a friend's wife;—and where did he come to spend the honeymoon but to the "Chequers." I was in the habit then of stepping in for half an hour of an evening, when returning from my night calls, to take a glass of ale in the parlour; and I remember I had just lighted a pipe, when up rattled a post-chaise, and out stepped two gentlemen. Without asking a question, they rushed up stairs, and entered the room where Mr. and Mrs. O'Quilligan—I mean Callaghan—were sitting in connubial felicity. In half a minute there was an uproar, and the landlord ran into the parlour, and begged me, for God's sake, to come up, and if possible, prevent murder. Before we could mount the stairs, I thought the house would have come down; and when we entered the room, on the sofa a lady was lying dead; Captain O'Callaghan, with his back to the fire and a red-hot poker in his hand; a stout man with black whiskers, and a mahogany box under his arm, confronting the Captain; and a little man, very like a Jew, standing in the farthest corner he could find, as if anxious to keep himself out of mischief. As we entered the apartment, the little man in the corner called out, 'Just what was wanted!—two respectable witnesses to establish the identity of the parties. We'll issue the writ at once, and proceed for criminal con—"

"'Issue the devil!' exclaimed the man with the mahogany box under his arm. 'I came here not to issue writs, but insist on satisfaction.'

"'And that you shall have, as soon as we have light to-morrow morning,' returned the man with the hot poker in his hand.

"'What! wait till morning,' returned he with the box, 'without drilling a hole through a scoundrel's carcass, who has robbed me of a virtuous wife, the lady at present in a quandary on the sofa there;—not I. By the holy Frost!'—I'll never forget

the oath, the scene made such an impression on me—'By the holy Frost! I'll slip half an ounce of lead into ye, before I bless myself going to bed!'

"Now,' observed the Doctor, in his own way, making a running commentary as he proceeded, "you Irish gentlemen hold extraordinary opinions on some subjects. Excuse me, if I take a liberty,—but I could not comprehend why a virtuous wife should put in a week at the 'Chequers' with a strange gentleman; nor could I exactly understand that before a man said his prayers at bed-time, it was desirable to commit murder."

Tormented as Brian was with the Doctor's prolixity, and anxious to obtain information far more important to himself than a *faux pas* that occurred twenty years ago at a country inn,—still a duel, or an expected one, had an Irish interest, that restored his temper; and he smiled and requested Mr. Faunce to proceed.

"'If ye must have it,' observed Captain O'Callaghan, who seemed an obliging gentleman, 'you may as well have it now as to-morrow. Have ye tools with ye?'

"The man with the black whiskers significantly tapped the box under his arm with his fore-finger.

"'Then all we require is light.' said the Captain. 'Landlord, send a couple of lanterns to the stable-yard.'

"But Dick Tubbins was afraid, and raised objections; and that put the man with the mahogany box out of his senses altogether.

"'Oh! tarnation to me!' says he, 'if we are not accomodated directly, I'll blow up the house at once. Why, you thief of the world!' and he turned upon poor Tubbins like a tiger, 'you that's obliged by law to supply travellers with everything they require for their comfort, to refuse a gentleman who has lost his wife, the loan of two candles and a pitchfork!'

"But, what the devil did he mean?" said Brian, as a horrifying thought crossed his mind. "They were not going to fight with pitchforks?"

"Not at all; but a most ingenious contrivance, as you will admit when you hear the conclusion. Well, Tubbins was still undecided, when his wife, who was listening at the door,—every woman, in a runaway transaction, will be curious to learn full particulars, you know,—burst into the room on hearing the house was about to be blown up, and begged that Dick, on account of the children who were asleep upstairs, would save their lives, and oblige the gentlemen with what they wanted."

"Push on, doctor; never mind what the landlady said."

"Well, the black-whiskered man, who had lost a virtuous wife, opened the mahogany box, and produced a case of pistols. 'Charge for yourself,' says he, as every man has his fancy that way; and, as they both appeared adepts, the business was soon got over. All this time the lady lay insensible.

"'Doctor,' said the disconsolate husband. 'If I'm shot, give Biddy O'Dowd my best respects, and tell her not to take any trouble about the removal of my remains, but lay me in peace and quietness in the next churchyard, though I die a true Catholic. Don't forget that—for it would disturb my repose, if it was thought that I did not adhere steadily to the ould religion,' and, so saying, he followed Captain O'Callaghan, who had gone out to the yard to

make preliminary arrangements, he being familiar with the localities of the 'Chequers.'

"Well, down they went. A drunken bargeman, and a servant out of place, agreed for half-a-crown each to hold out lanterns on a pair of pitchforks, half distance between the combatants, while I turned to the sofa, to resuscitate — if life still remained — the lady thereon extended, and give her Mr. O'Dowd's last respects. I took her hand in mine. If she were dead, her departure had been recent, for when I touched her pulse her eyes opened directly.

"'Doctor—what the devil do they call ye?—are they clear off?'

"I started back. In the course of my practice I had never witnessed so rapid a recovery. It was marvellous! a lady apparently *moribunda*, to turn round upon a regular practitioner, who, acting on the adage 'forsitan scintilla manet,' was hoping, rather than expecting a feeble throb would respond to the pressure of his finger, and demand 'what the devil they called him?'

"'They have adjourned to the yard, madam, with lanterns, pitchforks, pistols, a bargeman, and a gentleman's gentleman, at present his own master.'

"'Blessed be God! They're gone to fight; and a shot or two always puts Dick O'Dowd into the best of temper.'

"That Mrs. O'Dowd was a virtuous wife could not be questioned, for I had her husband's authority for it; and that she was an affectionate one, I had now got oral proof. Still I thought that a pistol-shot was a queer contrivance to render a gentleman good-humoured.

"'Is there any hope, madam, that this unhappy business could be reconciled, and your elopement be forgiven?'

"'I fear not,' returned the fair levanter, with a sigh. 'The last bolt I made with Captain Macnamara, poor dear Dick all but took his oath that if I ventured on another lark of the sort, he would have done with me teetotally.'

"Here, and in one sentence, I received two pieces of information. This was not bolt *number one*, it appeared; and the Irish meaning of 'a lark' is, to carry off a neighbour's wife for a fortnight.

"'The Lord deliver me,' said I to myself, 'from an Hibernian gentlewoman, when I make up my mind to commit matrimony!'"

Anxious and impatient as Brian naturally was to bring Doctor Faunce to more important matters, it was quite idle to attempt it, until the delicate affair of O'Dowd *versus* O'Callaghan was finally disposed of.

"Well," continued the regular practitioner, as he termed himself, "while I was offering my mediation to accommodate lark *number two*, off went a couple of shots behind the stables, and immediately after there was a shout for medical assistance. I ran down; and found the gay deceiver seated on a shock of straw, and Mr. O'Dowd making affectionate inquiries touching the extent of the injury, which turned out to be a flesh-wound in the thigh.

"'Pat,' said the afflicted husband, addressing the gentleman seated on the straw, 'wasn't it a beautiful return for a fortnight's hospitality to bundle off with the lady of the house?'

"''Pon my soul!' replied the wounded duellist, "it looks bad, I'll admit; but young people will be young people, and it was only a spree, after all. It was but this blessed evening that we made up our minds to write to you to-morrow — Mistress O'Dowd to solicit

pardon, and a restitution of conjugal rights, and myself to offer gentlemanly satisfaction, when up ye drove to the door. Arrah! Dick dear! ye don't know half the tender regard that little woman has for ye. She did nothing but cry these three days; and, at the very sight of ye she went off into convulsions. Now that yer honour's satisfied, and you know how affectionate your wife is, let us all be friends, and do you go up and shake hands with Mrs. O'Dowd.'

"But Mr. O'Dowd hesitated.

"'Arrah! Pat, jewel!' said he, 'you know how tender-hearted I am; but, remember, this is not the first time that Biddy kicked over the halter.'

"'Och! man,' returned he upon the straw, 'she 's young, ye know; and every day she gets oulder, the more sense she 'll have. Come, Dick, prove yerself both a trump, and a Christian; and, while they 're carrying me to bed, go up stairs, and give poor Biddy yer blessing.'

"Against such oratory no tender-hearted gentleman could hold out; and, while Captain O'Callaghan was conveyed to bed, Mr. O'Dowd visited his penitent and attached consort, and proved himself both a trump and a Christian; and, after the wounded lover was dressed, and comfortably settled, Mr. and Mrs. O'Dowd drove off, in restored harmony, and in the same chaise which had brought down the irritated husband. Never did a departure from the 'Chequers' occasion more general satisfaction. Mr. O'Dowd had recovered an affectionate wife,—Captain O'Callaghan escaped an action for *crim. con.*—Mr. Tubbins got rid of a customer, who, if not supplied, upon demand, with everything necessary to effect homicide, threatened to blow up the house,—and I had an interesting case for a young practitioner to try his hand upon. It is true, that the lawyer at first was heavily disappointed; but, when he discovered that the lady had 'kicked over the halter before,' doubts and dubitations arose as to the amount of damages at which a special jury would estimate the loss of such a regular levanter.

"And now, my young friend, let me come to the moral of this pleasant story; and, by the blessed memory of Æsculapius! I 'll go right a-head, and give you all the information you require, without further let, hindrance, or delay. Of all the impatient patients ever a country surgeon had to manage, Captain O'Callaghan was the most unmanageable. I never could keep him in his bed-room, or out of the bar-parlour, when, one evening, and to my great surprise, he suddenly called at my house to say farewell.

"'Why, my dear Captain, your wound is still open.'

"'And so is my heart,' said he.

"'I won't hear of your going for another week.'

"'And, by Saint Patrick! I couldn't stay another day, if you engaged to make a bishop of me.'

"'Nothing wrong, I hope?' I inquired.

"'Oh! nothing,' said he. 'The old story, doctor; a woman at the bottom of it.'

"'And, whose wife are ye going to run away with now?'

"'Oh! doctor,' he replied, 'I 'm an altered man; and I consider bundling other men's wives away exceedingly improper. No—no, I 'm determined never again to invade domestic felicity.'

"I tried to persuade him to remain a few days longer; but it was

idle; and we shook hands, and parted. I was shaving myself next morning, when, who should rush into my sanctum but Dick Tubbins, looking pale as a ghost.

"'What 's the matter, Dick?' I said.

"'The captain 's off!' replied Tubbins.

"'Did he settle the bill?'

"'Yes, last night, without even looking at an item,' returned the landlord of the 'Chequers.'

"'Capital customer!' said I.

"'A devilish bad one,' says he.

"'Why? Has he carried off the spoons?'

"'No,' returned Dick. 'I wish he had. He has taken off—'

"'What?—who?' I ejaculated.

"'Mrs. Tubbins, and the barmaid,' and Dick blubbered like a whipped school-boy. 'If he had only left one of them behind, to carry on the business. What an inconsiderate man!'"

"Why, Captain O'Callaghan was the devil!" exclaimed Brian. "Did he return the ladies?"

"Yes; Mrs. Tubbins came back in a week, and recommenced business, as if nothing had occurred: and, about twelvemonths afterwards, Julia Brown re-appeared one fine evening by the 'Express,' with a sweet girl in her arms, the very image of its gallant papa. And now," continued the doctor, "that Irish episode being ended, I come back to what you seem so much more interested in.

When I commenced my professional career, the dame Elizabeth Hunsgate was lady of the manor. She had been widowed the year after her marriage with the late lord; and six months after his decease, gave birth to a posthumous daughter. She was a cold, proud, imperious woman, one who rejected advice, except medical, of course—and would not bear the slightest contradiction. Her marriage had been a mere matter of arrangement; and when she exchanged a name, old as the Conquest, for another, she did so, I firmly believe, rather for genealogical than personal considerations. The lord of the Priory was a goodnatured country gentleman, one who considered that every end of existence was accomplished in hunting twice a week, and extending hospitality to all who were entitled to receive it. A man who rode well to hounds, Mr. Hunsgate considered a companion for a king,—and to the field at large he generally tendered an invitation to dinner. On hunting days, his lady invariably declined appearing in the eating room,—and it was whispered that the squire bore her absence with extraordinary resignation. Habits, and mode of thinking, opposite as the antipodes, a perfect indifference of feeling on both sides, pursuits utterly at variance,—these circumstances, I have no doubt, enabled the lord and lady of Holmesdale Priory to preserve the external forms of connubial life; but whether this would have continued much longer is only a matter of conjecture.

A pleurisy, neglected in the beginning—they did not bleed as freely as they should have done,—in four days sent Mr. Hunsgate to his fathers; and in the short will he made, he left his wife as absolute mistress over Holmesdale as Robinson Crusoe was when he boasted he was master of all he surveyed. If she felt aught for her bereavement, she concealed it well,—for every order for celebrating the funeral rites was given with as much coolness as if she were

calling for her carriage,—and in one fell swoop, hounds, huntsmen, and hunters were abolished. She lived in gloomy isolated dignity,—the park gates were closed against the public; and when she passed them,—probably twice or thrice in the year,—four horses and outriders announced her state, while the carriage was closely blinded, lest a transient gleam of the light of her countenance should fall upon some fortunate villager.

"The hour of trial came that matrons dread; and Doctor Doseum was suddenly summoned to the Priory. Throughout a day and night he remained in close attendance—and at last, a child was born. The sex was announced by the nurse, with the customary addition of what a beautiful baby it was! 'And have I suffered all these pains to produce a daughter?' was the brief remark that fell from the lips of this proud and impious woman.

"Dame Hunsgate seemed a being of different mould to ordinary mortals. From her birth, she disliked her daughter,—and to the gentlest spirit that ever would have won a mother's love, she evinced a coldness scarcely conceivable. A woman of considerable personal attractions, sole mistress of a large estate, a widow at five-and-twenty, many a suitor for her hand and 'jointured land' might have been expected; but few presented themselves, and those who did make the trial, were very unceremoniously dismissed. Mrs. Hunsgate was indeed a singular personage. It is said, and I can well imagine it, that a posthumous child, with very painful reminiscences, still has a sacred tie which seems to connect the living with the dead. To the orphan's mother that feeling was unknown; and almost from the hour of her birth, Emily Hunsgate was entrusted to strangers.

"You heard my wife's remark, that she was nurse, and governess, and mother;—and that assertion is literally correct. Under her care, Miss Hunsgate was brought up. It is true that her mother was resident in the house; but beyond a visit to the nursery in infancy, and a more formal one to the school-room in childhood, to others the care of educating the orphan heiress was entirely committed.

"I must hurry on. Miss Emily approached womanhood, and the dame remained cold, repulsive, and unendearing as ever. Never were two beings so opposite. A gentler temper, a kinder heart, a more generous nature, never marked a character so early as that of Miss Emily. As she grew in years, she became more admired and beloved; and there was not a hind on the estate who would not have flung his coat upon a crossing, and if Emily Hunsgate passed with an unwetted foot, he would have held himself as richly rewarded by her smile.

"I must remark here, that the family of Hunsgate had almost lapsed; and, with the exception of the young heiress, the succession would, failing her, have devolved upon one so remote as fourth cousinship. This man had been alienated for years from the family of Holmesdale. He had been bred a lawyer, bore but an indifferent reputation, and even the legitimacy of his birth was considered doubtful. The dame of Holmesdale never condescended to waste a thought upon him; and no man bade fairer to lead a detested career, distract a village during life, and go to the grave with the general consent of all the body politic, than the present Lord of the Manor—him, whom you encountered this evening.

"The retirement in which Mrs. Hunsgate lived, the seclusion in

which her daughter was educated, the gloomy formal ceremony with which the commonest transactions of every-day life were enacted at the Priory, continued until Miss Emily reached seventeen. From her third year, my wife had resided at the Priory, watched over the health, and superintended the education of its future mistress. At this period, a delicacy was first remarked, and a physician of local eminence was called in and consulted. Change of air and scene, with the use of mineral waters, were recommended; and Mrs. Hunsgate, my wife, and her young charge, proceeded to Tunbridge Wells.

That watering-place was then extremely fashionable, and it was crowded with excellent company; and for the first time, the secluded girl might have been said to have obtained a peep at what the world really was. To mingle in the public amusements of the place Mrs. Hunsgate considered a matter necessary to be done by a personage of her position in society. The walks, the libraries, and the balls, were all regularly attended; and among the temporary residents at the Wells, Mrs. Hunsgate discovered a lady who had been in early life a favourite school-fellow, but from whom, for twenty years, she had been accidentally separated. Mrs. Aubrey was married to a Border gentleman of large fortune, and, like the mother of Emily, had repaired to Tunbridge, on account of the delicacy of a daughter's health, whose years were much the same. The attachment which was renewed between the matrons, appeared to extend itself to the young ladies,—and Mary Aubrey and Emily Hunsgate became devoted friends.

"The time arrived when the Wells were to be abandoned for Hunsgate Priory and Aubrey Park, and a mutual entreaty was preferred by the young ladies, that they might be permitted to pay a short visit to each other. A ready consent was given,—the lady of the Priory returned alone, and Emily accompanied the Aubreys to the Borders.

Mrs. Aubrey was Irish by descent; and a young relative, during her visit to the Wells, had been shooting with her husband, and remained still at Aubrey Park. Ralph Devereux had an excellent face and figure to recommend him, with the additional advantages of a good education, military breeding, and that tact superadded, which, as report avers, enables Irishmen of far inferior pretensions, to find the road to woman's heart. Certain it is, that a rapid and fatal attachment at once sprang up,—Emily loved with all the ardour of a first-felt passion, and Devereux faithfully responded. But a gulph was placed between them. Was there a chance that their course of love should run smoothly?—she, an heiress,—he, an orphan, with a hundred a year and a lieutenancy of light dragoons. That Mrs. Hunsgate would even listen with common civility to any overture from the young soldier was not to be expected. Not a hope existed. To a union of their hands, in the haughty spirit of Mrs. Hunsgate an insurmountable barrier was presented, and the desperate alternative of a secret marriage was resorted to. The Border afforded every facility to effect it. Without the least suspicion, the imprudent pair were indissolubly united; and Emily Hunsgate returned to the Priory—a married woman.

Never upon a clandestine engagement did fatal results more rapidly follow, than on this rashly-contracted marriage. A county

member died a week after Emily's return, and Lord Evrington announced himself as candidate in his place. The extensive influence possessed by the lady of Holmesdale Priory, it was said, would, if she pleased to exercise it, secure for any whom she favoured, the certainty of his return; and the noble candidate lost no time in waiting on Mrs. Hunsgate. He met with a gracious reception, and a promise of her powerful support; while his rival despairing of success, retired from the contest, and left an undisputed field to Lord Evrington. A leading object of youthful ambition was now attained; but to other and more important ends than a seat in Saint Stephen's, the peer's attention had become directed. Could he but gain the hand of the heiress of the Priory, this family union would not only place the representation of the county in his complete power, but the Hunsgate estates would make a goodly addition to those of Evrington, which electioneering and the turf had impaired considerably. The ice was delicately broken, and the scheme found germane to the lady's feelings; as with her, wealth, power, and high lineage were the only matters in life held worth a consideration; and so promptly and secretly was the negotiation carried on, that it was concluded before any suspected that it was even in progress; and Emily's hand, already the property of another, was formally promised by her haughty mother to the young lord.

"To describe the horror and surprise evinced by the gentle girl, when the proud dame coldly intimated the contemplated arrangements, would be impossible; nor was the lady's astonishment much inferior, when from lips which before had never ventured to negative a wish expressed, she heard his lordship's addresses respectfully but firmly declined. A broad stare—the word 'indeed!' sarcastically pronounced—brows which contracted until they met—lips livid and convulsed,—shewed how fearfully this imperious woman felt an unexpected contradiction. Emily quailed before her mother's fiery looks, fainted on a sofa, and was carried in a state of insensibility to her chamber.

"She was of course committed to Miss Dallas' care,—that was my wife's maiden name," quoth the Doctor, "and we were not married for some months after this unhappy business. Her stern mother turned a cold ear to Mrs. Faunce's assurances that the shock had been much severer than the dame affected to believe,—but, after a restless night, it was deemed advisable that a professional man should be called in, and I was summoned accordingly. From ravings she had uttered, and which had been overheard by my wife alone, in addition to my own observations, it was quite evident that some secret cause of sorrow was carefully concealed,—but every exertion which one who like Miss Dallas, had hitherto been in her fullest confidence, failed to elicit it from Miss Emily.

"She was slowly recovering; and one morning I was making my customary visit to the invalid. Her maid had been despatched upon some errand, Mrs. Faunce was called from the chamber, and I was left alone with the fair patient,—when perceiving we were *tête-à-tête*, she suddenly, and under evident excitement, thus addressed me:

"'Doctor, would you take compassion on the most miserable being in existence—and in mercy, do her an act of kindness which may save her brain from maddening?'

"I started at the wild and hurried tone and manner of the patient,

and begged she would compose herself and acquaint me what her wishes were.

"'Give me first an assurance that you will do what I require. 'Tis but a trifle, doctor, — indeed, a very trifle. Still, reason — nay, life —hangs upon your compliance or refusal. For God's sake grant me this request; and it never, until the last hour of my existence, shall be forgotten.'

"'Name it, dear lady,' I replied; 'and if within my power, it shall be done.'

"''Tis only,' she eagerly replied, 'to put this letter safely in the post, with a promise that you will not look at its superscription.' And she pulled from her bosom a sealed billet she had concealed there.

"I hesitated to take the letter; and hinted at the honourable confidence which allowed me the privilege of being in her chamber, and alone. I had never before seen the slightest indication of excited temper in Miss Hunsgate; but, when I refused the entreaty, her eyes brightened and her pale cheeks flushed; and, as she returned the letter to her bosom, in a tone of voice which absolutely went to the heart, she added, with peculiar solemnity.

"'Doctor, mark well the words of a wretched woman. In declining to comply with my small request, you seal the misery of an unhappy pair; and for yourself, you lay the foundation of many a day of deep and unavailing regret hereafter.'

"I started.

"'Good God! Miss Hunsgate, what means this mystery? How can the posting of a letter affect you as you hint?'

"'That discovery will be made too late; and when Doctor Faunce will not have the power of remedying the mischief.'

"I dared not to longer hesitate, and I replied: 'Tell me what your wishes are, and I promise, that so far as my agency is concerned, they shall be carried into effect.'

"'Nothing beyond forwarding this letter safely and secretly.'

"Give it to me. I pledge my word that your orders shall be obeyed.'

"'Then may heaven reward you! Ha! steps outside! Quick! quick, doctor!'

"I had scarcely time to place the lady's billet safely in my pocket, until Mrs. Faunce returned.

"'Doctor,' inquired my present helpmate, 'is your patient better?'

"'Oh! yes! yes!' exclaimed Emily Hunsgate, as her eyes sparkled with joy and hope.

"I rose to execute my secret commission; and, as I bade the agitated girl farewell, she pressed my hand gently with her's, and gave me a look so sweet, and so bewitchingly interesting, that, had I been inclined to play her false, that look would have made me loyal. But, what 's the matter now?" exclaimed the irritated leach, who in the full swing of story-telling found himself ruthlessly interrupted. It was the lady with the clocked stockings, who approached the doctor's chair, stooped her head, and whispered something intended to be strictly confidential. But Faunce either did not, or would not hear the message, and the pretty envoy was obliged to use a tone of voice less adapted for mystic communications. All Brian could dis-

tinctly overhear were the names of "Corporal O'Tool and Polly Archer," with the addition of "uncommon sudden, and nobody suspected it."

"May the devil take the same O'Tool," ejaculated the disturbed Doctor. "I must leave you for ten minutes, my young friend; but the night's young; and don't spare these honest Dutchmen," and he pointed to sundry case-bottles on the table. As he wrapped his neck in a shawl, and added a great coat, for better security against cold, he continued his mutterings,—

"I never knew a man with that cursed letter before his name enter this village, that he did not leave trouble behind him when he took his departure. O'Callaghan and O'Tool—captain or corporal—all birds of a feather in the long run. I can't account for it," said the doctor, as he ended his Jeremiade, "but there 's peculiar mischief in the O,"—and off he hurried to the domicile of Miss Archer, leaving Brian to amuse himself until his return as he best could.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Doctor's narrative continued.

THE absence of the doctor was much shorter than Brian had dared to anticipate. From the semi-whispered remarks of the black-eyed attendant, and Faunce's running commentary on the same, while adopting his great-coat and muffler, it was evident that it was a lady's case which called him from his symposium; and lady's cases, as everybody knows, command deferential attention. In obstetric science Faunce stood high—

"The women called him a fine man"

naturally, when duty called, to all convivial considerations he would play deaf-adder; and Brian was about to leave, with an intimation that he would return on the morrow, when a knock at the cottage-door heralded the return of the host; and after being disencumbered by her of the clocked stockings of all outward habiliments, the Doctor, in person, announced that the night was fine, and Miss Polly Archer as well as could be expected.

With due allowance for certain professional remarks touching Miss Archer's case; a few animadversions upon Corporal O'Tool's character and conduct; and the time when a combination of alcohol, lemon, and sugar, could be completed, the Doctor resumed a story which had been "broke off in the middle," with greater celerity than his attentive listener could have expected; and thus he continued the narrative:—

"I fulfilled my promise faithfully; and, without venturing to look at the address of the letter that Miss Hunsgate had entrusted to me, I put it securely in the post-bag. Nearly a week passed. I made my daily calls. The patient's health improved; but, from the fourth or fifth day I remarked that my morning visit occasioned an anxiety and restlessness hardly to be accounted for. The arrival of the sixth post disclosed the mystery. Under cover to me, a letter to Miss Hunsgate was inclosed—with an acknowledgement on the writer's part of recent obligation, and an earnest request that I would make him still more my debtor by delivering the sealed billet he had forwarded to Miss Hunsgate.

"I found myself very awkwardly circumstanced, and knew scarcely how to act. In lending my agency to carrying on a clandestine cor-

respondence, I felt that I very seriously compromised my character. What was to be done? I dared not carry the letter confided to me to Emily's mother — it would be inhuman to betray one who had trusted to me. I chose a middle course between right and wrong; determined to deliver the secret dispatch, and acquaint Miss Hunsgate firmly that no entreaty hereafter should induce me to become in any way accessory to mystery and concealment. I wrote a note to that effect; wrapped it and the letter in an envelope; gave it unnoticed into Emily's hand; and then proceeded to the drawing-room, to report the amended health of an only child to her cold and imperious mother.

"I found Mrs. Hunsgate deeply engaged in reading and answering letters; and, to judge from their voluminous contents, I should have pronounced them important. When generally I delivered my morning bulletin of the patient's health, she would, although merely engaged at some ordinary needlework, not even condescend to ask a question, but signify by a movement of her head that I was at liberty to disappear. But, on this occasion, she threw down the pen she was writing with; pointed to a chair opposite her own; and thus commenced a conversation that I found anything but agreeable.

"'So, she continues to improve rapidly?' said the lady coldly; 'and, unless you interdict a visit to the drawing-room, she comes down here this morning.'

"'Far from it, madam. I would not only recommend that Miss Emily should leave her chamber; but also, that she should take carriage-drives immediately.'

"'Then my wish, supported by her medical adviser's, jumps well. Pray, ring, doctor.'

"I obeyed.

"'Go,' she said to the attendant, 'tell Miss Emily I shall be glad to see her in the drawing-room. She need not be particular as to her toilet, as Mr. Faunce alone is here.'

"The lady put her letters and unfinished answers carefully aside; locked the drawer; and then resumed a conversation, which I should have wished to have been a little more medical than it proved.

"'This sudden nervous attack—I never knew that my daughter was even slightly so before — this, doctor, puzzles me. I have observed since her visit to the Aubreys a change of manner altogether unaccountable. Before we went to Tunbridge Wells, Emily was tractable, —nay, timid. Since her return from the Border she has appeared thoughtful, reserved, and, on one or two occasions, actually inclined to become argumentative in support of favourite opinions. Why should a girl of eighteen have any such? or presume to think, or act, or dream, excepting under the direction of those whom Nature has assigned her guardians? Miss Hunsgate's course of life is marked out already. All necessary to ensure her future happiness has been duly considered and concluded; and opposition on her part would be silly as unavailing. On family affairs, even to you, professionally engaged as you are, I should not have alluded to existing negociations, save that you might gently hint the absolute necessity of a daughter's free obedience. Ha! she comes. Pale, no doubt, from indulging in such idle nonsense, as weak girls will do occasionally.'

"As she spoke, Miss Hunsgate entered the room. I was amazed at the apparent firmness and composure of her step and manner; and neither agitation or timidity indicated that she had been the occupant

of a sickroom recently, and laboured under maternal displeasure. If Miss Hunsgate's self-possession was a subject of surprise to me, it seemed one of astonishment to the haughty dame. To her lofty bow Emily made a reverential return; and crossed the room to rest upon a sofa. As she passed me, I caught a meaning side-glance in which pleasure and gratitude were blended. I guessed the cause.

"She took the seat the lady of the priory had pointed to by an imperious wave of the hand, and a momentary silence followed. I cannot exactly say what the others felt; but I would have given up the treatment of a compound fracture, to have been safe in my own *sanctum.*

"'You seem better, Miss Hunsgate,' was the cold and harsh sentence with which her lady-mother saluted the fair invalid. I saw her cheeks redden; but from her mother's searching stare she did not avert her eyes.

"'I am, indeed, madam, much improved in health, and—' her courage seemed to fail.

"'Let me complete the sentence,' said the dame, 'and, may I add, also in filial duty.'

"'That, madam, entirely depends upon what a parent pleases to exact. On one point I am determined.'

Again she paused.

"'I pray you to proceed. What may be that wise determination?'

"'Not to marry one I know little of, and for whom I care less.'

"'Indeed! Flippantly spoken for a nervous young lady. Doctor, I fancy from Miss Hunsgate's tone of voice she will no longer require your leachcraft. Pray leave us.'

"Oh! what a relief that order was! I dreaded that some confounded discovery would implicate me in matters to which I had made myself a party, and with which I was utterly unacquainted; and I never hurried to a bad accident with more alacrity, than that with which I displayed in quitting Holmesdale Park.

"What passed between the mother and daughter I can but conjecture; for, next morning, instead of being conducted to the young lady's apartment, I was told that Miss Hunsgate was walking in the garden, and that the dame desired my presence in the drawing-room. I traversed the corridor in desperate fear; and I would have rather swallowed one of my own decoctions than have ventured on the *tête-à-tête* that I was invited to. But it was a hopeless case; no remedy; and with assumed tranquillity I opened the door, made my bow, and was desired to take a chair.

"'Doctor, how did you find Miss Hunsgate?'

"'I have not seen her this morning, madam; I am told she is in the garden; and infer from that circumstance that her health is steadily progressive.'

"'Her bodily health is evidently better; but—but—' and she paused, 'in a word, what think ye of her mental, doctor?'

"'I started. The manner in which the question was asked was very singular; and, without hesitation, I replied that Miss Hunsgate's recent indisposition had been purely nervous, and that a very few days, with quiet and exercise, would entirely restore her.

"I fancied my reply was not exactly what the lady wished; and that it would have been more agreeable had the doubt which she insinuated received from me a full and satisfactory confirmation.

"'It may be so,' she said. 'But, certainly, my daughter's conduct appears to me, doctor, odd and unaccountable. Think you that air and exercise, under existing circumstances, are more likely to effect a recovery than quiet, and a temporary seclusion?'

"'Most decidedly so, madam.'

"'Enough, doctor,' and she made me a formal bow. 'I wish you a good morning.'

"That evening, as was at that time my usual custom, I dropped into the 'Chequers,' to smoke a pipe, and hear the village news. State secrets will transpire; and it cannot be expected that those of a country mansion can remain impenetrable, The union of Miss Hunsgate with Lord Evrington was named as a matter already decided on; and the Holmesdale politicians went so far as to name an early day for the approaching ceremony. It also seemed that a whisper had gone abroad that the young lady was not a consenting party. Of course, my lips were professionally sealed; and while the projected marriage was under full discussion the Holmesdale Express arrived from London, and pulled up at the door of the inn.

"The only outside passenger was a light-dragoon; and his *entrée* of the parlour at once ended the village tattle. His luggage was a small carpet-bag, a sword, military cloak, and a mahogany box, that recalled Mr. O'Dowd to my recollection. His uniform was that of a private horseman, and a double stripe upon his arm told his rank to be a corporal's. He really was a fine-looking and handsome fellow; but we all agreed, when he rang for the chambermaid and went up stairs, that he was confoundedly impudent. His air was aristocratic; and, had he been articled to an attorney, he could not have been more civilly supercilious to the evening *clique* whom he found assembled in the 'Chequers.' Having expressed himself satisfied with the accommodation offered him upstairs, he presently returned to the parlour where supper was being prepared for him.

"The village-gossip had been renewed during his absence; and the union of the families of Evrington and Hunsgate was being debated; and to this intended arrangement, the authorities of Holmesdale had given their unqualified consent. The next question that occupied the party was, what business had brought a corporal of dragoons to the "Chequers?" That also was decided unanimously. His errand was, of course, to persuade silly young men to enlist, and sillier young women to play the devil.

"The morrow came; and after breakfast I repaired to the Priory, and found my pretty patient on the terrace-walk. She was reading; at least she had a book in her hand when I approached her. A smile, —and that smile I shall never forget, bade me welcome.'

"'I could not, dear—*dear* doctor, thank you yesterday for your kindness but by a look. I trust you understood it?'

"I made a bow, and short acknowledgment.

"'Ah! Did you but know the balm that letter brought to a heart that was all but broken. But, no; I must be silent now. A day or two, and you shall be master of more secrets than one.'

"'My dear young lady, you read my note; and, though it pained me to write what I now repeat, I do so. With the past, all memory has faded; with the future all acquaintance must terminate.'

"She smiled, and continued, 'How long shall I tax your secrecy?'

"'For ever!' I replied.

"'Nay, a week will do.'

"I stared. 'What meaned all this?'

"'Come, doctor, for a wonder I shall turn gossip, and ask the village news. Any arrival lately?'

"'Yes. Mrs. Graydon, the curate's wife.'

"'None, save the curate's wife? None to the 'Chequers?'

"'None. Oh, yes! a cattle-dealer, Tubbins's brother-in-law, and a corporal of light-dragoons.'

"Her eyes flashed with delight.

"'A corporal of light-dragoons?' she repeated.

"'Yes, madam; and with impudence enough for a lieutenant-colonel.'

"'What kind of man?' she inquired eagerly, 'may this impudent dragoon be?' and she smiled archly.

"'Tall, slight, powerful, dark eyes—'

"'Jet black, doctor!' she added.

"'Teeth even, well-set, and white—"

"'As ivory itself," added the lady.

"'A small hand, and a plain gold ring upon the fourth finger,—a very odd appendage, by the by, for a corporal of light-dragoons.'

"'My own dear, darling Ralph!' and, only there fortunately was a bench beside us, she would have popped into my arms.

"'What, in the name of Galen, means all this?' said I, rather alarmed.

"Nothing; but I demand your silence not for a week; but—for *a day*.'

"Before I could reply the lady of the Priory made her appearance at the farther extremity of the terrace; and Miss Hunsgate, repeating with emphasis, 'I know my secret 's safe with you,' retired, and left me to a *tête-à-tête* which I would have willingly avoided.

"'Well, Mr. Faunce, how is your patient to-day?'

"'In health well; a little nervous; but, after a week's confinement to a sick-room, that is a natural consequence, as you may readily imagine, madam.'

"'I never leave aught to the imagination, doctor; and Miss Hunsgate's malady—if that phrase be proper—goes beyond your skill, and beyond my own, too. I reasoned with her; she listened coldly. I threatened, and she smiled. I went further, and in strong terms asserted parental right; and (would you credit it, doctor?) she waved her hand, and told me such was ended! She 's mad, doctor—decidedly mad!'

"I dared not contradict the dame; but I fancied there was a method in her daughter's madness, which opinion was confirmed before I went to sleep.

"'Farewell!' added the lady. 'In the hurry of other matters I have forgotten you,' and she presented me with a bank-note. Of course I closed my hand upon it; slipped quietly down stairs; found the hall empty; and took a passing peep. By heaven, the note was fifty pounds! There was a godsend to a young practitioner!

"I never had a day more occupied with professional business. I had not even time to make my evening visit to the "Chequers." My old housekeeper was cross—and the chimney—strange event!—smoked, as Scrub says in the play, consumedly; and when I settled myself in the sanctum, I issued an imperative mandate that nothing save a fire

in the house, should be considered good and sufficient cause to break in upon my privacy. Well, I had barely discussed the moiety of a cold chicken, and indulged in a couple of glasses of home-brewed ale, when a knock on the door made me lay aside John Barleycorn. To a hurried enquiry whether I were at home, a snappish answer was returned that I was out.

"'I don't believe it,' replied the stranger; 'and as there's light streaming from the keyhole of that apartment, I shall satisfy myself on a point I disbelieve.'

"And next moment, *malgré* a stout resistance, the door of my survery was thrown open—and in came the Light Dragoon who had landed from the Express coach the preceding evening.

"If impudence be the path to military promotion, the gallant corporal bade fair to reach the top of the tree; for, egad! he treated my sanctum with as little ceremony as if it had been a sentry-box, and myself as familiarly as if I had been a recruit.

"'My dear Doctor,' he said, catching my hand in his, 'I am come to thank ye. Don't let me put you out of your way.' And he selected a chair with wonderful composure, and seated himself at the table. 'What's this?' he continued, drawing a flask of brandy over. 'Ring for a large glass and some cold water, Doctor. What an awful example of verjuiced virginity that antiquated spider-brusher is, who opened the hall door!'

"By the Lord! I mechanically obeyed the order, wondering what the devil next a fellow I knew no more of than Ali Pasha would do, after invading my sanctum, adopting my brandy bottle, and abusing my housekeeper.

"'I am really at a loss,' I said, when I had managed to collect a few ideas together, which a surprise in my very stronghold had marvellously confused, "to know for what purpose, or under what pretext, my privacy has been disturbed?'

"'Send away that old rattletrap,'—and he pointed to the superintendent of my household,—'and when the door 's closed, I'll give you more particulars.'

"There was an easy audacity in the man's manner to which I yielded a passive obedience; and when we were left alone, I requested 'the Corporal' to proceed.

"'Corporal!' he exclaimed with a smile. 'I am just as much entitled to these *chevrons* on my arm,' and he pointed to the double stripe of lace upon his sleeve, 'as thou, most worthy Doctor, art to the scarlet stockings of a cardinal.'

"A vague suspicion crossed my mind.

"'Who are you, sir?'

"'A man, deeply your debtor.'

"'For what?" I enquired.

"'Excellent service and strict fidelity.'

"'In what way have I served you?'

"'Never did a country doctor despatch a letter more carefully to a lieutenant of dragoons, nor Cupid's envoy more correctly deliver an answer to the same,' was the reply.

"'In God's name, who are you, sir?'

"'My name is Ralph Devereux.'

"'What letters do you allude to?' I asked.

"'Did Miss Hunsgate never persuade a good-natured practitioner

like yourself to pop a letter slyly into the post-office?—and when the reply came back, did not the doctor aforesaid slip into the patient's hand a billet in return, that worked a miracle on a nervous patient?'

"'I suspect much, but understand nothing clearly. Do relieve me, sir, and say who you are, and what has brought you to Holmesdale?'

"'In one sentence you shall have my fullest confidence. I am the husband of Emily Hunsgate—and have come here to assert marital rights, and demand my bride.'

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'what a fearful discovery for all concerned is about to follow. Are you aware that an alliance between the lady and Lord Evrington has been actually concluded?'

"'Yes, perfectly.'

"'Know you the character of the lady of the Priory? Have you ever fancied with what temper she will be told that you have robbed her of an only child, and usurped the authority she possessed, and still imagines she possesses?—that all the plans she indulged in for family aggrandizement are overthrown—her house of cards tumbled to the very earth—hopes she had set her heart upon, and, as she believed, certainly to be realized, suddenly and totally annihilated? To this—to these—to all—what will be your reply?'

"The dragoon heard me to the end, lifted the leathern case which dangled from his waist-belt, and which, like the purse of a Highlander, I believe is intended to supply the place of the pockets used by ordinary mortals like myself, extracted a small written document, handed me the paper, and added—

"'To these manifold charges, this little scrap of writing would be the shortest and most conclusive answer imaginable.'

"And with a look of the most perfect indifference he handed the marriage certificate of a Border presbyter.

"I read it: it was regular as a medical prescription. Good God! the future lord of Holmesdale Priory was standing before me in the semblance of an impudent corporal of dragoons.

"'And yet,' I added, 'with parental anger, the difficulties arising out of this unfortunate affair, I fear, are not likely to be ended. In ——— there is not, men say, a more imperious gentleman than Lord Evrington. He tolerates no contradiction; his word is law;—his heart once turned to an object, and that object must be gained. How will he brook the crossing of his darling scheme? Displeasure to those beneath him carries dread; and there is not a squire in the county who does not court his friendship.'

"The dragoon rose from his chair as I brought my monitory outpouring to a close. He fixed his right foot firmly on the carpet, and drew himself to his full height. My denunciation of the lady's anger had been coolly heard, and just as coolly replied to; but when I hinted at Lord Evrington's anger, and the probable consequences, my uninvited visitor gave me a more decided and intelligible reply.

"'Of Lord Evrington I know nothing, Doctor, beyond report;—and they do say that he is one of the most intolerable puppies to be found in the pages of Debrett.—Talking of Debrett, to whom I made a casual reference, I find his paternal great grandfather was "grocer and Lord Mayor of London." My ancestor crossed the Channel with the First William. By the maternal side we mix Irish and Highland blood, running back to the days of Fin Mac Coul,'—and he smiled.—

'Pure blood, Doctor—no soap and molasses, no tea and tobacco traceable through a lineage from the Conquest to the present year of grace. Well, what think you will the union of good Norman, Irish, and Gaelic blood bear from the fourth descendant of an *epicier?* They say in Ireland the expense of throwing a waiter out of a window is made an item in the traveller's bill. I disbelieve it. I have been an extensive wayfarer in that pleasant and peaceable island, and have never seen a gentleman and his napkin ejected from the presence, excepting through the doorway. In England, you are more particular. What according to your tariff in matters appertaining to broken bones would be the probable expense of horsewhipping the greatest puppy in the peerage, and in the fourth descent from a turtle-eating alderman, who swept his master's shop like a dutiful apprentice in his youth, lived afterwards among figs and firkins, and rose to the high and mighty dignity in his old days, of playing Punch upon the 9th of November? You perceive that I know that Tom-Fool's day—having once been honourably employed in escorting a corpulent cordwainer in his gingerbread coach through Cheapside.'

"The cold contemptuous tone and language with which the hot-blooded Irishman alluded to his haughty rival, were not calculated to diminish my fears of the consequences attendant on the approaching *emeute*, and I hinted that he should remember that he was but a stranger in the county, while Lord Evrington was surrounded by numerous and powerful friends.

"'True, Doctor, in this point the grocer's grandson has an advantage; and, save yourself and one other tried and trusty friend, I can boast none other nearer than the head-quarters of my regiment.'

"'My services, sir, have been confined to yielding an unwilling consent to the entreaty of a much-esteemed and interesting lady, altogether irrespective of what the nature of the business was, or to whom, or on what subject, the letter was addressed. On the score of accidental service I can lay no claim to be called a friend.'

"The stranger coloured. The truth was, I felt that unintentionally I had lent myself to an affair which, like a loaded mine, was ready for explosion; and I feared that were my agency, although given in perfect ignorance, once discovered, the united wrath of the two most influential families in the county would be poured upon my head;—and it would be hard to decide whether the enmity of the peer or the anger of the lady, would prove most prejudicial in the end to a man so dependent on public opinion as myself.

"'Well, Doctor, although you decline my friendship,' said the stranger, 'you will at least accept my gratitude. And to my old and trusty companion, who never failed me yet, I must trust for deliverance from coming danger. With this precious document, bearing the sign-manual of the most ignorant scoundrel that ever affixed a plate of iron to a horse's hoof, I shall dare the anger of the haughty dame,'—and he replaced the certificate of his marriage at Gretna in his sabertash,—'and, with the assistance of mine ancient comrade, I must abide the wrath of the descendant from a fig-dealer.'

"'Do not,' I said, 'deal rashly with Lord Evrington. His family influence is all-powerful, and, if report may be credited, his spirit is most imperious, and his temper uncontrolled. How, think you, will he brook the loss of a fair girl and a rich inheritance?'

"'I hope, my dear Doctor,—with christian resignation,' returned

the pseudo-corporal. 'But should he prove too choleric, in inflammable cases do not you learned leeches prescribe phlebotomy?'

"'Really, sir, you treat a serious matter with too much levity.'

"'By no means, Doctor. I was apprized of the arrogance of my rival before I came, and I therefore requested my old friend, Terence O'Dwyre, to accompany me.'

"'Oh, Lord!' I involuntarily exclaimed; 'another of those d——d O's!—Murder is certain!'

"'You never made a greater mistake, my friend. A more amiable man than honest Terence does not exist. With his kind offices and those of two persuasive friends, reposing in a mahogany case in No. 3 in the "Chequers," I fancy we'll bring this cockney Hotspur to as amiable a state of mind as that of the old tea-dealer, his great-grandfather, when he received a Christmas order from the country.—But it grows late, and I must return to the Priory.'

"'The Priory!' I exclaimed in astonishment.

"'You seem surprised. Think you that I would leave my lady unprotected, and sleep at a rascally change-house, as they call village inns upon the Border? No, no.—Obedient to circumstances, I yield to the necessity of stepping through a window for the present; for poor Emily is yet too weak and nervous to enact a *dénouement* of "the Clandestine Marriage,"—and possibly a double duty, in a few days, may devolve on you, Doctor.'

"He made a pause.

"'Proceed, sir.'

"'Of apprizing the gracious lady of Holmesdale Park, that for the last four months she has had, in the person of your humble servant, a most dutiful son,—and of conveying to her the still more gratifying intelligence, that an apartment in the Priory long since disused will in due time be placed in requisition,—to wit, the nursery.'

"I was horror-struck at the very thought. *I* venture to communicate to the imperious dame of Holmesdale that the daughter she had affianced to Lord Evrington was already a wife, and in a few months would be a mother! Egad! I would not breathe the secret even to be made state surgeon. The dragoon read my feelings in my looks.

"'Come, you seem alarmed, Doctor,' he said, with a smile; 'and I fear you will not undertake the task. No matter;—the comfort is, that it is one of those secrets which, if left alone, will be certain to betray itself. But I must beat a retreat. I shall see you to-morrow in the Park.' And finishing his brandy and water, he put on his cloak and cap, left the surgery trolling a song, while I resumed my chair,—the most unhappy practitioner within fifty miles.

"Ralph Devereux was one of those men whose nerves are not to be shaken by coming events which ordinary mortals would tremble to encounter. With the extent of the trial which awaited him he was perfectly apprized; and he seemed not only to regard it with indifference, but contempt. As to my part, the distant speck in the horizon which merely indicated the gathering tempest, was fraught with fear and trepidation. But when the thunder-cloud should burst, why nothing in my imagination could approximate to it, unless an earthquake swallowed my sanctum, my bottles, and myself! No wonder, then, that when the hour for my morning visit came, a more nervous M.D. never set out to feel a patient's pulse.

"I found Mrs. Devereux—for we must drop the maiden appellation

of Hunsgate—walking on the terrace; and when she perceived me, she closed the book she had been reading, and advancing with a smile, gave me the kindest welcome. A few common-place questions satisfied me that her convalescence was progressive.

"'So, my dear Doctor, you had a new patient yesterday evening,' she said with a smile; 'one who declined your medicine, but would not refuse your brandy. My dear Ralph has made me laugh at the horror you betrayed, when he proposed that you should announce to the lady of the Priory the arrival of her dutiful son-in-law.'

"'Really, Miss Emily, I think that he would be a daring man who would essay the task. Have you no dread yourself at the fearful explosion which must, from your own knowledge of your mother's temper, attend the discovery when it shall be made?'

"I never think of it, Doctor. Could the bold step I have taken be recalled, and were I allowed free agency, ere another hour elapsed I would plight to Ralph Devereux unchanging love, and for him give up fortune, family, the world! Nay—think me not an enthusiast—I feel that in my union with him, my hopes of happiness are anchored; and he whom I wedded secretly, before another sun shall rise, I will publicly acknowledge lord of my hand, as he is of my heart.'

"'Be cautious, dear young lady,' I whispered.

"'Caution is good, Doctor; but firmness, at times, is better. Who think you comes here to-day?'

"'I have not heard.'

"'Lord Evrington! to ask my hand in form.'

"'Good Heaven! and how will you act?' I asked, in alarm.

"'Give him the best reason in the world for declining the honour he intended, by the introduction of—a husband.'

"'What! venture in Holmesdale Hall to—'

"'Announce Ralph Devereux its future lord. Indubitably such is my intention. But our establishment, Doctor, like Shakespeare's times, 'are out of joint.' The gamekeeper has sprained his ankle, the cook scalded her arm, and my lady-mother's favourite poodle exhibited asthmatic symptoms, which I ascribe to indolence and over-feeding, and she to a general break-up of Pedro's constitution;'—and she laughed at the ridiculous picture she had drawn herself.

"'May I enquire where Captain Devereux is?'

"'You have given him what they call in military parlance a step. The lieutenant is killing an hour or two before the arrival of my Lord Evrington, in yonder clump, where no doubt he will be delighted to see you. But here comes Dame Hunsgate, and it is full time for Mrs. Devereux to disappear.'

She turned in an opposite direction to that by which the Lady of the Priory approached, bowed a farewell, and vanished.

"Proud, imperious even to insolence, as the lady of Holmesdale Priory was, I could observe that she was much more agitated than her daughter. A skilful actress though she was, she could not mask her 'uneasy mind' from me; and I readily perceived that her secret thoughts were racked by anxiety and doubt. She spoke for a minute on subjects merely connected with her household; her cook's scald; her gamekeeper's sprain; and even mentioned Pedro's indisposition. But I saw that the assumption of indifference was put on—and that weightier considerations than cooks and poodles engrossed her.

"'Doctor,' she continued, with increasing gravity, ''tis said that

every house conceals a skeleton, and mine cannot claim an exemption to a rule so general. More must be opened to professional men than others; and, from your close attendance on my daughter lately, you must have observed that our relations are not such as commonly exist between parent and child. The crisis comes to-day; and in another hour Emily will consent to listen favourably to my Lord Evrington's suit, or I will snap the tie between us—ay, though it broke my heart. Of course I anticipate some teazing scene; some re-enactment of recent folly, and I wish you not to leave the Priory until the matter is over. Go, see the sick domestics; and, when I send to you, attend us in the drawing-room. Need I add, that from all whose services I require I expect both secrecy and discretion.'

"I told her that on both she might rely; and left the terrace to visit those who needed my professional attention.

"An hour had scarcely passed when the sound of carriage-wheels brought me to the window of the apartment, where I was engaged fomenting the keeper's dislocated ankle. It was Lord Evrington's travelling-chariot; and I saw the steps thrown down, and the noble visitor enter the grand hall. A long, and to me most painful, interval followed. I dreaded what was to come, and would have given a Jew's eye to have been safe in my sanctum, and at a mile's distance from the scene which I knew was about to be enacted.

"The dreaded summons came; and a servant announced that my presence in the drawing-room was required. I followed down the corridor, like a criminal on the road to execution. The door was thrown open; and I found myself in the presence of Lord Evrington, Miss Hunsgate, and the person I dreaded most, her mother.

"Whatever passed before I was invited to the presence had evidently been unsatisfactory to all. Lord Evrington paced the carpet: his manner evincing wounded pride, and most unexpected disappointment. From a tremulous movement of the lips, and an angry flush which overspread her countenance, the dame seemed mortified and surprised; while the bloodless cheeks of the younger lady told that she too was wretched. Mrs. Hunsgate, after brusquely desiring me to take a chair, resumed a conversation which my entrance had interrupted.

"'Emily,' she said, 'I conjure you for the last time, by a daughter's duty, to listen favourably to his lordship's suit.'

"'Madam, I have given it a firm and unalterable rejection.'

"'By a mother's rights I command you.'

"'And by those stronger still I decline,' replied Mrs. Devereux.

"'In the devil's name!' exclaimed the lady of the Priory, hurried into a paroxysm of rage which seemed to bid defiance to controul. 'What means this mystic language? Who has any right to direct you, but her constituted guardian by your father—Miss Hunsgate?'

"The younger lady interrupted her haughty parent,

"'In addressing me you use a misnomer, madam; but it is time to bring to an *éclaircissement* matters at present entirely misunderstood. I claim your indulgence but for a few minutes; and on my return I will satisfy his lordship that a union with him is impossible; and, strange as the assertion may appear, that rights exist superior even to your own,' she said, and left the room.

"'Is the girl crazed, doctor? or absolutely a lunatic?—mad—incurably mad?'

"'If it be madness,' said his lordship, with a meaning smile, "methinks, lady, ere long we 'll find a method in it.'

"I remained silent, well aware of what was coming; and, as I foresaw, before five minutes had elapsed, the peer's ambition, and the proud dame's cherished schemes, were shivered by a thunderbolt.

"The door was opened, and, leaning on the arm of a tall and distinguished-looking stranger, the heiress in expectancy of Holmesdale Priory entered the apartment. This last exertion, however, appeared to have taxed her nerves too severely, and exhausted her feeble strength; her face was pale as marble; her step tottered; and with difficulty she reached a sofa, on which she sank. I rose, and hurried to her assistance, while Lord Evrington looked perfectly astounded, and the dame gazed at the stranger in speechless amazement, as if fixed to the carpet by a spell. No longer dressed in his humble uniform, the pseudo-corporal was attired in the brilliant costume of an hussar regiment; and certainly a finer or more commanding figure never confronted an angry mother and discarded suitor than the successful lover of Emily Hunsgate. A painful silence of a minute followed; and the dame was the first to break it.

"'Who are you?' she exclaimed,—'what are you? and, in the fiend's name, what brought you hither?'

"Unmoved by the lightning glances of a flashing eye, which would, had it possessed the power, have withered the bold intruder on whom it was directed, the hussar drew himself proudly up, and coolly answered these hurried interrogatories.

"'My name is Devereux—I am an Irishman by birth, a soldier by profession, and my business is to claim a bride.'

"'A bride!' exclaimed the lady, bursting into a contemptuous laugh. 'Oh, no, Mr. Devereux—the Irishman by birth, and soldier by profession, must, when he comes to woo, seek something better adapted for the barrack and baggage-wain than the heiress of Holmesdale Priory.'

"'Not he, by heaven!' replied the dragoon, as he returned the lady's haughty stare with a look of marvellous composure. 'I come not, dame, to woo—but to claim a bride already won,'

"'What means the fellow?' returned the lady, in a voice of fury.

"'What mean I? Heard ye, most respected dame, that ever man was required to woo a wife?'

"'A wife!'

"'Ay, my good lady-mother, a wife. Here is written proof; though, 'faith! I now perceive the worthy blacksmith spells my name rather incorrectly.'

"Lord Evrington, when Mrs. Hunsgate took the paper, had followed her eyes with a keen glance as she hastily perused it; and, when she flung the paper on the carpet, with a contemptuous observation, 'a filthy document, dated Gretna, four months ago,' for the first time expressed his angry disappointment.

"'I could have wished, madam, that you had understood something of the position your daughter actually held before you made the house of Evrington a laughing-stock, by leading it into a most painful and degrading negotiation to effect a matrimonial alliance between our families, when the lady whose hand was to be the prize, was for month's past the actual wife of an Irish adventurer!'

"Whatever reply was on the lady's lip was interrupted by the hasty

movements of the dragoon, who made three strides across the carpet to bring him nearer to the speaker.

"'I might, my lord, have pitied your disappointment, and, consequently, overlooked your insolence. I am no Irish adventurer. When your great-grandsire doled out raisins by the ounce to city apprentices upon a holiday, mine were incarcerated in the Tower for high-treason. How dare you, a *parvenu*, — one of the things annually foisted on the peerage—dare to term me adventurer? Nay, by the true Lord! you 're right; for, after all, old Ralph, my ancestor, was, in sooth, one of the bold bastard's adventurers, who won the field of Hastings. The Hunsgate blood, like mine, is old: your's, a fetid mixture—a puddle between a country attorney's and a civic knight's. Pish! fellow! never presume to name an Evrington with a Devereux. You seem a little flushed, my lord. Depletion is occasionally serviceable—and a friend of mine is waiting in yonder clump of evergreens. Might not a little cooling air have a serviceable effect upon you?' and he made a movement of head and eye, to indicate that they should retire.

"Evrington's was the insolence of spoiled authority; Devereux's the innate spirit, which to chafe is to rouse to action.

"'When I quarrel, sir,' he replied, with trembling lips, but with an assumption of indifference, 'it will be with my equals.'

"'That is readily effected, my lord,' was the cutting return. 'You 'll find of your own class, the puppy tribe, a sufficiency in Bond Street, between three and five o'clock. Should you wish to go further back, between St. Paul's and Leather Lane you 'll find enough of your grandsire's brigade,—gentlemen in the soap and sugar line.'

"It was desirable that a scene so painful to all concerned should close. Lord Evrington rang the bell, and ordered his carriage—I obtained wine and water for my late patient—while the proud dame, whose faculties, mental and corporeal, appeared paralyzed by a discovery that overturned a high-built edifice in a moment, and annihilated for ever the hope of its re-construction, threw herself back in an arm-chair, buried her face in a handkerchief, and sobbed audibly. He, the cause of all, appeared alone unmoved; while I looked on, a terror-stricken spectator, wondering how this stormy meeting would terminate.

If the crisis had been suddenly brought about, the close of the scene was just as rapid; and to the latest hour of my life one so horrifying I never shall forget.

"As if suddenly recalling her self-possession, Mrs. Hunsgate wiped a tear away, and proudly raised her figure in the chair she had been reposing in. With that tear all natural feeling for her erring, but unhappy daughter, seemed to have departed. She rose with easy dignity, —crossed to the sofa where the pretty delinquent was seated,—and in a tone of voice, deep, soul-searching, and decisive, she thus addressed the trembling offender:—

"'Emily,' and she made a pause that gave a deeper effect to what succeeded, 'Emily, is what this man asserts the truth? Have you set filial duty at defiance?—wedded an adventurer?'

"The dragoon was about to interrupt the dame; but she waved her hand imperiously.

"'Patience for another minute, and I will not trespass longer on you, sir,' and then she continued, addressing herself to the invalid,— 'Have you insulted me? — degraded your proud lineage?'—a mo-

ment's pause succeeded,—'in a word, wedded—*him?*' and she pointed to the hussar.

"'Him have I wedded,' was the short and feebly-delivered answer.

"As if to concentrate the fury of maternal anger to its fullest height, the lady paused a minute.

"'Let me, Miss Hunsgate, once more satisfy myself that I have correctly understood you. *Are you married to this man?*'

"A feeble '*Yes!*' was the brief reply.

"'Then, on that unhallowed union may every worldly misfortune follow—*a mother's curse!*'

"As she pronounced the fearful anathema she burst from the apartment, and disappeared.

TO ALICE.

ALICE! thou fairest child
That ever cradled on a mother's breast,
She, who with voice so mild,
Perhaps now lulls thee tenderly to rest!

Bless thee, sweet theme of love!
That warms this heart, tho' distant o'er the sea,
Whose thoughts, however, rove
O'er ocean's wave to nestle, child, with thee!

Thou hast in many dreams
Stol'n o'er my slumbers, infant as thou art,
And as the sound of streams
To thirsty traveller, thou didst joy impart!

Oft in the lone midnight,
When thought would, birdlike, wander to its home;
Cloth'd in the moonbeam's light,
From the star-region thou didst seem to come!

And others love like me
The fragile bud just wakening to joy;
Ay, fond hopes rest on thee
Of bliss, without alloy!

God grant it may be so;
That, like the dew, in mercy sent from Heav'n,
With the soft tears that flow,
Thou mayst bind up the heart by sorrow riven!

For holy is the swell
Of bosoms throbbing at another's woe,
Fragrant as asphodel,
And far more radiant than the sapphire's glow!

'Tis virtue's first impress
To link the mourning spirit to its own,
And, sharing its distress,
To make its woes less bitter, and less lone!

And when I see that face,
So lovely that the young blushing morn
Might envy thee such grace,
And think that thou art scarce yet in thy dawn!

What wilt thou be years hence,
When charms unfold, like flowrets of the spring,
Whose fairy influence,
Will gleams of beauty o'er thy features fling?

Alice! the world will look
Blandly, and marvel at thy beauteous glow,
Reading from Nature's book
A page as spotless as the riven snow!

They will but smile to hear
The artless tale of days long left behind,
Nor mingle tear for tear
When memory brings some olden friend to mind!

Cling to thine home, sweet child!
To the fond mother watching o'er thee now;
She who so oft hath smiled,
When laughter woke the dimples on thy brow!

Alice, I linger yet,
Once more to breathe the name I love so well,
E'en could I once forget,
May Heav'n bless thee ever! Child, farewell!

CHRONICLES OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

BY HENRY CURLING.

THE Cinque Ports were formerly places of great note and immense importance in our island. What they were, indeed, we conceive it is not in the power of any historian exactly to define, neither is the period of their first institution known, for some authorities have made the incorporation of the Cinque Ports the act of William the Conqueror, and others, again, referred it to Edward the Confessor. Be that, however, as it may, there is, we think, little doubt but that such institution was an imitation of the system of the Romans, who, during the time they favoured us by a sojourn upon our shores, found themselves under a necessity of protecting the coasts opposite to the Continent, by the establishment of garrisons in *nine* different places, where may still be observed traces of the might and magnificence of the ancient conquerors of the world, in the mouldering fragments of the walls and fortresses they have left behind them.*

At a period subsequent to the retirement of the Roman Legions from Britain, we have reason to believe that a sort of contraction of their establishment was devised, in consequence of our own particular foes confining their attacks, at that time, principally to those parts of our shores bordering the narrow seas; and as these Cinque Ports were a sort of outposts to the kingdom,† continually swooped upon by the foeman, doing constant suit and service, and standing trial of sack and siege, they were, therefore, more especially distinguished from the remainder of the towns in England, by the grant of especial privileges, laws, and customs, and upon these laws, customs, and privileges, it is herein our intent to dilate.

The five ports, and the two additional ancient towns thus selected and particularized, were Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, Hythe, Winchelsea, and Rye.

In the book of Domesday, however, only Dover, Sandwich, and Romney, are specified as privileged ports, which has caused some of the modern Dryasdusts to cudgel their brains, and opine, that, at the period of the production of that important volume, there was *no* community of

* The names of these stations were Athona, Dubris, Lemanis, Branodunum, Gariononum, Regulbium, Rutupis, Anderida, and Portus Adrani. These all present ruins of Roman fortresses, and in their immediate neighbourhood are situated some of the Cinque Ports. There is, we think, indeed, little doubt but that some of these stations may be identified with the Cinque Port towns. Dubris was doubtless Dover; Lemanis, Lyme; Caistor Castle was Gariononum; Reculver was Regulbium; and Richborough, Rutupium.

† The Cinque ports were in former times good and safe harbours; but these once famous havens are now materially altered. Hastings, Romney, and Hythe, have quite lost their rivers, and the Stour and Rother are becoming more shallow daily. Dover, however, still protects shipping. Richborough, or Rutupi, begun by Vespasian, and completed by the Roman Emperor, Severus, stands close to Sandwich. Severus entered Britain with a large force; fought many battles on or near this spot; subdued part of the island; and built this immense structure. He also built a strong castle at the going out of the haven of Rutupi, and called it Reculfe, now changed to Reculver.

Cinque Ports. We shall not in this place either cudgel our own, or bother the brains of our readers upon that matter, any further than to say, we think King John set the subject at rest in the Charter he granted to these ports, in which he mentions that the barons of the Cinque Ports had at *that* time in their own possession charters from precedent kings as far back as Edward the Confessor, and which, he says, *I myself have seen.*

The *Barons* of the Cinque Ports were men of a staid and dignified deportment not only in their own, but in the estimation of every person in the nation. Such a title of honour is familiar in our mouths, even now, as household words; yet we firmly believe that not one person in five hundred even recollects to have seen a Cinque Port noble, or knows in what such a term of honour and glory consists.

In order to explain the reason why the freemen of the five ports attained this eminence, and that in early times these sea-port barons actually had rank amongst the nobility of the kingdom, we have only to remind our readers, that the Cinque Ports being those harbours nearest to the enemy's shores, their inhabitants were necessarily obliged to be more continually in readiness to repel invasion, and consequently were a more warlike community of citizens, than those of any other towns in the island. Every man, indeed, from fourteen to fourscore and upwards, was liable to be called to the walls. The towns themselves were indefatigable, garrisons watched and warded with jealous care each arrow slit, bristling with its cloth yard shaft, each loop hole and embrazure of the numerous towers, with a sleepless eye upon sea and land.

Let us for a moment pause, and take a step into the "dark backward and abysm of time," in order to glance upon one of these old sea-built towns, standing "within the roundure of its old faced walls." Let us imagine its discipline, its armed citizens, who like Brankshome's garrison, ever ready for the border feud, like them also, in time of mistrust and doubt,

> "Quitted not their harness bright,
> Neither by day, nor yet by night."

Let us imagine the strict surveillance maintained at each gate-house, sally-port and postern, which put each stranger to his answer, and announced the coming of the distant horseman, whilst the bearded sentinel upon the walls, as he listened to the sea dashing upon the beach, peered from tower and turret for the hostile sail. Those were times indeed when lawless hordes swarmed upon our sea-ports, worked disastrous scenes, and acts of death upon their inhabitants, and like savages spread their sails, and gave their ships to the wind, ere retribution could overtake them. The Cinque Ports being thus a sort of advance posts upon our shores nearest the enemy, and the citizens thus constantly in readiness to cry "Alerte, to the walls!" the state depended upon them for its safety, and consequently rewarded such *suit and service*, by a grant of privileges and honour.

The Cinque Port barons we believe, in early days, ranked before all knights, and with the peers of the realm. They held the especial privilege, only lately dispensed with, of walking at the coronations of our kings, and carrying a canopy over the royal head, and *by right* they sat at the coronation feast at their own particular table, situated at the right hand of the king. Nay, at any other period or occasion, upon the Cinque

Port barons being in the presence, and invited to feast with the king, they always claimed, and *had* their table at his right hand. These barons have, indeed, always, been extremely jealous, till of late years, of any infraction of their privileges. The levelling system of modern times has, however, nearly annihilated all the customs of the olden days, although as late as the year 1761, the Cinque Port barons had so much of the ancient spirit of their warlike forefathers left, that, on finding their table at the coronation removed from its proper place of honour, they flatly refused to sit in any other part of Westminster Hall during the feast.

The Mayor and head officers of the Cinque Ports, also had their particular privileges. For any misconduct in their office, the lord warden and his combarons of those Ports, and the king himself and his council and their own peers, alone had power to judge them. The Mayor was in olden times a terrible functionary in a Cinque Port town. We can imagine such a sea-built magistrate in all his quaintness and amphibious nature, a grave, thick-set, ruby-visaged, long-bearded, wise old citizen, half admiral, half landsman, wearing linked mail under his civic robes and gold chain; a sapient old warrior magistrate, carrying wisdom in his owl-like countenance, and terror to the evil minded in his cold grey eye.

Let the reader only fancy the stately mayor of a girded ramparted thick-ribbed town, perambulating and patrolling amongst its narrow streets, and multitudinous lanes and closes, visiting the guards and gate-houses, haranguing the watch, "comprehending vagrom men," and looking after swashbucklers, and punishing scolding wives. Let him remember how the powers of the magistracy were at that day extended; how he could halt his halberdiers beneath the eves and penthouses of the quaint old street, and apprehending some varlet in the fact of some petty larceny delinquency, slit off his ears, and have them nailed to the nearest cart-wheel at hand,* or how, guided by the larum of some good-wife's tongue, he could force an entrance into her dwelling house, and order her to be seated on the cucken stool, till she consented to grant her husband place in his domicile; how he could administer a sound whipping to one fellow, set another in the stocks, and even mount a delinquent astride upon a steed, and have him paraded through the town, with horns fastened to his head, and a lighted torch in his right hand.

The privileges† of the five Ports were in these warlike times extremely advantageous to the inhabitants,‡ albeit the services they were bound to perform, however honourable, were both troublesome and expensive. It was therefore thought proper to extend the same patronage to two

* Such were common punishments for light offences.

† In the year 1513 we find the burgesses excusing themselves from payment of subsidy under the following considerations:—1st, the situation in face of the enemy; 2nd, their strict charge of nightly watch for the safeguard of the kingdom; 3rd, their constant preparation for defence; 4th, their expense for ordnance, ammunition, bulwarks, &c.; 5th, their yearly service of shipping, 57 ships and 1197 men, with provisions, &c., according; and, lastly, their charter, which exempts them: and a notification that such charge would deter men from coming to reside in their town, and consequently occasion a want of hands for defence.

‡ The records of the Cinque ports were informer times deposited in a room assigned for that purpose in Dover Keep. They are now, alas! nearly all lost or destroyed. Some few books, however, containing the entries of the proceedings of the brotherhoods and guestlings were (a few years back) still in existence. They were kept in an old chest at Romney. The oldest then remaining was marked "A." It began in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and ended in that of Elizabeth.

other sea-port towns, as a sort of "limbs o'the plot," so that nearly the whole of the sea-coast from the north side of Thanet to Hastings came within their jurisdiction.

The hospital of St. John's in Sandwich is extremely curious; there is no record of its first foundation. It consists of one large old building, containing a hall and several cell-like apartments. Behind the principal building is a range of single rooms, called the Harbinge, in which, in old days, pilgrims and sick travellers were lodged and fed, a man and woman being appointed as Harbingers to attend them. The hospital of St. Thomas was founded in 1392.

The Hospital of St. Bartholomew is of very ancient foundation. According to some it was founded by Sir Henry de Sandwich, in the year 1244, but we believe it to be of much older date.

Having now glanced at the Cinque Ports generally, and touched upon their origin and antiquity, we shall proceed to lead our readers into one of these peculiar towns, unfold its government, and all those enrolled penalties, which now, like unscoured armour hang by the wall; the nature of its people,

> "The city's institutions, and the terms
> For common justice."

And we therefore beg our readers to take our offered palm, and walk with us into a town which presents, even at the present day, a more perfect specimen of these olden ports, than any other place in England, namely, Sandwich in Kent.

So entirely have the histories of almost every town, church, castle, bridge, and tower, been, as it were, ransacked and sifted, sketched, lithographed, published, and illustrated, of late years, that we shall consider it something to discover a local habitation, which has not been unearthed, and presented to the newsmongers of these pictorial times. History, it is said, will ever remain inexhaustible: we do not, however pretend to present to our readers Old Sandwich, as a downright novelty, as Pat would put it, nevertheless, we beg to call their especial attention to this curious old Dutch-built Cinque Port, which possesses immense interest to the tourist and the antiquarian.

The traveller, on first entering this town from the flats, over the quaint old draw-bridge, which admits him to the gate-house of the Isle of Thanet, suddenly beholds himself entombed, as it were, in a sort of Kentish Herculaneum, a town of the dead. He gazes around him, and sees a place apparently deserted by its inhabitants, and looks upon the streets and edifices of a bye-gone age. He stares up at the beetling stories of the old pent-house buildings as he walks, and peers curiously through latticed windows into the vast, low-roofed, heavy-beamed, oak-panelled rooms of days he has read of in some old play. He finds himself violently carried away to an Elizabethan age, and would fain call lustily at the old hotel before him for a pot of ale in blank verse. He finds himself entirely removed from the present age of mediocrity, this dull, cold, calculating, money-getting, yet go-ahead, rail-pace era, and as his pulse settles down to a healthy action, he adopts a quieter and sweeter style. He feels himself more able to "entertain the lag end of his life in peace and quiet hours," in a town where the turmoil, noise, and bustle of this work-a-day world of young England, seems entirely shut beyond the ramparts; and as he continues to promenade through a place no whit de-

teriorated or altered since Shakespeare's day, he almost expects to see sitting beneath the eaves and porches of the antique dwellings, the "spinsters and the knitters in the sun," and the free maids that weave their threads with bones, chanting their simple songs which

> "Dallied with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age."

Nay, he looks about for the steeple-crowned hats, farthingales and sparkling eyes of the merry wives of the town, and expects to run against doublet, trunk hose, and long rapiers at every turn. He feels indeed a sort of dramatic dreaminess creep over him, and although he has yet actually beheld no living inhabitants in the narrow streets and alleys he has been traversing, he calls up *dramatis personæ* to suit the scene, till at length, weary with wandering through closes, quays, and ramparts, in pure melancholy and troubled brain, he enters some deserted looking house of entertainment, knocks with his stick upon a massive table, in an empty sanded parlour, where Sir Toby Belch or stout Jack Falstaff might have kept the turn of tippling and uttered their wondrous witticisms, and, with a Pistol strut, and a stroller's style, cries "*What, ho! within there I say! Bully Host.* Sack and sugar for the Dolphin parlour. A pottle pot, for the nonce, good drawer, I 'll drink with your *Dane*,* your Almain, or your Hollander, I 'm a rogue if I 've tasted liquor this day." Seated in such locality we love to trace a whole history of the neighbourhood, and even to hunt down those traditions of the town which are now nearly lost in the mists of antiquity. Nay, we love even to trace out the story of the very apartment we are presently occupying, to cross-examine mine hostess of the tavern, and hear her dilate at full upon the chequered fortunes of the chequers, and the antiquated originals who have in turn been its possessors, who have strutted their hour upon its stage, and are almost forgotten.

Sandwich, as a Cinque Port, ranks next to Hastings. It sends two learned and worthy representatives to Parliament, and has given the title of Earl to a branch of the Montague family, since the year 1660.

From all we have been able to collect upon the subject, in tracing this venerable town backwards to its origin, grubbing up authorities that are grey with age, hunting out popular opinions and traditions, we have reason to be quite satisfied with the remote antiquity of Sandwich. Eddius Stephanus was the first writer who mentioned Sandwich. He treats of it in the year 664, and the town must have been founded between that period and the departure of the Roman Legions from Britain, which took place about the fifth century.

In the time of Edward the Confessor, we find three hundred and seven houses within the walls of this town, and when the Norman Conqueror reigned, the dwellings had increased to three hundred and eighty-three. In Edward the Third's reign, Sandwich fitted out for the King's service, twenty-two ships, and five hundred and four sailors. In 1565, the town consisted of four hundred and twenty houses, two hundred and ninety-one inhabited by English families, one hundred and twenty-nine containing Walloons. Some seven personages are also specified, at that time, as desirous of settling in this curious Cinque Port, and wanting habitations wherein to ensconce themselves. *Three* of them were mer-

* They all had their turn in Old Sandwich, which makes the traveller's desire more reasonable.

chants, "our well-dealing Countrymen," whose portly argosies * doubtless were oftimes tossing in the haven. *One* was a scrivener, who, peradventure wished to litigate and sound his quillets amongst the amphibious natives. *Two* were surgeons, and the seventh was a teacher of the "immortal passado," a master of fence.

The major, or mayor, of Sandwich was chosen annually. The election was formerly made in the old Saxon Church of St. Clement's, and the penalty for non-acceptance of office, was somewhat quaint and strange. The posse waited upon him in form, surrounded his dwelling, and without further circumstance unroofed it, and pulled it about his ears. Sandwich boasts twelve jurats, *(jurati, aldermanni, barones,)* who are annually sworn in to assist the mayor. The hogmace carried a stout staff with a brass head; he wore a coat of colours of the town, and was sworn to be loyal thereto. Then there was a custodier of the Druid's gate, a porter of the pillory gate, a supervisor of the gutters and sewers, and an overseer of the water delf. Monsieur Bedellus was also a "brief authority man," and his office clearly defined, he looked after "vagrom men," drove hogs and rapscallions from the streets, and whipped the urchins of the free-school.

Sandwich even at the present period boasts, we think, more old buildings than almost any other town in England. It is rich in ancient hospitals, chantries, hermitages, and venerable churches,† besides the remains of its embattled gate-houses, priories and other remnants of the days when the Cinque Ports were powerful, and their native burghers a fierce, warlike, and somewhat original race.

There are now three parish churches in this town, named after their patron saints, St. Clement the Martyr, St. Peter the Apostle, and St. Mary the Virgin. Any one of these dark mouldering edifices, with its time-honoured towers and buttresses, will at once take the imagination of the gazer back to the old monkish times, and those passages in the poetry of the great poet which treat of early rites and superstitious days. Standing within the church-yard of St. Clement's, gazing upon its old Saxon tower, and time-honoured appearance, we almost expect to behold one of the dark posterns in the surrounding wall open to admit a procession of monks from the Carmelite house near at hand, to hear the solemn chaunt, and listen to the words of the distracted Laertes, as they lower the coffin and sing a requiem to the "peace parted soul of the fair Ophelia."

> "Lay her i' the earth,
> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
> A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
> When thou liest howling."

* The ships furnished by the Cinque Ports for the King's service were called "Dowlers." The number of vessels claimed from the ports being divided, the business was called "doling."

† Some of its churches are totally gone. The church of St. Jacob was long ago destroyed "as a thing standing the townesmen of no use." In that church was always "*an eremite*, clad in black garments, with a long beard, who ministered unto strangers, pilgrims, and poor devils. He also "digged the graves of such as died there, and prayed for their souls." The last hermit was John Steward; he lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth. On the spot where the grammar-school now stands stood, in the time of the Normans, a monastery of monks, called Suthomni. It was built by the brother, by the mother's side, of the Conqueror.

On the south-west side, between the ramparts of the town and New-street, stood the Carmelite monastery, founded by William Lord Clinton, Lord of Folkstone and Goulstone. The friars were mendicants* by profession, yet their buildings were large and stately, and the churches magnificent, besides being esteemed more sacred than others, for which reason many of the Cinque Port nobles, and persons of better condition desired to be buried therein. The Carmelite chapel had the privilege of sanctuary. One of the most curious documents extant refers thereto. It is imperfect, and runs thus, "..... th day of April, the seconde yeare of King Henry the vijthe, one Barnard Manny toke the Friers Chirche, and there knowlaged before Robt. Mayhewe, esquire, in the furst yere of the reign of Richard the iijrde. late King of Ingland, in the night in Flamburgh, in the North parts of Ingland, feloniously killed a man, for the which he asketh, the ..... forsworne the King's lande, and the said meyer and coroner hath assigned hym his passage to Duour."

It appears that the town was made more strong and defensible by Edward the Third, who, on his return to England after his French wars, was especially struck both with its pleasant situation, "and its capabilities against all *foreign potentates, and its haven regally flowing out of the mayne seas.*" The "navie" also of the said town, had especially distinguished itself in *th 'apprehencion* of divers pirates, as well as encountered successfully our ancient enemies the Frenchmen. "The then Frenche kynge," having before called to mind that Sandwich was not *munyted* either with bulwarks, walls, or ditches, dispatched Peter Prassey, seneschal of Normandye, to *robbe and spoyle the town by night.* After this mishap, therefore, in which the inhabitants suffered all the horrors of a night attack, and its consequent outrage and *butchery*, for the better *restauracion* and strengthening of Sandwich, it was *enwalled, ditched,* and *better fortifyed* with bulwarks, so that the "said place in that tyme eftsones so floreshed." The traitor Perkin Warbeck arrived at Sandwich soon after this with a rout of rebels at his heels, whereupon the Sandwichers marched out, and fought with him at the spot where Sandown castle now stands, slaying many, and pursuing and taking others prisoners.

The persecution for religion in Brabant and Flanders, sent large bodies of manufacturers to England. Amongst other towns Sandwich greatly benefited thereby, the workers in baize, and flannel, fixing themselves at Sandwich. A large company of gardeners also emigrated at this period, and established themselves at Sandwich, having discovered the nature of the soil to be extremely favourable to the growth of all esculent plants,—a great benefit to the country eventually, when we take into consideration, that, in the year 1509, there was not a salad in all England, and that carrots, cabbages, turnips, &c., were imported from the Netherlands. These new Dutch settlers, however, who, by their prudent conduct, excited the jealousy of the more irritable and pugnacious Cinque-porters, were constantly at feud with the neighbours they came to benefit, and many and various were the "trifles light as air," which caused strife and civil commotion in the streets of the old town.

Such has been the constant cycle of events in our island in former days, that we find its shores continually infested by ruthless armies of

* The Carmelites led at first solitary lives in Asia. In the 13th century they wandered many of them to this country, and were appointed to a rule and order, and named "Brothers of Mount Carmel." They wore cassock, scapulary, patience, brown hoods, white cloaks, and a black hat.

foreigners, who have in turn held sway and been ousted by new conquerors. Cities seem to have risen and disappeared, and all but the traditions vanished,* whilst the same spot of earth hath witnessed the waxing and waning of successive births of human pride or industry. Sandwich, dull, melancholy-looking, and deserted as it now appears, has been the theatre of more stirring acts than perhaps any town or port of our island. Here embarked and disembarked, for many centuries, those splendid powers which carried defeat and slaughter to "the vasty fields of France." Here, led on by our English Kings, paraded the mail-clad hosts of those days, which the prince of poets has familiarized to us in his historical plays, and the old Tarechefestreet, Knyghtryderestreet, and Capelequalestreet, which now, (ancient as the town is,) are no longer to be found, resounded with the tramp of steeds, the clash of arms and armourer, the bray of trumpets, and the roll of brass drums. Let the reader but imagine the divinity that hedged a king in those days—the pomp and pride of an expedition led on in person by a Harry of England, or a victorious Edward. Let him fancy the choice drawn cavaliers, helmed "in the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt," together with the old English bowmen who won Cressy and Poictiers,† all furnished, all in arms, all plumed like ostriches, and the silken sails of those gorgeous ships riding in the haven. Let him, we say, but fancy the streets of this Cinque port so choked up, and he will find that Sandwich has been, more, perhaps, than any other place in the island, the theatre wherein splendid scenes have been enacted.

We shall now record some of the events which have taken place in this curious place from the earliest periods. In the year 851, we shall find that Athelstane, a sort of governor or king of Kent, held his court at Sandwich, where he gave battle to the Danes on their invasion of the coast, and totally defeated them. Between that year, however, and 1013, the Danish forces again and again swooped like a raging torrent upon this town, ravaging, pillaging, and setting fire to it continually. Canute, in 1014, landed at Sandwich with the English hostages, in which town he cut off the ears and noses of these unfortunate victims.‡ In 1040, Hardicanute landed at Sandwich with his power, at which time he laid claim to, and obtained the crown of England. In 1164, I find that Thomas à Becket, flying from Northampton, managed to procure a small boat at Sandwich, in which he passed over to Gravelines.

When Richard Cœur de Lion escaped from solitary imprisonment in Austria, the first ground in our dominions which his foot touched, on leaping from shipboard, was the shore of Sandwich haven; and with all the true duty of a crusader, he proceeded on foot, immediately to Canterbury, in order to return thanks to Heaven and St. Thomas for his safe arrival.

Looking from the walls of the town towards Deal and Walmer, the

* Stoniar, a Norman town, which stood close to Sandwich, has long vanished from the face of the earth, leaving scarce a brick to trace it by. The city of Richborough was decayed whilst Stoniar flourished; both are close to Sandwich, as is also Wodnesborough, the spot where the Britons set up their god, Woden.

† Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, were mainly won by the bowmen of England.

‡ The cruelty Canute displayed on this occasion at Sandwich eventually lost him the crown.

eye rests upon the foundation of a stronghold which tradition says was once the castle of Sandwich. It was in this fortress that the glorious Bastard Faulconbridge, whom Shakspeare has for ever immortalized and enshrined in every true English heart, and whose fire, chivalrous bearing, and gallantry the prince of poets alone could have described, was brought to bay, and his gallant spirit for ever quelled. With nine hundred followers, the Bastard threw himself into the castle, but, outnumbered and overpowered, he was forced to capitulate upon a promise of pardon. The promise, however, was not kept, as he was carried prisoner to Northampton, and there executed.

During the reign of King John, Sandwich must have presented a stirring scene, when, "powers from home, and discontents at home," shook the kingdom to its centre, and "vast confusion, post-haste and romage," pervaded the land from end to end. Accordingly, I find that this Cinque Port was one continued scene of discord, hurry, and contention. The true and loyal Hubert de Burgh, who, when all Kent had yielded, and London itself, "like a kind host," had received the French, alone held out Dover Castle, managed to fit out forty ships from the Cinque Ports, with which he encountered, sank, and destroyed eighty sail of the French. The Dauphin, however, landed at Sandwich with his power, and set fire to the town.

The navy of the Cinque Ports must have been, as early as the year 1293, both formidable and efficient, since I find that between that year and 1295 they carried terror and consternation to the French coast, destroying their fleets, and slaying so many of the French sailors that France was for a long time afterwards entirely destitute of shipping. The Cinque-porters also this year captured twenty large Spanish ships laden with wine, which they brought into Sandwich and made a glorious revel, keeping wassail for many days.

In the year 1342, the quaint old streets of Sandwich again glittered with arms and armour, resounded with the beat of drum, the bray of trumpet, and the tramp of steeds; for, in this year, Edward the Third arrived with all his chivalry, bringing with him, also, all his war-engines from the Tower, and embarked for France, in order to seize upon the Duchy of Bretagne for Sir John de Montfort. The war-engines, however, were left behind, in consequence of there being no shipping to transport them with the King's power. He therefore ordered the Cinque-porters to press ships, and re-convey them to the Tower after his departure. In 1345, Edward again, together with his Queen Philippa, embarked at this port, in order to obtain the earldom of Flanders for Prince Edward, through the intrigues of James d'Arteville, the brewer of Ghent; and in 1357, after the battle of Poictiers, the Prince of Wales landed at Sandwich, bringing his prisoner, the King of France and his son Philip. In 1372, three thousand lances, and ten thousand archers, were summoned to Sandwich, preparatory to embarkation in order to "save Thouars and the rest of Poictou."

In 1385 the French, burning with rage, set their wits to work, and constructed a rampart of wood, which (on their invasion of the coast) they intended should protect them from the terrific showers of our Kentish bowmen, whom they especially dreaded. This wall was twenty feet high, and three thousand paces long; and at intervals of twelve feet there was a strong tower, capable of holding ten men. Each tower was

ten feet higher than the wall; and the whole embarked on board large vessels, with machines for hurling stones, guns, and ammunition for a siege, together with the artist who invented the fortification. According to Holinshed, it was assailed on its voyage, and actually captured and brought to Sandwich, where, being set up on the shore, it was made use of against the very force who had invented it.

In 1416, Henry the Fifth, whilst he was stayed by contrary winds from embarking for Calais, lodged at the house of the Carmelites in Sandwich. In 1435, the French assailed the town unexpectedly, and plundered it. And again, in 1456, they fell upon it, sword in hand, and committed considerable spoil and destruction. The following year, also, the Marshal de Breze disembarked four thousand heavily-armed troops near the town, and, fighting a desperate and bloody battle, got possession of it; and, after plundering, and endeavouring to fire it, hastily re-embarked his men-at-arms, and re-crossed to France.

In 1459, the Earls of March, Salisbury, and Warwick, landed at Sandwich. In 1469,* the King spent Whitsun-Eve in Sandwich, when he issued the following order:—"All women, whose husbands or lovers are abroad in the service of Clarence and Warwick are to be forthwith dismissed the town."

In 1475, we find in the records that the *Kynge of England* embarked at Sandwich, with the finest army that had ever passed from Britain, and landed at Calais. In the year 1488, it is recorded that a murderer claimed sanctuary in St. Clement's church, and "toke hym to his crosse to depart the lande." In 1572, Queen Elizabeth visited Sandwich; on which occasion she resided in a house in Strand Street, now in possession of James Wood, Esq., which is still to be seen in the same state as when the maiden Queen was its tenant. Henry the Eighth was also twice lodged in this house.

In 1648, we find the murder of Charles the First thus recorded:—"This yeare was the bloodiest that ever came to poor England, for Cromwell, and many more of those cursed limbs of the devil, and firebrands of hell, consulted together, and on the 30th January most wickedly and traitorously murdered our gracious King; so that we may cry and say, 'The breath of our nostrils, the Lord's anointed, was taken in their pit.'" In 1648 the mayor received orders to apprehend the Duke of York; who, says the order, "will probably attempt to escape in woman's apparel." In 1659, the King came to Sandwich, together with the Duke of York, the chivalrous Rupert, and the Earl of Sandwich. On this occasion his Majesty, without dismounting, drank a cup of sack at the door of the Bell Inn, to the health of the mayor, who handed the same.

The Cinque Ports had their own peculiar and particular modes and methods of punishment, as we find it on record that there was a certain stream called the "Gestling," which ran beside one of the gatehouses of this town, and which was used for the purpose of drowning

* Copy of a letter from the King to the mayor this year. "To our trusty and welbeloved Mayor of Sandwiche,—And where ye have in ye warde, our rebelle and traitour, Blacke Barre, we straiteley charge you that incontinent ye sitte and inquire of hym, and his trayterous demenyng, and without delay proceed to his lawful punycion, and execution, as ye wol do us plesir." On the same day Barr was executed.

criminals. We also find a spot of ground pointed out just without the walls, in the direction towards the sand-hills upon the sea-shore, which by some are affirmed to be the identical remains of Cæsar's sea-camp—a spot particularized as the locality prescribed for a most cruel and terrific retribution for the evil-disposed. This portion of ground was dedicated to the punishment of those delinquents condemned to be—buried alive.

THE CHILD'S LAST DREAM.

"My father, I am so happy!"
The pale young creature spoke,
And the voice that trembled with its joy
The solemn stillness broke.
The parent bent him, listening,
To where the sweet child lay,
And tried, but vainly, to withhold
The tears that forced their way.

"My father, I am so happy!
I dream'd that we last night
Were pilgrims of another world,
A clime of sunny light.
And a glory shone around us
That mortals could not see,
And live to tell to wond'ring minds
Its deep intensity.

"On, by the side of waters,
That flow'd in peaceful rest,
Where the fair swan in its bosom
Bedew'd its snowy vest.
Through forests, where the sunbeam
Play'd on each branch and stem,
Like crystal from the deep sea-mine,
Or glow of eastern gem.

"And the perfume of sweet flow'rs
Stole o'er the charmed sense,
And music, not of earthly tone,
Came, but we knew not whence.
It seem'd as if the thrilling strain
Were harp'd by seraphim,
And methought the touching melody
Was like our evening hymn!

"The cadence ceas'd—a sound arose
That made our hearts rejoice,
Far dearer than the richest swell,—
It was my brother's voice!
And soon drew near an angel form,
With locks of radiant gold,
And wings made of the rainbow's hues:
'Twas beauteous to behold.

"'Sister,' he cried, 'and kiss'd the tear
Of joy from off my cheek,
Thou 'rt come, for whom I 've left yon realm
Of happiness to seek;
Father, thou art expected here,
My mother waits thee now,
To place the crown of dimless light
Upon thine honour'd brow!'

"And he smiled on us, my father,
And took each by the hand,
As joyously he welcomed us
Unto that blessed land.
A few brief moments, and we were
Clasp'd to my mother's breast,
She who was laid in yon church-yard,
Where I would also rest!

"Hark! 'tis the music, father!
It seems to linger here,
It is their voices calling us
To dwell with them elsewhere.
Throw wide the window, father,
And let the sweet strains come;
Oh, that my heart could soar with them
Back to my mother's home!"

The wish was heard, the head droop'd low,
And like a flow'r she died,—
The spirit sought that heav'nly land,
For which it meekly sigh'd.
The father gazed upon that face,
O'er which the dark locks stray'd,
And sorrow'd, as he thought that one
So beautiful must fade.

He hush'd the agony within,
And reverent held his breath,
While looking on that placid brow,
So calm, so fair in death!
He kiss'd the roseless cheeks, o'er which
The setting sunbeam shone,
And murmur'd, as the tears fell fast,
"My God, she is thine own!"

THE PORTRAIT.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I turned my eyes round the chamber, wondering *what* would be the next to speak; I watched intently from gauntlet to broadsword, from Indian bow to the cumbrous matchlock, and as a gleam of moonshine, flickering through the woodbine of the casement, sparkled for a moment on a small steel casket, I fancied almost that it moved, and I should see it unlock itself, and hear the many secrets of which it had been the depository, but another look convinced me that it was motionless, and I was disappointed, for I well knew its antiquity, and longed to hear of its experiences.

As I continued my scrutiny, I was startled by observing the eyes of the portrait opposite me move, the breast heave, and a slight murmur escape from the lips; and such lips!

It was a beautiful portrait of the last century, of a lovely young girl, whose peculiarly feminine beauty, and dove-like expression of eyes, I had often gazed upon with pleasure, and yearned to know the lights and shadows of so fair a creature's life.

When first its soft murmuring voice broke upon my devouring ear, my heart beat rapidly, and I seemed like a person just struggling out of a slumber. For a moment it appeared indistinct, but gradually became clear and palpable. It spake as follows:

Good friends! since we are doomed to be packed together in our possessor's curiosity shop—I think it but polite to call it so—I have listened to your beguiling adventures with pleasure, for they tend in some measure to drive away the *ennui*, to which, as *passé* things we are condemned. Inspirited therefore by your example, I will try to recall to my memory some few passages of my life, that is, in the life of the creature I represent. That she was beautiful, I believe it is unnecessary for me to say. Look at me! I represent her faithfully! Her beauty was only skin-deep like mine, but not so lasting. Age has made me more valuable, whilst it destroyed her power.

When I was created by the painter's master hand, I was pronounced a living likeness! It was true; for I grew into life under the limner's magic skill, and beheld my beautiful original before me, and felt the tremulous touch of the young painter as he looked abashed into her deep blue eyes, for the bright light that he dared to hope to transfer to me! that look made the eloquent blood rush even to his noble forehead, whilst the fair sitter's fringed lash sank over her dangerous orbs with soft timidity, but even then there was a scornful curl of triumph on her lips, that belied the language of her eyes.

At the conclusion of her sitting she arose, and swept with grace unparalleled from the room; the painter's gaze followed her, and a deep sigh escaped from his very heart; he then turned to me, and afterwards flung himself into the chair she had quitted, and gazed with a painful intentness upon me; he was young and nobly handsome, so he naturally had his day dream, and the world, and worldliness, were alike forgotten in the thoughts that rushed through his impetuous mind. One moment a dark frown shadowed his brow, which some sunny thought instantly

dispelled; anon it returned, and was again chased away by a bright triumphant smile. What were his thoughts? I could well guess! he sat thus entranced until the twilight shut him from my sight, and I saw no more, but I heard his plaintive sighs.

Maria Leslie, the being I represent, was an only child, born to inherit great beauty and large possessions; she was kindly loved by her parents, who could not behold in her the slightest fault; she was admired by all who came within the magic circle of her charms, for the brightness of her beauty so dazzled the hearts of her beholders, that they could scarcely think it possible that aught of evil could be so enshrined.

Vanity was her besetting sin. As a child her little coquetries and vanities were only smiled at by all, as being exceedingly droll; the continual praises of menials, and the fond indulgence of her parents, who laughed at her little womanish ways, when but yet a girl, had drawn her from the society of children like herself, and made her ape the manners of grown up people; she was a little actress!

She was about eighteen when I was made the almost living likeness of her, by the young and enthusiastic painter, who had much better have bestowed his love upon me, for I was all his own, and would always have remained the same; I was indeed superior to my original, for beneath my beauty, a cold heart was not hidden; all her love was engrossed by herself, and consequently she had none to bestow on others; day after day did the young painter stand by her easel, and endeavour to infuse some of his soul into hers, and rouse her to excel in the most glorious of arts, but in vain; her vanity prompted her only to seek accomplishments of an easier cast, that should dazzle and enchant others; she found that to conquer in the painter's mystery and cunning, was not so easy; it must be a true love that can ever woo any of the sister arts, with hopes of success. With divided thoughts you must never kneel at their shrines.

Fatal indeed was the indulgence of his mad passion for this divinity; although of a good family he had no broad lands to lay at the feet of the proud and haughty beauty; yet without hope to wear the prize, he still dared to love. It is astonishing how little flame will keep up love; a smile, or an accidental pressure of the hand will last for weeks; full well did the young heartless coquette know and see the net which she had thrown around her victim, nor appeared she conscious of the cause of the pale cheek and trembling voice of the young painter, who lived but in the poisonous fascinations of her presence.

Pallid grew the cheek, and more brilliant the lustre of his eyes, as month after month rolled on, and found him still by his pupil's side; his steps became languid, his smile dejected, and art seemed no longer the object of his enthusiasm.

One early dawn he stood in the gallery, and with careful hand made a copy of me, but this was done stealthily, and in secret. Foolish boy! he bore it to his humble roof, with bright visions of future glory, to embitter his hours with vain and feverish thoughts over the counterpart of his destroyer.

Unavailingly did he struggle with his better feelings, but the strong passion of youth is not easily mastered; yet often did he resolve to break his dishonourable thraldom, but when she bestowed on him a bewitching smile, how soon his resolution was broken, and how soon he became again her willing slave.

Love is a sad flatterer, and whispers strange impossibilities to his votaries. With these he beguiled and deluded the young painter, bade him hope, taught him to interpret her downcast eyes, and read her very smiles until he believed there was a reciprocity of feeling between them. Vain, yet how happy felt he, to think thus!

One evening when twilight gradually put an end to their labours, during which her almost tenderness towards him had made the hours fly like minutes, they sat near to each other watching the calm blush of the evening sky giving place to the silvery hue of the rising moon. A dangerous moment for those who love! thoughts at such moments are raised far, far above the sordid things of the earth, and the world's weight seems lifted from the heart to give full play to its purest feelings.

If she but loved him, thought he, how he would strive to become great, to be worthy of her! What would toil be? nothing! for him, time would have no terrors, if she were the prize at the end! With thoughts like to these rushing through his brain in answer to the quick throbbings of his heart, he fell at her feet, and burst forth in all the eloquence of his nature, upbraiding himself, yet claiming her pity, promising to fly from her, until he was more worthy, praying for hope to cheer his path as an incentive to his ambition and exertions. His glowing words came from his lips with poetic grace, but met no kindred response; she now beheld all that her heartless coquetry had effected, and rising indignantly from her seat, with cheek cold and colourless, and with eyes of scorn, and drawing the rich folds of her dress closely round her beautiful form, as though she feared the contamination of his touch, she bade him, in a tone that threw back the impetuous blood to his heart, to rise, and never more dare to enter into her presence, or insult her by his plebeian rhapsodies.

What art thou, said she, but a hired menial! had it not been for the absence of my parent, thou wouldst have been flogged from the house by the horse boys, for thus forgetting thyself and station.

Stunned by the change in the beautiful creature, who, a moment since, was all angel, but who now appeared, as the moonlight played upon her convulsed features, almost a demon, he arose from his prostrate position as if in a dream, and without one word, but with fixed eyes, and mournful mien, saw her slowly depart from the chamber.

A year passed on, and the painter was only remembered in the family of his quondam patron as a bold and enterprising young man, who had sought by dishonourable means his own aggrandisement by an alliance with his daughter, and they felt proud that the adventurer had failed in his purpose, and had not, notwithstanding his talents and fascinations, for one moment disturbed the pure mind of their child.

She soon had many suitors for her hand, for her lands were fruitful, and her dowry large, and all that the family possessed would eventually fall to her sole disposal. They came, and were refused, and thus were her triumphs swelled. They strove to touch her heart when they should have aimed only at her pride.

At last a suitor came, of a proud and haughty race, with armorial bearings, and a title. He had long since parted with all his feelings, as unfashionable commodities; but brought in their stead his family-deeds and rent-roll, which were, he believed, the sure passport to a lady's heart. The perfect nonchalance of the titled suitor put *hors de combât* all the little coquetries of the lady. He looked upon her as a fine crea-

ture, but hated the trouble of courtship, left the old people to make love to her for him, and requested a definite answer to his proposal as early as possible, as he did not wish to miss his season-trip to Italy.

Having sickened himself of the pleasures of the world, and found himself "used up," he paused in his senseless career, and looked out for an estate, with a presentable wife tacked to it, so that his constitution and property might both at the same time be repaired. He had come, therefore, to see the fair Maria; liked her manners and her unincumbered estate, and determined to take the desperate leap of marriage. He was a man of the world; and therefore it was impossible for him to make himself disagreeable, for nothing is easier than insincerity; and etiquette, strained to the nicest point, forbade anything like an approach to familiarity, which is a very old-fashioned, troublesome thing at best, and often endangers the continuation of the best acquaintance.

Seen only through the medium of his gentlemanly address and stylish manners, aided, too, by his magnificent establishment and a coronet, it was no wonder that he found himself successful. The proud girl consented to be his wife. They were married; and she became a countess!

The last of the glittering pomp of marriage wound its way through the embowering trees, and vanished in the evening sunlight. The parents felt for the first time that their labour of love was ended, and that their child was their child no more,—for another now claimed her who would stand before them in her love, and her thoughts, — the little world of enchantment which was created round the child of their affections faded like a rainbow when the worshipped idol of the shrine departed from it, and left them desolate. The tears of parting still glistened in their eyes as they stood before me, to gaze once more upon the face of one they loved too well. When they beheld her again, she was not like to me!

Italy! land of sunshine and blue skies! land of elegant vices, and romantic rascalities; beautiful even in your feebleness, how full of butterflies art thou! How they flutter in thy eternal sunshine! How full art thou of the noblest works of art! Behold the creations of thy chisel and thy pencil! See the lazzaroni crowding in their dirt, and defacing the marble steps of thy palaces! How full of sharp, bright eyes, and sharper and brighter poniards! How quick to love, and how quick to hate are thy fierce-blooded children!

In a few weeks after their marriage the fair Countess and her chosen husband found themselves in Italy, where he was as well known as the Pope himself, and where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the crowd, who knew his vices and his boundless extravagance, which, now he came so well-freighted, promised them another harvest. His charming wife soon became the admiration and the toast of the gay circles that had nothing else to do. She was charmed with the flutterers whom she captivated, and who whispered warm flattery into her ears; but sometimes they became so bold in their advances, that her unfashionable feelings prompted her to shrink back from their too ardent address, fearing that her husband's haughty spirit might feel offence; but he, whenever he heard of them, seemed to count them as nothing more than *bon bons* thrown in a Carnival, sweet, but harmless. He was guilty of the same offence himself to other women; so he let it pass unnoticed, and the ardent puppies remained unreproved, and sought with greater avidity to gain the favour of the beautiful English Countess.

The fashionable neglect of her husband soon, however, began to shew itself, and gave her votaries plenty of opportunities to pour forth their enamoured strains. He became entangled in the depraved clique to which he had been a victim before his marriage; and was often brought home by his servants (through wine and excitement) in a state of unconsciousness. This could not long be kept from his wife, who, although she had no love for him, felt most severely his pointed desertion, which made her the talk of her aristocratic friends. Her pride was hurt at the idea of being chained for life to a *roué* and a drunkard!

Frequent scenes of recrimination destroyed even the appearance of consideration for each other; and hate being too violent an exertion where there never had been any love, each soon began to have the utmost contempt for the other. The world—that is, their world—soon discovered that their victims were ready-made to their hands, and that no exertion on their part was required to create differences between them.

Her suitors became bolder as they saw her natural protector leave her unguarded; and left to her own resources, many snake-like whisperings prompted her to revenge herself for the open infidelities of her abandoned husband. But she had too lately left the home of her childhood; and the halo of her mother's virtues still hovered faintly around her, and preserved her from her baffled tempters. Where was that mother now? How needed to guide the steps of her child, who had ever been the slave of her own passions and pride, and now, in the moment of danger, was saved alone by the natural instinct inherent in woman, that recoils even from the semblance of vice.

One of her most pertinacious followers, who, from the beauty of his person, and his high rank, had never met with a rebuff, kept his place at her side, in the full confidence of success, which he ever looked upon as his sure reward; but in the young Englishwoman he found a most obstinate pupil; and he could not prevail over her with such ease as he did with the proud signoras of his own land, where vice and virtue are mere names, and where to be virtuous is to appear so.

He had one night, at a grand *fête*, seated himself, as was his custom, by her side, with a full determination to bring to a close the long love-siege which began rather to pique his vanity, and tire his patience. The usual common-place, in such cases understood, the Countess bore with all the coldness of her disposition, and she permitted him to run on unchided through his hopes and despairings, and other poetical descriptions of the torments which she had made him endure. At last, grown confident by her silence, he dared to place his own arm around her slender waist. She sprang from his side. A stinging reproach had hardly fell from her lips, when a gentleman who had hovered near them, and who had overheard her words, felled her insulter to the earth as he was in the act of seizing her hand. She turned for one moment to look at her rescuer, in whom she expected to see her husband; but her eyes fell on the pale and convulsed features of the youthful painter. After whispering his name in the ear of the enraged noble, he slightly bowed to her, and coldly passed on.

Months passed on, and she never beheld him, although she heard of his fame, which stood high even in that city of the famous. Her husband, as of necessity, met the insulter of his wife, and they fired at each other as long as their seconds thought fit, and then, after a great deal of mutual politeness, returned home to breakfast.

But the hot Italian blood of her husband's adversary was not so easily cooled; he felt too deeply the ignominy of the blow, and the scorn of the proud Englishwoman, whom he thought entertained some tender feeling for the young painter, whose early history he soon traced out. Deeming the painter a successful rival, he was doubly desirous of revenge upon him. He quickly sought out, and found with facility,— for ready instruments are easily found in the Holy City, — creatures to carry out his vengeance, which he was too dastardly to do himself. He purposed at once to crush the hopes of the young painter, and the vaunted honour of the woman who had dared to refuse him.

The riches of the Earl and his wife, and the splendour of their beautiful palace, which stood in the suburbs, had long been the talk and wonder of Rome. The character of its owner was also no secret. His splendid *fêtes* were the resort of all the gay and beautiful, as well, also, as the bad and vicious, who found his purse-strings always ready, and open to supply their pandering sycophancy with funds, of which they did not fail availing themselves when, half-mad with drink, he sought another fatal excitement in the dice.

One night, or rather morning, for the faint streaks of light were seen in the horizon, betokening the night almost spent, the guests had departed, and the host had been borne by his servants to his couch, the fair Countess pressed her pillow alone. Here and there in the splendid saloons a few lamps were left to die in their sockets by the careless and inebriated servants of the household, in which no order or regulation was kept. The whole place was now wrapped in repose, and three figures were seen stealthily approaching through the trees in the garden, evidently aiming at concealment. Slowly, like the motions of a snake, did they wind their way through the dark foliage and luxuriant flower parterres. At length they gained the upper terrace, where for a moment they hesitated; but after a short consultation approached one of the lower windows, which seemed to have been intentionally unfastened, and entered with silence and caution.

A few minutes had elapsed, when a faint scream was heard, and almost instantly after, the three men appeared, bearing a muffled figure between them. In the scuffle to expedite their flight, the wrapper which enveloped it slipped aside, and discovered the form of the Countess, who screamed immediately for help. This brought in a moment to the succour two or three half-dressed and frightened domestics, who were intimidated from further advance by the threatening gestures of the brigands. They were, however, soon reinforced by the appearance of the Earl, who, in his dressing-gown, sword in hand, and but half recoecovered from his midnight debauch, staggered wildly forward, attempting to encourage the tired grooms to attack the robbers. He had hardly advanced ten paces, when the foremost of the brigands, who was masked, approached him, and, striking up his sword, passsd his weapon through his body. The unfortunate husband fell, with a deep groan, dead upon the marble pavement of the terrace, which was crimsoned with his blood. In the brigand's struggle to free his sword from the entanglement of the Earl's dress, the mask dropped from his face, and shewed the features of the libertine noble, who had so basely attempted the honour of the Countess. The appalled domestics, who were unarmed, rushed back into the mansion to alarm the rest of the household, who were quickly on the spot; but the villains had fled with their prize,

leaving behind only a paper, stuck with a dagger on the window-post, to the following effect:—That the Countess would be carried to the mountains, and if not ransomed at a heavy sum, in less than twenty-four hours she would meet with dishonour and death.

Pursuit was immediately set on foot by the authorities; the murder and the abduction were upon every tongue. Parties scoured the woods in every direction; but in vain. Troops were despatched towards the mountains, in hopes of intercepting the fugitives before they gained their hiding-places.

Evening approached without any trace of the unfortunate lady or her abductors. Many returned to the city, broken down with toil and fatigue, fearing, as night advanced, to proceed farther into the mountains. One spirit alone flagged not—the young painter's! who, almost frantic, was the first to start upon the alarm. Well acquainted, from his repeated wanderings, with the country around, and the habits of the men of whom he was in pursuit, he proceeded with a burning heart and determined purpose to the deepest recesses of the mountains, for he felt assured that—from the discovery of the principal agent concerned,—her dishonour was certain; and that the colour of brigandage was merely given to the act to hide his fouler purpose. The young painter forgot the scorn she once levelled at him, and remembered only the fair girl that had wiled away the happiest portion of his life, and whom he could never cease to love. Distance or fatigue was nothing; despair lent him supernatural strength. If he stopped, it was but for a moment, to moisten his parched lips at some mountain stream.

Deep in a woody ravine, where the struggling moon, piercing the the gloomy, overhanging foliage, shewed but a few streaks of silver upon the mossy rocks, the forms of two men, that were lying at full length asleep upon the greensward, were discovered. At some distance from them, and deeper in the gloom, sat a female figure, whose white draperies, in the loneliness of the spot, appeared ghost-like and unreal. Beside her stood the tall form of the Earl's murderer, whose deep voice of passion and entreaty continued unavailingly to attempt to move the captive Countess, whose face was buried in her hands, and who refused to reply by a single syllable to his suit. The speaker, after spending some time in threats and expostulations, seized her rudely by the arm, and, although apparently weak from exhaustion, she struggled violently with him. Upon his attempting to drag her from the vicinity of his sleeping companions she uttered a despairing scream, that was answered by a thousand echoes from the surrounding rocks. The two sleeping brigands started on their feet in alarm. Hardly able to shake off the effects of the deep slumber into which they had sunk, they staggered to the spot where the Countess was endeavouring to disengage herself from her ravisher. The report of a shot rang through the ravine, and the foremost villain sprang into the air, and dropped down a corpse at the feet of his companion, who for a moment looked wildly around him, and saw at length the form of a man dropping down from the boughs of an overhanging tree. He promptly drew his pistol from his belt, and fired. The figure tottered for a moment; but, instantly recovering himself, rushed forward, and sprang upon the brigand like a tiger. The encounter was desperate, but short, and they both soon rolled, struggling together, into a small watercourse, that traversed the valley. The ravisher, who had quitted the Countess on the first alarm, now stood

bewildered, expecting every moment another attack from the surrounding thickets; but, to his surprise, a dead silence prevailed. He directly proceeded to the assistance of his follower, and having descended into the rocky hollow of the watercourse, beheld the two combatants apparently dead, lying at some distance from each other. He approached with eager curiosity, to look upon the features of the determined assailant; but at the moment of his scrutiny he was seized by the throat, and dragged to the earth. The suddenness of the attack completely bereft him of power, and his sword dropped from his grasp; but he snatched his stiletto, and dealt some rapid blows with it, in hopes of disengaging himself, but in vain; for, although some of his thrusts told, he could not free himself from the wild grasp of his foe, who, suddenly finding his hold relax through loss of blood, ran back a few paces, and fired full at the front of his antagonist, and the ravisher received the ball through his heart.

The lady had sunk cowering down beneath the shelter of a tree, unable to fly, and almost unconscious of what was passing; but, after the report of the last pistol, she was startled by the appearance of a man making his way slowly towards her. Whether friend or foe, in her distraction she could not tell; but upon his nearer approach she discovered it was not either of her ravishers. Her heart leapt with joy as she rose to meet him; but, ere she could do so, he fell upon his knees, and sank at full length at her feet, breathing forth with anguish a few words almost indistinct, and in which she heard her own name mixed with fervent thanks for her preservation.

She knelt by the prostrate figure of her preserver, and raised his head. As she did so, the moon beamed full and brilliant upon the dying face of the young painter! What were her emotions when she saw the blood that was flowing from that noble heart, faithful to her even unto death. His full eyes gazed, with a melancholy look, upon her pitying tears! No words fell from his lips; but his bleeding wounds and noble devotion spoke with terrible tongues to her, as she felt, for the first time, that she had been doubly his destroyer.

Pride died in the stillness of that valley, and her hand clasped the feeble hands of the dying youth, as she watched with awe the last fleeting moments of his generous spirit.

Morning broke, and a strong party of soldiers, who had been guided by the distant reports of the fire-arms, soon discovered a crouching female in white drapery. One hand she pressed convulsively to her face, and with the other she held the death-clasped hand of the dying painter to her side. They approached, and raised her gently; and, as she beheld the rigid features, and fixed eyes of her preserver, she shuddered, and wept. He was dead! She turned to the commandant of the party, who had formed a litter for her, and almost in a whisper said,

"Here is my preserver, — bear him with you, — I will not leave him here."

The mind of the Countess was for some months in a state of oblivion as to the past; and when she awoke to consciousness, it was upon the bosom of her mother. No word was uttered in relation to what had occurred; but she never smiled again, for the moonlight ravine and the dying eyes of the painter could never be banished from her imagination! The colour never returned to her pallid cheek, and I became the only memento of what she was.

SUMMER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

It was after a delightful journey in the north of Italy in the spring and summer of 1845 that, having crossed the mountains of the Tyrol to Inspruck, and visited on my way the wonderful baths of Pfeffers, I visited Switzerland for the first time. It is seldom that this extraordinary and charming country is entered by the route which chance caused me to take. The great heat of the weather had occasioned a change of arrangement in our journey, as we feared to encounter the scorching plains which lead to Munich, and all the sultriness of Vienna.

As Switzerland was an unknown region to me, I was equally content to explore its sublime secrets as to become acquainted with all of "rich and strange" which Germany could offer; and I soon found that the novelty of the scenes before me had power to efface several regrets, first for the uncrossed Stelvio and the Valtelino, and for many other beauties and wonders which the grasping anxiety of a traveller makes him imagine can be all accomplished in one journey, in defiance of the weather, fatigue, and circumstances.

To enjoy travelling in perfection, the wanderer should lay aside undue ambition, persuade himself that he shall often go over the same country at a future day, when all that he now misses can be made up, and to confine his views to a certain circle, beyond which neither taunts, reproaches, nor temptations should draw him. He may thus see a great deal, and see all well: but if Switzerland were to be visited every summer during a whole life, I imagine its beauties would not be exhausted; and every one who reads these sketches may believe that it is quite worth while to follow my route or that of any other traveller to any part of the most interesting of all countries, with which, in its particular perfections, no land besides can compare.

The morning we quitted Ragatz for the Lake of Wallenstadt was gloomy and lowering, and the excessive heat of the previous days, which had almost overpowered us in travelling, had given place to a chilly dampness; the clouds were thick and heavy, and allowed the surrounding peaks, on which they rested, to be but occasionally visible.

The picturesque ruins of the castle of Ragatz, once a fortress of importance, caught the only gleam of light which cheered the landscape. Another ruin rises opposite on another height above the Rhine. The rocks are singularly wild and rugged all around, and the valley looked dreary into which we plunged, and continued our way along its narrow passes, beneath the high cliffs of Sargans and the frowning mountains that seem, like sullen giants, to forbid egress from their domain to the daring stranger who has entered that wild retreat. The precipitous rocks are, however, succeeded by livelier hills covered with fine trees, old and large, and we passed through a village where the pretty garden of every house was filled with lilies as white as the whitewash which disfigures the walls of all the cottages.

The colours of Switzerland, green and white, now took precedence of those of Leichenstein on the posts by the roadside, and emerald mea-

dows dotted with white churches kept up the national tints as we went on through luxuriant orchards and past pretty smiling villages, where peasant girls in odd head-dresses and neat petticoats peeped forth upon us with good-natured glances. All the country here looks rich and is well cultivated and cheerful; but the struggle between cloud and sun, wind and dust, continued, and, by the time we had reached the lake, there appeared no longer any chance of a fine day, which was to be regretted, as the mountain scenery on its banks is very beautiful.

The soft, grey and white feathery clouds that hovered about the peaks presented, however, so beautiful an appearance that I could hardly regret their presence, although they shut out other beauties.

I was amused while on board the steamer observing the gay costume of a very dignified-looking courier, who seemed to be the only attendant of a rather numerous English family, our fellow voyagers. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of his colours and gold-lace, his feathers and his boots; and I remarked upon his good looks and air of majesty, imagining him to be a Roman, at least, from his complexion and bearing. I was singularly surprised when I heard him talking in unquestionable Sussex to some one on board, and my romance was at once dispelled when I found that there was nothing foreign about him but his garb. He appeared to know but little of the country, and to have led his simple employers a wild-goose route through part of Italy and Germany, till they were all tired to death, and wished themselves comfortably back at Clapham. Whether the gay courier would then resume a more modest costume I know not; but the arrangements of their journey seemed altogether original in conception and execution, like many of those undertaken by our countrymen.

The boat of the Lint canal, which connects two lakes, carried on this party to Rapperschwyl; for, in spite of the rain, they were not at liberty to land at Wesen, as we did, having made an agreement beforehand to patronize this mode of conveyance in preference to posting, which latter mode we preferred.

Wesen is a pretty spot, with terraces of vines overhanging the lake of Wallenstadt; the country, all the way to Rapperschwyl on the lake of Zurich, is rural and pleasing, but not striking in its features: at every village we saw beautiful wooden houses, carved and decorated, standing in gardens full of the most luxuriant flowers: the hedges and fences are even neater and prettier than in England, and everywhere is order and beauty. How unlike slovenly but graceful Italy! how unlike, too, the skies and the mountains, and how similar to England the dull atmosphere and the fair people!

Nothing, however, at home, however pretty our thatched cottages, resembles the beautiful wooden houses, covered with circular scales and roofed with planks and logs kept on by huge stones, which I was never weary of admiring. Though less gaudy than the buildings in the Tyrol, there is still to be observed here a lingering fondness for gilding and colouring in many a Gast Haus; but the cottages are free from this fault, and appear amongst the fine foliage with no other tints than the rich browns and purples which age and the weather have given to the wood of which they are constructed. The newer ones are of a delicate cream-colour, the original hue of the pine-wood, and there is seldom any paint used to disfigure them.

Sometimes these charming dwellings are seated in the midst of a garden of roses, and here I observed ranges of bee-hives against one of the gable ends of a house. One village was a blaze of flowers and the region seemed a fitting spot for the birth of pastoral poets. Gessner, and Zimmerman lived and wrote in this delicious Arcadia, and no wonder the beautiful and tranquil beauties of the scenery coloured their minds.

Emerging from this rural district, suddenly the blue waters of the lake of Zurich glitter on the eye, fair and calm, and now lighted up by a fitful sun, which had for a time conquered the gloom.

We reached Rapperschwyl, in the canton St. Gall, and drove through the town to a beautiful inn at the other extremity, where we proposed to take up our temporary abode. This is as pretty and pleasing a spot as a traveller can choose for a resting-place. The large rural hotel, called Le Paon, is admirably conducted; the people civil and obliging; the accommodation exceedingly good, and Lisette, the half French half German chamber-maid, a study in herself. Across the road a fine garden of flowers and vegetables leads down to a terrace on the edge of the lake, where a quiet and enjoyable retreat may be found.

From this place a full view of the strange old castle and church is obtained, but there is nothing particularly admirable in the effect they produce; indeed, in every instance, I was disappointed in Switzerland with both ruined castles and churches, when comparing them with the exquisite specimens of both, so frequently to be met with, and so familiar to me in France.

From the high terrace of the castle, called the Lindenhof, there is a fine view of the lake, with the extraordinary bridge, three quarters of a mile long, which extends from the town to a point of land which projects into the lake on the other side. This unique bridge is formed of loose planks, and has no parapet: it is only twelve feet broad, and has an unsteady and dangerous appearance, but is, I believe, perfectly safe. It was originally built in the fourteenth century, but its modern date is recent. A stroll upon its uneven surface is very agreeable, and the lake, mountains, and town are seen well from its centre.

We wandered about the buildings adjoining the Lindenhof, and were attracted towards a small chapel, the door of which being open, we entered, and were not a little startled on finding ourselves in the midst of piled up bones and skulls, above, below, and underneath. This is not uncommon in Switzerland, but being the first I had seen, impressed me with singular awe and pain. We descended from the exalted terrace, where a pavilion and rifle-shooting ground are conspicuous, by a precipitous flight of steps, to the bridge, and enjoyed from thence a sunset which was one of the most magnificent I had ever beheld. The deep rose-colour and crimson of the sky, the purple of the clearly defined mountains, the golden gleams and dolphin shades lasted long that evening, and cheered us with the hope of fine weather.

I rowed one evening for several hours on the calm crystal lake, whose wild and gloomy mountains form a circle round its margin. To me this spot appeared remarkably sombre, for I could not but compare it with the exquisite scenery of Como, but the sun and the soft summer air of Italy were wanting, although we were now much farther advanced into what should have been the warm season. The lake of Zurich is, however, generally considered cheerful, from the numerous pretty villages which rise along its banks, and no doubt there are times when it is really so

It was a somewhat close evening when I ventured along the waters to a solitary island at a considerable distance. I had hoped to see another fine sunset, but the clouds were grey and dull that canopied the departing spirit of day, and the young moon rose with lustre somewhat dimmed by hurrying and threatening mists, bent on unwelcome messages to the mountains.

The high shapeless towers of the castle and church perched on a commanding height above the town, came out in the uncertain light with majesty not their own in the glare of day, glittering lights danced in the clear lake from many windows, and the whole aspect of the place was imposing at that still hour.

My boat reached a group of islands surrounded by reeds and, pushing through them, we came to land.

It was a very desolate spot, without a single dwelling, but dim in the distance rose darkly the high towers of a church, which reigns alone in the island, and is an object both of veneration and fear to the inhabitants of the villages round. There is service in this isolated pile only once a year, and then the solitary isle is for a few hours peopled with a devout throng, who come in boats from a distance to pray within its walls.

There was light enough to see its form, and some of its peculiar features: the interior is modern, and much of the body of the building, but the tower remains nearly in its original state, and at the sides of the new portal are two stone carvings, in relief, of a male and female figure, which offer a somewhat mysterious character.

The tradition of the country is, that the church was founded by a certain Saxon queen, whose image still adorns the walls. She had prayed in vain for an heir, and had vowed a vow to endow a church on this island if her aspirations were granted. The desired event occurred, and she did not forget her promise to the saints. Her own form is much defaced; but that of *der Konig*, her son, or husband, is tolerably perfect. He holds a sword, is crowned with a circlet, and the form of his drapery is Saxon. It is whispered that these figures do not always retain their places on the walls, but may be seen on gloomy nights, such as that on which I visited them, flitting round and round the reedy island before a storm. A curiously-carved font stands at the principal door, built into the wall, but is no longer used for its original purpose.

A bright flash and a low roar warned me not to linger longer in the haunt of the Saxon queen, for I was aware that to return to Rapperschwyl it would take at least an hour and a half, and the moon grew more and more obscure. I therefore re-entered the boat, pushed again through the thick reeds, and launched out into the open waters.

The over-hanging mountains of Glarus looked frowningly down, and occasional lightnings played on the surface of the water; the air was sultry, and every now and then a distant growl told that in the caverns of Albis a storm was brewing, before long to burst over the lake.

We passed at a distance the mournful island, where lie the bones of one of the early reformers, Ulric von Hatton, the friend of Luther, who, young and enthusiastic, found here an early grave in this region, where he had sought shelter from persecution.

We hurried by the pretty manufacturing villages on the lake, whose lights were reflected in the waters. The road from hence leads to the famous shrine of Einsiedeln, once, and even now, a great resort of pilgrims. The soft spirit of the reflective Zimmerman was here inspired

with the tranquil scenery; but Klopstock, who sang of the beauties of the lake, would at this moment have found congenial sublimity in the darkened aspect of the surrounding mountains.

The lightning was continuous as I returned to the shore, and landed at the foot of the garden parapet of Le Paon, in time to escape the deluge of rain, which came down, and continued with violence almost unremitting for several days, during which we were detained at Rapperschwyl.

We left Rapperschwyl by the long bridge across the Lake of Zurich, and entered the opposite canton of Schwytz. The weather cleared, and occasional gleams of sun set off the landscape, and enlivened the scene, which was cheerful, and conveyed an impression of wealth and comfort. We paused at a little town, which we were assured was a "petit Paris," from its importance in the canton. In spite, however, of the lovely gardens, and magnificent wooden houses of this manufacturing city, I saw little to remind me of the French capital; but the Swiss have a great idea of their own importance, like most *little* people.

Richtensweil is, nevertheless, a striking-looking place, full of imposing buildings dedicated to industry, and having several very large and pleasantly-situated hotels looking towards the fine lake, with garden-terraces commanding magnificent views; but for the immediate vicinity of so many manufactories, these must afford a charming summer residence.

We here turned off from the lake, and began to ascend a mountain road, which was an improvement on that we had hitherto followed, which, being in a cross-country, is less smooth than is usual in these regions of convenience. All is here luxuriance: up to the dark pines grow vineyards and cornfields in emulation; frequent villages start forth, embosomed in rich orchards, amongst rose-gardens and beehives, and every now and then there bursts on the sight a distant view of the glittering blue lake far below. The voices of birds were loud in the embowering trees, and the aspect of nature was all jubilee.

Above all these smiling objects rise higher hills, touched with patches of glittering snow, which contrast singularly with the flowers and fruit they surround.

We descended a mountain to the banks of the impetuous torrent of the Silk, which was much swollen by the recent rains, and appeared in great wildness and beauty: over it is a massive wooden bridge of recent construction, for the force of the stream is continually carrying away the bridges over its course. These covered bridges are very curious and characteristic, and to a person who sees them for the first time appear particularly picturesque.

We had hardly rumbled over this bridge than the rain began to descend with violence, and continued till we reached Zug, where we rested a few hours, till brighter skies should tempt us onwards.

In the dining-room of the hotel I was first introduced to a museum of those charming *objêts*, carved in party-coloured wood, which are so tempting to the stranger, and so sought for by the English. Miniature houses, exquisitely formed, full of windows, and covered with elaborate patterns, were ranged in rows, wooing the admiring purchaser; and the most beautiful ingenuity is here displayed to represent all the graces and treasures of Switzerland in the same pleasing material. Art of a higher order appears to me to be unknown in this country; but the

workmen in this department have certainly admirable taste. Nothing I had seen in the Tyrol, carved in wood or chamois-horn, could be compared to these Swiss specimens. The baskets particularly struck me; they are exquisitely cut in wood, in lace-like patterns of flowers and foliage, and seem made by fairy hands, so delicate is the handling: some of them bear a high price.

The town of Zug exhibits more appearance of antiquity than most of those in Switzerland, but is neither beautiful nor interesting. Part of its walls remain; and there are several fountains of rude and antique aspect. As we had to wait in the high street for something forgotten by a servant, we endeavoured to elicit from a stable attendant, who had come so far with us, a little information *en attendant*, but all attempts at conversation were unavailing, for no language known to us was intelligible to our good-natured, handsome, wild-looking friend, who, though he grinned most perseveringly, could not answer my puzzling questions respecting a fierce old knight in armour, who presided over a fountain before us. With a violent effort he at last succeeded in comprehending that I desired to know who the dark, menacing figure might be, and, with more laughter and shouting than the case seemed to demand, got news from the staring and stultified bystanders that the mysterious warrior was called Swartz Mawr, and had stood there in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Apparently gratified at his newly-acquired and dispensed learning, we left our guide looking complacently after us as we drove off, and waving his hand many times.

The drive to Arth, along the borders of the lovely little lake, is enchanting. The scene was now brilliant, and its warm gleams danced through the trembling wet leaves of a continuous grove, which slopes down to the waters, the colour of which seemed to me finer than any I had yet seen: this was, of course, owing to the magical effect of light; and I think, even in the Pyrenees, I never saw a more beautiful hue of metallic blue on any waves than on those of Zug at this moment. The giant Righi rises boldly from the small lake, and Mount Pilatus rears his lofty form in stately grandeur over the scene. Wreaths of soft, white clouds, were playing about these solemn shapes, like butterflies fluttering round two crouching lions: broad bands of gold fell on the crystal mirror, and brought up the opposing colours of blue and green in shining brightness, as if the whole surface were of molten jewels.

Arth is a slovenly, shabby town, where travellers, however, often stop in order from hence to ascend the Righi—a very toilsome journey, seldom repaid with success, but sometimes affording one of the finest views in the country from its summit. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had started that morning, some on foot, some on horseback, and their prospect had been but a dreary one when they set out: nevertheless, we heard afterwards that they were singularly fortunate; for all the clouds cleared off when they reached the summit of the mountain, and the wonders of that world were revealed to them.

Mount Pilatus has so bad a name that few ever attempt now to climb its haunted sides, or pry into its mysterious hollows, where the evil shade of Pilate may chance to be met with. Mount Pilatus shares his reputation with many a lofty mountain, both in France, England, and Wales, and even in the East. I have heard the legend attached to him in this country, in various localities far distant. Some derive the name from Pila, a mountainous strait, others from Pileus, a cap or hat,

because the summit is often covered with a cap of clouds, from whence the proverb—

> "Quand Pilate a mis son chapeau
> Le tems sera serein et beau."

But the current belief is that Pontius Pilate, having been condemned to suffer death, overcome by remorse of conscience, put an end to his existence, and his body was thrown into the Tiber loaded with stones to sink it. The elements all conspired to revenge this insult to the river, and frightful storms were the consequence. Pilate's body was therefore taken up and thrown into the Rhone at Vienna; but the pure purple waters of "the arrowy Rhone" rejected it indignantly. The body was again taken from the waves and conveyed to Lausanne; but in the lake of Geneva it could find no rest, and was thrown up on the shore. At last it was carried to Lucerne, and cast into the dark waters at the foot of Mount Pilate; and ever since that period tempests, inundations, and hurricanes have been the hand-maidens of that gloomy region. The lake is here a mere swamp; and, sometimes, gliding over the muddy waves, the spectre of the wicked governor is seen; at others, it places itself on a rock above; or in the air is heard a loud contention between him and King Herod. He may occasionally be met striding with hasty steps over the mountain, wandering to and fro, and returning on his path, as if he sought something which he can nowhere find. The shepherds know him but too well, for he scatters their sheep, and terrifies their stoutest dogs. It is, however, rare now that he appears; for a student of Salamanca, who was traversing the mountains of Switzerland, once encountered the evil spirit, and, as he was deeply learned in occult science, he boldly accosted the unquiet soul, which violently and bodily resisted him. A furious combat took place between the student and the spectre, as can be verified by any one who visits a certain spot where no grass has ever grown since. The student got the better, and succeeded in inducing Pilate to become invisible: he keeps his word "indifferent well," but it is not safe to trust to it; and travellers are so well aware of his treachery, that they are fonder of ascending the Righi, where no ghosts nor demons reside, than daring the perils of Mount Pilatus.

At the dangerous foot of the tremendous Rossburg the road continues, and leaving Arth behind, we went on our way towards Lucerne. It was getting late when we reached the gloomy glen where stands on a height the chapel, beside which fell the tyrant Gessler, struck down by the arrow of the outraged Tell: such is the tradition of the country; and the tale gives interest to this secluded spot, where, of course, we paused awhile to enjoy the belief and sketch the building, as hundreds of travellers have done before.

Descending the wooded hill from this spot, we reached Kussnack, a picturesque little town, with the Lake and Mont Pilatus before us. It was late in the evening before we arrived at Lucerne; and driving up to the principal inn, the many windows of which glittered with lights, we found that every apartment was taken, and we must find "a home elsewhere." Resolved, however, not to dismiss us altogether, exertions were made by the host, and we were sent off to a desolate-looking building on the other side of the square, where we were made comfortable for the night, not without a considerable bustle and running to and fro of waiters and young girls in black velvet embroidered boddices, and wearing long

plaits of hair ornamented with ribbons. This costume is very pretty, but the girls are so extremely hard-featured and uninteresting, that it is impossible to admire them. Their general characteristic seems kindness and civility; but those qualities we were not destined to meet with at our hotel, "the Swan," when we sought hospitality there the next day.

Lucerne seemed in a state of commotion from recent excitement, though the political struggle which had frighted the Switzers from their propriety was lulled for the time; nevertheless Young Lucerne was on the *qui vive*, and the usual subservience and attention of innkeepers, intent on gain, was forgotten in a remarkable degree by a dandy attendant on our dinner.

As *every* dish was uneatable, having apparently been prepared for visitors of a week past, we ventured to remonstrate, and the answer returned by our republican waiter was, that "he did not concern himself with domestic details: if we had any fault to find, we were at liberty to summon the *chef*. This dignified rebuke effectually silenced us, and we submitted to our tyrant; but on our remarking to another, under whose orders we sailed, that this behaviour was unusual towards guests, the circumstance was explained in a somewhat original manner. "These young men," said our informant, "are, most of them, *gentlemen*, and they come from their fathers' estates to learn the innkeeping line of business, as all the hotels are kept by landed proprietors, who appoint persons to superintend, and seldom appear themselves. It is natural that these young persons should feel themselves above the common sort of people, and *therefore* they will not bear to be spoken to, and do not care about offending strangers."

Of course we were bound to be satisfied with this explanation, and were duly impressed with the advantage of being waited upon by haughty hidalgos in the land of William Tell and liberty.

The town of Lucerne is particularly dirty and slovenly, and there is little beauty in its situation in a nook at the end of the lake. Its singular covered and painted bridges, however, are interesting and curious, and unlike any other spot. One of them, the Capel-brücke, is very characteristic, and the old tower in the centre majestic and commanding. This bridge or gallery makes several angles as it crosses the lake to the opposite shore, and affords some fine views of the surrounding and crowding mountains which rise from the waters of the Lake of Lucerne.

Another strange dark old bridge, once of great length, and painted inside its roof in compartments, is more than half destroyed in order to allow for improvements on the shore; but the remaining portion, I was happy to hear, will be treasured by the town as a memorial of their ancient architecture. There is so little of art worthy of notice in Switzerland, that it would be a most vexatious fact if modern improvements removed these few records of old time. In Lucerne there is no church or castle, or doorway or arch, that excites the slightest admiration: the cloisters, however, round the church-yard are curious, filled as they are with monumental stones, carved and painted in the rudest, coarsest manner.

The famous monument erected in honour of the massacred Swiss guard, on ground given by a surviving officer, pleased me, in spite of the paltry accompaniments which hem it in. The fine dying lion at the mouth of his cave is carved out of the solid and living rock from a

design of Thorwaldsen, and has no occasion for pedestal, or dome, or pillar to support it, nature having done as much for it as art. This memorial is, however, somewhat neglected; its independence of "man's forgetfulness" is therefore doubly to be rejoiced at. If weeds and trees are allowed to spring up round the perpendicular carved rock which rises from a tiny lake, they can only add to its beauty and picturesqueness; and if the little cockney garden near and its walks are allowed to fall to decay, the scene will be even improved, while the memory of those devoted servants of an unfortunate monarch, who died to save him, will be all the more

"Green in our souls."

We took a small boat, and rowed for some hours on the lake, having rejected the steam-boat, which carries travellers from one end to the other, and exhibits to them all the beauties and wonders of the beautiful bay of Uri, and all Tell's country. The effect of light and shade on the mountains, and the water was beautiful, nothing remaining the same in aspect from one quarter of an hour to the other, now a small island, crowned by a chapel, detached itself from the shore, and, as our boat advanced, seemed floating out into the clear depths: now a bare rock rose perpendicularly from the waters, its ragged edges showing like a ruined castle; on the banks gleamed villages and churches, with tall spires glittering in the evening sun. The lake sometimes spreads broadly out, and then apparently closes again; promontories stretching forth, as if endeavouring to reach each other from opposite sides, and bar the passage. Now the dark rocks rise nearly perpendicular, the strata running in slanting lines to the waters, telling of the ravages of some great convulsion of Nature.

The venerable castle ruins of Hapsburg, the cradle of that family famous in romance, rise frowningly on a height surrounded by red, porphyry-tinted rocks, capped with newly-fallen snow, which the last sunbeams now touched with rose-colour.

Every minute fresh rainbow-hues appeared in the sky, and transformed the mountains to new forms; now they were all violet and crimson, then a flash turned them to gold, and then to deep purple. Mount Pilatus was suddenly covered with a thick purple veil, and his peaks disappeared behind its folds: the moon rose, and sent down glittering rays on the rippling waters. A fresh breeze sprung up, and the aspect of the whole scene was altered.

The timidity of our boatmen was remarkable; at every gust of wind they appeared seized with panic; and when we told them to keep out of the vicinity of the returning steamer, we found such advice superfluous, for they put the whole width of the lake between us as the hissing object of their aversion approached.

After we landed we betook ourselves to the Capel-brücke, to enjoy the scene from it by moonlight. The bright rays streamed in through the open wooden arches of its sides, and chequered the timber flooring. The antique round tower, which rises halfway in the water, stood in deep shadow, its pointed roof shining towards the clear sky. Mount Pilatus showed his outline clearly in the back-ground behind the quaint buildings of the old town, which the dimness of night much improved. Two high-pointed spires of the principal church rose far above all other towers, and reared their venerable points on high, reminding one by

their form of the church of the two sisters at the Reculvers. Rows of irregular houses, with the remains of arcades, once universal, dipped their lower steps into the lake, and the lights glancing from numerous windows, and the antique shapes of some of the roofs all reflected in the lucid mirror below, gave the scene a beauty foreign to it by day. Far off rose peaks and horns in varied crowds above each other, some dark and gloomy, and some whose snows caught the silver light that embellished all the prospect. A circle of feudal watch-towers, now black with age, and filthy from neglect,—a fact but too apparent when shone on by the garish sun, now looked solemn and dignified, as their battlemented heads appeared from distance to distance above the ruined walls which once girded the town of Lucerne; and the long, roofed bridge itself, on which we stood, was not the least picturesque object in the scene.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

FROM THE FRENCH. BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

Jacques Bonhomme,—I beg pardon,—*Mr.* Jacques Bonhomme, belongs to an ancient family. Indeed, now that he is become a person of importance, flatterers and learned men have made out a grand genealogy for him, in which they ascribe to him a Celtic origin. According to them his forefathers can be traced until they are lost in the night of ages which precedes all written history; they say that they recognize in him a certain Gallic cast of features, somewhat resembling Cæsar's descriptions. They likewise tell us that the Jacques Bonshommes of ancient Gaul lived on very friendly terms with their Roman Conquerors; that they mingled with the masters of the world by marriage and otherwise; that at length they spoke the same language, and together formed civil institutions, endeavouring to shake off, as well as circumstances would permit, the authority of the lower empire, and what was still worse, its final decrepitude.

Then came the barbarian Goths, Visigoths, Burgundians, and lastly the Franks, braver and more barbarous than all the rest. This period gives rise to great disputes between the historians of the Bonhomme family and the genealogists of those houses which do not choose to be considered as Bonshommes. The former say, "These are the children of the soil of good old France, and the others came hither sword in hand and took possession of the land by no other right save that of might; they were invaders and conquerors in the beginning, and such they have chosen to remain." On the other hand, the victors and their partizans do not attempt to refute charges which flatter their vanity; they are quite content to be the strong race,—the class wearing armour and riding on horseback while the rest go on foot,—and they deny none of the things imputed to them. But then they maintain in addition, that when the right of the strong hand has grown old and wormeaten, and so fallen to decay that it can no longer maintain itself, it then becomes venerable, takes the name of legitimacy, and that under this title it ought to be supported, without losing one tittle of the privileges which

it is no longer strong enough to defend. "Of such matters," says Comines, "the adjustment is made in heaven." These questions were best answered by the event.

The answer which they received in those days was decisive. At the beginning of the French monarchy, when, in the general confusion, every man, Roman, Gaul, or Frank, seized a share proportioned to his strength, boldness, or skill, Hugues Capet took the crown, and some got the great lordships, while others had the small ones, but to the ancestors of Jacques Bonhomme nothing was left save servitude in all its forms and gradations. Thus much is certain; whereas all beyond may be considered more or less as erudite theorizing or genealogical boasting.

This state of things would doubtless have seemed very hard to Jacques Bonhomme had he not already been in a very degraded condition. He had been robbed of all his possessions, and he now resigned himself to be no longer master even of his own person. Moreover, all the sovereigns of the various domains, great and small, were so cruel and so quarrelsome that it was necessary to be protected by some one of them against the rest, although it were only in the character of a beast of burthen. Everything had been plundered, ravaged, and burnt; the crops had been destroyed, the earth had ceased to be tilled, and now the lords generously gave back to Jacques Bonhomme the fields which they had taken from him, on condition, that when he had once more ploughed the neglected soil and replanted his uprooted vines, he should pay all kinds of tribute. Jacques submitted to these terms. But he was moreover to find time to build, in the sweat of his brow, strong towers with battlements and sallyports, surrounded by high walls and deep moats, where his master might dwell in safety, protected from the attacks of his country neighbours. When the lord of some neighbouring manor was seen approaching with hostile intent, followed by his vassals, Jacques hastened to drive his sheep and cattle into the castle yard. When the neighbour arrived, he found the drawbridge raised and the gates barred, hereupon he vented his spleen in burning the hut of poor Bonhomme, which was built of wood and furze at the foot of the castle without the moat.

It must be allowed that this was cruel usage. Folks may talk as they will, but it is not easy to get used to such things as these. At any rate Jacques was not satisfied; in his poor judgment they were not according to the gospel which the good priests preached to him as well as to the lords. From time to time he rebelled and took fearful revenge, but he gained nothing by it, he was too weak to resist.

When, by good luck, nobles were seized with a passion for going a crusading to sanctify themselves by warlike adventures, and to win the kingdom of heaven by the sword and the lance, it was a blessed riddance for Jacques Bonhomme. During his master's absence he plucked up a heart to work, to buy and to sell, and to earn a little money. This was a gain for everybody; the lords had begun to want a number of things which they could not get without paying for them, and when the subject had saved a round sum of money, the master could always find means to squeeze part of it out of him.

In those days the family of Hugues Capet, like that of Jacques Bonhomme, had begun to shake off the yoke of the lords. Seeing their power over their own vassals, the Capets formed the project of treating

the lords in their turn as vassals of the crown. Hence there sprang up a great friendship between the two above-named families, a friendship right royal on one side, returned in all humility by the other. Their friendship produced, however, this result, that when the Bonshommes who dwelt in towns and cities, wearied by ceaseless extortion and oppression, at length beat and drove away their master's men-at-arms, the king, far from taking it amiss, sanctioned their proceeding by proclamation. Thus then they found themselves all at once masters of their own homes, burghers of their own towns, and subject to none save the king's majesty. The Germanic barbarians had brought from their forests the maxim, that no free man is bound by any obligations save those to which he has given his free and full consent, and in compliance with this maxim, Jacques Bonhomme now began to be called upon from time to time for his voice and opinion.

At length then he and his had a definite position in the state,—a very humble one it is true; they were still of small account, despised and wanting all means of defence against the powerful lords. Jacques's notion of freedom was not to be the victim of their whims and fancies, whereas the idea of freedom entertained by the great lords was always to do just what pleased themselves. It was by no means easy to reconcile such very opposite opinions.

At this time terrible wars broke out in France, not, as formerly, quarrels between country neighbours or feuds between one lord and another, but war between king and king, between the sovereign and the great vassals. Numerous companies, composed of men of all nations, and English troops, wandered over the face of the country. Jacques Bonhomme learned somewhat of the trade of war, he could defend his own city and shoot with the cross-bow and with the bow and arrow; he even went to battle, led by a chief of his own choosing. If the knights were valiant, he too was brave, and moreover he loved his country, which was his native soil, not theirs. A nobleman was the vassal both of the king of England and of the king of France; he might choose which he pleased, and he was besides sure of finding a fief and a fortune if he grew discontented at home, and allied himself with strangers. All the knights of Christendom were after a fashion brothers in arms, and formed a kind of nation among themselves. But Jacques Bonhomme and his city relations could not remove their little fields or shops; they were real good Frenchmen, who mortally hated the English and the Burgundians, and killed them whenever they were able, and who dearly loved the French king even when he was merely king of Bourges, who fought bravely under the banner of valiant and loyal gentlemen such as Lahire and Xaintrailles. Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was cousin-german to Jacques Bonhomme.

When all these wars were ended, there began to be some sort of order in France. The great vassals were overthrown, their fiefs restored to the crown, and the king governed the country; he kept companies of men-at-arms, paid with money raised by taxes, wherewith to repel foreign invaders and to keep the people quiet. Louis XI. greatly misused this newly arisen royal authority. But he was hard and cruel alike to all, and in those days the hatred of the weak against the strong was so violent that the former scarce resented their own sufferings when they saw him merciless towards the latter. Moreover, he was free and easy in his intercourse with Jacques Bonhomme; knew how to put on

his manners and speak his language, and called him "gossip," and this will cause much to be endured and forgiven.

Thus France was now no longer the same; all men therein were subjects; not all equal, far from it, but all alike servants to the king, although some submitted to him haughtily, and others humbly. The government was placed on a new footing; there were no longer lords, vassals, and serfs, but a court, an army, gentlemen, and governors of provinces, all brilliant and powerful. That France was warlike, rich, glorious, formidable, and chivalrous; but beside it was another France, humble and laborious, clothed in linsey-woolsey and serge, instead of silk and gold: this was the France of Jacques Bonhomme.

This second France had its own aristocracy, its parliament, its aldermen, its corporations, and from this aristocracy were chosen the men of business of the kingdom, men of good judgment and wise counsel in their humble station, and whom, on great occasions, the king himself called together to advise with him. Just beneath this aristocracy, and closely allied therewith, was the third estate,—the numerous family of Jacques Bonhomme,—amongst whom were the rich merchants and great lawyers of the sixteenth century, men of books and of freedom as they called themselves.

Dauntless in the cause of justice, humble yet firm, obstinate though respectful to the royal authority, but of a truly burgher roughness towards all save the king himself, seeking freedom under the protection of the sovereign whom he loved, and in whom he wished to place his whole trust as in a living faith, but whose words he affected not to understand whenever they were contrary to law—such was Jacques Bonhomme at the beginning of the second dynasty in France.

At the Reformation Jacques remained a good Catholic, but he took a dislike to the Jesuits, indeed, from the very first they were not to his mind. Moreover, he always had a certain prejudice against the court of Rome. He never wished for persecutions, and still less for massacres. St. Bartholomew's eve was none of his doing.

A religious war was necessarily political as well, and in the beginning Jacques suffered himself to be talked over by the Guises. Indeed he is very susceptible to flattery, especially that of great folks; it is an old family failing of his race, besides he had a great dislike to the favourites of Henri III. But when the Duke of Guise began to raise disturbances, to excite riots, and to hire bravoes, and swashbucklers, Jacques Bonhomme, like a quiet good citizen as he was, lost all stomach for ambition, and for great folks; unluckily, for him, he found out his mistake too late, and was forced to bend beneath the yoke of the sixteen, to look on quietly when Brissot and Larcher were hanged, and grumble below his breath against the assembled estates of the Ligue.

By this time Jacques was athirst for the sight of a king, and the coming of Henri IV. was a real joy to him. This time too the king was a man after his own heart; no sovereign ever suited him so well as Henri IV., who was brave, easy-tempered, familiar, of sound judgment, firm, without showing that he was so, and to crown all, a Gascon, which is always welcome to Jacques Bonhomme, who would far rather be laughed at than slighted.

In that parody upon the Ligue, which is called the Fronde, Jacques played a great part, for by that time he had gradually come to take up far more room in France, and the courtiers much less. He was now

sought, caressed, and made use of. In truth, he enjoyed less freedom than before, but then those above him lost all liberty whatever, and became mere servants. This was a great consolation for Jacques, and paid off many an old grudge.

Under Louis XIV., at least during the first half of his reign, Jacques was happy and contented; he highly valued social order, and esteemed it the real bond of freedom, and this advantage he now enjoyed in greater perfection than he had ever known before. Now for the first time, the weak were able to obtain full justice against the strong. Moreover Jacques Bonhomme has always been a great admirer of the glory of France, he is thrown into ecstacy by the gaining of victories, the singing of Te Deums, and the hanging up of captured flags in the churches. There was besides another and very different kind of glory, to which, though not much of a critic, Jacques was very sensible. Poetry and art were to him a source of enjoyment and national pride, and those illustrious men whose names were in every one's mouth, and who were so much honoured by the king, Moliere, Lafontaine, Racine, and Boileau,—all these belonged to the family of Jacques, who felt that he shared their glory.

The king was haughty and absolute; he even affected airs of divinity; but he was determined to be a great monarch, and to make France great and powerful. His manner too was very dignified, and though Jacques is fond of familiarity, he has a great respect for dignity; in short, let what will be said to the contrary, it was and still is for him, the great reign of the great monarch.

But these fine times did not last; Jacques had still to learn that there is not much trust to be placed in the happiness or glory of a country which entirely neglects its own business. Jacques Bonhomme, who had never been accustomed to govern, himself, did not think of that expedient, he was simply discontented: the causeless and unsuccessful wars, the extravagance of the court, the power of the Jesuits, the constant religious persecution, the bad ministers, and Madame de Maintenon, filled him with hatred and scorn. But he did not know how to set about the task of making things go on more to his mind.

The regency offered him as a consolation and as an example, scandals which were no longer stately and solemn like those of the great king. Poor Jacques Bonhomme still kept his burgher morals, his domestic life, his simple and saving habits; he now had to witness scenes strangely opposed to all this. The court and the great folks towards whom he was still humble and respectful, gave up all claims upon his consideration. Religion, morality, and decency, were all banished together; form and substance vanished at once. Then came the desire of acquiring wealth as fast as it was squandered,—the sudden reverses of fortune, the gambling in the Stock Exchange, where all the gamesters great and small, were placed upon a vile equality,—such was the reign of that good regent, who hastened every thing in France.

This, as might be expected, had a very bad effect upon the character of the worthy Jacques. He grew thoughtless and scornful, taking vengeance on whatever displeased or injured him by songs and epigrams, finding fault with everything without knowing what he would have instead. As he had no means of supporting or defending his own interests, he entrusted them to the wits of that time, who were his friends, his patrons, and his flatterers: these subjected to a public investigation

all those laws, customs, influences, and authorities, which Jacques still obeyed from habit. If Jacques had had some fine old titles to boast of, some ancient parchment,—never mind how torn or effaced,—to produce in support of his claims to being better governed, he would have confided them to lawyers and magistrates. For want of legal rights, he learnt to talk of the rights of man, from poets, and philosophers, whom he reverenced above all the rest of the world, and that not without just cause, seeing that he certainly owed no respect or gratitude to any of the other powers.

Meanwhile he grew rich and prospered although his interests were never cared for, although the king borrowed his money and then became bankrupt; his manners, his language, and even his dress became more elegant; some of his relations got into fine society, and were vastly well received in it when they had plenty of money or plenty of wit. It was no longer possible to treat him with coarse insolence—as Don Juan treated M. Dimanche—disdain was forced to show itself with greater caution and delicacy; Jacques Bonhomme was now ready to take offence at a mere nothing, he was often discontented and even envious, for envy is very apt to show itself upon the approach of equality.

Ere long an idea gained ground that the ancient edifice of the French monarchy wanted thorough alteration and repair; every man thought himself ill-lodged in it—Jacques worse than the rest—and all struggled to be foremost in pulling it down. But the king and his courtiers, spite of their love of novelty, took fright and tried to support all that they had promised to change. One day, one great and awful day, Jacques Bonhomme suddenly arose and went and took the Bastille, and showed the world that he was the strongest; this was a piece of news which nobody had thought of.

Now then Jacques was master; he had struck terror into his enemies who fled before his face; the king of France, the descendant of St. Louis, was the subject of Jacques Bonhomme. The monarchy lay prostrate at his feet, the next thing was to reconstruct it according to his own ideas.

Unfortunately Jacques had not attended to that, and his triumph had been so sudden and overwhelming that it had turned his head. Moreover he was unused to business, and ill-prepared for it by the times which had just passed away. Accordingly it was not Jacques himself, properly speaking, who undertook the task; more's the pity, for he has plenty of good sense whenever he takes time to consider, instead of suffering himself to be hurried away by the impressions of the moment, which indeed is his chief failing.

Filled with hope and exultation, he threw everthing into the hands of young lordlings, who magnanimously worshipped liberty because it was the fashion, and who courted Jacques Bonhomme because he was a king; of men who made the interests of the country the theme of their own intemperate displays of rhetoric; and who aimed only at notoriety and adulation. There were others full of imagination who sought strong emotions and violent excitement, and who looked upon the passing events as upon a fearful drama: there were others again who were unmoved by the absurd and the atrocious, provided they arrived at either by a certain arrangement of words which they called logic—in short men moved by all sorts of passions, good and bad, benevolent and selfish, generous and base.

In the midst of all this confusion, these great events, these splendid talents, these energetic characters, this skill and activity, poor Jacques Bonhomme utterly lost his head. For fifty years he had been kept upon the severest theoretical and literary diet; whenever any thing puzzled his judgment or wounded his good feelings, he had been told that he must accept the results of a principle, and he was not allowed to reply that the world offers many principles of action, and that he must endeavour to reconcile these results as best we may.

Thus his triumph was marred and stained with crimes of blood. He had lost the quiet which he so dearly loves; the freedom of private life which he prefers to every other was exchanged for a terrible slavery. There was an end of commerce, wealth, and comfort; he was ruled by cruel, proud, hard, brutal masters; he was terrified by scaffolds, deluged with the blood of the bravest and best of his own relations far more than with that of his so called enemies. Envy and fear, a blind and stupid enthusiasm, and the fierce intoxication of bloodshed concealed themselves under the name of public safety. Day by day Jacques Bonhomme had bowed his head lower and lower beneath this fearful yoke; he had suffered himself to be persuaded that to day necessarily followed upon yesterday. And then all this was so strangely terrible, so strongly opposed to the easy luxurious manners of the time, that our worthy hero was quite taken by surprise. He endured a long continuance of hard and fearful times in silent submission. This is not the most creditable part of his history, and accordingly he has been ashamed of it ever since.

In the mean time he was winning great honours for himself in another direction; he had never ceased to be a good Frenchman, and to entertain that holy horror of foreigners which forms part of his character. When he heard that the kings of Europe were about to attack and to punish France, he instantly sent his sons to the frontier, where their bravery, patience, and patriotism were rewarded by the salvation of their country. Attempts have since been made to rob Jacques Bonhomme of his well earned glory, by representing it as closely connected with odious crimes,—as forming part of that system of bloody tyranny which has since been praised as a proof of ability. But those brave fellows saw no such connexion; they never thought that the massacres and the prisons had anything in common with the victories of Valmy and Jemappes, or the scaffold on which their relations were murdered, with the fields of battle on which they freely shed their blood; they have since had to learn the wondrous fact that those who sent their generals to the guillotine, and who never could supply them with bread or clothing, were the very men who planned their victories.

At length Jacques Bonhomme, weary of so many horrors, interfered one day in a quarrel which arose amongst his cruel rulers, and in order to gain his support they were forced to put a stop to the executions. From that time forward Jacques entertained a profound disgust and aversion towards all those men of blood whose names became one by one the marks for public hate.

Meanwhile it was necessary that the country should be governed, and that by some other magistrate than the executioner. There had arisen a kind of revolutionary aristocracy, for whom the supreme power was a place of safety which they were determined not to give up.

With greater foresight than had been shown by Jacques, they now took up their quarters in the new government, much against his wish. Impelled by a generous instinct Jacques inconsiderately went so far as even to join with those who exposed themselves to grapeshot in order to turn out the Convention.

He was however forced to submit to this new dominion fraught with recent and sad recollections. He used the small degree of freedom which the government allowed him in undermining it. Jacques Bonhomme loves to respect his rulers, but for these he had a great contempt. They consisted of all that was most commonplace, as every one eminent for talent or virtue, wealth or rank had been beheaded or banished. The Directory defended itself to the last: under cover of the victories with which the French armies overawed Europe, it destroyed the liberties of the people, and no longer daring to shed blood, it sent those delegates whom Jacques Bonhomme had honoured with his confidence, to perish in the deserts of America.

Things could not long go on thus. A mean, jealous, base, and incapable government cannot maintain itself even by tyranny. Everything fell into disorder. Even military glory declined. At this juncture there came home from the east one who two years before had dazzled every imagination by his victories, who had surrounded himself with a certain atmosphere of mysterious grandeur, and had placed himself, on an entirely different footing from all other winners of battles. For fear of tarnishing this splendour he had fled from the vulgar circle of the Directory and had gone to Egypt, there to surround himself with a halo of romance.

No sooner had he set foot upon the shore than Jacques threw himself at his feet, and implored him to restore to France greatness, power, order, and safety. Careless of the future, occupied only with the grievances and vexations of the moment, Jacques readily sacrificed the liberty of his country to him who overthrew everything abroad, and who organized everything at home. Never was man more proud or more happy than Jacques Bonhomme at this time. All that he regretted in the past was restored to him, and he had no fear of a return of those things which had displeased him. To him every thing seemed for the best; true he had given himself a master, but it was the master of the world: he was not humbled but proud; he felt himself a despot, not a slave.

When to all this glory was added the pomps of royalty, when the general became an emperor, Jacques was not greatly pleased by the theatrical display; and he cut many jokes upon it,—in a very low voice however,—for he was filled with terror and respect. He found it very difficult to keep his countenance at sight of those amongst his cousins who were turned into counts and barons; but he forgave them the assumption just because he had laughed at it.

By dint, however, of wondrous victories, of kingdoms conquered and distributed, of brilliant talents, and of marvellous successes, all this tinsel acquired a more genuine lustre, and seemed to change into real gold; but it was at the expense of Jacques Bonhomme; enamoured as he was of glory, the ceaseless wars pressed heavily upon him. The insatiable conscription, which tore from him his children, and scattered their bones over the whole of Europe, in order to make kings Joseph and Jerome, grew more hateful every day. An iron yoke was wanted to keep down

the subjugated world, and to extort from France the needful resources for so extraordinary a dominion. Freedom was extinct, the state prisons were filled, the press and the tongue were enslaved, passive obedience in all things was enforced. Moreover trade was at a stand-still, and Jacques had the mortification of seeing his calicos and muslins taken from him and burnt. Sugar was enormously dear, taxes were raised, and his debtors declared themselves bankrupt.

In short, the great empire was not at all to the mind of Jacques Bonhomme. He would have borne all patiently, had he been able to foresee any end to much glory and so much suffering, but there was always yet another victory to be won, yet another war to be begun; and meanwhile, poor Jacques had entirely lost his taste for "Te Deums." Once he fondly hoped that the hero was about to take some rest himself, and to allow Jacques the same. This was after his pompous marriage with the Archduchess.

When the infant king was born, Jacques, like a good father of a family, thought that that was enough to satisfy the heart of any man, however great he might be. This was indeed a most vulgar idea, and Jacques was greatly mistaken. The passion of gambling is never satisfied, even where armies and empires are at stake. So much was risked, that at length all was lost, and one day Jacques was informed by a bulletin, that the great man had fancied that he could force the elements to obey his will, and that five hundred thousand soldiers had perished in the attempt. This was followed by fresh endeavours, fresh sacrifices, and fresh disasters. The devotion of Jacques Bonhomme seemed inexhaustible, he would have given the last drop of his blood, in order to supply the man who had ruined France with the means of saving her. But the genius of the commander, and the courage of the soldiers were alike ineffectual, and Jacques saw foreign armies march into the gates of Paris; that was the most cruel moment of his life. Poor Jacques! so good a Frenchman, so elated by countless victories, so lately the master of Europe, and then to see the Cossacks bivouacking in his own good city of Paris. Even now, his heart swells within him, when he thinks upon that grievous affront.

Conquest was the first condition of the contract between Jacques and his great emperor; when the latter failed in the performance of his part, the agreement was at an end. Jacques felt no very great inclination towards his ancient line of kings; in the first place he had rather forgotten them, in the second, they now came back in company with foreign armies, and this was a terrible offence; moreover, he had a strong impression that those princes had an unlucky hand; Bourbon and Revolution were two words coupled together in his imagination: wiser heads than his could have told the reason of this association, he only looked upon it as an unlucky fatality. Nevertheless, he has too much good sense to strive against necessity, and he accordingly accepted those who were presented to him by destiny, determined however to settle the affairs of the country with them, after his own fashion, not after theirs.

The rightful princes were not a little surprised on renewing acquaintance with their old fellow-countryman Jacques Bonhomme. He had altered strangely during their long separation. He was no longer the good peasant or burgher, who, though at times cross-grained and refractory, never failed soon to return to his plough or his yard measure; he now filled a great place in the country, and was resolved to keep it;

he could no longer be intimidated, nor could he be overawed, and he was far above all the flattery and coaxing, with which in former days he had been kept in good humour. He no longer beheld in the king, a god upon earth surrounded by demigods, but a mere man, wielding a useful power for the good of the nation, and clothed with a majesty simply human, not mysterious and divine. Jacques was particularly sensitive upon the subject of equality,—it was his sore point. He and his had been ennobled after the most efficient fashion, namely at the point of the sword. Formerly, when in the ranks, they had won Lanfeld and Fontenoy; now as officers, generals and marshals of France, they had gained the victories of Jemmapes, Marengo, and Austerlitz, and had conquered Europe. It was now clearly impossible to reduce Jacques Bonhomme to his original station, and it became necessary to consult and to conciliate him. Besides all this he still kept his old grudge against the Jesuits, and moreover he had received a so-called philosophical education, which had filled him with a violent prejudice against the clergy.

If his rulers had known or considered all these things, they might have lived on very good terms with Jacques. They had given him peace which he had long coveted, trade flourished and he enjoyed freedom and tranquillity. Here was enough to subdue even very strong antipathies, and doubtless they would gradually have died away, but for the insurmountable distrust which both parties felt towards each other. Jacques still fancied that his rulers wanted to deprive him of liberty, to break faith with him, to degrade him back to serfage and contempt, and to deliver him bound hand and foot into the power of the priesthood. On the other hand, those who had been restored to power, wanted to make that power absolute, and were angry or frightened whenever Jacques Bonhomme availed himself of his lawful rights; they constantly imputed to him evil designs or pernicious infatuation, upbraided him with past crimes and misfortunes, and accused him of wishing to renew them, whereas no one hated the remembrance of them more than he. Moreover, they undertook to recommence his education, and to reform his morals, which gave him great offence; they insisted upon his regulating his family after the fashion of past times, and not according to his present means and circumstances. In short, instead of admiring as would have been but just, his good sense, his dearly bought experience, his love of order, and his respect for the laws, they tormented themselves and him. Jacques never rightly knew what to expect: he was constantly threatened with punishment if he would not be quiet, and always harshly checked and interfered with, if he tried to manage his own affairs.

Nevertheless this state of things lasted longer than might have been expected; both parties had become wiser, less violent, more anxious for tranquillity. The enthusiasm of past times, the unquestioned convictions, and the wild hopes of former times no longer existed. The sovereign of the restoration was timid, and Jacques Bonhomme was patient. His honourable and prudent conduct did him great credit; and at the same time rendered him more reasonable, more enlightened, less easily carried away by first impressions, and more manly and straightforward than before. His inaction was not the result of either weakness or timidity, but the fear of faring worse, while in search of better.

And accordingly nothing could be more noble than his conduct when,

on seeing his rights attacked, he rose up to defend them. Never had greater vigour been employed in a juster cause, never had a people been more manifestly in the right. The event was as sudden and as decisive as the cause was good. And then what courage, what recollections of military glory, what moderation in success, what humanity towards the conquered, and finally, what prudence in permitting the only reasonable termination to take place.

Now Jacques Bonhomme is the master, and the only master:—there is none to question his authority. 'Tis for him to consider the use that he will make of his powers. If he wields it wisely, he will do himself greater credit than even by the three glorious days. Let him stop short after a revolution thus accomplished, let him quietly reconstruct a government after crushing the former one in the street, and he will do something new, impressive, worthy of admiration. In 1688 the English aristocracy secured the repose and freedom of their country, by dismissing the Stuarts without tumult or confusion. Freedom founded upon the laws became secure and unassailable, while social order remained unchanged. Jacques too demanded only security and a confidence which he had never had. He fought in order to preserve what was about to be taken from him, not to gain anything new. He too had become a sort of aristocracy, and he wanted to have a 1688 of his own. But for him this was not so easy: his family is numerous, ill-disciplined, at times disunited: above and below him he has enemies ready to try their fortune by violent means, and convinced that force is the true solution of all questions. Because once force was employed on the right side, they fancy that there is no other right in the world, and accordingly they keep Jacques Bonhomme in constant hot water, instead of letting him enjoy the peace which he desired.

In the midst of all this danger and tribulation, Jacques continues to shew his old good sense. He has chosen a king, and he clings to his choice. The king is *his* king; no longer the lord of the land, the first gentleman of the kingdom, as Francis I. used to say; his power no longer emanates from himself, his glory no longer depends upon a few;—he belongs to all men; he can no longer say "I am the state," for the state says "we are the king."

But for this very reason Jacques chooses that his king shall be great, noble, and respected, that he shall have as much majesty as any other king; he also chooses that he shall be of as good family as any other sovereign in Europe. For Jacques does not fancy that he was so entirely governed by abstract principles as to have chosen Louis Philippe entirely apart from his rank of prince, and merely as the most deserving householder of the parish.

Jacques Bonhomme is not the man to feel hatred or envy towards greatness of which he himself is proud, to insult the sovereign whom he has placed upon the throne, to grudge him the pomp of royalty, or to refuse him the means of assisting misfortune, and encouraging the arts. Jacques piques himself upon knowing his own mind: he was well aware that kings have a crown, palaces, numerous attendants, and a fitting degree of splendour. He believed that a king was necessary, and he will not degrade or dethrone one whom he has chosen. His revolution was the deliberate act of a free man, not the Saturnalia of a slave.

His faith in royalty is firm without being superstitious; he thinks the institution useful, nay more, indispensable, and it suits his habits and

inclinations. He likes to cry "God save the King," and in old days he often owed prosperity and fame to the royal power which protected him against his oppressors.

But there is nothing that he holds in such loathing and abhorrence as the recollections of the republic; and he is filled with virtuous indignations against those men whose depraved imaginations and base passions lead them to plot a revolutionary melodrama, in order to display themselves in the characters of Danton and Robespierre. As to all the American speculations, he does not even understand them, and merely has a general idea that the same form of government cannot be suitable to nations so unlike.

He is exceedingly thin-skinned on the subject of his national honour, and would be ready enough to unsheath his old sword if his country were attacked or injured; but he has no mind to shed his own blood, and to ruin France in order to swell the pompous sentences of a popular orator or to verify the predictions of the coffee-house politicians. The promise of taking from him his last crown-piece and his last sou, offers no temptation to Jacques.

He has begun to pay less attention to the advice and admonition of the daily papers. The freedom of the press no longer has the charm of forbidden fruit, or the excitement of novelty. Moreover, he thinks the gentlemen who write in the newspapers too insolent and too presuming; they dictate to him what he is to do and think in a very absolute manner, and they have made so many blunders, that by degrees Jacques has got to trust more to his own plain sense than to their wit and acuteness. He has a great mind to have done with newspaper politics, which have injured him in his business more than once; and when he is told that the press is a fourth power,—a supreme magistracy,—he falls a-laughing; for he considers within himself that, after all, a newspaper article is in fact nothing more than somebody's opinion about something; and as he does not care to hear everybody's opinion, but turns a deaf ear to tedious, foolish, or violent conversation, in like manner he takes no more heed of such talk when it reaches him in printed columns upon damp paper.

What he loves above all is public order; a riot excites his greatest displeasure; he is always ready to obey the call to arms, and much to his annoyance, there is not one of his duties as a citizen which he has been so frequently called upon to perform as that of a national guard, though there is none which he fulfils with greater zeal. He has put down at the point of the bayonet those who disturbed his quiet or interrupted his trade, but owing either to carelessness or to weakness, he has never shown proper dislike or anger towards the demagogues who were the real authors of the disturbance; he silenced them for the moment it is true, but he never utterly discouraged them, consequently he has repeatedly been forced to do the same thing all over again. His opinions are the result rather of instinct than of reflection, and have more eagerness than stability. On great occasions he is brave and resolute, but in general he is far too careless and indifferent; he loves the good, but is not enough on his guard against evil. Little by little he will learn by experience that his duties have increased with his rights, and that he must become more serious, more prudent, and more firm than he has been hitherto. Hereafter, if Jacques remains the same, if he likes better to enjoy his own personal freedom without taking any trouble about it, than to assert his right to liberty by taking

a great deal, he may then fall back into his old joyous carelessness. At this moment it would ruin him, he must now actively assist the defenders of peace, order, and reason, he must vigorously uphold their opinions, which are also his own. Let him choose such leaders, encourage them and support them with his whole heart.

Jacques Bonhomme's enemies reckon very much upon an old defect in his character which they do their utmost to foster. They hope and endeavour to excite his passion for equality, to fill him with envy and suspicion against all those who raise themselves to eminence, and to prevent him from placing entire confidence in any one, for fear of making him too great and powerful. Jacques must not listen to this. Whatever may have been his prejudices against the aristocracy, he has accomplished his ends, and had full satisfaction. He has done his will, and they whose pride wounded his vanity are no longer seen. The French aristocracy had so long been prevented from taking root in its native soil, and resting on its own foundation, that it had become a mere appendage to the person of the sovereign. Its fortunes rose and fell with those of the dynasty to which their fate seems indissolubly united. When Charles X. forsook the throne, the aristocracy abandoned the city; in its members love of country has been replaced by menial fidelity; the same shock that overthrew the ancient sovereignty, scattered the aristocracy like servants terrified at finding themselves without a master. Their interests are so entirely apart from those of their country, that they fled to its foes for protection and support. Forty years ago they joined the ranks of armies raised for the invasion of France, now that Europe turns a deaf ear to their complaints, the powerless aristocracy throw themselves on the side of anarchy. France is no longer threatened by the hostility of other nations, but by the spirit of discontent and rebellion, and this tendency the aristocracy foster and strengthen with their whole influence. If one day France meets with difficulty and danger, Jacques Bonhomme must put his shoulder to the wheel, for the French aristocracy will not come to the assistance of their country; they will wish it only harm, contribute to its embarrassments, and will rest their hopes upon its misfortunes, always reserving to themselves, when it has triumphed, to return and claim their share in the prosperity and glory of the nation.

Jacques Bonhomme is still too full of prejudices to perceive that this is the fault of their position, and that it would be far better for all parties if this unnatural separation were at an end. It is clear that no superior class can be forced upon him, but it does not thence follow that all eminence is to be punished with ostracism; an aristocracy numerous, open to all, drawn from every class, could not fail in progress of time to receive, from habit and from respect, a national sanction, not by law which would be insufficient, offensive, or absurd, but by custom, and in the natural course of events. The form of the institution is unimportant; what is wanted is a general spirit of preferring quiet to agitation, order to confusion, stability to change; this can never be the case in an old community teeming with recollections of the past, but where nothing is respected, cared for by the people, and where public esteem and confidence are a totally insecure possession.

No doubt Jacques Bonhomme will gradually be tranquillized. Such an aristocracy as that mentioned above, of a personal rather than a social character, can only be created by himself. There can be none

other save that which he will recognize of his own free will, and for his own advantage. Services rendered, ability, talent, wealth, recollections, these will be the claims amongst which he will have to choose, which he must weigh, and according to which he will measure out his confidence and respect as he thinks fit. But if he chooses to raise and to respect nothing, if he refuses to recognize anything above the universal level, if he gives way to constant jealousy, if, in spite of his reason, he shuts his eyes to the fact that the whole power of the state cannot be concentrated in the person of the sovereign, but that those who are endowed with natural or social advantages ought to be treated with some consideration, and not as the natural enemies of the country,—in short, if his ambition takes the form of pulling down everything to the lowest level, instead of raising himself to the highest,—liberty and public order will indeed be in great peril. Jacques Bonhomme must perceive that he himself is held to be in possession of aristocratic prejudices. Already his shop is talked of as though it were a fief, and his inheritance or honest savings as an usurpation; already the sufferings of the poor are laid to his charge, and those who want bread or work are incited to attack him.

Let him remember that there is a footing of equality much lower than his own, and it is to that he is in danger of being pulled down. How can he defend himself, if in his turn he will recognize no inequality above himself; if he chooses to deny or destroy all those who already exist? The result would be anarchy, and civil war would rage until despotism, that greatest of levellers, should confound great and small in one common state of subjection, and should suppress all striking or alarming superiority.

Can this be the future fate of Jacques Bonhomme? There are many who say that it is: let us hope that there are better things in store for him. True there is always great danger in having his destiny entirely in his own hands, but he has suffered much, undergone many trials, and won a dearly bought experience: he surely must feel his position and his strength,—the result remains to be seen.

THE ALBIGENSES AND THE TROUBADOURS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

Time has not effaced all the traces of the nationality peculiar to the South of France; fragments of the songs of the Troubadours, altered indeed, and disfigured by oral tradition, are still heard in Languedoc; the religion of the Albigenses is not forgotten in the mountains of the Cevennes, and the sports of the children in Beziers and Carcasonne are traditional imitations of the ancient spectacles of chivalry. Language, literature, and institutions have perished; but their influences died not with them, because they had been incorporated not only with national but individual existence. In the South of France, chivalry, even at the period of its greatest development, was not a fixed and positive institution, as it was among the Franks and other Teutonic races; it had no regular laws understood and practised in a uniform manner by all its adherents. Southern chi-

valry was, in fact, a conventional system, an ideality of moral, social and military perfection, sanctioned by the tacit assent of public opinion, to which every man could freely aspire, but which he was equally free to adopt in a greater or less degree, according to his character or his circumstances.

In the North of France, in Germany, and in England, chivalry and feudalism were legally identified. The King alone could confer knighthood on a person not originally of noble birth. In 1280, Guy, Count of Flanders, was condemned, and heavily mulcted by two consecutive decrees of the parliament of Paris, for having knighted a *vilain* without the permission of the King; and, at a later period, Robert, Count de Nevers, was compelled to pay a heavy fine for conferring the same honour on two of his vassals, who were indeed of noble birth, but not of a rank sufficiently elevated to associate with the chevaliers of the court. So rigid were the Germans, that when merchants were permitted to carry swords for their defence, it was enjoined that they should suspend the scabbards from their saddle-bow, and not from the belt, lest they might be mistaken for men of noble birth. "Their burgesses are belted like knights," was the chief reproach urged against the cities of Northern Italy by the German barons who accompanied Frederick Barbarossa in his expedition against the Lombards; and the same circumstance stimulated the hatred of the Albigenses evinced by the feudal allies of Simon de Montfort.

The Franks and Germans found it as difficult to comprehend the existence of chivalry without any material accessories, as Cornelius to form an idea of a lord mayor without his gold chain and state-coach. Knighthood without title, privilege, or ceremonial, was an anomaly to men who had provided the most rigid forms for admission to the rank, and had regulated by law all the marks of its dignity. Chevaliers turning Troubadours, and again resuming their military rank at pleasure; associated bands of knights-errant, self-elected, and held together only by voluntary agreement; burgesses passing from the camp to the counting-house, and from the counting-house to the camp; and a thousand similar proofs of freedom, were more odious to the feudal chivalry of Northern France than presumed errors in religion. On the other hand, the independent chevaliers of Languedoc were disgusted by the rigid rules of feudalism; and this was probably the reason why the chivalry of the South of France showed little anxiety to take a share in the later crusades, though they had been among the most enthusiastic of the adventurers in the first of these wars. It seems probable that this disinclination was in some degree owing to the influence of William, Count of Poitiers, the earliest Troubadour of whose works we possess any specimens. William was born in 1071, and in 1086 he inherited the county of Poitiers and the duchy of Aquitaine, at that period the most extensive fiefs in France. When the celebrated Raymond de Saint Gilles, Count of Toulouse, assumed the cross, and enrolled under his banners the chivalry of Aquitaine, Languedoc, and Catalonia, William, who had married the Count's niece, refused to join in the enterprise, resolving to seize on Toulouse so soon as its lord had departed. The conquest of Toulouse was easily effected; but, after holding it for three years, William again abandoned it to Raymond's son, and, probably as an expiation for his crime, resolved to lead an

army into Palestine as a reinforcement to the crusaders. Thirty thousand brave volunteers are said to have assembled under his command at Limoges in the spring of the year 1101; and historians tell us that nearly the same number of fair ladies came to the same rendezvous, ready to share the toils and perils of the soldiers. It was at the moment of starting that William composed one of those pieces of verse, rather than poems, which have come down to our times, and, considering the circumstances, it is one of the most whimsical compositions with which we are acquainted. Instead of exhibiting any poetic enthusiasm for the war, he expresses the most prosaic anxiety to stay at home; and he states the reasons of his unwillingness to depart with a coarse vehemence, which we have endeavoured to preserve in the translation. The only merit that the piece has is its characteristic candour, and the singular minuteness of some of its details.

I wish to sing a parting song, but sad must be my strain,
Compell'd to quit the smiling fields of lovely Aquitain;
An exile I must wander forth, and leave my son exposed
To open force and violence, to frauds yet undisclosed.
'Tis hard for me to go away, but still I must be gone,
And leave to Foulke of Anjou the wardship of my son.
Poor child! if Foulke of Anjou, and the king, my honour'd lord,
Should in the hour of danger no aid or help afford,
Our many foes, regardless both of justice and of truth,
Will haste to take advantage of thine unprotected youth.
The Angevins and Gascons, when I 'm not near to save,
Will ravage all our lands, unless thou 'rt bold and brave,
As I was both, I beat them oft; but now I go away,
Before the shrine where sin's absolved in penitence to pray.
All that I love I leave behind, the tournament and song,
Pray pardon me, companions dear, if I have done you wrong.
I was a gay and gallant knight, but now my songs are o'er,
And sadness is my portion as I quit my native shore.
Farewell to all my merry sports, to pomp and state farewell,
The grief with which I part from you no tongue could ever tell:
My ermined robes are left behind; my silks are laid aside,
With all the glorious vestments once my pleasure and my pride.

But, though the spirit of his parting song was neither warlike nor poetic, William maintained his military fame in the East; he was one of the few who survived the disastrous battle of the Halys, and, when he had no longer an army to command, he served as a simple knight under the gallant Tancred, Count of Antioch. In 1114 he returned to Aquitaine, and published an account of the crusade, which unfortunately has not been preserved; but we learn from the cotemporary chronicles that it was a bitter satire on the folly of the war, and the depravity of those who had engaged in it; and it concluded with an earnest recommendation to aim rather at the expulsion of the Moors from Spain than of the Turks from Palestine. He practised his own precepts, for he joined Alphonso of Arragon with all the forces his exhausted dominions could supply, and was eminently distinguished in the battle of Cotenda, the greatest victory which the Christians of Spain ever gained over the Arabs.

The second crusade excited little enthusiasm among the Troubadours, though Raymond V., Count of Toulouse, with the hereditary devotion of his family, became one of its leaders. Marcabrus, who in style and sentiment seems to have taken William of Poitiers for his model, hints in one of his poems at the desolation and distress which the removal of so large a portion of the population as had engaged in

the war produced in the South of France. But we must give some account of Marcabrus himself before we examine his verses.

He was a foundling, left while an infant at the gate of a noble castellan, Aldric du Vilar, by whom he was generously nurtured and educated. His love of poetry induced him to become the page of Cercamons, a celebrated Troubadour; but he soon quitted his master, whose gentle love-songs did not suit the harshness of his temper. Setting up for himself, he took the name of Marcabrus, and aimed at the double character of Troubadour and knight-errant. In Germany and Northern France death would soon have punished the intrusion of a foundling into the noble order of chivalry; but the pretensions of Marcabrus were recognized not only in Provence, but in all the Christian courts beyond the Pyrenees, particularly in that of Portugal, where he met a most splendid reception. Marcabrus was a bitter satirist; he lampooned the castellans of Guienne with unscrupulous severity, and it is said that his victims entered into several plots to procure his assassination, but that his good fortune saved him from all their snares. The verses of Marcabrus on the second crusade have a plaintive tenderness, quite unlike his usual style; both in form and sentiment they form a perfect contrast to those of William of Poitiers; and some of the thoughts are as remarkable for their depth and intensity, as for their beauty.

Underneath an orchard's shade,
Where a sparkling fountain play'd,
Where the birds on every spray
Sung of love the livelong day;
On a bank of mossy green,
Spangled with white flowers between
I beheld the fair repose
Who to me no mercy shows.

Sprung from an illustrious line,
Fit in royal courts to shine,
When alone I saw her there
I believed the balmy air,
The verdant sod, the feather'd choir,
The murmuring streamlet might inspire
Pity for my suffering lot—
But the fair regarded not.

Weeping by the river's side,
In deep agony she cried,
"Jesus, Lord, the suffering see
Which I must endure for thee.
To redeem thy chosen land
From the Paynim's hated hand
Are our bravest and our best
Exiled by thine high behest.

"He, my beautiful, my brave,
Wanders o'er the briny wave,
Perilled by the treacherous deep,
While in solitude I weep.
O King Louis! why ordain
Wars so far beyond the main;
'Twas a rash and evil thought,
To my soul with madness fraught."

When I saw her weak and pale,
When I heard her thus bewail,
"Weep not so," I cried, "dear maid!
Else your loveliness will fade.
Tears will wash away your bloom,
Grief will every charm consume.
He who gives new flowers each spring
Back again your knight will bring."

"Sir," she said, "I well believe
That 'tis useless here to grieve;
God will in another life
Cleanse my sins, and quell my strife.
But, meantime, on earth I stay
While the knight is far away,
To whose suit I cruel proved,
But whom lost I know as loved."

Such a piece as this, combined with the silence of the other Troubadours, shows that the second crusade was far from being popular in Languedoc. But Marcabrus, like William of Poitiers, took a lively interest in the progress of the Christians in Spain, and wrote several songs to incite his countrymen to aid Alponso VII. in his wars against the Mussulmans. The first of these is an allegorical exhortation designed to be sung in public, having for its object to inculcate the duty of aiding Alphonso, whom the poet styles Emperor of Spain, in his Andalusian war. It appears to have been written for the south of Spain rather than of France, but was pro-

bably designed to be effective at both sides of the Pyrenees. A more extravagant allegory, than that which Marcabrus has chosen, cannot well be imagined; the war against the Moors is mystically typified as a vast laver or bath, which every Christian is invited to enter for the purpose of washing away his sins. The laver is mentioned specifically in a fixed part of every stanza, a peculiarity which we have endeavoured to preserve in the translation—and on this account it gives a name to the piece. We learn from the history and traditions of Languedoc, that "The Laver" was one of the most popular compositions of the Troubadours, a preference which we can neither explain nor justify, but it is of so very singular, not to say whimsical a character that it is worthy of being preserved as a literary curiosity. Not the least curious circumstance is its beginning with a Latin formulary which was probably taken from the prayers of the church.

Sit vobis pax in nomine Jesús—this song divine
I Marcabrus have written, and the music, too, is mine.
Then list to me, the Lord our God, in mercy to our race,
A laver has establish'd near, sin's foulness to efface;
The like of it in any land has never yet been known;
In the valley of Jehoshaphat this wondrous work is shown.

'Tis fit we know to wash our frames both every morn and night,
Before that age has struck our bloom and vigour with its blight;
Let each of us seek purity for body and for soul
In *the laver* Christ has placed to make sin and sickness whole;
But, woe to us if we delay: shut out from heavenly bliss,
Impure we must remain in eternity's abyss.

The miser and the traitor have banished mirth and truth,
And even the young have lost the faith and gaiety of youth,
For sin and shame possess the land. How sad, then, to despise
The laver of our safety, ere death closes mouth and eyes.
The bravest, and the boldest,—the first heroes of the field
Will find in death a conqueror, to whom they all must yield.

Almighty God now speaks to us in Spain's imperial voice,
And death or life, and weal or woe, hath set before our choice.
Then learn ye all the glorious boon for those who venture in,
The laver that 's prepared to cleanse every soul from sin.
Crusaders 'gainst the Moorish hordes will shine more splendid far
Than yonder brilliant orb of light, the sailor-guiding star.

Mohammed's dogs, a felon race, before us so abound,
That scarcely one true worshipper of Jesus can be found;
Then let us haste to set aside the unbeliever's boast,
By virtue of *the laver*, which is itself a host;
Christ be our guide! we 'll drive them out with shame and bitter loss,
And o'er the fading crescent we will elevate the cross.

Let drunkards stay to drain the bowl,—let wantons close the ear,—
Let gluttons yield to appetite,—let cravens shrink with fear,—
Let misers stay at home to hoard, for none will God invite
To his *laver* but the pure in peace, the valiant in the fight,
And those on whom degrading crimes have fix'd a lasting stain,
To screen their guilt, and hide their shame, may well at home remain.

The Marquis and the Templars are already in the field;
To their good swords and lances tough the quailing pagans yield;
And on their heads the grace divine in copious streams is pour'd
From the *laver* where our God hath his richest bounties stored;
But not a drop shall flow to those who shun the glorious fight,
When honour calls to war for Religion, and the Right.

Historians have not sufficiently noticed the striking analogies between the condition of the Mussulmans in Andalusia and that of their Christian assailants. Both regarded the war as holy, and religion was perhaps more influential with the Mohammedan warriors because their creed enjoins the duty of propagating the faith of Islam by the sword. The Crusade on the one side did not inspire more enthusiasm than what we may call the *Crescentade* on the other. Every Mussulman who fell in battle was deemed a martyr, and his grave was honoured with the title and marks of sanctity. Among the Arabs there was a system of conventional chivalry, such as we have described as characteristic of Languedoc, and, to complete the analogy, the Andalusian Arabs had their poets, or Troubadours, who wrote martial odes, songs of triumph for victory, and elegies on defeat. Hence the wars between the Provençals and the Moors of Spain exhibited but little of the barbarity which disgraced the crusades in Syria. Exchanges of mutual courtesy were frequent, the course of commerce was rarely interrupted even in the midst of hostilities, and battles were fought with all the graceful etiquette of tournaments.

The third crusade was preached at the most flourishing epoch of the Provençal poetry. Never had there been so many and so distinguished Troubadours, and never had there been keener emulation in their contests for fame. Their enthusiasm was kindled by the rank and renown of the leaders of the enterprise; the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and our own lion-hearted Richard were the popular favourites; Philip Augustus was less admired, but the schemes he had already projected for the overthrow of the independence of the south of France were too obvious and too important to allow any one to be indifferent to his projects or his actions.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion was himself a Troubadour; the duchy of Aquitaine, which his profligate mother had brought as her dowry to Henry II., after her divorce from the king of France, contributed largely to the army of Provençal poets and the stores of Provencal song. No where had the chivalry of love been more strongly developed; every knight had some chosen mistress to whose services he dedicated his sword and his song, and every lady selected some cavalier to be an object of love as her husband was of duty. This custom did not lead to such dissolute morals as some have ascribed to it; the love prescribed by chivalry had rarely any admixture of passion; so nominal was the association that knights chose mistresses whom they had never seen, and it was observed that to none was more devotion shown than to these ideal beauties. We have already seen that the chivalry of the south of France was purely conventional. The Troubadours disliked nothing more than fixed and positive institutions, and it was this peculiarity in their policy and their religion which brought on them the fatal enmity of feudalism and the papacy.

Few of the songs of the Troubadours, relating to the third crusade, are of a hortatory character; we find among them no parallel to Macabrus's Laver. Most of them are songs similar to that of William of Poitiers, describing the personal feelings of the Troubadours, their private motives and resolutions, but evincing little or no anxiety for the results of the war. Amongst those who ex-

pressed in verse their resolution to go over the sea, there were few who have not assigned love, in some shape or other, as their most powerful incentive. One declares that he goes to seek death in despair for the loss of his lady-love; another that he may be diverted from reflecting on the infidelity or severity of his mistress; another, that his lady had enjoined him to take the cross as a proof of his sincerity; and another that he hopes by gallant deeds to win the love which had been hitherto denied. One of the most whimsical of these compositions was written by a Troubadour named Peirolz, and is preserved in Fauriel's collection. The author was a knight of very scanty means, who had been permitted to select as the object of his chivalrous devotion, a sister of the dauphin of Auvergne, wife of Berand de Mercoem, one of the most powerful barons of the country. He appears to have joined in the crusade after Philip Augustus and Richard had returned from Palestine; the Marquis of Montferrat, for whose fate he expresses great anxiety, was always a favourite hero of the Troubadours. His poem, a dialogue between himself and Love, was composed just as he was on the point of starting, and it is, certainly, one of the strangest war-songs ever produced, even by a Troubadour.

When Love perceived that my heart was whole,
He was vex'd that I fled from his soft control;
So he came, and said, "Friend Pierolz! your name
Must soon be effaced from the lists of fame.
If you cease to think and to sing of me,
Pray what will your worth as a poet be?"

"O Love! full long have I been your slave,
But no reward for my songs you gave;
With pangs of desire you fill'd my heart,
But made no effort to ease the smart.
I blame you not, but I bid you cease,—
Interfere no more with my bosom's peace."

"O Peirolz! I hear such complaints with shame,
When I gave you a fair and a noble dame,
Who welcomed your homage with charming grace,
And in her heart gave you highest place.
You must be a wild and a fickle boy,
For your songs to her were brimful of joy."

"I loved the lady,—I love her still,—
I have never changed, and I never will;
She ever remains the queen of my heart.
But the cruel time forces those to part
Whom, but for Saladin, nought could sever,
Who would have lived united for ever."

"Peirolz, your assaults upon tower and town
Will never bring the proud Saracen down.
Just listen to me,—stay here,—love and sing;
Will you go to a crusade without your king?
The country around you with danger is rife,
For the barons are eager for war and strife."

"I have served you, Love, with lyre and with lay,
But now my duty calls me away;
May God the folly of mortals chide,
And be to me an aid and a guide;
But the pious Marquis is left too long
To fight at odds with the Paynim throng."

In spite of the counsel of love, who spoke more common sense on this, than on any other recorded occasion, Peirolz went to the crusade, and took a part in the disastrous campaign, which ended in the loss of Damietta. He bade adieu to Syria, in a reproachful satire against the apathy of the sovereigns of Christendom, and returned home quite cured of his passion for crusading.

Although there are many striking analogies between the literature of the Troubadours, and the religion of the Albigenses, there are very few religious pieces, properly so called, in Provençal poetry; and scarcely any in which reference is made to specific doctrines. The Troubadours, indeed, frequently direct the shafts of satire against prevailing immoralities, but they stigmatize them as crimes, rather than as sins. So far as we can judge of their prevalent creed, it appears to have been vague and indefinite, and it was thus exposed to any misrepresentations which the rigid dogmatists of Rome chose to affix to it. Toleration was established in all the Provençal courts, including Spain as well as Languedoc, and when the popes ordered the sovereigns of Toulouse and Arragon, to make inquisition into false doctrines, they were scarcely intelligible to rulers, who had not learned to regard matters of opinion, as matters of importance. We value toleration when it is the result of principle, but we question its merit when it arises from sheer indifference. This was, we fear, the case with the Troubadours, too many of whom appear to have been mere sceptics and scoffers.

Conventional institutions generally produce a want of earnestness and enthusiasm, and this is the greatest defect in the Provençal literature; it is artificial rather than artistic in its structure, and the highest efforts of imagination it boasts, do not rise beyond simple allegory. It must be further remarked, that the Troubadours seem to have had little or no acquaintance with the classical authors; the Latin literature was as alien to them, as the Latin church; if they borrowed from any foreign source, it was from their Arabian neighbours in Spain, who, like themselves, were most prolific in extempore and occasional verses. The Troubadours were sadly deficient in reverence for their art, they regarded poetry as a graceful accomplishment, or as they called it "a gay science," but they never viewed it as a serious occupation involving grave responsibilities They seem rarely to have desired that their verses should survive the occasion which gave them birth. Great improvement was beginning to be manifested at the time of the third crusade, which we have already mentioned as the most brilliant era of Provençal literature, but the events of that war, brought out in bold relief, the discordance between the social elements of Southern France, and those which prevailed in the northern parts of the kingdom. It was at this period also that the quarrel between the Troubadours and the Latin clergy began to exhibit a fierceness and rancour which soon destroyed all chance of conciliation. The poets fought with songs, and the priests with sermons, and so long as the warfare was limited to these weapons, the poets had a decided advantage; but the priests had formidable allies in the feudal lords, whom they could bribe with the confiscated estates of heretics in this world, and with promises of absolution in the next. But the crusade against the Albigenses, and the annihilation of the Troubadours, must be reserved for examination at a future opportunity.

POPULAR ZOOLOGY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

No. V.—Certain Tourists.

1. *Which is merely the setting forth; as well as touching the heat.*

There is something absolutely refreshing in this blazing, baking month of June, — at least to ourselves, and, we trust, to you, — in turning to the subject of this paper. There certainly never was such weather in England. It looks as if June had become rather tired of riding on the Crab, on which, according to Spenser, "he bent his force contrary to his face," and had changed places with July, "boiling like to fire, that all his garments he had cast away," in which primitive fancy dress he was now braving a *coup de soleil* about Great Britain.

There is no cool to be got anywhere. In town it is perfectly insane to look after it, except in a sherry-cobbler, or a glass of *ponche à la Romaine,* and the reaction of this indulgence is something fearful. We believe the story of Bruce cooking his beefsteaks on the glowing rocks of Abyssinia, for the first time. We would wager on this present twenty-second of June, — which is shamefully late for our article, we confess; and harasses the printers; and, with reason, worries Mr. Bentley; and gets us a bad name; and must by no means be mentioned as a precedent for magazine writers,—we would wager anything light and summery,—a hundred-weight of congealed Wenham Lake, or a gossamer paletot; twelve tickets for Peerless Pool; a dozen of iced Seltzer Water, or the wettest blanket of any one's acquaintance, which, wrapped about a substance, might produce cold by evaporation, — that we could poach an egg, or cook a Welsh rabbit anywhere upon the pavement in Regent Street, whilst one of the sixpenny Lowther Arcade sand-glasses,—which never do them correctly in the normal state of things — was running out. Nay, we make the same bet, that "Mr. Wyndham," — the coolest man we know at present,—if he could be lighted on, would look on the point of melting. But he appears to be too clever to let anybody get a sight of him.

The omnibuses are insupportable. Their roofs are like the hot plates that we are told foreign conjurors teach turkeys to dance upon; and their interiors are like ovens, There is no shade anywhere; excessive heat seems to have warped the very sunbeams, and endowed them with the power of twisting round corners and far under colonnades. The very fountains are tepid—a few more degrees of Fahrenheit and they would emulate the Geysers; and the gold fish in globes appear to be undergoing a process of gradual parboiling. Nor is the country any better; the lawns are all turning to heaths; the grass is making itself into hay; the birds are too hot to sing, and nothing is heard amidst the gasping vegetation but the restless chirping of hot thirsty grasshoppers. On the roads horses throw up clouds of dust, and large loose stones throw down horses. The meadows are gaping, in all directions, with model earthquakes, and the breezes are a great deal too lazy to stir them-

selves; there is not even a draught of air to be got in the third-class carriages on the railways. Everything, everywhere, is dying with heat, except Lascar street sweepers, Bengal tigers, Dwarkanauth Tagore and Co., and specimens of the cactus. All else must be commiserated, and most especially the poor Polar bear at the Zoological Gardens, who looks the impersonation of torrid wretchedness.

And on account of all this we find something refreshing in our subject. The sultry promenade of the Gent, the blazing footlights of the Ballet Girl, the close stifling room of the Country Medical Man, and the arid dusty rubbish heap of the Boys in the streets, cannot be thought upon for a moment. But the idea of the Tourist is suggestive of pleasant things just at present—of clear still lakes, too deep to be boiled by the sun; and cool rivers flowing through dark gorges, babbling and tumbling along forest slopes under impenetrable foliage; or falling, bright and feathery, for some hundred feet down the shady side of a mountain; of glaciers too, which might contract safely to supply eternity with sherry-cobblers, could a sufficient supply of wine be relied upon, with their currents of iced water cutting their own channels, and their borders of wood-strawberries; of snow, always attainable at the shortest notice; and, above all, of wild demi-civilized places where you may knock over all conventionality in dress, and scarcely know that such things are, as neckcloths, black hats, cloth coats, and gloves.

2. *Of the Incentives to Travel.*

Mighty as is the rush from England when the season is over, to strange localities, yet all are not influenced by the same motives. Many save up at home for nine months of the year, to squander abroad the other three; many more go off to pull in their expenditure. Some go—there are really invalids—for health; others, hypochondriacs, to see whether the foreign doctors cannot find out something really the matter with them; others go to write books, and others to make sketches; but by far the greater proportion travel from motives of popular imitation, known commonly as fashion. Take the members of a family in whatever circle you please, and you will find, that however high they may themselves carry their heads, there is somebody whom they look up to, and studiously endeavour to imitate in every particular of their domestic or family existence. This feeling extends both ways in the scale of society, affecting every link of the great chain. Let us attempt to shew, in a series of graduated examples, how it sends everybody travelling, as soon as the curtain of the opera has descended upon the last twinkling feet of the ballet,—the last speech has provoked cheers or crowing within the walls of St. Stephens,—and the last grand *réunion* of the season has collected the long lines of private and lamped carriages along the sides of Piccadilly and the streets that *débouche* into it.

Rank the First.

The Countess of Princeton is an acknowledged leader of the aristocratic circle. Her name is always amongst the ladies-patronesses of the most exclusive *réunions*, and the list of royal and

patrician guests at her parties occupies half a column of the Morning Post. She has one or two daughters; the second, Lady Blanche Rosebud is very beautiful, and the Right Honourable Viscount Hampton has paid her some attention during the season. He is young, and handsome, and very rich. So that when it is ascertained Lord Hampton is going in his yacht,—the finest in the R. Y. C.,—to Naples, Lady Princeton settles to go there as well, in the hopes that a twilight lounge in an orange grove, or a sleepy cruize along the bay, with the not unimportant accessories of skies, climate, and general associations, may bring about a proposal, and so we soon read amongst the departures "The Earl and Countess of Princeton and Lady Blanche Rosebud, from Belgrave House, for Naples."

Rank the Second.

Lady Winfield reads the above paragraph, and forthwith determines to go abroad. Sir John Winfield is only a knight, but of tolerably good family; and his possessions and interest are so great in a county, of which it is in contemplation to start Hampton as a representative at the next election, that the Countess of Princeton finds it polite to notice the family. Hence they are invited to the entertainments at Belgrave House, and the brilliant *fêtes* at the velvet-lawned, river-washed villa at Twickenham. Hence the Countess herself presented the pretty trembling Amy Winfield at court. *Par conséquence* Lady Winfield imitates the Princetons in everything; not servilely, but still she imitates them; and when she finds that they are going to Naples, and hears further that they will return through Switzerland to Baden, she determines to go to the latter place, and be thrown in their way without the appearance of hunting them up; and she knows furthermore that this will annoy The Haggis, a great Scotch chieftain, whose family turn up their noses even more than nationally at the Winfields, but, nevertheless, have not the *entrée* at Belgrave house, and are going to Baden also. For in every rank of life there is a Mrs. Grundy; each sphere has its "Browns" to astonish; and so, in a day or two afterwards, there is another fashionable departure in the Morning Post, and the world learns that the Winfields are gone to Baden.

Rank the Third.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Holland visit Lady Winfield. Their names were formerly Mr. and Mrs. Holland, but somebody left them some money and the name; and it is difficult to tell which they were most pleased with. Whereon they left Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, and took such a house, one of the most elegant in the new city that has risen out of the ground between the Edgeware Road and the Bayswater tea gardens—all Louis Quatorze and candalabra. And they took some new friends with the house,—the Counts Patchouli and Corazza, and Colonel Grab of the Spanish Infantry, and other distinguished persons, including crowds of scarecrow men in mustachios, whom nobody knew, and with whom their parties were always overdone. The Winfields are the great people, however, of their acquaintance, and they determine upon following them at once to Baden, making no attempt to conceal the manner in which they imitate them, but thus expressing the sincerest flattery.

Rank the Fourth.

The Higgs's are retired tradesfolks, and live at one of those houses at Clapham which you always see lighted up coming home from the Derby. Our friends above notice them because Mrs. Higgs's carriage is at times very convenient for Mrs. Brown Holland to go about in; and Mrs. Higgs is too happy to lend it, in return for the patronage the lady bestows upon the Higgs' girls generally. There are three daughters who have all been educated at Miss Burton's, at Boulogne, and so speak French very well; and as soon as Mrs. Higgs finds that the Hollands are going out of town, she tells Mr. Higgs that it is absolutely incumbent upon them to go too. Mr. Higgs does not at first see the necessity, but is obliged at last to consent, and Paris is determined on. They do not know much about Baden, and are not to be trusted a great way by themselves in the German language. Besides Mrs. Holland persuades them from going there, as she does not altogether wish the Winfields to see how intimate she is with the Higgs's, and tells them that there is very little amusement at any of the German baths. So they finally settle upon Paris, by Mrs. Brown Holland's recommendation to an excellent hotel, stopping a little while at Capecure for bathing.

Rank the Fifth.

Whilst Mr. Higgs was in trade Mr. Startin was his head confidential clerk; and in consequence of this, Mr. and Mrs Startin, who live at Islington, and have more children than even married clerks in general are surrounded by, are asked once a year to dine with the Higgs's, the party being arranged for the purpose. Be sure that the Hollands are not amongst the guests on this occasion. Well, the Higgs girls take Mrs Startin into their room, and are quite affable, and show her the hot-house, and give her some flowers, and play new polkas to her, and ask her where she is going this year. To which Mrs. Startin answers she don't exactly know, nor indeed does she, for with her little family a change is not so easily managed; but this puts it into her head that she ought to go somewhere, and so when she leaves at night with Mr. Startin, in a cab, which will be dismissed at the Elephant and Castle for the Islington omnibus, she tells him that they must really go out of town, or else "it will seem so strange!" Within ten days they are all at Ramsgate—a start rendered more speedy by the complaint of Mrs. Startin that, that nasty pain has returned to her chest, and she is sure that nothing but warm sea-bathing will remove it.

Rank the Sixth.

In the counting house, wherein Mr. Startin at present presides, is a junior clerk, Mr. Tiddy. He lives somewhere up very high behind Crosby Hall, and dines at Bucklersbury during the week, and on Sundays very often strides up to Islington where he finds a knife and fork at Mr. Startin's table, always laid for him; and in the evening he takes the children for a walk along the New River. He believes in the family to the fullest extent, and pays the utmost deference to Mr. Startin's opinion in everything; so that when he finds that they are going out of town, he intimates that he ought to go as well. But as leave of absence is difficult for minor clerks

to procure, Mr. Tiddy can only go within an hour or two of Mincing Lane, and therefore he takes a moderate bedroom at Gravesend, looking forward still to Sunday, for a glimpse of the sea, when he contrives to pay a visit to the Startins at Ramsgate, not a little gratified at shewing them that he also can have a holiday.

And by these and similar influences, are the autumnal tourists determined, acting on each other's opinions in such regular gradations, from the proudest to the humblest, that with very little difficulty a perfect "House-that-Jack-built" kind of rhyme might be formed upon their migrations.

3. *Of the Conventional Tourist.*

There is another class distinct from the ranks we have just enumerated, and that is composed of the tourists, who travel, not from any particular enjoyment that it gives them, but because they think it proper to do so; just as people go to the Ancient Concerts. Mr. Julius Praps may be taken as a type of this class: we will describe him.

As August approacheth, he sayeth that he hath an invitation to shoot over ten thousand acres of moor, but that it is a bore, and he meaneth to travel. He letteth his mustachios grow thereby, and buyeth a handbook, a knapsack, and a pair of shoes; he ordereth a blouse, and pervadeth London after passports. He also getteth a journal, and a solid sketch book: but after the first week he useth neither; and thus he starteth for Boulogne, on his way to Switzerland and Italy.

At Boulogne he seeth much novelty, not having been on the continent before. He speaketh frightful French, but, in his innocence, thinketh it the thing; he drinketh much brandy, because it is cheap, and also Claret, and well nigh getteth drunk. Being green abroad, he describeth a diligence that he hath seen, as a wonderful thing, to the company at the *table d'hote*, and sayeth that it is droll to hear the children speak French; both which things have been frequently done before. He maketh a purchase of a pair of large fur gloves, not that he wanteth them, but he is struck with the novelty and price; and afterwards he knoweth not what to do with them.

He taketh a place in the *coupé* because it is genteel, and looketh with disdain upon the "bad style of men," that love the *banquette*, nor doth he commune with them, when they stop for dinner at Abbeville.

At Paris he goeth to Meurice's, or Lawson's, and seeth the sights by rule, as they are put down in the handbook. He formeth his notions of Paris in this wise. He stayeth at an English hotel, and is waited on by English servants. He meeteth nought but English people at the *table d'hote;* he hath an English *lacquais de place*, and readeth the English papers. He buyeth even English things to take home with him, at shops where they write up "English spoken here," and speaketh English himself, all day long. And then he sayeth to himself, "when I get home I will write a book upon Paris and its people." He thinketh it right to dine once at Verey's, or Vefour's, and once at the Rocher de Cancale; and delighteth in ordering the dinner himself, albeit, he maketh wild shots at the dishes, and if there is a party of three or four, amazeth the *garçon*, by ordering a portion a piece, for everybody. He doth not much like the French

theatres, but goeth as a duty, and laugheth with the audience, as do many at the French plays in London; but he understandeth not a line he heareth; and therefore doth he prefer Franconi's. He findeth that his best clothes, brought from London, produce not the effect he desireth in Paris; and thereon riggeth himself out in Palais Royal. But he doth not approach nearer to the Frenchman for all that: and when he goeth to the Messageries, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, and asketh, "Esker eel e ar oon diligence, mossieu, poor Genave?" he is disgusted to hear the clerk reply incontinently, "Yes, sir, every morning at eight o'clock."

In Switzerland he walketh much, but hath a guide to carry his knapsack, and telleth people at inns, that he hath an intention of going up Mont Blanc. But the intention vanisheth as he approacheth Savoy, and at Chamouni disappeareth altogether, inasmuch as he there contenteth himself by saying that, he knoweth a man who hath been up once. He buyeth a paper-cutter of white wood, at the Rigi Culm, for his study-table, and a salad spoon and fork for his aunt, from whom he hath expectations, and who asketh him much on his return about William Tell, with whom she thinketh he must have been acquainted, her whole idea of Switzerland being confined to that apocryphal (as it really appears) individual, and the tune of the Swiss Boy. But he knoweth little except that which he readeth in the hand-books; nor doth he ever deviate from the route they lay down in the slightest degree. He goeth to Grindelwald, and sayeth that the Glacier is only a lot of ice, but still it is proper to see it, not as an amusement, but to say afterwards that he hath been there, which appeareth to be the great end of all his travels. And when he starteth for Italy, he crosseth the Simplon in the night, to save time and get the quicker to Italy, whereby he doth not get a sight of any portion of the pass. But at Duomo d'Ossola he readeth all about it in the hand-book, and his end is answered. And now he taketh care not to let anything astonish him, or at least to appear as though it did, thinking that he is an experienced traveller. And he joineth little in the society of the *table d'hote*, but taketh notes as if on the sly, that the company may think him to be a great author, travelling in disguise, to write a large book. And, indeed, he hath an intention of trying to do something for a magazine on his return: but he findeth to his disgust that it hath been done before.

At Venice he hireth a gondola, and boasteth that he hath seen all the churches in one day: and he goeth through the ducal palace, not that he findeth interest in its associations, but because it is a place that must be visited solely to talk of afterwards. He stoppeth at Venice twenty-four hours; after which he pronounceth it the "slowest" place he ever was in, and declareth that it hath been much over-rated. At Verona he goeth to the tomb of Juliet, whom he confuseth with Fanny Kemble, but cannot call the tragedy to mind with distinctness: nevertheless, he buyeth a model of her tomb, and determineth to read it on his return, or go and see it acted. And then he visiteth every place mentioned in the hand-book, the which he yawneth over, as doth an admirer of Jullien at the Philharmonic: and when he seeth the amphitheatre, he sayeth to himself, "This is very fine, but not to be compared to the Cirque Olympique in the Champs Elysées, or even Astley's.

He devoteth two entire days to Florence, and is on his legs from six in the morning until ten at night, looking at every picture and statue, not to admire it, but to say that he hath seen it, on future opportunities. For, as far as enjoyment goes, he thinketh the Venus equally good which adorneth the shop of the ingenious Italian opposite the stage-door of Drury Lane theatre.

Rome he liketh not: nor taketh pleasure in its remains. For he careth not for the ancients, his associations being alone connected with dogs'-eared Virgils, and ink-stained Commentaries. But his hand-book directeth him to see everything, and he laboriously obeyeth it; albeit, he findeth nothing so agreeable as our own Colosseum in the Regent's Park: and wisheth that the Pope would engage Mr. Bradwell to renovate the city. In his heart he voteth Rome a "sell," and hateth the ruins, from recollection of the cane and Latin mark.

And thus he yawneth and fatigueth himself for three months about parts of Europe, having become footsore to attain glory at home, as pilgrims go to Mecca to be put on the free-list of the Prophet's paradise, and he remembereth nothing that he hath seen, no more than the passenger by an express-train can call to mind the stations that he shooteth by. But he believeth that he hath attained a higher rank in life, by being able to talk of where he hath been: and he remarketh, at dinner-parties, "Once, when I was crossing the Simplon," or "During my residence at Florence," whenever an opportunity occurreth, and sometimes when it doth not. And if by luck he encountereth a tourist, who hath not been to Florence, but speaketh highly of Danneker's Ariadne at Frankfort, he sayeth forthwith, "Ah,—but you should see the Venus de Medici." Yet he recollecteth it but slightly, and the other he hath no notion of, beyond that furnished by Madame Keller.

But the greatest pleasure, after all, that one tourist knoweth is to talk down another: and to this end chiefly doth our traveller look for distinction.

LOVE.

O, SWEET is Love! O vision bright,
  When it doth two fond hearts enfold:
Sweet as the birth of morning light,
  When sunlit waters flow like gold.
Sweet as when in the gloom of night
  The pilgrim walks in fear untold,
The moon at once, in fullest light,
  Bursteth upon the silent wold.
Love is the gay and gentle page
Of golden youth, and silver'd age:
It clotheth all in fair array;
It maketh darkness seem as day,
And, with a soft and starry ray,
It lighteth Hope upon her way!

ABD - EL - KADER.

[illegible] ORIGINAL DRAWING [illegible] NATURE BY M. [illegible]

JUGURTHA AND ABD-EL-KADER.

BY EVERARD CLIVE.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF ABD-EL-KADER.*

THE district of Northern Africa, which was formerly known as the land of the Numidians, and which is now called Algeria, has twice been the scene of a long and obstinate struggle between its children and the invading armies of a powerful European State. In each case the resistance of the African tribes has been chiefly sustained by the genius and valour of a single individual. In each case the conflict has been carried on with many alternations of fortune; the war has been "*magnum atque atrox, variaque victoria.*"† And, unhappily, in each instance, the European Generals have sullied the lustre of their arms by acts and practices of cruelty surpassing even the sanction of the stern usages of war.

Nearly two thousand years have passed away since Rome, then in her full career of conquest, triumphant over Carthage, Macedonia, Syria, and Numantia, sent her Consuls to attack Jugurtha, King of Numidia, in the regions where France now sends her Dukes and Marshals to strive against Abd-el-Kader.

The first campaigns of the war proved most unfavourable to Rome. Through the incapacity and venality of her commanders, and the activity and intrigues of the Numidian King, her legions were completely checked, and even heavy losses and disgraceful defeats incurred. When, however, Metellus was made Consul, and assumed the command, European discipline vindicated its superiority. Jugurtha, notwithstanding the display of great generalship and personal valour on his part, was beaten in a great battle; many of his most considerable towns fell into the hands of the Romans; and both Metellus, and Marius (who, after serving under Metellus for a time, succeeded him in the chief command), employed all the resources, which the vast military power of Rome could supply, against the African chief, with the most consummate military skill and the most unrelenting hostility. Their great object was to obtain possession of the person of Jugurtha, dead or alive; for the Romans felt respecting him, as the French now feel respecting Abd-el-Kader, that so long as he was alive and at liberty, the country could never be truly conquered.

These last campaigns of the Jugurthine war are most interesting at the present time, on account of the similarity of the position, in many respects, of the Numidian King during them, to the position

* We are indebted for this portrait to M. Rozetti, a young artist in the French service, who sketched it from life while a prisoner in the Emir's camp. The following description of Abd-el-Kader occurs in the forthcoming work by the Count St. Marie, entitled "A Visit to Algiers:" — "His costume is very simple. He wears the Arab *haick*, fixed on the top of his head by a string of camel hair. Over his woollen shirt he has a white burnouse, and over that another burnouse, striped white and brown. His legs are enclosed in yellow morocco boots. His beard is black, and unshaven, like all the Arabs who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He is deeply marked with the small-pox. His features are prominent and decided, and his full black eye is expressive of extraordinary firmness of character."

† Sallust, "De Bello Jugurthino."

in which Abd-el-Kader has been placed in his conflict with the French; and also on account of the resemblance between the tactics and modes of warfare adopted by the belligerents in the ancient contest, and those which have now for the last ten years been employed by the Arab Emir and the French commanders. Fortunately, we possess in Sallust a spirited and graphic sketch of the Jugurthine war, in which the national bias of the Roman historian is not so strong as wholly to conceal or justify the blameable acts of his countrymen, or to refuse due credit to the gallantry and resolution of their antagonist.

Abd-el-Kader, like Jugurtha, is chiefly known to us by accounts written by his national enemies: though some information respecting him has been supplied by Europeans who have mixed with the Arabs on a friendly footing. Enough, however, appears to shew that in military genius and heroism he is fully equal to his Numidian prototype, while in moral worth he is immeasurably Jugurtha's superior.

When Abd-el-Kader first came forward to head the Arabs of Algeria against the French, the latter had for some time been in possession of Algiers itself, and its immediate environs. Westward they occupied Bona; and towards the East they held the town of Oran and the district adjacent to it.

The European invaders were thus firmly planted in the country, when the chiefs of several of the Arab tribes near Mascara, in the province of Oran, perceiving that in order to assert their freedom successfully against the French, it was necessary for them to organize their forces under a single commander, besought the head of one of the most illustrious Arab families in the neighbourhood, to assume the command of the true believers, and to guide them in their resistance against the infidel spoilers of the land. The chief, to whom they thus applied, was eminent for his high birth, and for his personal acquirements; he had lived some time in Italy, and was acquainted with European arts and customs; above all he was renowned as a Marabout, or saint. But he was now aged three-score years and ten. He told the deputation that his advanced stage of life deprived him of that energy which would be requisite to fulfil so important a trust, and that the only person capable of serving the national cause was his third son; "the two eldest," said the venerable sire, "are not of equal capacity; I have observed and studied their character. In the one I offer you are united the qualities you and the nation require for a leader: he has performed the pilgrimage of Mecca, and to the strictest religious principles he unites youth, activity, valour, and intelligence." The Arab chiefs followed the patriarch's advice, and the youth so chosen by them to unfurl the banner of the prophet, and to head their tribes in the holy war was the now celebrated Abd-el-Kader.

The account of his accession to power which we have just given, has been principally drawn from a friendly source.* The French historian, Louis Blanc, thus describes it. "Abd-el-Kader, the son of a Marabout, renowned among the Arabs for his piety, had early been presented to the tribes of the country of Mascara, as the future liberator of the land of Africa, as the avenger of insulted Islamism; and he did not fall short of the character. He was warily ambitious,

* "Journal of a Residence in the Esmailla of Abd-el-Kader," by Colonel Scott.

full of decision, intrepid, and crafty; he had strong passions and fanaticism to aid him; he was a soldier and a prophet; his voice put fire into the hearts of his people."

Abd-el-Kader, as his power and fame increased, has assumed first the title of Emir, and afterwards the higher one of Sultan. His influence extends over the tribes from Tunis to Morocco, throughout all the regions where Jugurtha once reigned. Indeed, he has authority among all Mahometans, being revered by them as a saint, and as the chief of a holy war against the misbelievers.

It is worthy of remark that the family of Abd-el-Kader, besides its undoubted high Arab nobility, is believed among his adherents to be sprung from ancestors, who, before the time of the Romans, ruled in the country.* Of course it would be purely visionary to speculate on any genealogical connexion between him and the house of Massinissa; still the tradition has its interest, and may be not without its influence. Abd-el-Kader himself seems aware of the splendour and extent of the old Numidian monarchy. Not far from Mascara are the ruins of Tekedempta, where once stood a large and powerful city. Abd-el-Kader in 1836 busily employed his troops in raising fortifications and houses on this spot. A Frenchman† who was then his captive, tells us that he was near the Sultan as he sate gazing on the relics of bygone splendour, and personally superintending the labours of his soldiery. The Frenchman asked him what were his projects in rebuilding Tekedempta, and Abd-el-Kader replied

"My predecessors, who dwelt in this city, ruled from Tunis to Morocco, and I will restore it to its ancient splendour; I will gather together the tribes in this place, where we shall be secure from the attacks of the French, and when all my forces are collected I will descend from this steep rock like a vulture from his nest, and drive the Christians out of Algiers, Oran and Bona: if, indeed, you were content with those three cities I would suffer you to remain there, for the sea is not mine and I have no ships; but you want our plains and our inland cities and our mountains; nay, you even covet our horses, our tents, our camels, and our women, and you leave your own country to come and take that in which Mahomed has placed his people. But your Sultan is not a saint and a horseman as I am, and your horses will stumble and fall on our mountains, for they are not sure-footed like our horses, and your soldiers will die of sickness, and those whom the pestilence has spared will fall by the bullets of the Arab horsemen, for you are dogs who never pray to God."

Abd-el-Kader is, however, far too good a general to rely for success on direct enterprizes against the French. When he first took up arms, his impetuous courage and zeal led him twice to attack them in open fight, near Mostaganem, but two defeats taught him the impolicy of such tactics, though the personal valour which he himself displayed in these encounters, raised his character among his followers, in spite of his ill-success. Since that time he has adopted the same mode of warfare that Jugurtha followed after his first defeat by Metellus. There are passages in Sallust which, by altering the names, might serve to describe the conflict now carrying on between the French and their indomitable foe.

* Scott, p. 126. † Lieutenant De la France.

We read, for instance, in the Roman historian, how Metellus, for the purposes of greater devastation, divided his army into expeditionary columns; how Jugurtha hung on their lines of march, keeping on the difficult ground, and always on the watch for a favourable opportunity for assailing them; how he swept away all supplies from the places whither he learned the Romans designed to proceed; how he shewed his troops, as if about to fight, sometimes to one Roman commander, sometimes to another; how he made constant feints of charging their rear-guards, and then wheeled rapidly off again to the higher grounds; continually passing from one column of his enemies to another, and incessantly threatening all; *neither giving them battle, nor allowing them rest;* but contenting himself with retarding and baffling their operations.* The tribes that entered into alliance with Rome were exposed to pillage by Jugurtha's active cavalry. If the Romans left a weak garrison in any conquered post it was surprised and cut off. If a Roman officer suffered his soldiers to be entangled in a disadvantageous position he was enveloped and charged by the ever ready Numidians; and even the high military genius of Marius (almost the highest that Rome ever produced) was more than once nearly driven to extremity by the skill and daring of Jugurtha.

The same military characteristics mark the present warriors of Algeria that distinguished their Numidian predecessors two thousand years ago. They are admirable horsemen; they are patient of fatigue and thirst. Though personally fearless, they shrink from a prolonged close encounter with European troops, being themselves unaccustomed to charge in line, or to keep any organized array in action. But it is the very irregularity of their mode of fighting which renders them formidable antagonists to regular armies. A German officer, who served for some time in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, vividly describes from personal experience how unpleasant he found them when he was marching in a "*colonne expéditionnaire.*" His journal, after describing the march into the interior, and the desolation of the country, and the sufferings of the French from fatigue and thirst, proceeds,†

"Here, where one would least expect to find human beings, the Bedouins have begun to show themselves in great numbers, and to attack the flanks and rear of the column. Perhaps they have been retreating before us all this time, and now that we draw near the lesser desert they are determined to retreat no further. By degrees their numbers increased, and, without offering any resistance to the head of the column, they hovered round us all day, greeting us with wild yells of '*Lu, lu,*' which probably meant 'Allah.'

"They gallop without any order, and singly, to within eighty or a hundred paces of our sharp-shooters, and discharge their rifles at full speed. The horse then turns of his own accord, and the rider loads his piece as he retreats; and this is repeated again and again all day long.

* "Eo tempore Jugurtha per collis sequi: tempus, aut locum pugnæ quærere: qua venturum hostem audierat, pabulum et aquarum fontis, quorum penuria erat, corrumpere: modo se Metello, interdum Mario ostendere; postremos in agmine tentare, ac statim in collis regredi, rursus aliis, post aliis minitari: *neque prælium facere, neque otium pati*, tantummodo hostem ab incepto retinere."

† "The Soldier of the Foreign Legion," p. 53.

'The Bedouins never wait for a close encounter hand to hand when charged by our cavalry; they disperse in all directions, but instantly return. The only difference between them and the Numidians, of whom Sallust says, 'They fight flying, and retreat, only to return more numerous than before,' is, that the Numidians of old fought with bows, and the Bedouins have rifles.

"This kind of fighting is equally dangerous and fatiguing to us. It is no joke to be firing in all directions from sunrise till sunset, and to march at the same time, for we seldom halt to fight at our ease. The General only orders a halt when the rear-guard is so fiercely attacked as to require reinforcement. Any soldier of the rear-guard who is wounded or tired has the pleasant prospect of falling into the hands of the Bedouins, and having his head cut off by them. One comfort is, that this operation is speedily performed: two or three strokes with the yataghan are a lasting cure for all pains and sorrows."

The gallant German's recollection of his classics is not literally correct. There is no such sentence in Sallust as that which he pretends to quote; but it may pass muster as a correct condensation of a very brilliant description which Sallust gives of the tactics of the Numidian cavalry in an action against Metellus.*

In personal prowess the Arab Sultan may be well compared with the Numidian King. The German lieutenant, who saw Abd-el-Kader in the field, and Colonel Scott, are loud in their praises of his gallant bearing; and his captive, Lieutenant de France, speaks of him as the best rider he ever saw among the Arabs. Jugurtha was similarly distinguished for pre-eminence in all martial accomplishments. Sallust tells us that he was the best horseman, the most skilful thrower of the javelin, and the boldest hunter of the lion among the Numidian youth. One of his exploits in battle which Sallust has recorded, may be paralleled with one which Colonel Scott relates of Abd-el-Kader.

Marius was marching his legions back to Cirta (the modern Constantineh), after an expedition into the interior, when Jugurtha, in concert with Bocchus, the Mauritanian king, who was then his ally, suddenly fell upon the Romans. Marius was in the vanguard, which Jugurtha first charged in person. With his own hand the Numidian king slew a Roman soldier, gallantly enough (*satis impigrè*), as Sallust expresses it; and having thus cheered his men to fight on in that part of the field, he galloped round to the Roman rear, which Bocchus had begun to attack. Shewing his bloody sword to the Romans, Jugurtha called out to them, in their own language, that they were fighting in vain, for he himself had just killed Marius. A panic began to spread through the Roman ranks, and Jugurtha was charging more and more hotly, when he was

* "Numidæ alii postremos cædere; pars a sinistra ac dextera tentare; infensi adesse atque instare: omnibus locis Romanorum ordines conturbare, quorum etiam qui firmioribus animis obvii hostibus fuerant, ludificati incerto prælio, ipsi modo eminus sauciabantur, neque contra feriundi, aut manum conserendi copia erat: ante jam docti ab Jugurtha equites, ubicumque Romanorum turba insequi cœperat, non confertim, neque in unum sese recipiebant, sed alius alio quam maxume divorsi. Ita numero priores, si ab persequendo hostis deterrere nequiverant, disjectos ab tergo, aut lateribus circumveniebant: sin opportunior fugæ collis, quam campi fuerat, ea vero consueti Numidarum equi facile inter virgulta evadere, nostros asperitas et insolentia loci retinebat.

taken in flank by a Roman division which had routed the Africans opposed to them in another part of the field, and then wheeled round to the assistance of their comrades. Bocchus fled instantly; but Jugurtha kept his ground, urging his troops to fight it out, and secure the victory which had been almost in their grasp. While he thus struggled on, the Roman cavalry completely surrounded him; but he broke through them, and rode off, though all around him were cut down.*

Abd-el-Kader's escape from the French near Miliana in 1841 was no whit less daring and surprising. He was actually hemmed in on every side by the French soldiers. An unbroken circle of levelled bayonets gleamed round him, and his capture seemed inevitable; but in this extremity his determined courage and horsemanship saved him. Shouting his favourite battle-cry *Emshallah!* (God's will be done), he gave his white horse the spur, cleared with a desperate leap the deadly hedge of steel, and escaped without a wound. He is said in the conflict of that day to have killed six French soldiers with his own hand: and so imminent was his peril, that no less than thirty of his body-guard, which is composed of his own relatives and intimate friends, were slain around him.

From the accounts of the French *razzias*, with which Europe is continually shocked, one might almost suppose that Louis-Philippe's generals had studied Sallust, so closely have they copied the cruel and desolating system with which Metellus and Marius strove to persecute the Numidians into submission. When Metellus found that Jugurtha would not encounter him in pitched battles, he determined, says Sallust, to carry on a more effective mode of warfare than that of mere fighting. "He therefore marched into the richest districts of Numidia, he laid waste the cultivated lands, he took, and burned many posts and towns which he found weakly fortified or ungarrisoned. All the full-grown males he put to the edge of the sword; everything else was given up to the soldiers as booty. Through the dread of these proceedings many hostages were given to the Romans, and large supplies of corn and other necessaries were sent in."† We recommend Bugeaud or Lamoriciere to adopt the Latin original of this passage, which we give below in a note. It will describe their proceedings as pithily, though not quite so boastfully, as their usual grandiloquent bulletins.

Lest any of our readers should think that this quotation exaggerates the barbarity of the present French system of warfare in Algeria, we will lay before them from the German Lieutenant's Journal, which we have before referred to, an account of an attack made by the French on one of the villages of a hostile tribe.

"After a short rest, we started again, and the first glimmer of light showed the huts of the tribe straight before us. An old Kabyle was at that moment going out with a pair of oxen to plough; as soon as he saw us, he uttered a fearful howl, and fled; but a few well-directed shots brought him down. In one moment, the grenadiers and *voltigeurs*, who were in advance, broke through the hedge

* Bellum. Jugurth. ci.

† "Itaque in Numidiæ loca opulentissima pergit, agros vastat multa castella et oppida temerè munita aut sine præsidio capit incenditque, puberes interficit, jubet alia omnia militum prædam esse. Eâ formidine multi mortales Romanis dediti obsides, frumentum et alia quæ usui forent, adfatim præbita.

of prickly pear which generally surrounds a Kabyle village, and the massacre began. *Strict orders had been given to kill all the men, and only to take the women and children prisoners:* for we followed the precept of 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.'

"A few men only reeled half awake out of their huts, but most of them still lay fast asleep; not one escaped death. The women and children rushed, howling and screaming, out of their burning huts in time to see their husbands and brothers butchered. One young woman with an infant at her breast started back at the sight of strange men, exclaiming, 'Mohamed! Mohamed!' and ran into her burning hut. Some soldiers sprang forward to save her; but the roof had already fallen in, and she and her child perished in the flames.

"We then returned with our booty, and it was high time, for other tribes of Kabyles came flocking together from every side, attracted by the noise. We were forced to retreat in such haste, that we left the greater part of the cattle behind. The fire of the companies we had stationed in our rear with the field-pieces at last gained us time to breathe. We, however, had but few killed and wounded."

Sallust records one atrocious act of Marius, in slaughtering the unoffending and unresisting inhabitants of Capsa, and destroying the town. He owns that it was an enormity against the laws of war *(facinus contra jus belli)*, but says that the Consul did it not out of any greediness for plunder, or natural appetite for cruelty, but "because the place was one inconvenient for his troops to occupy, and an important post for the enemy; and because the population was a fickle treacherous race, not to be made sure of either by kindness or terror."* We have read palliations of worse acts on similar grounds in many recent French Generals' Reports, and in the speeches of some French statesmen.

Acts have indeed been lately perpetrated by the French in Algeria far surpassing the worst atrocities of the Romans. We allude, of course, to the horrors of the caves of Dahra, where hundreds of Arabs have been walled in and smoked to death,—men, women, and children—by the troops of the "Most Christian King," the modern civilizers of Africa. We do not mean to repeat the details of these abominations. They are stains on France which the bravery of her African armies can never wipe away. It is some consolation to know that the "Devil's doctrine" of expediency, which prompted these detestable cruelties, has failed in its object of frightening the Arabs from joining Abd-el-Kader, and that the thrill of horror and hatred against the French occasioned by them, has given the Sultan more influence than ever in leading his countrymen on to vengeance.

Some of those who speculate on the future career of Abd-el-Kader, infer that as he has been attacked and has resisted like Jugurtha, even so like Jugurtha will he ultimately fall. We do not think that any such inference can be legitimately drawn. We have, indeed, shewn many points of similarity between their positions; nor is it unworthy of notice that they both have when in difficulties obtained succour from the same quarter. Bocchus, who first aided, but ultimately betrayed Jugurtha, reigned in the same country where Abd-er-Rahmen, the emperor of Morocco, reigns now. But Abd-el-

* Bell. Jugurth. xci.

Kader has many advantages, which Jugurtha had not. The enthusiasm of religion binds together the Mahometan tribes under his banner against the French, and secures him zealous followers even under any reverse, and assistance and succour in whatever region he may traverse. He wages what is thought a holy war, and the hearts of the population are with him, even where the proximity of the French bayonets has enforced a nominal submission to the invaders. No such feelings existed among the Numidians. Jugurtha's subjects had long been accustomed to act as the submissive allies of Rome: they looked on her as irresistible; they had none of the fierce fanaticism or fortunate ignorance which makes the Arabs of North Africa deride the threats and brave the power of France. Moreover, Jugurtha fell at last not by force, but by treachery; and against such dangers Abd-el-Kader is shielded by the almost idolatrous loyalty of his followers, among whom he dwells in security and confidence, far different to the state of terror in which Jugurtha lived, dreading plots in all around him, and dreaded by them as a morose and merciless tyrant.*

It would be unjust to close this sketch of these two great champions of North Africa, without adverting to the moral superiority of the Arab. The treacherous and murderous actions imputed to Jugurtha may have been exaggerated. We can perceive that his position before he seized the Numidian throne was one of extreme temptation and peril. Probably his only choice was the fearful one of "slay, or be slain." But, after all allowances, his character remains blackened with ingratitude, fraud, and cruelty. Abd-el-Kader's, even by his enemies' accounts, had not a stain before it was sullied by the recent massacre of his French prisoners. Nor does loud censure even of this deplorable act become those who still justify Napoleon's similar conduct in putting to death in cold blood the Turkish garrison that surrendered to him at Jaffa. The excuse set up for Napoleon is, that he had not the means of escorting or securing his prisoners, and did not choose to set them at liberty, to swell the enemy's ranks. This defence was always resorted to by Napoleon himself, when Jaffa was mentioned. He told Lord Ebrington at Elba that on this account he commanded two thousand Turks to be shot on that occasion; and afterwards, at St. Helena, he asserted that "he would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances." *We* believe that neither Wellington, nor any other English general would, under any circumstances, order captive enemies to be killed wholesale in cold blood; but it is to be remembered, in mitigation of the blame with which we visit Abd-el-Kader's recent act of cruelty, that he, too, had no longer the means of escorting or guarding his prisoners, and that his only choice lay between slaying them, and setting them loose to fight against him. He had, moreover, actually made a proposal to Marshal Bugeaud for an exchange of prisoners, which the French Marshal ungenerously re-

* See the fine description in Sallust of Jugurtha, after he had put to death Bomillar, and others of his followers, on suspicion of conspiracy. "Neque post id locorum Jugurthæ dies, aut nox ulla quieta fuit: neque loco, neque mortali cuiquam, aut tempori satis credere: civis, hostis juxta metuere: circumspectare omnia, et omni strepitu pavescere: alio atque alio loco sæpe contra decus regium noctu requiescere: interdum somno excitus, adreptis armis tumultum facere; ita formidine, quasi vecordia, exagitari.

fused, thus cruelly and fatally risking his captive fellow-countrymen's lives on the chance of the Arab's humanity prevailing over his self-interest. Throughout the rest of the war Abd-el-Kader had shown himself as eminent for clemency and generosity as he is for military genius and prowess, and, we may also add, for purity of private life. He had deserved to be classed with Alp Arslan, Saladin, Abd-ur-rahman, Murad the Second, and other heroes, *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose names adorn the bright pages of the military history of the Mahometan nations.

THE LADYE CHAPEL,* WARWICK.

BEND lowly as ye mark the tomb
  Where mailed knights lie sleeping;
For here, though beauty lights the gloom,
  Stern Death his watch is keeping—
The foe that mortals vainly try
To soften with a splendid dye!

Tread silently, though breathless dust
  Is void of sense and feeling,
The warden of his passive trust
  Is viewless o'er them stealing,
Nor waiteth he to gather in
The *living* fruits of first doom'd sin!

A gorgeous tabernacle this
  For "sleep that knows no waking,"
That Art hath glosed with touch of bliss,
  O'er worms their banquet taking!
The charnel feast goes on below,
Despite the fane's resplendent glow.

Go, Moralist, yon pile survey,
  And from its glory turning,
Let high-born thoughts uphold their sway,
  And tell its true adorning!
A noble heart lies there enshrined,
The type, the attribute of mind.

The *good* Lord Dudley! Mark his brow,
  How eloquent its seeming;
Through Time's rude changes, even now
  It looks with wisdom teeming.
The sculptured features body forth
The majesty of innate worth.

Stern contrast, though of kindred mould;
  On blazon'd couch reclining,
The haughty favourite behold,
  His hands in pray'er entwining.
Vain mockery, the wail of blood
Cries out from e'en this solitude!

The lordly Impe! Tradition brings
  Again the deed unholy,
And o'er that marble semblance flings
  A shade of melancholy.
The poison'd chalice, and the smile
Of innocence that met the guile!

Lo! where the setting sunbeam plays
  On yon arm'd effigy,
As if soft wooing with its rays,
  The "sire of true courtesie;"
The gallant Beauchamp rests beneath
The dome he sanctified to death.

Within that hearse of gilded sheen
  The stately Earl reposes;
And curious skill, each niche between
  A weeping host discloses.
Funereal pomp! Can Art repay
Such tribute to Ambition's sway?

* * * *

Deep stillness reigns, where priestly rite
  And solemn dirge hath blended;
Quench'd is the taper's hallow'd light;
  The vigil hours have ended;
The mutter'd orison no more
Ascends as it was wont of yore.

The oratory! where whilom
  The sinful sought remission,
No longer through its aisle doth come
  The plaint of lone contrition;
Although its deep-worn steps recall
The dominance of monkish thrall!

Relic of olden times! whom age
  Hath deck'd with mantle hoary;
Few fabrics can thy grandeur gage,
  Mute chronicler of story.
The buried past renew'd we see
Whilst gazing, mausoleum, on thee!

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* This chapel, declared to be second only to that of Henry the Seventh's at Westminster, is of exquisite formation, and finished with the most perfect and elaborate taste. It was erected by the princely Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, (surnamed from his knightly bearing the "Sire of Courtesie,") as a mausoleum for himself and family, and contains his monument and effigy, of solid brass. There are, besides, the tombs of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, surnamed, from his virtuous life, "The Good," and of his brother, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his Countess. The son (or "Impe," as he is termed on the inscription,) of the latter reposes also in this gorgeous house of death. Tradition affirms he was poisoned.

The Confessional is a perfect gem of architectural elegance; the steps leading thence from the chapel are completely worn through by the feet of our devout ancestors.

TIPPERARY HALL.—NO. VI.

CONTENTS.

Once more afloat. — Boat-song and Chorus. — Moonlight and Moonshine.—Beauties of the Thames between Hammersmith and Putney.—The smiles of Thetis. —Æschylus, Dante, and Tommy Moore. — Exoterics and esoterics of the Chiswick Fête, and a lay all about them. — Orpheus and Eurydice, the true version. —Ninety-eight, and the Ballad Literature of Ireland.—Gilla-ma-chree and the Leprachaun.—A Poet's fate.—Ellis's Original Letters.—Moons and Tides; the Fens and the Baltic.—The Cup of Osiris mixed over again.—Yankee Characteristics and English cricketing.—Felix and Mynn.—Grand Rigmarole about Paddy and the Pacha. — The Ojibbeway Indians.—Breaking up for the long vacation, and fond adieu of the Tipperaries.

BOAT SONG BY CLIVE AND THE BACHELOR.

(*The sitters join in chorus.*)

Pull away, pull away,—pull, boys, pull,
The tide 's on the fall, and the moon 's at the full.
Oarsmen, row with a steady stroke,
Steersman, steer with a ready yoke.
Pull away, pull away,—row, boys, row,
Swiftly and steadily on we go,
Under the shade of tower and tree,
Out where the stream shines broad and free.
Our oars flash white,
In the pale moon's light,
And her rays they dance in our wake so bright,
As on we row through the silent night
Swiftly and steadily,
Swiftly and steadily,
Swiftly and steadily, oh!
Pull away, pull away,—row, boys, row,
While the moon shines bright, and the night-winds blow,
Rippling the streams as fast they flow,
Row, boys, row!

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I suppose the moonlight is to be supplied from the imagination, Everard, as this is a particularly hot and sunny afternoon.

EVERARD CLIVE.

We have moonshine from the brains very often; and why not have moonlight from the imagination? But you should have rowed down this glorious river late at night as often as I have done, to remember and appreciate the full charm of its moonlight scenery. Not that I mean to deny the beauty of the Thames boating by day: and this mile and a half between Hammersmith and Putney, is, to my mind, one of the sweetest parts of the river. I like the effect against the blue summer sky of this long green line of elms and poplars that wind round one arc of the river's curve. The fringe of the willows at the water's edge is perfect; and the old wooden bridge which we are nearing, is rude and awkward enough with its numerous narrow arches, to satisfy any lover of the picturesque, and dissatisfy any hater of broken oars and capsized boats. We are fortunate also in our day; there is just sufficient air to be refreshing, without giving us rough water and a labour-oar. Look

at its varying effects on the willows and the elms. They exactly illustrate Shelley's couplet—

> "The little leaves that glance in the light breeze,
> And the firm foliage of the larger trees."

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Those are good lines. The breeze, too, ripples the river sufficiently to make the play of the sunbeams on it more and more beautiful. It reminds me of sunlight on the sea.

FENMAN.

Ay

> πόντιων τε κύματων
> ἀνηρίθμον γέλασμα.

How often has that wonderful expression of Æschylus been imitated! and how completely have both imitators and translators always failed in rendering its sublime beauty!

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I believe Dante did not imitate Æschylus, for the best of all reasons, —because he never read him; and Dante has a passage in the Purgatorio almost as beautiful as your gem from the Prometheus. He is describing a distant view of the sea at the first dawn—

> "L'alba vincea gia l'ora mattutina,
> Che fuggia 'nnanzi, si che di lontano
> Conobbi il tremolar della marina."

EVERARD CLIVE.

Very beautiful: but the Florentine does not soar up to the Athenian. Byron made a good simile out of the subject we are speaking of, in his "Siege of Corinth." It is where he describes the phantom of Francesca—

> "Gone the ray
> Of mind, that made each feature play
> Like sparkling waves on a sunny day."

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I think Tommy Moore has done the idea as prettily as any of them.

> "Like some fair lake which the breeze is upon,
> When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun."

FENMAN.

None of your parallel passages (and you might add scores) are equal to the Greek. None of them convey that sense of "multitudinous unity," (as Hallam well phrases it) which a sight of the sea or a recollection of *ανηριθμον γελασμα* flashes upon the soul.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Clive! do you remember our Cambridge lecturer that corrected the text and made the reading *ἀνηρίθμων—to make sense of it?*

FENMAN.

Ipsis Germanis Germanior—but not *germane to the matter.*

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Well; give me the *γελάσματα* of the Chiswick Fête, and I won't stop to number the countenances they play upon,

The bonnets they wore on their beautiful craniums,
And the exquisite hues of the show of geraniums.

FENMAN.

I thought the flowers looked a good deal like myself in my Fête dress; out of place, and out of season. I liked them best for the eyes that looked at, the noses that smelled, and the fair hands that longed to pluck them. The best part of the *parterre* was the butterflies that fluttered around it.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

The poor roses in the tin pipes. I own

They all of them looked to my cursory view
In a station they never were made for,
Like the Bishop of Meath in a green surtout,
Or myself in a coat that 's paid for.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

If you will tag rhymes, here goes—

LAY BY THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR.—THE CHISWICK FETE.

Ho! members, take your tickets,—
Ho! maidens, choose your shawls!
The son looks out his waistcoats,
The sire selects his smalls.
To-day is Flora's triumph,
To-day great sights you view,
So, cabmen, drive your cattle,
And drive your bargains too.

Green are the squares of London,
And some few lanes are green,
And trees of city foliage
Shade walks of stone between.
And green are certain gala-days,
With places known to fame—
The inner circle of the park
That bears the Regent's name.

And green are those great glasses
That hold Germania's wine,
That they tell you suit the vintage
Of the clear Moselle and Rhine:
And green are those young freshmen,
Who, to earn a gentle name,
Take credit of a tailor,
Or give it to a dame.

But greener far than any
Is Chiswick's shaven sward;
And gayer than all gala-days
Are the groups that swarm abroad.
See how they muster onwards,—
The car, the cab, the team;
My dearest friends in carriages,
My dearer self by steam.

Bright is the first fresh show of Spring,
When cucumbers are rare;
And bright the show of hot July,
When Autumn's fruits are there:
Autumn that 's forced beforehand,
As children oversage,
When all forestalls its season,
Like minds before their age.

But the brightest day among them,
  The grandest show of three,
Is that which brings the roses,
  And draws down you and me.
So 'mid the great Triumvirs
  Did greater Cæsar sway;
So 'mid the days of Epsom
  Stands out the Derby day.

Gay are the grounds at Hackney,
  And Cheam has beds in bloom;
And Mr. Epps of Maidstone
  Has flowers of faint perfume.
And Bromley's stocks at nightfall
  Breathe sweetly through the air,
And a thousand tulips ornament
  Each Lea Bridge Road parterre.

And Ealing's glassy houses
  Exclude each colder breeze;
And the air is full of odours
  Of exotic orchides.
And there hang the strangest blossoms
  From the strangest sorts of trees;
And Fahrenheit is standing at
  A hundred hot degrees.

There steams the watery vapour;
  There reek the fumes of peat;
Their Tropic heats surround your head,
  And damps strike up your feet;
There cacti stand like hedges,
  A long and leafless row;
Their climbers curl their tresses,
  And catch the heads below.

Hot water apparatuses,
  In iron pipes, transmit
Equable sorts of atmosphere,
  For plant or fruit-tree fit.
But the youth that led the maiden
  Through the sweets of that parterre,
Would find her faint upon his arm,
  And call, like Brougham, for air.

Red are the Twick'nam strawberries,
  And Hampton boasts its vines;
And melons thrive in Battersea;
  And Chelsea vaunts its pines.
St. George loves Sheen and Richmond
  For his own immortal rose;
And Eve might envy Putney
  For the apples that it grows.

But now nor Cheam nor Maidstone
  Shine bright, as once they shone;
And all the stocks of Bromley,
  With all their scents are gone.
Save for its maids and moonshine
  Fair Bromley has no dew,
The Lea Bridge wind wafts dust enough,
  But it wafts no odours too.
Their hues, their fruits, their odours
  Are all on Chiswick showered,
And Bromley, Cheam, and Maidstone
  Are lank and disembowered.

Here stand the golden products
  Of every sun and clime,
And seem to live, like lover's vows,
  In spite of space or time.
To bring each flower to Chiswick
  Is Science sent to roam;
But the flower itself lives easy,
  And makes itself at home.

Where Suez joins the Continents,—
  Where Afric joins the line,—
Where Texas joins the Union,—
  And Indus joins the brine,
Come all the hues of Flora,—
  The blues, the reds, the greens;
From beyond the lines of railways
  And beyond the writs of queens.

But we only feel their odours,
  And we only see their hues;
They 've esoteric meanings
  That some know how to use.
And, perhaps, as Mr. Wordsworth says,
  We transplant them to abuse.

Each orchis is an emblem
  In its own exotic land,
And telleth tale of tenderness
  That the natives understand.
Sent by mulatto Mercuries
  It may augur hope or fear;
I wish I found the lady
  That could feel its meaning here.

FENMAN.

Never mind refining upon your inner meanings. If the Chiswick Show was less of a Vanity Fair, it would be an exhibition intellectual enough for a philosopher, and harmless enough for a child.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Is 't harmless you say? I ought to know better than that, for I 've taken a wound there at any rate. The only outward signs of innocence that I saw were the Bishops and the Quakers. They always go there, I 'm thinking, as it 's their only amusement.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Nolo episcopari, then.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

And wouldn't I like to see myself in a broad brim and straight-collar'd cut-away, trudging down Bishopsgate Street with the most demure little close bonnet, with the whitest little cotton stockings, clinging in fondness to my arm? By the ghost of Penn 't would be a great day for the Society.

FENMAN.

No man can foretell his fate. You know the best and boldest song among the Irish ones in "the Spirit of the Nation."

WHISKEY DRINKER.

Who does not?

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?"

What a glorious song! It 's that you mean?

FENMAN.

Yes! Well, the author of it is just made a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. So much for forgiveness and toleration—

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

And fair play, too. Why should a man's political opinions or his political conduct, if it comes to that, hinder justice being done to his claims as a scholar or a poet?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Or as a man of science; all three of which the distinguished young Fellow appears to be.

FENMAN.

There are men of high intellect in Ireland.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Gram'mercy for your compliment and your truism. We have not one man alone like Ingram, that deserves the highest academical rewards for his acquirements and genius, but scores of such. Where are your English equivalents to the Irish songs and ballads in the poetry of "The Nation?"

EVERARD CLIVE.

Oh, Drinker! Drinker! songs, if you like, although some of Dibdin's might well challenge comparison with any ever written to call forth national enthusiasm. But as to ballads, many of those metrical compositions which Young Ireland calls ballads are not ballads at all; whilst the best of those that are so, no candid and competent critic would compare in one day with Macaulay's *Armada* or his *Battle of Naseby.*

FENMAN.

Some of them are very good; whilst the worst of them contain excellent lines. On the other hand, the best have generally one faulty point in their composition—some error of sentiment or expression. In no collection of poems, with the exception of the *Elegant Extracts*, where Pye and Milton are printed within the same covers, do I know a work where the best and worst are so polled together as in Mr. Duffy's selection.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

At any rate, there is more of good than bad.

FENMAN.

It is a good thing that such a form of composition takes a development at all. All forms of writing are good, only some are better than others. Let each sort run its course—arise, expand itself, and die off. Let none wane away prematurely; let none be stifled at birth. I would fain have every species of plant or tree live its life and grow its growth. The same with literature. What do you think was the trade, craft, or profession of Gilla Machree's lover?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Why?

FENMAN.

Because in the last verse he talks of having won a golden treasure. I only know three ways of doing so rapidly—stagging, slaving, and patenteeing. Which did he take to?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

You must call up Ollam Fodhla or the Leprauchaun to answer you that.

FENMAN.

Ay! but thereby hangs some criticism. It is just that single vague conventional bit of improbability at the end that spoils as natural a song as ever was suited to life in the nineteenth century. *Ex uno disce omnes.* With one or two exceptions, you all break down in that way. Drinker, you are a Celt: why do neither you nor your countrymen recognize Celts out of Ireland? Shake hands with the Welsh and the Manxmen. Have you seen Goronva Camlan's Poems and Preface?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

What part of the principality does he illustrate?

FENMAN.

That 's more than any of us know. He writes poetry,—and that of a good sort. He writes clerically—that means polemically—also: and, besides all this, he is particularly strong in his Preface on Celticism. Class him amongst the worthies of your race. He has tempered, moreover, the *præfervidum ingenium Britannorum* with the classics of English scholarship. Go thou and do likewise. Measure his *Poet's Fate* against Davis's aspirations of a Genius.

A POET'S FATE.

I had a dream in boyhood, I should be
  Famous, and move a giant in my time;
Yet it foreshadowed, all around should climb
  Quicker and deftlier up the fruitful tree
  Of wealth and fair repute; for vainly me
Its boughs would tempt, if soil'd by earthly slime:
So might I gaze, and muse, or idly rhyme,
  While others grasped the prize or golden fee.
  Half has been partly true: for all around
  My young compeers succeed; and I, meanwhile,
Train my lone heart, by wandering fancies fed.
  Alas! what chance! the other will be found
  As truly boding: yet content I smile,
And bless the dew that falls on other's head.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Sensible and—sonnet-like.

FENMAN.

Sensible, and therefore not sonnet-like. It exhibits the philosophy of collision and competition. Men, like mahogany tables, are best after being rubbed down.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Humph! A grand fact, by all that 's sensible.

EVERARD CLIVE.

My last reading has been among old realities more than among young imaginings. I have been studying Ellis's Original Letters of our old kings and statesmen. It gives a strange feeling to find the grim Conqueror and his prelates and barons, your correspondents; for such they really appear to be, when, after the lapse of centuries, these letters are dug from oblivion, and thus laid before you. But, boat a-head! 'tis a lady steering. Bachelor, look your look, and then pull. If you wait till you make the Fenman admire anything out of Holland or Lincolnshire, we shall not only have the tide with us, but the moon upon us.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

And that 's what it ought to be. Fenman, did you ever see a real tide before?

FENMAN.

Why, it must be owned that our drains and canals are not very susceptible. I have often thought what a great contempt that same moon must have for seas like the Baltic and Mediterranean, and for the small inland lakes that won't recognize her influence.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I have thought that before.

> For cold, calm beauty less cares he
> Than the moon cares for a tideless sea,
> That springs not to meet it, and will not absorb
> The silent love of its pale, clear orb.

That 's a simile for the Drinker for cases where he is not appreciated. As for any *one* lady being his lodestar at the *fête*, I should have thought, from the miscellaneous promiscuity of his admiring glances, that it was the whole mass that attracted, rather than any particular beauty. As for the younger ones, they were wonderfully like those same tides and moons that you talked about. These last put me in mind of the lady that I *didn't* find at the gardens, and that, no doubt, was looking for me as well—always attracting, and never meeting.

EVERARD CLIVE.

But, Drinker, who was it that you were not looking for?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Who *were* they, you mean. Why, the seniors of the party that I was to join. I confess that I most studiously missed sight of them all day, —and small blame to me. I'll be old soon enough—heaven help me! —and then I must have recourse to "the ancients," whether or no. And when I get to the downhill, I fondly hope that I may have a kind bit of humanity to take pity on me, and help me tenderly down.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Drinker, the idea of your ever getting married and settled is too good.

FENMAN.

No one can foretell his fate: I said so before, and I say so again.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

All I can say is, that if any lady will venture, I shall be glad to hear of her intentions.

EVERARD CLIVE.

You 'll sing her a good song.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Ay, and if she appreciates sweet sounds and versification, I 'll love her as faithfully as Orpheus did Eurydice.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Would you, like him, go down to Hades for her after she died, with your wild harp slung behind you?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I'll tell you that before I'm twice married. But, talking of Orpheus and Eurydice, I'll give you the true version of that affair.

SONG BY THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.

When Orpheus descended, a long time ago,
To look for his wife in the regions below,
He kicked up a dust with his wild harp down there,
Till the shades he soon turn'd into Donnybrook Fair.
Such jigging! such shouting! such going down the middle.
Queen Proserpine joined in the hi-diddle-diddle;
Like a May-boy the King twirl'd round on his stumps,
And leather'd the boards till he wore out his pumps.

Ixion came down from his spin on his wheel,
And with Tityus and Theseus took share of a reel,
Bold Sisyphus jigg'd up the hill with his rock;
In a hornpipe shone Charon, the hearty old cock.
The unfortunate colander-filling Danaides
Found partners again, and with polking made gay Hades.
And even old Tantalus, growing quite frisky,
Left groaning for water, and shouted for whiskey.

At last Pluto cried, "A blue blazing bowl mix
Of the hottest e'er brewed on the banks of the Styx;
If my punch won't suit Orpheus, so newly to hell come,
Whate'er he likes best he may call for, and welcome."
"Then give me," said Orpheus, "a draught of new life;
I 'll call, with your Majesty's leave, for my wife."
"Take her off," said the King, "but remember my order,
You must not look back till she 's over the border."

The lovers took leave of the King of the Dead,
And Eurydice never once turn'd round her head.
When they came within touch of earth's boundary stone,
Orpheus peep'd o'er his left—and his charmer was flown.
Stern Pluto's decree,—'tis in vain now to shake it,—
"'Twas a bargain," said he, "and I knew you would break it.
I've done the most merciful deed of my life;
For you 're too good a fellow to plague with a wife.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Now, Bachelor, after this matrimonial effort of the Drinker, let us have a maiden lay — something sentimental; in the German line, like cousins, or large sausages.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I will give you something sentimental *from* the German, — a paraphrase of their famous "Adelaide" song. You will observe that I adopt our English trisyllabic pronunciation of the word.

ADELAIDE.

He, who loves thee, wanders lonely in the gardens of the spring,
'Mid the soft enchanted lustre that glimmers through the shade
Of the tremulous tree-branches, and the buds that on them swing—
Adelaide!

In the snow-sheen of the Alps, in the sparkling of the streams,
In the golden hues of heaven when daylight has decayed,
In the starry fields of midnight thine image on me beams—
Adelaide!

Small silver Maybells lisp along the grass,
Evening breezes whisper in the green leaves of the glade,
Nightingales sing, and waves murmur as they pass—
"Adelaide!"

From this fond and faithful heart, when death hath stilled its grief,
Will spring a blooming flower, o'er the lover's grave displayed,
And distinctly will there glimmer on each little purple leaf—
"Adelaide!"

Come, I'll take pity on you poor galley-slaves, and give something to rest you at "the weary oar." And my own throat is a little dusty after my exertions. Here's the pitcher of claret-cup, Clive, reposing amiably and coolly under the wet mats. 'T is your own brewing, Everard, so set to work like a second Saturn, and swallow your own darling.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes! and hymn its praises. Bachelor, run her ashore among these willows—easy—back water—ship—there she lies like a Naiad neath her own bank. Fenman, just grasp that elm-branch to prevent the tide from canting the stern round, and to keep us under the shade of the boughs. And now for the draught and the ditty.

SONG BY CLIVE.—"THE CLARET CUP."

Drink of this cup.—Old Lovegrove sips
The same at Blackwall below;
And this he gives to cool the lips
Of the guests who for white-bait go.

Drink of this cup. The ice within
Is fresh from Wenham's stream.
'Twill make the summer's dust and din,
Its tongue so parched, and fevered skin,
All melt away, as your draught you win,
Like a long-forgotten dream.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

We are all obedience. Never were behests more willingly followed.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Then off! off! says the Drinker,
Off! off! and away;
If we swallow more we shall sink her;
So, Bachelor, boy, give way.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Clive—you 're a fairer man than the Fenman in respect to the exotic samples of race; tell the truth, and say if the Cups and Cobblers which we have imported from America are not, in your eyes at least, a set-off to some of their national foibles.

EVERARD CLIVE.

For my own part I am sick of their vanity. They are the only people that take praise for incompatible qualities. Praise their liquors, and you will be told that their real characteristic is temperance. Some time or other this will be different: although they have yet to live the history that may make them a proud nation, they have done the deeds that give an excuse for vanity. And this they exhibit with a peacock-ostentation, at once unstable, *exigeant*, and thin-skinned even to disease. They want a European good name. They may earn it. Solvency would do so: but solvency costs money. Abolition would do it: abolition, however, is inconvenient. Truth would do it; and truth has the merit of being at once effective and economic. I wish they would try these three cardinal virtues as we, in England, try their three cardinal drinks.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Ask *me* about these things. The only darling nationality I have is in favour of our poteen, and that only against Scotchmen. Hand over the cup. Well, if this was American (which it is not), I would forgive them more than they owe me. Clive! you told me of the old Eton division of cricketers and aquatics. It strikes me the landsmen must be limited in their potations.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Not a bit. They take their nourishment when their work is over. *We* interrupt it, I fancy the two fluidities are much on a level. However ours is the moister atmosphere. There 's more dust at Lord's than there is mud at Twickenham. There are fine sights there nevertheless. In the Northern counties match, the Hyperboreans were beat too easily for the game to be very interesting. I could not go to see the single-wicket encounter between the two glories of Kent, Mynn and Felix; but I am told it was one of the finest specimens of play ever exhibited.

EVERARD CLIVE.

It was, indeed. But Mynn's terrific bowling is too much for an ad-

versary at single-wicket. The pace of his balls is such that it is nearly impossible to hit them away forward. But it was a pretty sight.

Oh, saw you the match between Felix and Mynn,
How neatly they handled the timber ;
So burly and big was one champion therein,
And the other so dapper and limber ?

But Alfred the Great made the conquering score,
To the balls he administered free licks.
While his gallant opponent bad luck must deplore,
Though at cricket he calls himself "Felix."

FENMAN.

Have they shewn Ibrahim Pacha a cricket-match since his arrival in this country ?

EVERARD CLIVE.

I believe not ; and they ought to have done so, as well as taken him to a pulling match on the Thames ; for in such sports he would have seen more of our national spirit than even at Ascot. At the one exhibition he saw the secret of our superior breed of horses, at the other, what mainly contributes to our superior breed of men.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I hear that he was at a match at Lord's the other day, but thought it *infra dig.* to go *en prince*, so he went in the disguise of a Jewish Rabbi, accompanied by Major Dickson. When the match was just over, he thought they at last were going to begin in earnest. He had grown tired of the "fielding," and wanted very much to know why they had been so long running about. A dim idea struck him that they were all the while only clearing the ground, and he thought that a troop of lancers would have served the purpose much better.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

He thought, no doubt, that the game of bat and ball on foot was not to be compared for an instant with the far more difficult and inspiring one on horseback of the ball and golf-stick. It is played in Syria on a Turkoman horse with a strong bit. The animal is so highly trained that he obeys the slightest touch of the rider's spur ; and should he turn awkward or restive, a very little pressure of the terrible bit is enough to throw him on his haunches. Altogether this Syrian exercise is the most extraordinary game of ball I ever saw in my life, and withal the most violent.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

It is not half so violent or extraordinary as Irish hurling, although we don't hunt the ball about with cavalry.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Perhaps not more violent ; and to those same hurling matches are to be attributed the faction fights which have so long disgraced the southern counties of Ireland.

FENMAN.

You argue, Bachelor, from the abuse not the use of a manly institution. We hear of none of these faction fights now, thanks to Father Mathew! I hope, however, that hurling matches will not be discontinued, nor wrestling, nor foot-ball, nor any manly game that tends to bring men together in masses to mingle in mimic war, and contend in the race of strength and emulation.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Well, it 's a pity they did not get up something of the kind for Ibrahim Pacha, that he might see something of our national spirit when he visited Ireland the other day. He went northward, however, amongst flax mills and spinning-jennies, which is the wrong direction for diversion. Had he gone to the south, where they disdain to make baskets, and import their wicker-work from England, he might have lit upon a little bit of a *quiet* bit of a row, which might have been got up for him under the title of "The Pacha's Midnight Review." I think his Highness would have enjoyed the evolutions of the Mahonys and the Donovans, and their wonderful *hurroo* (Davis was wrong in calling the Celtic battle-shout *hurra*), and the cracking of the alpeens about their brain-boxes, much more than the manœuvring of five-and-twenty thousand Frenchmen on the Champ de Mars.

EVERARD CLIVE.

But, Drinker, the Pacha has not visited Ireland without a melodious celebration from the land of song? *Non omnis morietur!* Are we not to have something from you about the junction of the Nile and the Lagan?

LAY BY THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.—THE PACHA'S VISIT TO PADDY'S LAND.

Who has not heard of great Ibram Pacha,
How he came to old Erin across the blue wave,
With his beard of the longest the world ever saw,
That 'twould take twenty barbers at least for to shave?

Oh, to see him at morn, when just entering the bay
Of old Carrickfergus we spied him afar;
O'er the black funnel smoke he blew up far away
The clouds of his royal Havanna cigar.
As nearer he came in the gallant Athlone,
At the old fighting-cock such bright glances were thrown,
And many a soft bosom wished him her own.

Here the band of the 93rd Highlanders swells;
Here Pat round his head his shilelah is swinging,
And here some wild bard, 'mid a chorus of yells,
The great Pharaoh Necho's high welcome is singing.

Or, to see him at eve, when he sat down to dine,
And gulp'd a whole flood of the infidel wine,
How his jokes flew about like a quick fall of stars,
And o'er coffee and Cubas he talked of his wars;
Till at last such slow work he no longer could brook,
And he call'd for Bush-Mills, and the Prophet's chibouke.

"Oh, Allah is great, but," said he, "I am thinking
This juice of the barley is wonderful drinking.
In Egypt there 's corn, and in France there is wine ;
But Erin has both in her whiskey divine !"

And his Highness and suite drank till midnight away ;
When they set to at last, like young tigers at play ;
And he order'd ten puncheons for Cairo next day.
Next he walks round and talks round the town at his ease ;
And th' authorities shew him whatever they please,—
Foundries, factories, warehouses, tall merchantmen ;
"Such things I 've oft seen, and I 'll see them again,"
He said ; so no longer his patience to tax,
They took him to see Mr. Richardson's flax.

On board, then, once more, he bade Erin to hope
That he 'd see her again with his smoke-jack unfurl'd ;
The 93rd Highlanders played Johnny Cope,
And he sailed from the pleasantest isle in the world.

FENMAN.

To live out of.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

To live in, Saxon; if thieving and reeving had not been the fashion in days gone by, and everybody had their own.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I have been told that the Pacha tried all our British liquors, and preferred whiskey to them all. He expressed his surprise, moreover, that we left the distillation of it exclusively to the Irish.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Distilling or drinking, it is beyond your capabilities. When Englishmen try to do either they make fools of themselves. They never will take to it naturally.

FENMAN.

Whatever an Englishman takes to he does ; and, generally speaking, better than any one else—only let him take to it. Bachelor, you are too polite a man to put yourself much in collision, but you must have found out the truth of my proposition.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Perhaps I have. When the Ojibbeway Indians were here they were beaten in everything but that cup-and-ball game that they play at. They tried to shoot, and hit nothing ; they sat like tailors upon a saddle ; twenty men beat them at running ; I myself had a turn with the Interpreter at sparring. I knew him then in private life. We dined together, and that more than once. Sally waited on us with fear and trembling ; half fearing he would juggle away the silver spoons, half fearing that he might indulge a little cannibalism at the expense of herself or her master. He soon, however, eased her upon the point by despatching the third of a leg of mutton carnivorously, and with a contempt of trimmings. These, with the caper sauce, he reserved for the veal-pie. This distribution was somewhat irregular, but so he made it. Then he drew down the window, though the room was a small one, and the thermometer at eighty. He then lit his cigar, and smoked and *ate*. I challenged

him to a glass of wine which he declined, being a teatotaller for the time: then to a pull at the tankard, which he declined also: at last I thought of Harvey's Sauce. Upon a glass of this we went through the ceremonies of vinous compotation, and continued our joint and calumet, The longest lane has a turning; and at last he ceased to masticate, and said *the Indians use their own knives.* I added *forks also,* but the allegory was thrown away on him.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Well! but the boxing?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I'll tell you: and the history may serve for a new chapter on the *Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.* There were a vast number of questions concerning their habits, belief, language, and the like, that I wished to be informed on, and for the sake of which I just ran the risk of the cigar at dinner-time, and the Harvey's Sauce to wash it down. However the savage came out, and he waxed impatient. He opened the window, and he took his coat off. He looked savagely at his dagger. Upon the latter movement I delicately directed my eyes towards the Drinker's shillelah that he had left overnight, taking away the door-key instead. At last he absolutely stopped, and said *I shall go.* He was just in the middle of a Sioux battle, and was nationalizing upon the details of a scalping party. He was to be kept at any rate; but he had refused his tenth cigar. By good luck he saw a boxing-glove on the floor. It was the height of his ambition to spar, and he told me so. He was now in my power. "*Finish the story of the Sioux scalp, and I will show you how to floor and be floored.*" The bargain was struck, and we put on the mufflers. Twenty-five minutes worth to four rounds—this was our original set-to; at first I had the worst of it. Right leg foremost, round hitting, and a most glorious impartiality in respect to the parts of your *corpus* that he struck—I had almost said aimed at—eyes shut, arms and legs like windmills—so it began. There was more than I could guard; besides, I was bound in honour not to hit *him.* Moreover, the knife was still at his girdle. After round the first, having previously, as delicately as I could, hinted that his weapon might be an incumbrance to him, I took a new line. I hit, and hit straight—not hard—but straight, and like Cæsar's soldiers at Pharsalia, at the face. Or rather I put my hand out, and let his own weight do the rest. This was a new scene opened upon him; so, of course, by way of guarding scientifically, he just caught hold of my arm. It was my left arm, that was just coming back from his nose. My right leg was well back. I believe that he meant to employ his other hand in seizing it, and so hurl me quietly down stairs, like a Hercules operating upon Lichas. I don't often use my right hand for anything but the pen. Now, however, I used it on the Ojibbeway epigastrium. For that round we sparred no more. *Third round.*—We both came up out of temper, both ended out of wind, and one of us out of heart. This was *not* I. The fact of it is, all your savage strength, *et cætera,* is a fallacy. I have dealt myself—a mere man of songs of sentiment—with worse men than the Ojibbeway. We met oftener and kept our tempers better. However, as we have all read in the "Morning Post," he transferred his affections to a young lady from George Street. If I had seen more of him, I should have known all about the Sioux.

As for my friend, I was making the *one, two* a vehicle of the most valuable instruction. Whatever was taught in the Ring he remembered. To be sure, he paid dear for it. The British Constitution cost him a tooth; Trial by Jury another; the Five Points a black eye. Heaven knows what I might have not have beaten into him, or where I might have beaten him to, perhaps to Young-Englandism in politics, or to Quakerism in creed, perhaps to some new and equally harmless combination of both.

EVERARD CLIVE.

A better fight was never chronicled by Pierce Egan or Theocritus. Your narrative may take its place by that of Cribb's victory over Molineux, recorded in "Fistiana," and that of Pollux's triumph over Amycus, as sung by the Sicilian bard. Comparing commentators will observe that in all three battles the Europeans win. Neither Asia, Africa, nor America can use the fists properly.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

How about Australia?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Bungaree was a failure. But, pull a stroke or two, Bachelor, or we shall be in the way of this eight-oar. Is she not a sweet outrigger? And a good stroke they pull, too. Look how she heads the steamer! Lungs against boilers 'Tis sharp practice, and more than any of your Redmen's paddles could manage: but that crew row well together, and distance the smoke-jack.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Did your Ojibbeway friend invite you, Bachelor, to visit him in his native woods? I should like to take a tumbler or two among the chiefs, and a reel or two among the squaws.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Yes; he pressed me most hospitably to visit his wigwam, and stretch my legs under his bear-skins. I mean to go next year and see

"How wild in woods the noble savage runs;"

but this summer I have a hankering for Borneo. I want to see how Brooke gets on with his Malays and Dyaks. He is a gallant fellow, and will, I think, make good his Sarawak settlement against all their force and fraud.

FENMAN.

Meanwhile, just mind how you pull. We are close on Battersea Bridge; and, if you and Clive don't mind, our Tipperary skiff will end in a smash.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Absit omen! Give a smart stroke, Clive. Now she clears it.

We 're out in Chelsea Reach at last.
Bismillah! now the peril 's past."

I believe we are to land here.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes; at Graves's. Shape her in for the shore, and mind these atrocious steam-boats. They buzz about here in swarms, and trouble both boats and water till they remind one of Blackmore's lines on

"that Leviathan
That makes the *Thames* to seethe like frying-pan."

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

And so we 're all a-going to lose each other? Here 's the Bachelor's bound for Borneo; the Fenman for Holland; Grimgibber for circuit; Clive's boundaries are defined by Crutchley's map of the country within ten miles round London; and I, blessed be the Saints! am the only one who has a civilized resting-place; for 'tis myself that in a week will be in Ireland.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

The most perilous enterprise of all.

I may run some risk from Malayian kris,
And Dyak spear at Sakkara,
But I 'll there of my life have a safer lease
Than in Mayo or Connemara.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Glad you think so. I suppose Peel has sent your Rajah out a Coercion Bill for you, and shut you up like a barn-door fowl, to keep you from getting into mischief at night. Paddy's at liberty to see the light of the moon by the light of any pretty eyes that he may get to help her in shining on him. Sorrow would I cross St. George's Channel were it otherwise. What 's the occasional chance of loss of life to the certain loss of serenading?

What is the simple standing of a shot
To keeping sober hours, and flirting not?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Admirable sentiment! But here we are at the landing-place. Rest, weary Bachelor, rest.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Nos immensum spatii confecimus æquor,
Et jam tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Now that we have landed, our enemies might think "*Stant littore puppes*" a more appropriate quotation. But, Χαίρετε, χαίρομεν.

Hunsgate, taking the will.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XV.

The Doctor's story continued.

"THE finale of the scene which passed in the drawing-room of Hunsgate was even more painful than what I had anticipated. To listen to an angry mother imprecating curses on the head of an imprudent daughter was frightful; and as I gazed on the death-like features of the swooning girl, I shuddered when I recollected that one whose hand should have been sustaining an orphaned child, whose lips should have been whispering pardon and consolation to the erring one, whose bosom, which had pillowed the smiling infant, should now have supported the penitent wife,—that she, whom every feeling of our better nature should have disarmed, hurried to madness by that infernal vice which caused an angel's fall, had banned when she should have blessed, and invoked earthly misery on the being she had given birth to.

"Lord Evrington drove speedily from the door, and Devereux, his lady, and myself, were left alone. By my assistance the lady was recovered; and I found that her liege lord had prepared for a contingency which might have been naturally anticipated. He raised the casement, — gave a shrill whistle, — and a post-chaise, hitherto concealed behind a clump of trees, drove up the sweep which approached the hall-door of the Priory. As several portmanteaus were secured upon the carriage, it was quite apparent that preparations for a sudden journey had been made; and Devereux, it would seem, had arranged his plans with cool determination. While his carriage approached to the door, another was seen driving from the clump in an opposite direction, towards the park-gates; no doubt occupied by the friend whom he mentioned in his altercation with Lord Evrington, as being at his service, should any personal affair ensue.

"I shall never forget the look with which poor Emily regarded all around, as leaning on my arm and her husband's for support, she passed, for the last time, through the lofty corridor, where the infant had been taught to walk, and the child had loved to play. Its expression was the silent agony with which one takes an eternal leave of all to which they have for life been familiarized and endeared to. When she placed her foot upon the threshold, one long, deep sigh escaped—and it seemed to speak a mute adieu to home,—to hope,—to happiness. Whatever he felt in secret, her determined lover preserved the same cool and daring resolution which had remained unshaken when the recent stormy scene had been enacted; while the gentle tone and language with which he endeavoured to re-assure his trembling companion approached almost to woman's softness, and contrasted singularly with his haughty and sarcastic demeanour when he bade a bold defiance to his rival, and heard with apparent

indifference an indignant mother fulminate her denunciations of everlasting unforgiveness.

"He placed his lady in the carriage. She and I looked a mutual farewell,—for like her's, my heart was far too full for utterance.

"'Doctor,' said the rejected son-in-law, grasping my hand in his, 'I shall ever remember your humanity and discretion. If we meet again, may I find you prosperous and happy!'

"He gave a signal to the postilion,—the whip was cracked,—the lady threw herself back in the carriage, and hid her face in her handkerchief. On rolled the vehicle. I never saw my fair and gentle patient afterwards."

The doctor paused. The tale had recalled feelings of tender recollection, and proved that if the worthy leech had been wanting in strict duty, by becoming the medium through which a missive was dispatched which produced the repudiation of an only daughter, the error was in the judgment, and not in the heart. If the passing display of painful recollection were caused by a prick of conscience, for posting a letter from a young lady to an Irish light-dragoon, or mere sympathy for the unhappy fate of one so interesting and unfortunate as Emily Hunsgate, can only be conjectured,—but by a prompt application, however, to the pleasant admixture at his elbow, the doctor dispelled the passing cloud, and thus continued his revelations:—

"You may well suppose the great excitement this unexpected occurrence gave rise to throughout the neighbourhood. In every cottage, heads were approximated close together,— the news communicated in strict confidence,—and, of course, with apocryphal additions. Since the day when Parson Roundabout had married his maid, never had an event occurred in the manor of Holmesdale half so startling. To be sure, for the parson's union several substantial reasons might have been adduced; and in a most authentic ballad all the particulars were given, shewing how a pretty peasant had "married a squire of high degree;" but who had ever heard of an heiress in her own right, bundling off with an Irish corporal? Where the fugitives had betaken themselves, — what ulterior measures would be adopted by the dame,—whether their names and description would be inserted in the 'Hue and Cry,'—or that the lady-mother would cool down, and extend a reluctant pardon to the offenders, was warmly debated in the 'Chequers.' To the latter opinion public sentiment inclined, when a mounted groom, 'spurring in fiery haste,' issued from the park-gates, and at a long trot rattled down the street, and brought every villager to door and window. In a few minutes the embassy on which the horseman had been dispatched was unanimously decided,—he was the bearer of the olive-branch,—Miss Emily would be forgiven,—and the haughty lady of the Priory and the bold dragoon would smoke the pipe of peace.

"Rustic sympathy ran strongly with the fugitives,—for the male offender was particularly handsome.

"'I would have taken him without a second shirt to his back,' said Susan Grey. 'Yesterday evening, as he passed the window, I was feeding the thrush. You know I always chirrup to him, and Tiny always kisses me. I wish I were a bird, he said; and gave me such a glance from the tail of his eye, that I could not sleep for thinking of it.'

"'I have heard sad stories about soldiers,' observed a second vil-

lage beauty, 'and that horsemen are the worst of all. Well, if all dragoons are like Madam Emily's sweetheart, God forbid that one of them should ask me to run away, for I 'm sure I couldn't have grace and prudence to say no.'

"The only dissentient was the miller's beetle-browed daughter; and nobody believed her when she declared 'she would not marry a dragoon, though his hair was strung with pearls.'

"For my own part, I had adopted the general opinion, — and, fancying that on cool reflexion the violence of her conduct in the morning had struck the lady with remorse, and that kindlier feelings had for once obtained the mastery over pride, and nature and maternal love had risen triumphant. In this belief, I received an order from the Priory to attend the dame, and I immediately obeyed it.

"It was dusk. I was conducted to the same apartment where the morning scene had been enacted, and found the lady of the mansion reposing in an easy chair. As usual, she motioned me to be seated.

"'I have sent for you to prescribe for me. You, who were a witness of what has so recently occurred in this chamber, can imagine that were mine nerves of iron, enough has been done to shake them. Well, no doubt, this pleasant affair is bruited far and near, — and every boor is discussing the disgrace of the house of Hunsgate?'

"'Certainly, madam; this unexpected occurrence has engrossed general attention.'

"'And, how was it received?' she replied, in a tone in which rage and sarcasm were united. 'The men gaped, I suppose, and the women tittered.'

"'Oh, no, my lady. The morning's report occasioned surprise and sorrow, as the evening's gave universal satisfaction.'

"'The evening's?' she returned sharply. 'Explain yourself.'

"'The despatch of the courier to—'

"I paused,—felt alarmed,—probably I had committed myself,—and, like every frightened orator, stopped short in the middle of a sentence.

"'What does the man mean? My despatch of a courier give satisfaction! What pleasure could that give the boors? or how could they guess aught regarding the business upon which my messenger was charged?'

"'Nothing, lady, but by conjecture. They knew the extent to which a mother's love will reach,—and, from your affection for Miss Emily, they concluded that you had dispatched a messenger to—'

"I made another stop; while the lady, with a choking voice, muttered, 'Go on, man!'

"'—To bear pardon to an erring child, and command the fugitive's return,' I managed to gulp out; and it had been better had I kept silent, it appeared afterwards.

"'Villain! dolt! earthworm!' she exclaimed as we both started from our chairs, — I, in desperate fear, and she, in a towering passion,—'Have you come hither to insult me?'

"I stammered a strong disclaimer of any such intention.

"'Pardon to the viper I have cherished, and a gracious invitation to an Irish adventurer, who robbed me of my child, to return direct, and add to the obligation he had conferred, by taking possession of what he duped his victim for,—her fortune,—ha! ha!' and the laugh made me shudder,—it was a demon's. 'And, did these stupid

dolts dare even to think me the drivelling fool you have described? —imagine that I would bear insult and disgrace, and not resent it? — suppose that I would be made the mark for idle gossip, — God's life!' and her excitement increased, 'I can fancy my wretched disappointment forming the subject of discussion in every alehouse within twenty miles, over spilt beer and broken tobacco-pipes,— 'The proud dame, forsooth, would mate her daughter with nothing beneath an earldom; but Missy would not heed Mamma, and married the lad she fancied,' and every hob-nailed clown, and blowsy dairy-maid will applaud the young lady's spirit to the skies. And have I lived to undergo such degradation!'

"The lady commenced her rejoinder to my unfortunate remark in anger,—broke into sarcasm as she proceeded,—but the last sentence was delivered in a subdued and heart-broken tone of voice, and she sank down into the chair, while a half-suppressed sob betrayed the tempest that was raging in her bosom.

"I am not what is termed a man of the world. I thought the mother's love had overcome the woman's pride,—and I ventured to make a respectful appeal in favour of the fair fugitive. Not one latent spark of maternal affection could be rekindled; and a breast, colder than marble, refused any response to the call of Nature. She answered not in anger; but there was a terrible calmness in tone and language, which told that every hope of moving her to pity and forgiveness was over.

"'I have listened to you,' she commenced; 'and when you have learned the art of bending the oak, and softening adamant, then mention the outcast's name to me,—but not till then. My purpose is firm; and, short as the time has been, my plans are matured. I rarely acquaint strangers with what I have done, or intend to do; but on this occasion I shall make a departure from my general rule. Attend, while I tell you how an insulted mother will mark the extent of displeasure which a rebellious daughter has excited.'

"I bowed; thanked her for the confidence she was about to repose in me, and assured her of my discretion.

"The lady burst into a derisive laugh.

"'Confidence!' she exclaimed. 'Doctor, you overshoot the mark. Were there a particle in what I am about to communicate that required concealment, believe me it never should have passed my lips. No — no — no — the greatest favour you can confer, is to give it all publicity. Tell it in Gath,—publish it in Ascalon,—and when the tongue of rumour bruits abroad how the proud lady of Hunsgate was thwarted and contemned, let every clodpole also know the penalty a daughter's disobedience carried with it. Ring,—I want wine.'

"I rose, and obeyed. A footman brought it, — placed it on the table,—I handed the lady a glass of sherry,—and with amazing composure, she thus proceeded.

"'The groom who left the Priory to-day has occasioned a marvellous sensation, and the village loggerheads have divined the object of this secret mission. Poor stupid souls! never did arrow glance wider from the mark than their conclusion. 'Twere pity, too, to let them burst in ignorance; and you, doctor, take special care to set them right. So far from despatching any commands after the lady and gentleman who took their final departure this morning from the Priory, I solemnly assure you that I never inquired whether the

point they headed lay landward or seaward, — east, west, or north; ay, and even, for aught I know or care, they may be now most respectably lodged in the 'Chequers.' No, doctor, my courier proceeded elsewhere. He is gone to summon the only male heir of this old house—Reginald Hunsgate.'

"'Know you this person, lady?'

"'Personally, but slightly. I saw him once; and his appearance was so unfavourable that we never, at my command, had a second interview.'

"'I do not allude to face or figure. My inquiry was regarding character.'

"'And my reply is plain,—I believe it at best to be indifferent.'

"'May I, without offence, ask the object of the summons?'

"'It is plainly asked, and shall be as plainly answered. The Hunsgate estates are, as it is asserted, in strict entail on the immediate heir, male or female; but, over my own fortune, and everything which can be alienated by law, my late husband left me absolute control. It is true, that to her who has disgraced me, this house, and the family estates, of necessity must descend. Mark how they shall pass to that adventurer and his dupe. I have money in the funds. That, had I not another object to devote it to, should go to redeem the nation's debt, or found an alm's-house. Over all within this house I have supreme authority. When my successor enters, she will not find a bed on which to repose, or the smallest article, — no, not a salt-spoon. Every tree, even to a sapling, shall feel the axe. Those pictures shall be stripped from walls on which they have hung for centuries. I will have the game shot down by everybody who can point a gun; and when they become so scarce that nobody will seek them, like vermin, I will offer a premium for their destruction. No four-footed thing shall be found on the broad lands of Hunsgate; for, by heaven! if I can effect it, I'll eradicate the last rabbit, and send away the house-cat.'

"'But, honoured madam,' I ventured to inquire, 'what has this to do with your summons to Mr. Reginald Hunsgate?'

"'Ah! there lies the whole. More than a doubt exists touching his legitimacy. I will countenance him as heir-presumptive, — acknowledge kindred, — obtain him a position while I live, — and leave him fifty thousand pounds to sustain it — when I die. *She, too,* may die.'

"I must remark that Mrs. Hunsgate avoided a more direct designation of her daughter. *Emily* had an association of affection,— *Miss Hunsgate* would have been a misnomer, — and to apply a matronly appellative would have been fatal to her pride.

"I cannot boast my courage to be Irish; but, whether the sherry, which the lady had more than once directed me to consume, had screwed it to the sticking-point, certainly I exhibited a firmness I never in her dreaded presence had felt before.

"'You speak of natural demise. Forgive me, madam,—in ordinary course, your's will precede your daughter's. You have power, you say, to waste the property, but not to alienate it. What satisfaction would it be to rob this park of trees the growth of centuries?'

"'There was a time, doctor,' she returned, 'when, if a man offered me a purse of gold, and required a tree to be felled in return, I should have ejected him from the domain. Now, my only object for

living is to bar the advantages of inheritance,—alienate all I can,—and leave a knavish lawyer tangible grounds for endless litigation, and abundant wealth to secure misery for years to my successors. But, enough; you know my intention. I need sleep, if I could but obtain it. Send me your potion soon; let it be powerful;—and now, good-night!'

"She rose. I felt still inclined to plead in favour of the discarded one. A look read my purpose, and a wave of the lady's hand silenced the appeal. I returned to this sanctum, where we sit, to 'medicine to a mind diseased,' and drug to stupefaction a tortured mind, that sleep refused to visit.

"The implacable disposition of Mrs. Hunsgate towards her imprudent daughter rapidly transpired. All, even though they condemned filial disobedience strongly, felt sympathy for the fair offender. But, beyond the wish to effect a reconciliation, none possessed the power,—for the habits of the proud and reserved lady of the Priory had isolated her from society, and there was not a living being who would have dared to remonstrate with her, or even have attempted to reason. Yes, there was one exception,—and he was the village curate. Like Goldsmith's beautiful impersonation of simplicity in worldly matters, and that charity of religion which extends forgiveness to the whole family of man,—which seeks some plea for extenuation,

'And half forgets their vices in their woe,'

Mr. Page, in the marriage of Miss Hunsgate saw nothing beyond the offending of an imprudent girl, and, strong in the integrity of intention, in a few days after her departure, he visited the Priory, and asked and received an audience. Whether his remonstrance might have been too stringent, or his 'zeal not according to discretion,' Mrs. Hunsgate rudely terminated the interview,—ordered the family pew to be locked,—and from that hour never crossed the threshold of the house of God!'

"On the second evening a post-chaise drove through the village, entered the park-gates, and conveyed to a dwelling from which through life he had been excluded as unworthy the present lord of Holmesdale. He was then a man of thirty,—possessed some talent, much art, and a restless anxiety for acquirement. His profession—that of an attorney—presented many prospects of aggrandisement; but, as they generally were approachable only by sinuous and unclean paths, the adventurer lost himself in the attempt to reach the goal, and loss of character and property resulted. No client ever parted in amity with Reginald Hunsgate,—many a widow dated penury in declining years to the hour when she listened to his insidious counsels,—and the small inheritance of orphaned children was wasted in idle litigation, or involved in complicated difficulties, which time itself could not afterwards remove. In a word, Reginald Hunsgate was that greatest nuisance inflicted on society—a lawyer, shrewd, intelligent, and enterprising, with ability to make him dangerous, and principle that stopped at nothing. And yet his unholy operations were unsuccessful; for, though he ruined fools by the hundred, he was himself a pauper.

"Such was the evil adviser that Mrs. Hunsgate called to her

counsels,—and over a mind weakened by its own violence, he rapidly obtained a thorough mastership. Every one may be led—and when one will require a hempen rope, another may be conducted where you please by a thread of worsted. Reginald Hunsgate was the person best calculated to enthral a victim like her who had delivered herself into his hands. He spoke to her passions—bowed to her caprice—extinguished every spark of natural affection that at times, 'though few and far between,' might occasionally scintillate,—pandered to her pride, and demonized the woman!

"The evening wanes, and I must hurry on," said the doctor, as he once more dipped into the pleasant composition at his elbow,—"and I shall give you all that I know of subsequent occurrences, and leave you to draw conclusions. Step by step,—and by a course of action stealthily but artfully arranged,—the present lord of Hunsgate Priory established himself in a position at which the most vaulting flight of his ambition had never dared to dream. Gradually his influence was evidenced by acts. One by one the old servants of the family were discarded,—age, in one forming the pretext,—in others, some slight misconduct,—but all was done by the direct order of the lady. Within three months the land agency was transferred from one who had served the Hunsgates for forty years, to Reginald, who virtually became lord of Holmesdale.

"Soon after this period—six weeks perhaps—he suddenly departed, and what his mission was, none save the lady and himself could venture to conjecture. When he returned—another three months had elapsed—and it was formally announced that the ill-fated heiress had died in giving birth to a still-born child. All connected with Hunsgate Priory, save the lady, went into deep mourning. Much as popular feeling against the haughty dame had been excited, the marked animosity that followed the victim beyond the grave was reprobated, nay, execrated. The church-bells were tolled incessantly, and the death-notes which told a daughter's premature demise, smote the ear of her guilty and unforgiving parent, as, at minute-time, the iron bar which had gaily heralded her birth, fell with unusual heaviness on the same metal, whose lugubrious tones now announced her untimely departure.

"Death knocks at every door. For a year I had been estranged from the Priory, but before the servants had laid aside their funeral garments for a daughter, they were resumed for an unforgiving parent. Mrs. Hunsgate died—and from the hour when she evicted her only child, it was said by those around her that she never smiled. This I can well imagine. I was called on in her last extremity—and may I never again witness a death-bed such as her's.

"She was in extremity—as the old doctors call it—when I arrived, but she knew me at once, and expressed satisfaction at the promptness with which I had obeyed the summons. I found her literally heart-broken. Like an over-strained bow-string, her nerves had been over-pressed until the tension was too powerful. Prostrate in spirit as in strength, there lay the once proud lady—not awaiting the dreaded event with patient resignation, but fearfully solicitous to know how long death by medical means could be delayed. Mr. Hunsgate attended me to the chamber of the dying woman, but immediately, at her earnest request, he left it, accompanied by the nurse, leaving the patient and myself alone.

"'Doctor,' she said with a shudder, 'is it painful—very painful—to die?'

"'Much depends, lady, on the character of the disease,—but more, I should say, on the frame of mind in which the parting trial is encountered.'

"'Then mine will be horrible,' she replied. 'What thoughts must rend the bosom of that guilty mother, who drove a thoughtless daughter from her father's hall, to perish in her hour of travail among strangers? and when the spirit's parting, how can I solicit pardon from my God, who refused forgiveness to an erring child, and launched a malediction on her head, when every better feeling of the heart should have prompted me to bridle my infernal pride, and take the dear offender to my heart?'

"'Alas! dear lady, regret is unavailing now. Forget the past—forget the present—and think only on what must come.'

"'Ah! 'tis that future, doctor, that is fearful. Agony is in the very word. That future—that future—ay, there's the rub indeed.' She paused exhausted.

"'One—one question—doctor,—I tremble as I ask it. How long—probably—possibly—may I live?'

"At the moment when the painful interrogatory was put, I had felt her pulse, and found it already intermitting. The tenement of clay was tottering,—and Mrs. Hunsgate, in eight and forty hours would be numbered with those who had been. I broke the truth as gently as I could—for, from the feeble state of mind and body, I dreaded that my answer would have proved fatal, but singular to say, the fearful disclosure roused a spark of former spirit, and, although it was but the expiring scintillation of the lamp of life, still it feebly sparkled.

"'The interval between time and eternity, indeed, is brief, and it must be employed to advantage. Are we alone? None to overhear us, doctor?'

"I satisfied her that I was the only person in the chamber save herself.

"'Doctor, attend,—I have neither wish nor strength to enter into particulars, but I will compress what I want to disclose into a few sentences. I have strong reasons for suspecting that the report of the death of Emily's child was untrue, and I fear that Reginald Hunsgate but partially executed the business I entrusted to him. Trifles lead to convictions, and mine are fixed. Hunsgate is a worldling,—a sordid, grasping, unprincipled adventurer. A sick-room teaches wisdom, and mine has told me, that I trusted unwisely to a man, affairs totally opposed to his own self-interest. In the frenzy of disappointment—I think my reason wandered—I executed a rash will—but beneath my pillow there is a testamentary document which will neutralize the mischief, and revoke a wild and iniquitous disposition of my fortune. Pray, attend me in two hours, and bring the worthy man whom I so wantonly insulted, when, like a true servant of his master, he strove to bend this wayward spirit, and humble my haughty heart. Come to me soon, and let me have that meek christian with you at my bed-side. I will at least repair an act of injustice and revenge, by seeking out an orphan I suspect still living, and bequeathing fortune and forgiveness to the husband of her, whom, conscience whispers, I murdered with a curse.'

"While my head was stooped to catch every syllable the unhappy victim of ruthless pride had uttered, I had not overheard the chamber door softly open, nor observed that Mr. Hunsgate was standing in the door-way, listening with deep attention to every word that fell from the lips of the dying penitent. 'Go,' she continued, 'return with the worthy curate, and then an act of tardy retribution to the living shall be followed by a sinner's almost despairing attempt to remove the load of remorse that presses heavily on her soul, while the few moments allotted to her are hastening to a close. Send me the nurse; I will try and obtain a hurried slumber.'

"I rose—left the room—Mr. Hunsgate remained—and I desired the nurse to attend her feeble patient.

"Considerably within the time appointed by the sick lady, I returned to the Priory, accompanied by the village curate. When I had named forty-eight hours as the probable extent during which her sufferings might continue, I was perfectly aware that even for days longer, nature could struggle on, and had no reason whatever to apprehend an immediate dissolution. Judge then my horror and surprise when, on repairing to the sick-chamber, I found the patient speechless, and in the arms of death. She writhed in mortal agony,—made abortive attempts to articulate,—sunk into total insensibility,—and was a corpse within five minutes!

"'Ha!'—I exclaimed—'what means this? Raise her head,—there is something of importance beneath the pillow,—a will,—quick,—haste.'

"It was done. Not a document of any kind was there!

"Dark suspicions crossed my mind. I examined the body, then looked at the phials on the table, and afterwards interrogated the nurse. One of the remedies to alleviate pain, prescribed by her medical adviser for the departed lady, was a few drops of a most powerful narcotic, largely diluted in water. I found a wine-glass which had been recently used, and at the bottom there remained several drops of the acid, undiluted, and in its fullest strength. I questioned the nurse. She assured me that the glass had been unstained, and the small phial half filled with the drug, when she had been ordered by Mrs. Hunsgate to leave the chamber. The bottle was instantly examined—its contents were gone!

"The demise of the lady of Holmesdale was instantly made known over the Priory; and, while the nurse and I were still expressing astonishment at an occurrence which neither of us could understand, the new lord of the manor hastily came in. His eyes were bloodshot,—his cheeks ghastly pale,—his lips quivered as he spoke,—and never was horror marked upon a human countenance more legibly.

"'Good God!' he faltered out, 'how sudden!'

"'Sudden indeed!' was my cold reply.

"'I was quite unprepared for a termination so unexpected.'

"'And I confess that it equally surprises me. You overheard the deceased lady,' I said, turning to Mr. Hunsgate, 'mention that a will or testamentary paper was placed beneath her pillow, and also express a wish that its intents should be strictly carried out, fully and immediately.'

"The remark was suddenly made; and I saw that it increased the previous confusion of the person it was addressed to.

"'A will!' he said, after a moment's hesitation. 'Oh! yes; there

is a will in the possession of Mr. Pliant, the solicitor. I think it was executed last year.'

"'I do not allude to that,' I returned. 'The lady distinctly stated that a will, or document to that effect, would be found beneath her pillow. *You* must have overheard her say so?'

"Mr. Hunsgate shook his head.

"'I did not. But, let us at once seek it. I have no doubt it will be found where you describe it to be. Need I add, that its provisions and intents shall be most faithfully carried into execution. It is a weakness; but, though of course prepared for this distressing trial, I cannot without more emotion than I should wish to be generally observed, remain in an apartment that forces visible evidence upon me that my loved relative and benefactress is no more. Seek out this paper; and then I shall be most anxious that it shall be opened in the presence of this reverend gentleman, and its intents communicated to us by yourself. You will find me in the library.'

"To him from whom no secrets are hid the truth is only known. That a document such as Mrs. Hunsgate described was deposited where she told me it would be found, I believe firmly, as the holy truths a Christian man relies upon. It was gone. Whose was the hand that abstracted it? The lady's death might have arisen from natural causes; but, why was there undiluted morphine in the glass, and what became of the poisonous narcotic in the phial?"

"It is a case full of suspicion," observed the young Irishman.

"What would you infer from the whole, my friend?" and the doctor looked cautiously around, to see that his sanctum, as he termed it, was "sealed hermetically."

Brian, like his countrymen generally, was not a person who stopped to pick and choose his words.

"I would plainly conclude that Mr. Hunsgate did not wish for the production of the stolen document, nor for the disclosures the dying lady intended to make in the presence of yourself and the clergyman; that he drugged the person whom he feared, abstracted the paper, and committed it to the fire."

"May heaven pardon me if I judge that man uncharitably!—my conviction is the same. But I must hurry my story to a close," and the doctor thus proceeded:—

"The lady's death was the signal for the discharge of any of the old retainers of the Hunsgate family who had not been already discarded in her life-time; strangers took their places,—and the great object of the present lord of Holmesdale appeared to be the entire severance of all connexion between his gloomy mansion and all without its walls. His absences from the Priory were frequent; but, as he held no friendly intercourse with the surrounding gentry, nor kept up a landlord's relations with the tenantry, none knew nor cared for his outgoings or his incomings, nor was it a matter of the slightest moment in the village whether he were present or at a distance. Ten years passed, and but one event of any public interest occurred—the marriage of Mr. Hunsgate.

"For a considerable time, it had been whispered, that the lord of the Priory was anxious to form a matrimonial alliance, and transmit the inheritance of Holmesdale to posterity, and through issue of his own; and there is no doubt, that advances, on his part, were made to more than one aristocratic family. The omnipotence

of wealth is generally acknowledged, and it is said that a rich man rarely sues in vain; but in this case that rule had exceptions. By one proud house, the opening overture of the aspirant for the hand of a fair daughter, was insultingly rejected—and a second attempt upon another was equally unsuccessful. The parents lent a favourable ear, but the lady was inexorable. At last, Mr. Hunsgate's course of love ran smooth, and he wedded the niece of a retired general whom he met at Bath. In making an election of a wife, the lord of Holmesdale did not exercise his customary discretion. He was forty, and she scarcely seventeen—and as rumour went abroad, her affections were already bestowed upon another, whose age and habits were more germane to her own. She was unportioned—a mere dependent—and, as it was said, her poverty and not her will consented. The marriage was duly chronicled in the newspapers, and the happy pair (?) made a tour to the lakes, and a visit to the metropolis; and after a couple of months took up their residence at the Priory. An abortive attempt by beer and bonfires was made to get up a demonstration of public joy at the event—but it was a sad failure, and never was a lady of Holmesdale manor so coldly welcomed. With the gentry, the bride's reception was still less flattering; for, immediately before his marriage, Reginald had endeavoured to introduce himself into the representation of the county—intrigued with both parties—deceived both—was detected and unmasked—both coalesced to keep out the *parvenu*—and, from exposed duplicity, he lost county and *caste* for ever. At the assize-ball, whither he repaired with his bride, he met with absolute incivility, and his lady made the unpleasant discovery that if she had attained wealth by her heartless alliance, deference was refused her. From this time Mr. Hunsgate abandoned all efforts to obtain that standing among the aristocracy to which fortune and lineage had unquestionably entitled him; and, retiring from the world, he buried himself and his pretty wife in the deepest seclusion.

"Another serious disappointment was attendant on this unlucky union. A year elapsed, and no promise of an heir was given. Whispers went abroad that Mr. Hunsgate's chagrin was not concealed, and that the lady, with more candour than discretion, in turn, expressed herself as being far from satisfied with the capital prize she had drawn in the lottery of Hymen. Another year wore away; matters did not improve—as far as the succession to the honours and estates of Hunsgate was concerned, hope remained deferred, and connubial differences had rather increased than diminished.

"Such was the state in which rumour reported the Priory and its occupants to stand, when Mr. Hunsgate left the park, and as it was said, very unexpectedly, and at a moment's notice. From the gloominess of his manners, and the impenetrability of his character, none knew either the causes of his departure nor the duration of his stay. On these points, his lady was thoroughly indifferent—and it was suspected that so far from grieving for an absent lord, she felt the separation a relief.

"Since the death of Mrs. Hunsgate, I had been a total stranger to the Priory—and were professional assistance required, a distant practitioner was always called in. One evening I was returning from visiting a patient—and as the foot-path through the domain

shortened my walk by half a mile, I had taken it in preference to the road.

"Nearly in the centre of the park, and at a bend of the avenue from which the Priory was distinctly seen, I came suddenly upon a young man habited like a sailor. The meeting was unexpected on both sides. I started a pace back, and he appeared confused—but in a moment, he recovered himself, and addressed me,—

"'It is a fine evening, sir.'

"'I made a common-place reply.'

"'Can you inform me whether Mr. Hunsgate is at home?'

"'He is not—and I believe his return is uncertain.'

"'Did his lady accompany him?' pursued the sailor.

"'No—she is at present at the Priory.'

"The stranger bowed—bade me a polite 'good evening'—took an opposite path—and I hurried to my domicile.

"That evening I saw him at the 'Chequers.' He was not more than twenty-five—handsome, and much more polished in his language and address than sailors generally are found to be. Though his clothing was rough, I remarked that his shirt was fine, and that his hands were particularly white. In any place but a country village, he could not have escaped detection for a day—but in our simple hamlet, a sailor was supposed to be correctly represented by the young gentleman whose likeness topped the ballad of Black-eyed Susan, and consequently, the bold tar excited much admiration and no suspicion.

"A week had nearly passed, and it was announced that the next day Mr. Hunsgate's return was expected—and that evening I was—as was my custom—at the 'Chequers.' The usual company occupied the parlour, but the handsome mariner was missing. His absence caused a quiet smile. No doubt he had established some sly flirtation, but the general question asked was—'What the devil had brought him here? Holmesdale might furnish food for powder in the shape of soldiers, but there was not in the whole village a man who knew an oar from an anchor.

"It is marvellous how time removes uncertainties—and ere a pipe was lighted at the 'Chequers' the following evening, the sailor's business at Holmesdale was ascertained. Mr. Hunsgate returned early in the——Why—what the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed the interrupted practitioner, as he turned a wrathful eye on the lady with the clocked stocking, who had invaded the sanctum without even knocking at the door.

"Oh, sir," returned the offender, "the miller's in a fit—"

"Of drunkenness, I suppose. Well, prop his head high, and don't let him smother."

"Oh, worse far,—but the schoolmaster will tell you all;" and a functionary in dingy black announced from the door, that the miller, in his opinion, was not drunk, but dying.

"My coat and hat, Susan. Apoplexy, no doubt. A full man who takes much ale and no physic. Come, my young friend here, in the morning, and I'll tell you the remainder. Shade of Hippocrates! that a country practitioner can't bring his tumbler or his story to a close, without being dragged from his sanctum by a miller in a fit of apoplexy!"

And in admirable disorder the *symposium* terminated.

VISIONS OF NATURE.

A POEM.

BY HENRY L. WATTS.

I HAD a dream,—whose brief but bright existence
Took from this form of clay those bonds, the while
That to its native sphere before confined it:
A superhuman essence substituting,
Whereby the body with the mind became
A sharer in its powers and enjoyments,
Its close companion in each daring flight,
On Fancy's wing, exploring other worlds,
As yet, by man, untrod,—from human ken conceal'd.
In figure, of colossal size and height,
Which with the mind's expansive growth
Proportionately increased,
I stood a living and stupendous statue,
This globe of earth, my pedestal,
Whose area, stooping to survey,
As like a map, it lay outspread beneath me,
Struck with the wondrous beauty of the whole,
I, upward turned a momentary gaze
As asking whence its origin:
At whose behest, and for what purpose form'd:
When first the goodly structure was begun,
And when its end shall be?
Here, as I stood, in meditation wrapt,
Resolving, or attempting to resolve
These propositions, mystic, and abstruse,
Methought a voice within me, thus replied:
"All which now thou behold'st, is but a part—
A part diminutive, of that immense
And boundless panorama, where myriads of suns
Their places hold, and countless worlds
Their silent tracks pursue.
And that fair orb, whereon thou standest,
Great and majestic as it seems to thee,
Is with the universe itself, in just comparison,
A mere speck: or as a mote that plays
In the bright beams of yonder sun, is held
In estimation with the Earth itself.
Thou dost demand acquaintance with the *cause*
Of all these vast and bright existences,
To what end or aim they were constructed,
And when they into *Nothing* shall dissolve.
Call to thine aid th' experience of the past;
Contemplate Earth's mutations, and the laws
By which all Nature 's guided and control'd:
Know that each part thereof 's replete with life,
And though 'tis ever changing, never dies:
That thou thyself of Earth art part and issue,
And with it hold'st contemporary being:
That with it, too, thou'rt indestructible,
From it inseparable;—like it, without end.
The powers, properties, and principles of action,
Life, soul, mind, spirit, constituting,
Are,—of certain material combinations,
And operations, chemical and electrical,
The necessary and natural results.*
Diffusions and alliances, they are,
Of that great Spirit, that one common soul,
Which fills all space, and in each atom lives,
Whereof it is the property inherent,
And with it co-existent and eternal."†

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* "The mutual action between the elements of the food, and the oxygen conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the body, is the source of animal heat.

"Physiology has sufficient grounds for the opinion that every motion, every manifestation of force, is the result of a transformation of the structure, or of its substance; that *every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids; that every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain.*"

LIEBIG'S *Animal Chemistry.*

† "There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God."—COWPER.

"Principio cœlum, ac terras, camposque liquentes.
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra,

Further response than this, received I none,
Nor sought; but downward turn'd mine eye
In act resumptive of the mighty task
I had before, with bold delight begun.
The world, in all its wide reality,
And majesty of loveliness,
Lay stretched to view beneath me.
All that the mind hath e'er conceived
Of beauty and magnificence,
Was far surpassed by what I now beheld.
Oceans and islands, continents and lakes,
Rivers and foaming cataracts,
And mountains, rearing high their snow-crown'd heads,
Above the fleecy clouds. All were conjoin'd
In one harmonious variety
Of color, light, and shade. My vision's range
Comprised all of the scene, that occupies the space,
Which by the frigid and the torrid zone, lies bounded.
Here Summer, shining, sat enthroned, and held
An undisputed and despotic sway:
There Winter, in its icy halls appear'd,
Reigning in undivided sov'reignty:
While ev'ry region intervening, show'd,
To both contending powers, changing submission.
I, now, the angle of my sight,
By slow degrees, made more acute,
Until it fix'd, and form'd its base,
On the broad bosom of the wild Atlantic;
Which then, like some high-mettled steed provoked,
Rear'd, fretted, chafed, and foam'd,
Beneath the fury of a risen storm.
Its waves were lashing the surrounding shores,
In wrathful, proud defiance,
While distant thence, and wide dispers'd, were seen
Tall ships, in rapid alternation hurl'd,
Now high in air, and now again seem'd lost,
In the deep furrows of the raging sea,
Which thus on every side, terrific yawn'd,
And threaten'd to o'erwhelm them.
One, there appear'd, far sever'd from the rest;
Of greater, but unwieldly size and length,
That long did struggle with the wind and main;
But its huge bulk, its own destruction wrought;
For oft, while pois'd on two succeeding waves,
Its centre, thus becoming unsustain'd;
Beneath its own oppressive weight, it bent:
Its timbers sever'd, and it roll'd a wreck.
I saw, while through its riven sides
The waters rush'd impetuous on their prey,
The hapless crew, in frenzied horror stand,
Thronging its shatter'd and dismantled deck:
Many there were, who vainly, madly clung,
In the last agonies of wild despair,
E'en to each other: while some more brave,
With folded arms, were calmly waiting
Their dire, inevitable fate.
And now, no longer guided by its helm
The ship was sidelong o'er the billows driven:
It sank, while louder than the tempest's roar
Arose the death-shriek of the drowning crew:
The sea roll'd o'er them wildly as before,
Nor trace, nor relic, on its surface bore,
To tell where once they'd been.
Here, as I still, with fix'd concentred gaze,
Mark'd the continued elemental strife,
I thought, how sunk in insignificance!

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."
Æneidos Virgilii, lib. 6. l. 727 *et seq.*

Thus translated by Dryden:—

Know first that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights; one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole:
This active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass:
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main;
The ethereal vigour is in all the same,
And every soul is filled with equal flame."

How vain the boasted power of man!
With Ocean's might, indomitable, compared.
He may divert the river from its course,
Or stretch the mountain level with the plain;
But the great Deep his art and strength defies;
It will roll on, as it hath ever roll'd,
In its own might and freedom, unrestrain'd.
I turn'd, and look'd upon another scene,
Possessing features more diversified,
Which, at a mellowing distance view'd,
Would have appear'd to ordinary sight,
A scene where Peace and Harmony had fix'd
Their blest abodes, and held perpetual reign.
It was a bright and insulated spot,
Rising conspicuous 'mid the wat'ry waste;
Whose rock-bound coasts, in lofty grandeur, seem'd
To smile defiance to surrounding lands.
Its surface was a picture, upon which
The wearied eye could rest, and find relief;
And for the wanderer in many climes,
However distant thence, his native soil,
It look'd a place, wherein his world-tir'd soul
Might gain repose, and find at length a home.
Its hills and vales, with richest verdure clad,—
In pleasing undulations, met my sight,
While stately rivers, with meand'ring flow,
And silv'ry brightness, on their bosoms bore
The freighted barks of ev'ry foreign port.
Cities and towns, as various in extent
As in their number vast, were there diffus'd:
And calmly seated 'midst embow'ring woods,
By ancient halls and noble mansions graced,
Many a village intervening smiled.
All these, though voiceless in themselves, proclaim'd,
That here, a portion of the human race,
The most refined, their habitation held:
And as I o'er the entire prospect gazed,
Its beauty and fertility remark'd,
I thus, within myself, held brief commune:
"If, in its truest, most extensive sense,
Happiness be attainable to man,
(And that it is,—by Reason is affirm'd)
The Earth itself doth bounteously promote
Fulfilment perfect, of such wish'd-for aim.
Here then, in this fair isle, wherein is found,
In rich profusion, all that life can ask,
And where too, Science, from exhaustless stores,
Dispenses wide her blessings, and illumes
Th' inquiring mind with light of Nature's truths,
Methinks he should a large amount possess,
And on such point I would assurance gain."
I therefore bent with scrutinizing eye
To take of human character and life
An undisguis'd and unobstructed view.
A city lay extended at my feet,
Which, with the rest, contrastingly beheld,
Like to the huge leviathan it seemed,
With other creatures of the deep compared.
'T was night! and from its streets and busy marts,
A glare of light shot upward through the mist,
Which hung suspended o'er it like a pall;
While sounds of voices multitudinous,
The whirl and din of action and commotion,
In one loud universal hum were blended.
I now began to exercise the power,
Like that which, erst, Le Sage's demon* own'd,
Uplifting roofs; exhibiting unmask'd,
Men's moral features, and their inmost thoughts,
To mental vision; as, to outward sense
Their passing deeds were made perceptible.
A stately and magnificent abode,
That from all others at proud distance stood,
Became the first thus open'd to my gaze.
Its spacious halls with lofty mirrors gleam'd,
Reflecting back a gem-bespangled throng,
Form'd of the rich and titled of the land.
While Beauty's self, personified, was seen
In many a young and female form, that mov'd
In all the added grace and loveliness
That could by Art to Nature be supplied.
One, I beheld, on whose unwrinkled brow,
"The round and top of sov'reignty" appear'd,
Who look'd, as doth the sun, a central orb,
Round which the rest, as lesser orbs, revolved:

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* Vide "Le Diable Boiteux," by Le Sage.

The monarch's splendour and her smiles the source
Whence their own lustre mainly was derived.
But not the pomp of Wealth, or pride of State,
Or glittering display of Rank, could hide
The strife of passions that within disturb'd
Those breasts, whereon the stars of title shone,
And bosoms fair with richest jewels deck'd.
High vaulting, proud Ambition, that would crush
Whate'er might prove avertive to its aim
At wider rule and self-aggrandizement,
And other furies—demons of the mind,
Envy and Hate and Jealousy were there,
Though cunningly conceal'd behind the masks
Of polish'd Guile and bland Hyrocrisy.
I mark'd the secret workings of Intrigue,
The winning words and looks of Flattery,
And much in divers hidden thoughts, that told
Of human frailty and corrupt desires.
And as I thence in pity turn'd my gaze,
Assured that neither Happiness nor Peace,
In gilded halls of Luxury and Pomp
Held an abiding place, the scene it changed.
I saw by blaze of many lights that hung
In clust'red beauty from the fretted roof
Of a richly-furnish'd and adorn'd saloon,
Men, whose attire and high deportment seem'd
To speak them wealthy and of noble rank;
Yet, one, I noted, who, though like the rest
Apparell'd proudly, still the impress bore
That far above his native sphere he moved.
But that, by help of Avarice and Fraud
Had climb'd the heights of Opulence, to hold
Association with the titled great,
Among whom, then, in presidential state,
He sat;—the pseudo-type of mild Benignity.
Before him lay a mass of coins of gold,
And piles of paper currency, which bore
A tenfold nominally greater worth,
So that he look'd like one of Plutus' race,
Holding on Earth a delegated power
From Pluto, sov'reign deity of Hell;
The scene itself, in which he thus appear'd,
Being of such ideal or fabled state,
A branch reflection or reality.
For there the worst of human passions lurk'd
In many, who like fiends, had thither lured
By varied guise and flatt'ring hopes of gain,
Those who in their vile practices unskill'd,
Would prove a certain and an easy prey.
I watch'd each wile, and sly insidious art,
By which th' unwary novice was enticed
To stake upon the hazard of a die,
By parts successive, his inheritance:
And mark'd each vain endeavour to conceal,
By outward show of gay indifference,
The fierce emotions which then raged within,
Of disappointment, hatred, and revenge.
The sparkling wine was now profusely pour'd,
And drank to quench the bosom's rising fire,
But false th' attempt, it raged and flamed the more,
And found its vent in threats and execrations,
Till strife and deadly challenge following,
I turn'd away disgusted from the scene:
It was indeed a counterpart of Hell.
'Twas then the dead of night, and Slumber reign'd
In dull and undisturb'd solemnity,
Save where the voice of some rude Bacchanal
In sounds discordant broke upon my ear,
The measur'd footsteps of the night patrol,
Or those of some poor houseless wanderer,
Seeking a shelter from the piercing blast,
The prospect would have otherwise appear'd
Like an immense illumin'd cemetry.
The very lights a lonely glimmer shed,
While ev'ry other lifeless object seem'd
With them the spirit of repose to share.
Death's shadow o'er the entire view was spread,
Join'd with the awful silence of the tomb.

* * * * * *

As here again I stoop'd with searching eye,
Eager my task still further to pursue,
I saw where yet a single taper's flame,
An upper chamber, modestly illum'd,
One, on whose pale and lofty brow was stamp'd,
The very index of a soul sublime.
High thoughts and noble aspirations beam'd
In the mild radiance of his heav'n-ward gaze,
Yet did his aspect deep-lined traces bear,
That, of the heart, a tale of sorrow told.

Much had he read, and much had also seen,
Of human life, its follies and its woes:
For he had dwelt and mingled with the crowd,
And in the world's great drama, he had ta'en
More an observer's than an actor's part.
With other men, no fellowship he held,
Neither was he, by principle, allied
To sect or party, but regarded all
With an impartial and an equal eye,
And view'd their various opposing creeds
As the delusive wisp-fires of the mind;
Mere exhalations from the marshy grounds
Of Superstition and of Ignorance.
His own opinions he had not withheld,
For he disdain'd concealment of the truth,
And therefore persecution had endured,
False accusation, injury, and wrong,
But still in conscious rectitude he smiled,
And from the world's assailments greater rose.
Death had divided him from all whose love
Cheer'd and sustain'd him in life's early morn,
And thus he stood, deserted and alone,
Ere, he, the noontide of his years had gain'd,
His own reflections, — the remaining source,
On which his happiness, dependent lived.
They were the dew-drops and the shower that fed
His lonely heart, forbidding it to droop
Amid the wilderness surrounding him.
He, in the paths of Science sought delight
And Nature's operations loved to trace,
Unrav'lling the mysteries that pertain'd
To human life, the mind and character.
On such pursuit, his high and daring soul
Was, at that hour, in firm devotion bent.

* * * * * *

Now, in more quick succession, other scenes
And other objects, my attention drew,
Scenes that night's darkness can alone call forth
From depths of other darkness more intense,
Where Vices of the lowest grade were seen,
And Villany in blackest features lurk'd,
The mean abodes of Poverty I saw,
Where, on its loathsome couch Disease was laid:—
Where Hunger pined, and Misery mourn'd and wept.
With these contrasted,—to my view appear'd
The costly furnish'd chambers of the great,
Who, in luxurious ease, on beds of down,
There, beneath richest canopies reposed.
Here did I pause awhile, to ascertain,
By reason and analysis, the cause
Wherefore these wide distinctions did exist,
Of rank—of worldly and of moral state,
Which, in my survey thus far, I'd perceived.
And when the goal of such a task I'd gain'd,
By tracing retroductive, link by link,
The complex chain of causes and effects,
And to my mental view, the source appear'd
Whereof I'd been in search, and therein saw
As 'twere the forms of Ignorance and Vice,
My dream, it changed. Through Æther's wide expanse,
With lightning-like rapidity I soar'd,
Until the Earth whereon I lately stood
Look'd in the distance like a floating speck,
While, what I thence, as stars far off, beheld,
Now, in successive order to my sight,
Were ever-moving and stupendous worlds:
And, as I onward in my flight was borne,
My will, alone, the pilot of my course,
Thus to myself inquiringly I said:
"Dwell there, in these bright orbs which late I've pass'd,
Beings, whose essence a resemblance owns
To that which Earth's inhabitants possess—
Are pain and sickness, poverty and want,
Disease and death, and sorrow, known to them?
Do they against each other ever raise
The hand of violence, and seek with blood
To glut their furious hatred and revenge?
Do thousands there with thousands ever meet,
In hostile preparation, to decide,
By slaughter indiscriminate, the fate
Of nations and of empires? or more oft,
To gratify some tyrant monarch's will,
His lust for vengeance or increase of power?
Have they Religion in its thousand forms,
And varied superstitious characters?
Have they their sacred altars and their priesthoods,
On which they offer, and for which they make,
Their rich oblations and their sacrifices?
Have they their Hades and their Paradise,

Their purgatorial regions, where
Departed souls are destined to endure
Penance and fiery torments, till the crimes
They, while abiding in the flesh, committed,
Are well repented of and burnt away?
Have they their Heaven of eternal bliss,
And Hell of endless suffering and woe?
And do they one another persecute
With bitter hate and open malediction,
While varying creeds embracing they pursue
Paths different, their hoped-for Heaven to gain,
And the dire tortures of their Hell to shun?
Doth Villany, in Friendship's garb disguised,
With eye and tongue of Flattery allure
And oft confiding Innocence betray?
Do Falsehood there and Knavery obtain
A more successful and a wider sway
Than that by Truth and Honesty possessed?
Is Folly there the guest of Fortune made,
And doth it in the lap of Luxury sit,
While Learning and Intelligence grow pale,
And make confin'd abode with Poverty?
Or are such evils in these worlds unknown?
Doth there perfection of all virtues dwell?
Do Love and Friendship suffer no decay,
And Joy and Peace and Happiness exist,
By Sorrow, Strife, and Misery unassail'd?
Do the inhabitants of these worlds enjoy
An immortality of life and beauty,
And in their nature and their social state
Is there that sweet unbroken harmony,
Which, the reflection and fulfilment, is
Of all that man's imagination hath
Of heavenly beatitude conceiv'd?"
As here I paus'd, designing to select
One, from among the number I had seen,
Where for my wearied spirit I might find
That rest for which so long I 'd vainly sought,
The Sun's broad disk not far above me shone,
In might and grandeur glorious and sublime,
By whose bright radiance dazzled, I awoke
To all the painful, sad realities
Of my own dull terrestrial existence.

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Though *I* am so well acquainted with the style of composition of the late George Colman, having enjoyed the happiness of an intimacy of nearly forty years, and in the course of that time printed the greater portion of his dramatic works; having also printed for the Haymarket Theatre during his proprietorship, approaching thirty years:—still, for your satisfaction, and, also for the satisfaction of your readers, I feel it but proper to state the cause which induced the writer of the subjoined letter to address my late father. Such explanation will, at all events, prove the genuineness of the communication.

About the year 1800–1, and 1802, the late Sir Richard Phillips, a bookseller in Fleet Street, projected, and published periodically, an octavo volume, entitled "*Public Characters.*" The plan of the work was to give a concise biography of eminent men then existing; and I must be allowed to observe that the speculative bookseller was not the *only* person who considered my deceased worthy parent entitled to such designation. Sir Richard Phillips made a very liberal offer to my father for *his* biography.

My father, however, though he felt complimented by Sir Richard's proposal, at once declined becoming the "*narrator of his own tale,*" but, on being pressed by the bookseller (who was aware that he associated with many of the leading characters of the day,) to assist him in the prosecution of his work, after naming several eminent men, whose

biographies would form a portion of the ensuing volumes, gave Mr. Woodfall an opportunity of selecting a few, among whom were the late George Colman, Lord Auckland, Mr. Wilberforce, &c.

My father having selected the persons I have mentioned, considered that the next step would be to acquaint the parties of the proposed arrangement, thereby affording them an opportunity of furnishing any anecdotes which they might wish introduced, and the letter which follows was one of the results.

I cannot, sir, close this communication without stating, that though I have read the document some years ago to two or three friends connected with the press, who were of opinion that it was a very interesting and valuable paper for publication, and strongly urged me to it, no consideration would have induced me to adopt such a proceeding while any of the parties named in it were living. The persons alluded to having now been some time defunct, I think the sooner the excellent, the truly philosophical observations of my departed friend are given to the public the better.

I am, sir, with respect, &c., yours,
Thomas Woodfall.

Colchester Terrace, Gloucester Parade, Old Brompton.
July 9, 1846.

Wednesday night, 22nd Sept. 1802.

My dear Woodfall,—My long, but hasty jumble of materials (sent by the coach to a friend in London, with a request to forward the packet to you *immediately*,) reached you, I trust, in the course of this day. You may be able, possibly, to extract something from the chaos. Your motives for becoming my biographer while I am in the land of the living, present a very graceful excuse for a practice which I cannot help thinking (in a general point of view) is indelicate and unfair. Not to mention the kind of half *Iricism* of writing a man's life before he is dead, or dying, there is a grossness and cruelty in publishing and canvassing his minute domestic transactions, in tearing open, as it were, the private books of his conduct, and bringing him to a premature reckoning before he has made up his accounts with the world, and death has struck the final balance in his *ledger*.

If a man be pleasing or offensive to society, society will court or avoid him; if he be serviceable to his country, or obnoxious to its laws, the country will reward him, or the laws will punish him.

In short, the world we live in has sufficient insight of the moral character of those who are alive in it; the statutes lay hold of the criminal; and national liberality generally bestows the meed due to merit. Why, therefore, but from a meddling coarseness, a secret malignity, or a fulsome spirit of flattery, pester the town with the private history of one who is walking about it? As to the *public* anecdotes of a living public man, these are, I allow, fair topics of daily animadversion; and the ephemeron author is as natural food for the ephemeron critic, as the fly is for the spider.

Now your answer to all this is obvious and kind: — "Custom has established this *biography by anticipation*; — if a friend does not give an account of you, an enemy or a bungler will, and therefore I write." —To this I have nothing to rejoin, but that I reprobate the *custom*, and most heartily and affectionately thank *you*.

I really feel that you are volunteering my cause from the purest motives; that you stand forward a stout biographical champion, prepared equally to shield me from detraction that might poison me, and adulation which would choke me. As an honest critic you will give your comments on my public writing; as an honest man you will state your thoughts of my private character; and as a *judge* (both of composition and character), should the case be doubtful, you will tell your readers, who compose an enormous *jury*, that they must incline to *mercy*. I should insult you, and disgrace myself, could I ask or expect more or less from you.

I send you a leaf from a magazine of the year 1789; which, by mere accident, I found in the country. I have *scored* part of it, and made a note in the margin. It will speak for itself.

As to JOHN TAYLOR's account of me in "The Monthly Mirror," (which I return with this letter,) it is a wretched and slovenly performance: but it affords me an opportunity of saying something.—"It is evident that our author has formed himself upon the model of the old dramatic writers, and particularly of Shakspeare. The plays to which we allude are, 'The Battle of Hexham,' 'Surrender of Calais,' 'Mountaineers,' 'Iron Chest,' &c. &c. &c."—*Vide Monthly Mirror.*

Again, "The time he must have devoted to the old dramatists, in order so deeply to have impressed his mind with their cast of thought, and mode of expression, as well as the time he must have employed in the composition of his various works," &c.—*Ditto.*

Once more "But it would be a fairer tribute to his genius, instead of estimating his works by labour and toil, to infer that he *writes* because he *thinks* like the venerable fathers of the British drama.—*Idem.*

Here is a parcel of nonsense, with an eulogistical tail-piece A bit of biographical dowlas, skirted with the satin of a toad-eater!

That I studied *laboriously* (even our old dramatists), the sketch I have already sent you will contradict; that I laboured my plays, those plays, alas! on the very face of them, will too fully deny: that I *think* like the old dramatists may be true *in one point;* for, I suppose they thought what language would best express their sentiments, and suit their subjects,—and so do I. The fact is, the plays above-mentioned have their scene of action in the *olden times.* On this account I *antiquated* my writing. There is a dramatic *costume* to be preserved, in some degree, in language, as in dresses; and when I wrote my "Battle of Hexham," &c., I considered it as absurd to make my characters speak in the phrase of this day, as to let them tread the stage in modern clothing. Shakspeare being the best example extant, I always turned to him as a model on those occasions; and this method I have pursued even in "Bluebeard" and "Feudal Times." But, for justice' sake do not hold me forth as an *imitator,*—even of Shakspeare. I had rather have my original sins on my own head. Let both friends and enemies laugh, and say they can find nothing like "the venerable fathers of the British drama" in "Two to One," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Poor Gentleman," "Sylvester Daggerwood," &c. &c. &c. Being a stage-hack, I have no style, and every style:—a Jack-of-all-trades, but master of none! Taylor talks about my preface to "The Iron Chest." I assure you that I think my complaints therein stated were justly founded; and I declare to you (now the storm is over) that I

writ them on the ground I then professed: to guard my own reputation as an author; as my future bread depended on maintaining it with the public. That I said more on this occasion than was necessary for establishing my purpose is very certain; but was it not, at the same time, very natural? I made the first movement towards reconciliation myself, by telling Kemble (above two years ago), in a short letter, that, notwithstanding all that had happened, I could not help recollecting the pleasant moments we once passed together, and begged we might be friends. He accepted my proposition in the most ready, manly, and kind manner; and surely none but the most injudicious biographer will interrupt our present harmony.

Taylor says that I have lumped all the criticisms together in my epilogue to "Ways and Means," and pelted them *all*. My preface, however, to that play discriminates between the worthy and unworthy.

I will now slightly mention a very delicate subject, and then conclude.

Mrs. C—— and I have long been mutual plagues. A year ago we determined to separate: the proposal came first from her, and I accepted it instantly. She wished afterwards to retract, but I would not. I have eight hundred pounds annually from the theatre, under a trust deed (that is *contingently*—if, after all yearly claims and debts upon the theatre are paid, such a surplus should remain from the profits). From this 800*l.* I have made over 300*l.* to her. That is, she receives three should there be *but* three. I am now endeavouring to arrange with my trustees, that I may give up *all* my salary to my creditors, bating the 300*l.* which I reserve for her. I can shift upon the little wit Providence has bestowed upon me. She has not this resource, and must be provided for. Should my fortunes ever meliorate it is my intention to increase her income. I cannot here help observing, that I scarcely ever heard of a matrimonial scheme, begun so early as mine, and clandestinely, which terminated well. This is a grating subject to me, and I wish to have done with it. The world at large has no concern in it; if it had, I would meet its question, and I trust I could find excuse, at least with men of candour and feeling. After all, however my errors, foibles, (or vices, if you please,) may be condemned *here*, I have an humble but steady hope, of finding pardon *hereafter*.

I am, my dear Woodfall, truly and affectionately yours,

G. Colman.

P.S. I fear this will not come to your hands till Friday. I am now hard at work upon a five-act comedy for Covent Garden, which I have pledged myself to deliver to Mr. Harris at Christmas.*

The following anecdote, which may not be considered irrelevant, has been supplied by the same source. In the year 1777 an extraordinary instance of friendship was evinced by the late William Woodfall towards the elder Colman. Mr. Colman had just parted with his share in Covent Garden Theatre, in consequence of having been engaged in a dispute for a considerable time with his partners. He had been in treaty with Foote, who he understood wished to dispose of the Hay-

* The Mrs. Colman alluded to in the latter part of the letter, was the sister of David Edward Morris, late proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre.

The five-act comedy also mentioned (perhaps the author's *chef-d'œuvre*,) was "John Bull; or, An Englishman's Fireside."—Editor.

market Theatre; other persons, who were aware of Foote's illness, were also anxious to obtain the property. Mr. Jewell, who died at a very advanced age, a short time since, was Foote's treasurer, and communicated his death to Mr. Woodfall soon after it took place, who, after he returned from the House of Commons, and had reported the debate, which related to the Proclamation issued by the Howes on their entrance into New York, having appeared in a newspaper though it had not been noticed in the *Gazette*, &c., ordered a chaise-and-four and started for Bath, where Mr. Colman had sojourned for some time for the benefit of his health. Between one and two o'clock in the morning Woodfall, accompanied by his brother-in-law, left London. They soon found Mr. Colman, and, after partaking of refreshment, they returned with him to town. On the London side of Marlborough they were stopped by two highwaymen. Mr. Colman had a very valuable watch, which Woodfall was aware of, as they had contemplated the probability of such a check to their expedition. When the time-keeper was demanded Woodfall, with great warmth of feeling, handing his own, desired the robbers to be contented and depart. They, however, remonstrated, and one of them peremptorily told him that he would blow his brains out if he was not quiet. The property was then delivered, and the plunderers made their escape.

About two years after the circumstance took place, the same men were taken for another highway robbery, tried, and condemned. On their trial the robbery they had previously committed was alluded to, in consequence of which Woodfall visited one of them in the condemned cell in Newgate. He asked the man if he recollected him, (it was a beautiful clear moonlight night when the affair took place,) and he replied, "*Perfectly, you are the gentlemen who was in such a violent passion, and wished to save your friend's watch.*" Mr. Woodfall adverted to the watch *he* had given him, and mentioned that to the chain was affixed a family seal, and that he was most anxious to recover it. The culprit replied that it was not possible, as he had knocked it against the first mile-stone he came to, fearing it might lead to detection, but that the watch might be obtained, as it was carefully lodged on a beam in the privy of "The Windmill" public-house, within a short distance of Salisbury. A search was made for the stolen article, which was found as described by the thief.

In a great degree owing to early intelligence of the death of Foote, Mr. Colman obtained possession of the licence of the little theatre in the Haymarket, almost before any of the other persons who were anxious for it knew of Foote's death. The new proprietor immediately ordered Greignion, an eminent artist at that time in the manufacture of time-keepers, residing in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, to make him a watch in his best manner, which Colman presented to his friend as an acknowledgment of his friendship. It is a valuable present, and at this day is in possession of one of the family, The following letter from the donor accompanied the gift.

"My dear Woodfall.—I shall be most thoroughly mortified if you refuse accepting the watch I herewith send you by my good friend Garton. Receive it, I conjure you, as a faint acknowledgement of the sense I entertain of the many testimonies you have given me of your regard for your very sincere and faithful friend,

G. Colman.

Berners Street,
Sunday Evening.

THE LIONESS.

It was a very hot morning, and the Commissionaire from Meurice's appeared to participate largely in the pervading caloric as he rushed franticly into the court-yard of the *Messageries Royales* in the Rue Vivienne, and telegraphed vehemently to some one in the rear to follow with as little delay as possible. The individual who followed him was an Englishman, small, rubicund, and dapper. He was, moreover, young, with light hair and whiskers, and an amiable cast of features. But our inherent good-nature can maintain no further compromise with our stern sense of historical justice, and we are forced most reluctantly to confess that he was a vulgar-looking little gentleman after all. One could not but wonder what on earth he could be doing at such a distance from Bow-bells and the "Plough" at Clapham. Yes, Marmaduke Mouse was one of that very numerous class of Englishmen who imagine that they are bound by a secret compact to spoil the effect of some of the finest scenery in Europe by the annual obtrusion of their ordinary, uninteresting persons.

Mr. Mouse went up to the window of the Diligence which was about to start for Geneva, and glancing into the *intérieur*, drew back his head and vociferated—

"Conducteur! pas assez de place."

"Mais si, Monsieur: il y a de la place. Montez, s'il vous plaît: voilà vos deux places. On va partir de suite."

Suiting the action to the word, he opened the door, and pushed the traveller headlong into the Diligence. Marmaduke was conscious of treading upon a strange foot, knocking down something, and ending his gyrations with a sudden lurch into somebody's lap. From this temporary resting-place, however, he was summarily evicted with an exclamation redolent of German and garlic; and looking up, he perceived that he had been reposing upon the massive knee of a portly Saxon with a pointed cap and fierce moustache. Hastily muttering an indistinct apology, he stooped to pick up what he was standing upon; and found it to be a bouquet, which he presented, with the best grace he could assume under the circumstances, to the German's neighbour—a pretty young woman—who smiled a free pardon, and turned to her everlasting parrot to hide an inclination to laugh. A Frenchman in the corner next to them looked just sufficiently amused to be an object of mistrust to Marmaduke, who glanced nervously at a woman in the opposite corner, by whose side he now bethought himself of occupying what remained out of his two engaged seats. This person had so completely shrouded herself in cloaks, shawls, and veils, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could wedge himself into what would have been, on a frosty day, but uncomfortable standing-room for a ghost. At length, however, thanks to the usual process of jerking and scuffling, he contrived to find his level, turned to his neighbour, and determined to penetrate her seemingly impervious disguise of veil and bonnet. As it chanced, he had an admirable excuse for intruding on her reserve. One of her boxes, with which she had somewhat needlessly encumbered herself—not to mention Marmaduke—was at that mo-

ment pressing most inconveniently upon his knee; and he was stimulated, more from downright agony than gallantry, to call attention to the fact. He had heard that French was the language of courts: why should it not be that of coaches also?"

"Pardon, madam: boîte—à mes genoux."

The trunk was dragged rapidly from its resting-place, and "Pardon, mushou," she replied.

Here was not a very happy opening to a road-side conversation; and Marmaduke marvelled greatly whether this were the true Parisian accent of which he had heard so much. Whether the lady indulged in any similar criticism of his remark, we cannot say; but she certainly appeared by no means unwilling to renew the introduction. So Marmaduke looked carefully at the buttons of his gloves, then stroked his chin, and said—

"Pas comme voyaging dans ma campagne, madam."

"Avez vous êté grand voyageur, mushou?"

"Oui, madam, j'ai l'honneur—je suis—je souvent—ces carrosses sont si inconvéniens—grande imposition—pour les pieds—les bras et la tête—le tout—"

"Oui, mushou, j'allais dire. Je déteste France, les Français, et tout le monde."

"Oh! madam, honte! vous, qui êtes si jolie, pour dire ça. Les femmes très jolies—les diners beaucoup bons. Je crois la France—"

Marmaduke came to a full stop. His sentiment with regard to *La Belle France*—whatever it might have been—was lost at that moment to the world. The Frenchman was incontestibly grinning. Marmaduke felt he was getting a little out of his depth, and looked timidly towards the vindictive German: he was fast asleep. We don't think his wife was, although she appeared so.

"Quand je venais dans France," resumed the lady; "on dit—vous trouverez très-poli: maintenant je crois très-rude. On demande toujours 'où est passeport? où est passeport?' Très sale. Oh! horrible!"

"Oui, madame, je crois aussi. Etes-vous Allemagne alors?"

"No, merci," with a contemptuous toss of the head at the unoffending German. "Pas si mauvais que ça. Anglais pour moi, s'il vous plaît."

"Quoi, madam! vous n'êtes pas un Anglais vraiment? parceque si vous êtes, je suis un aussi."

"Oh! mushou, oui. I mean, I am so glad to say that I *am* English, with a vengeance, and to hear that you are too. If it was not for that idea, I am sure I don't know whatever on earth I should do in these parts. I vow and declare I am sick of travelling. But, here I am again, on the tramp, as Mr. Snuggs would say. La! how odd to think that we two should have gone on parley-vooing like that together, when all the time we were free-born Britons."

After all, there is a privilege in being a Briton; and so Mr. Mouse thought, as he resumed his native dialect.

"I must say, ma'am, I *was* deceived. I little thought to find you a countrywoman of mine. Your accent, now, was quite the thing, —quite Parisian, if you will let me say so. I only wish I could speak French half as well."

"La! sir, you flatter so. Where I last came from we spoke a deal

of French; and one soon picks it up, you know. Mr. Snuggs, now, is quite a proficient. It would do you good to hear him."

"Really, ma'am? But, may I make so bold as to ask, ma'am, from what place you last came?"

"Oh! Portland Place. Mr. Snuggs told me, at the first, how it would be; but women, sir, are too confiding. It is their nature, I may say their mission to be so. Why it was only at Paris that Lord Cowley sent my passport to me, saying that it was properly "visied" for Geneva; but I do believe that it is nothing of the sort. Can you tell me, sir, if it is "visied" or not?" she continued, as she rummaged out of her bag the document in question, and handed it to her companion. Marmaduke took the passport—a dirty, yellow, crumpled affair,—between his finger and thumb mistrustfully, and opened it. There, in large letters, whose proportions seemed to his amazed intellects to grow and dilate, and finish by running all over the paper, he read two simple words—embodying all the genius, all the wit, all the knowledge of life, all the happiness of delineation and expression, belonging to one of England's most clever female authors—"*Helen Percy.*" He read no more: the question he had been asked—"visied," with its possible meaning—all vanished from his remembrance, as he dropped the passport. Marmaduke Mouse had often heard of Helen Percy; he was a great admirer of her works; he even had an engraving of the fair authoress suspended over his wash-hand-stand in Byron Villa. If there was one thing more than another, on which he piqued himself, it was on an acute perception of literature and literati.

Marmaduke picked up the passport, and, as he folded it up again, glanced slily at his fair neighbour, determined to succeed in getting a good view of her distinguished features. This was not difficult, for this time she had raised her veil, and was taking the admeasurement of a rather foggy-looking handkerchief upon her fore-finger, with geometrical precision and assiduity. She was a pretty little brunette, with neatly-braided hair, and good teeth. "She certainly is prettier than my picture;" thought Marmaduke—"but how often that happens with those people" (it is generally the exact reverse; but never mind that): "How plainly she is dressed! I should have imagined, from her description, that she would have been better set up. I don't think her French was very good; but then perhaps I don't know much about that sort of thing myself; and surely I recollect to have heard somewhere that Mrs. Percy's French is not always of the best. Her hand does not seem very small; I wonder what kind of a foot she has."

These and many other similar reflections tended to throw Mr. Mouse into a very perplexed and agitated state of mind. If the truth must be confessed, he was somewhat disappointed with this his first interview with Helen Percy. As for his fair neighbour, she seemed to be aware that she was being so accurately scrutinised; for she coughed, laid aside her handkerchief, and looked round at him, under pretence of settling herself in her seat. Marmaduke now saw that she expected him to speak; that she was waiting for him to say something that might furnish a clue to his character and attributes — something that he and his friends might one day read in the most fashionable print, and an admiring world stamp with

their exclusive approbation as clever and eccentric. Apart from this honest feeling of nascent ambition, Marmaduke, in reality, was conscious of a very decided admixture of awe and alarm. He was sure that his voice would tremble, or that he would say just what he ought not; but he must say something, and so, as he returned the passport, he said, with a smile,—

"It appears to be all right; but I was not aware of the name of the party with whom I have the honour of travelling."

The lady smiled with a very gratified and patronizing expression, and bent her head with an inclination, which to unprejudiced minds might certainly mean anything; but which to Marmaduke spoke volumes—three octavo, at the very least.

"You do not appear to like this sort of thing much, ma'am?" he said, at length. "Travelling does not suit your book, I am afraid," and he smiled in approval of his fancied jest. "You have, of course, taken a run through Germany: talk of their national airs! Why, there is not one of them that half comes up to our own favourite song, 'There's no place like home.' There's a meaning in our English songs. Now, I'll defy you to find out what all that German nonsense is about."

"Are you much of a German scholar, sir?"

"No, thank goodness; I have too much regard for my teeth to attempt pronouncing such an outlandish kind of gibberish. As that gent seems to be asleep, I don't mind saying that, after all I have heard of Fatherland, I think it great humbug. But, of course, we are among friends, and you are not going to take me off in your book, when you get home. I don't mind making myself useful in a chapter or two; you might find it convenient to bring me in here and there,—but my opinions, ma'am; a man's feelings are sacred; and I really have a delicacy in letting out my own private thoughts second-hand, to read at a circulating-library at three-pence the volume. Now what do *you* think?"

The lady appeared either not to be of the same opinion with Marmaduke, or else not wholly to have made up her mind upon the subject. She smiled once more—a most affable smile—and returned—

"Well, now, I think those novels are very amusing."

"Ah! yes, ma'am: I can easily understand your feelings. With your strong perception of literary excellence, it must be charming to you to read the works of other authors. You read French novels sometimes, I presume, ma'am? There's Eugene Soo: have you read Soo's works?"

"I cannot say that I have, sir; but what an odd idea for the lady to write her name short like that. I am sure "Susan" sounds much more literary."

"La! bless you: it's a gentleman, ma'am. Well, if you'll take my advice, you will read them. They *do* say that that kind of morbid writing (as they call it) does a world of harm. I once heard a friend of mine declare that for his part he could not see how Mr. Soo could manage to inculcate moral reflections from the perpetual contemplation of vice and immorality. There's one thing that struck me in his books: his good characters are romantic and unnatural; whilst all his bad heroes and heroines are true to the very life. But they are wonderful books, and there are some very curious passages in them, too."

"There is nothing that a lady may not read, I hope," inquired his fair companion, with some curiosity,

"Why, ma'am, that is all according to taste. But there are few ladies who have not read them all,—of course merely because it sounds prudish to say that they have not done so."

"Oh! you naughty man: I am sure I would not read one of the books for all the world. Of all the faults of woman, curiosity is not one of mine."

There is every reason to fear that Marmaduke would have been betrayed into some terrible common-place respecting the characters of the female sex in general, and of that member of it in particular by whose side he was seated, had not the Diligence just then stopped with a sudden jerk, as it arrived at its destination. The lady now appeared to merge all her literary as well as her other ideas, in the one absorbing thought of gathering the whole of her baggage together with that frantic haste in which by far the greater number of her sex (not alone the venerable) are apt to indulge on occasions of travel; as though the loss of every moment necessarily involved a corresponding abstraction of a bandbox or a basket. At length her number seemed complete; and she turned to bid farewell to Marmaduke, who was at the moment endeavouring to summon up an interesting look, and to throw as much of a saddened expression into his countenance as is customary with sentimental gentlemen upon taking leave of captivating young ladies after a temporary *rencontre*. The pathos of this feeling was, at the same time, a little divided with the sentiment of admiration with which he was contemplating the evolutions of a very fashionable footman, who was superintending the removal of Mrs. Percy's "effects." Already did he in fancy see himself the favoured associate of one of the brightest flowers of that literary paradise which had formed the nucleus of all his hopes and aspirations. He experienced a thrill of pride as he watched the flunky's calves actively busied in the arrangements of his mistress; and mentally rehearsed the occasion when he should follow those symmetrical proportions up Mrs. Percy's staircase, to take his proper position in her choicest *réunions* of wit and talent. Could such a reverie have any foundation in reality? He started as he heard the lady's voice wishing him good-bye, and expressing the pleasure that she should feel at seeing him again, should chance take him towards Rome, in the neighbourhood of which she resided. With faltering anxiety he declared how delighted he should be at renewing the acquaintance; took off his hat for the last time; and finally marched off with his luggage, wondering whether the good people of Geneva knew the name of the distinguished personage with whom he was evidently on such excellent terms of intimacy and friendship.

Marmaduke did not stay long in Switzerland; he had been to the Coliseum in London, and had seen so many wonderful and preternatural effects there, that nothing in the way of glaciers, lakes, and mountains, which the ordinary course of things could produce, succeeded in arresting his attention. Besides, with the acute commercial perception of city gentlemen, he set no great store upon what he could see and obtain for nothing. How much better to pay five shillings for card-board rocks, and tinsel glaciers, than to feed gratis upon real air and genuine scenery. Not many days, therefore, had elapsed before he had packed up his carpet-bag, and again started

on his travels. At Rome Mr. Mouse was once more at fault. The classics had never been his *forte:* he wandered up and down the deserted streets; and, although he kept repeating alternately, "Tityre, tu patulæ," and "Rome, Rome, thou art no more," he could not summon up a very succinct idea of the names and attributes of the Latin gentlemen, over whose ashes the green grass was growing, and the idle feet of exclusive Britons fretting away the scanty remains of the palace of the Cæsars. Although not pretending to recollect much of Juvenal, he never dusted his boots without some compunction at the idea that he might be flicking off an emperor or two, at the very least. Besides, he did not hunt: of what use was it, then, to him that a pack of hounds met three days in the week in the Via Sacra? He had nearly made up his mind to resign all his long-cherished pretensions to the title of traveller, and to return to his more congenial haunts in the city (*his* "eternal city") without delay. It was on a morning that he felt more than usually bored that he recollected that Mrs. Percy had mentioned living near Rome; and, by dint of minute inquiries he ascertained her address, and determined to pay her a visit, in default of better sport.

Marmaduke Mouse might have seen the Villa de Tasso (as Mrs. Percy's house was called) with his eyes shut (if we may be allowed to say so), and have given much the same description of it that he would have done now that he was approaching it with not only his eyes, but his mouth also, in a certain degree of tension. To his mind it presented an appearance which, although totally new to him, still he fancied was to be looked for as a matter of course in such a heathenish country as Italy. The stately columns, vaulted roofs, commanding terraces, and shaded bosquets, were objects which he incontestibly could not avoid seeing: — how should he? But that was all: his perception took in nothing of the grand or the classical; it was to him simply a vastly neat spot. And when he had entered its walls, and was gazing around him upon the many objects of taste and antiquarian research with which Mrs. Percy was in the habit of surrounding herself; and when—better far—even he could not resist taking an occasional glimpse at the rich and varied bursts of view which had been planned from the highly-stained windows, he went a step further, and pronounced his conviction that they were very snug quarters: he resigned himself captive to the same—yes, the very same gentleman in a court-suit who had figured so prominently in his vision at Geneva. That individual in turn surrendered him to the care of another of the *corps domestique,* an Italian, who conducted him by many long passages to his chamber, and informed him that no one was at home; but that dinner would be served in about two hours. Marmaduke sank into a luxurious chair, and fell into a pleasing reverie. At last he was fairly beneath the distinguished roof of Mrs. Percy. It was no dream, he was the guest—the favoured guest of a real unadulterated authoress.

It wanted still about a quarter of an hour to the time at which dinner might be expected; and the spell of that portion of time immediately preceding the festive meal—at all times a period of oppressive responsibility to all interested,—seemed to weigh particularly heavy upon him in the present instance. He took up a book; and, if it had been his object to impress any casual spectator with the idea that he understood Italian in general, and Metastasio in particular, his

selection would greatly have favoured his intention. As it happened, however, no one was at hand to remark the grace with which he turned over the pages, certainly not with the air of one who appreciates what he reads; but in that frantic haste with which a reviewer may be supposed to rush through the uncut leaves of a fashionable novel. At last the door opened, and somebody entered. Marmaduke looked over his book, and descried an old man of about seventy, with the longest white hair imaginable,—broad, massive features, —lofty forehead,—and a piercing black eye, rendered still more expressive from its contrast with the shaggy-grey eye-brows, from beneath which it sparkled as a gem. Tall in person, and of an easy, distinguished mien, he bore the signs of having been in youth possessed of great personal attractions. He made Marmaduke a civil bow, after looking at him rather curiously, and then occupied himself with a drawing which lay upon the table.

"Come," thought Marmaduke, "it is pleasant, after all, to have somebody to meet at dinner. The old cock seems rather shy; perhaps he doesn't know the house. I suppose I must say something. No want of pictures in these parts, sir," he said. "Is that something new you are looking at?"

There are persons who invariably call everything that is drawn or painted a *picture*, and everything that is played or sung a *tune*. They are, for the most part, well-meaning individuals, disposed to be pleased or interested in the performance, whichever it may be; but they are not — good, worthy souls! — the exact people whom a *connoisseur* in either painting or music would choose, with whom to discuss either art. Possibly the old gentleman might have felt something of the sort; for he looked up quickly, and answered quietly,—

"It is nothing very new in reality; but to me it ever appears in a fresh light of the beautiful: it is a drawing of the leaning tower of Pisa."

"Oh! indeed," answered Marmaduke, in a tone meant to imply that *he* knew all about it; although he probably would have uttered the same remark if he had been for the first time shown the philosopher's stone. "Ah! I dare say it's very pretty" (that is another word which sometimes grates upon the ear most unpleasantly); "but what can it be, you know, to the Tower of London? Built too strong to lean, I take it. *That* is something like a tower."

"I should think it must be," gravely returned the old gentleman, as he deposited the sketch in a portfolio, as though to hide it from the vulgar gaze. Marmaduke was about to express his surprise that one who spoke English so well should appear never to have seen the Tower; but he thought he observed something about the corners of his companion's mouth that repressed too great a degree of familiarity, and he remained silent.

"Mrs. Percy is not usually so unpunctual?" remarked the old gentleman, with a smile, as he glanced at the clock. "She is old-fashioned enough to be generally in the drawing-room to receive her guests. I should make her excuses in her absence; but that I am sure she will do so herself far more effectually when she makes her appearance."

"Oh! no apologies, I beg. I *am* rather peckish, I confess; but I can wait a bit yet. I don't provision myself quite so short as all that. However, we are both ir the same boat; so we must make

the best of it. We are rather comfortable here, I *must* say. Not a bad house now—is it?"

"I have never heard Mrs. Percy complain of any part of the arrangements."

"Complain! I should rather think not; but I can't say I much fancy the jars on those *consols* there. There only wants 'pickles' on the one, and 'honey' on the other, to make them for all the world like an Italian warehouse. Ha! ha! not so bad that, I must say."

"Capital! Mrs. Percy must hear that."

"Not for a thousand pounds. Mum's the word, my dear sir; only, as we both seem to know our friend, why a little pleasantry don't come amiss. You never heard how I came to know Mrs. Percy, did you? Oh! it's quite a romance, I do assure you."

The old gentleman softly smiled benignant attention; and Marmaduke continued,—

"You know I always heard she was uncommon plain, and all that. Well, now! I declare I don't think she is one half as ugly as they make her out: people do tell such lies. But where was I?—oh! in the diligence, on the road to Geneva. Sat next to her, sir; got so intimate,—quite hit it off, you know. Of course she must beg and pray of me to come and see her in her villa. Rather an out-of-the-way place; but one must make a sacrifice sometimes. And when two people agree as well as I and Mrs. Percy are sure to do, it's so pleasant. I hate form."

"I am convinced you do; but, are you so sure that you will get on so well with Mrs. Percy. I have heard it said by people who know her best, that she is a very strange person in her likings and dislikings; and that some who fancy themselves peculiar favourites soon find their mistake, and repent of their temerity at leisure."

"La! you don't say so, sir? Well, I am sure that will never be the case with me. I saw from the first that we should be capital friends. I always get on best with literary folks. But, I say, isn't she a little fast, or so?"

The old gentleman smiled again,—shrugged his shoulders, and looked at his watch. He seemed to Marmaduke to be getting very silent. How hungry he must be!

"I say, sir," he resumed, in that kind of cheerful tone of voice peculiar to people when they are particularly prosy, but withal exceedingly communicative,—"I say, sir, isn't there some story of Mrs. Percy and an Italian gentleman,—a marquis, or a duke, or something?"

"I fancy many people are vastly better informed at home than abroad,—at least, it is charitable to hope so. But really, sir, those are points upon which I make it a rule never to put impertinent queries; and Mrs. Percy is the last person in the world with whom I would venture to take a similar liberty."

"Oh! no offence meant. Mind, *I* don't believe it. I only said what I heard, that's all."

"I am sure Mrs. Percy would be very grateful to you for your good opinion; but may I hope that you will not die of *ennui* if I leave you in your own company for an instant. There is a book in the next room which I wish to look at: will you excuse me?"

And the old gentleman rose from his seat with a most happy smile, and left the room.

"What a queer old fish!" thought Marmaduke. "I don't think much of him: he seems so close." He soon dismissed the old gentleman, however, from his thoughts, and was revolving in his mind what he should fancy most for dinner, when the door opened, and in walked a person whom he at once recognised as his female companion in the diligence. Upon seeing him, she started, and was about to retire; but Marmaduke stepped forward with his best bow.

"You are not running away from *me*, ma'am, I hope: I assure you I am not tired of waiting for dinner, — I am not at all hungry, of course not; — but I really cannot allow you to leave us by ourselves any longer. There is a gentleman just gone who has stopped as long as ever he could: but *I* am at my post, ma'am. I hope you have not forgotten, Mrs. Percy, the pleasant drive we had together in the diligence."

"Oh! no, sir; but never mention that subject again. We must be strangers to each other here. You have done very wrong to follow me."

"I wrong, ma'am! you said you would be so glad to see me. I should not have dared to come without. You are not angry now?"

"I don't quite know that; but you really are too bold. I have just run down stairs for something, little dreaming that I should see you here. You will do me a favour, I am sure, sir."

"Name it, ma'am,—name it, by all means."

"You will promise to leave this house quietly, without a word, and that directly."

"Leave this house! impossible, ma'am!" gasped Marmaduke, pale with surprise and disappointment. What for? What have I done? I have not dined. La! how odd!"

"Never mind your dinner just now. If you are a gentleman, sir, you will go away; you will, indeed."

"But it will seem so odd. There 's the gentleman who was here just now—an old gentleman—in the next room,—who was going to meet me at dinner: what will he think to see me bundled out of the house in this manner?"

"What do you say? Is he here? Oh! pray go: go at once. If you stay, I am ruined—ruined for ever!" and she laid her hand imploringly upon his arm.

Marmaduke looked down upon the hand: it was a fat, dimpled hand, whiter than when he had seen it last, — still whiter from the contrast that his dark coat afforded. She had a coquettish little kind of mob-cap on, too, with cherry-coloured ribbons, from under which her black hair was escaping in pretty disorder. Her cheeks were flushed with her excitement; and in her eye, dark and roguish as it was, there shone a tear. She really looked uncommonly pretty: there was no use in denying that.

"How cruel!" he said. "Do you think it fair to say 'How-d'ye-do?' and 'Good-bye!' in the same breath? But tell me, ma'am; I suppose I may call *some*times, and see how you are, just for old acquaintance sake."

Just then the lady appeared to recollect the hand that she had placed upon Marmaduke's arm; she looked at it for a moment, as if to see whether it had retained the becoming pallor which its elevated position had been mainly instrumental (for aught we know) in producing; and made an effort to retire it. But Marmaduke chi-

valrously detained it, and carried it with becoming enthusiasm to his lips. At that moment there was a violent opening and shutting of doors, and the rustling of a female dress. With a scream his fair companion snatched away her hand, and, in trembling accents ejaculated, "*My Mistress!*" Marmaduke turned round, and at one door beheld the old gentleman returning from the inner room, with the same benignant smile; and at the other a lady, apparently mute and motionless from surprise and anger. She exchanged a look with the old gentleman, and then advanced into the centre of the room. She appeared to have long passed the meridian of life; but her features were handsome, howbeit somewhat irregular; her hair was still of a lustrous black, and braided over her forehead; her clear complexion and erect figure told that the grace and beauty of her youth still survived the lapse of years, which had expanded without impairing her charms. Her eye, as dark and piercing as that of the old gentleman, she fixed scrutinizingly upon the confused pair.

"May I ask you, sir, for some explanation of this scene?" she said with quiet dignity, and a cold, unvarying gaze, which Marmaduke felt to be most peculiarly uncomfortable.

"Why, ma'am, I declare I *really* have nothing to say, but that I am very sorry, and that it shall not happen again."

"That I will take upon myself to answer for. But, may I once more inquire what brings you here; to whom I have the *honour* of speaking; and how much longer you intend to stay? If you were looking for the kitchen, it is at the other end of the house, and my maid will show you the way."

Marmaduke felt sadly perplexed. He looked first at the lady, and then at the old gentleman; but in the face of neither did he discover the slightest ground for hope. He was convinced that he had made some awful blunder: he had better explain what he could, and leave the rest to be deciphered by chance.

"It 's all a mistake, ma'am," he said; "I thought this — young person was Mrs. Percy; I first met her as such; and I came here with the intention of dining; but, of course, after what has passed I had better make myself scarce."

And he recounted the whole of his adventure in the diligence,—softening, to do him justice, such points as reflected upon his *inamorata* as well as he best might; although he felt slightly provoked with her for leading him into such a mess. Before he had concluded his hearers had laughed heartily more than once. When he ended, all traces of resentment had vanished from their faces. They seemed to be wonderfully amused, although Marmaduke did not feel much inclined to join in their mirth. As for the unhappy *femme-de-chambre*, she had disappeared.

Right glad was Mr. Mouse to find himself outside the house. Where he dined that night is a mystery; most certainly not at the Villa di Tasso. A short time afterwards he was once more to be found at his desk, and in his accustomed haunts; but to no one except ourselves did he ever disclose the particulars of his foreign trip.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

"FLANEUR.—A busy lounger; an industrious idler; an observing street-tramper; a peripatetic philosopher of the *pavé;* a wisdom-seeking wanderer about the world."—*Dictionary of common usage, not of the French Academy.*

SCRAP I.

The Apology of the Flâneur.—The Changing Physiognomy of Paris, according to Season and Weather.

"PARIS! Again Paris! How is it possible to say anything new of Paris, so often described, painted, analysed, moulded into every form, until worn threadbare by poet, tourist, artist, moralist, compiler of guide-books, and statistical observer? The attempt is madness. Who has not seen Paris? Who does not know Paris, even to the petty City tradesman, who contrives to give wife and daughters, once in their lives at least, a trip to the French capital, in order that they may fancy, for the rest of their days, that they have a genuine taste for Parisian fashions, and can speak French like natives?"

Such would be the exclamation of almost every reader, who might cast his eyes upon any fresh attempt to make sketches of Paris, or the Parisians. Unfortunately, all this is very true; the pretension to be *new*, when nothing is new under the sun, is monstrous. And yet there exists another impossibility equally as impossible—another pretension equally as absurd—ever to say all that is to be said of Paris, or Parisian life—that strange anomaly which no mortal can attempt to analyse,—to paint every fanciful curve of the complicated arabesque—to catch every fleeting form of the revolving kaleidoscope—to embody every dazzling colour of this flickering prism of a million facets. So variable, and so ever-varying is Paris, from one year's end to the other, not only in its social, moral, and political aspect, but even in its exterior appearance, and the multifarious physiognomies it presents, according to season and weather, and all the variations of sunshine or storm, wet or dry, heat or cold, that it would be an endless task, even for the most experienced *flâneur* to undertake any complete delineation, not only of men and manners in the French capital, but of the thousand masks this chameleon city incessantly assumes. Is there any middle course between what all the world knows and what none can sufficiently paint? May the *flâneur* endeavour to seize, as he wanders on, the passing ray of light, daguerrotype it as it yet flits by, although the impress be but vague and insufficient, and leave the many other lights and shadows to other abler artists, or less restless, less irregular observers? May he be allowed to spring in capricious jerks, like the knight at chess, from square to square, in the hope of making a move that may tend towards the winning of his game—the awakening a passing attention to the fanciful life of Paris, even if the move be neither new nor scientific? May he proceed by flea jumps—

now here, now there—to fasten first on this, then on that alluring morsel, and then jump on again?—"flutter like a butterfly from flower to flower," he should have said; the comparison would have been a better one perhaps, had he not been aware that he is no butterfly, and that the flowers on which he would flutter are only, too often, weeds and nettles, and even rank-poison plants, not the brightest, or the most odoriferous! In fine, may he hope that these loose sketches of Paris will possess the least interest for those, who think they already know it, or any information for those few who do not? Will a portrait without determined feature, neither full-length nor half-length, nor knee-length nor bust, nor any thing more decided than a face seen in a dream, confused, misty, indistinct, and yet after all a portrait, merit a passing look? The reader must decide.

In order that any conception may be made of the many varying and contrasting physiognomies which outward Paris will assume,—Paris! itself the most versatile actor among a people essentially composed of actors,—it must have been studied under every season of the year, under every aspect of the weather. In the first place, Paris in fine weather bears no more resemblance to Paris in wet, than does one of its own *grisettes*, in her smart Sunday dress and Sunday bonnet, to the same being in her coarse wrapping shawl, draggled gown, and muddy *socques* on a wet working day. The two things have no affinity, no resemblance. The features, it is true, remain the same: but the character of the whole is so utterly different, that the features go for nothing; and there is no possibility of recognizing the one and same object under appearances so different. The very streets when smiling, and smirking, and coquetting under the influence of a bright sun, are decidedly not the same streets that may have been seen a few days before—what do I say? a day before—evidently suffering from an attack of that spleen which, in spite of all the Parisians may arrogate to themselves of bubbling gaiety, has gradually spread its influence over them in latter years, and which they pertly ascribe to their closer communication with our neighbouring island; although the cause may far more reasonably be sought in the serious cares attending upon the all-absorbing worship of the Golden Calf,—a religion so universally prevalent in modern France. The same remark might be made, it may be supposed, of most capitals; but the contrast in other towns is weak and pale compared with that which is painted in such glaring or sombre colours in Paris.

On days when the sun shines brightly and cheerily—and, alas! such days seem to grow rarer and rarer now, and likely to be as utterly unknown to our descendants, as were those golden-age days of pure sunlight, and warmth, and love, of which we hear our fathers speak, when summers were really summers, and springs were known to exist —on such days to look upon the giddy panoramic scene afforded by the streets of Paris, is to wonder from whence swarm all those innumerable flights of humble-bees which buzz so merrily along them, backwards and forwards, to the right and to the left, in such numbers, that in whatever part of the capital you may be, you may imagine that all Paris must be flocking to that spot—not as in teeming London with hasty onward-bound steps, and anxious business-like physiognomies, but with movements apparently dictated only by the instinct of caprice, and listless faces which seem to attest that the most serious occupation of their wearers is only to gaze at the dazzling treasures piled

in the shop-windows, or at the rich and glittering cafés which flaunt in painted splendour along the Boulevard sides. At such times it is scarcely possible to believe in the reality of those cheerless black days of rain and damp, when these same streets were dingy and deserted, when the footsteps of the few passers were hasty when not retarded by the oily slipperiness of the pavement, when the faces wore a character of peevish discontent, when the fronts of these same gaudy cafés look sad and poverty-smitten, when the trees of the Boulevards were weeping dirty tears, and hanging their heads in mournfulness. The air resumes its sparkling champagne-like quality; the spirits feel the exhilarating influence of the draught; and the sad impressions that loaded the mind during those miserable days—the feelings that people murmur of misery and want amidst this bold exposure of wealth and luxury, and that the demon of politics is often marching abroad, "making men's minds sick with fear," and spreading over the so-called joyous capital a veil of doubt and opposition and dread, are forgotten in the startling contrast.

On no occasion is this contrast more strongly marked than on a Parisian Sunday—not to speak of Sunday at present as a Catholic religious festival, but as a day of holiday enjoyment. What a bright scene is unrolled along the streets, like one of Stanfield's dioramas in a pantomime, when the sun condescends to shine upon a Sunday in Paris! What picturesque groups throng the Boulevards, wander along the alleys of the Tuileries, crowd round the tumblers and the mountebanks, booths and shows, and games of every sort in the Champs Elysées! What a noise of organs and hurdy-gurdies fills the air! What colours flaunt abroad in gowns, bonnets, waistcoats, and cravats! Grotesque, ridiculous, piebald, confused and confusing, may the picture often be, but it is always a bright one. Take the reverse. What a vision of horrors is presented to the mind by a wet Parisian Sunday! Dirty crowded pavements, from which you are pushed by the emancipated *Bourgeois*, swelled with importance in his holiday dress, and rendered irritable by having that precious holiday dress spoiled by the wet—crashing cabriolets, in which the drivers, rendered more than usually insolent by their extra Sunday glass or two, use their best endeavours to drive over the slipping passengers, and miss them only by their awkwardness in driving—innumerable conflicting umbrellas, each asserting its right to drive the other down, on a day when every man deems himself a gentleman, and every woman a lady, tearing opposing silk bonnets, poking out unwary eyes, dashing, like wet dogs, thick sprays upon passing faces, and exciting angry oaths very unfitting such a day—the few church-goers losing the patience for which they have just prayed—the many pleasure-seekers grumbling at not finding what they seek—would-be elegants looking like drowned rats,—boots rung to pieces—ringlets drenched—dresses ruined—hopes disappointed—rendezvous missed—companions not found—temper lost—ennui and spleen—above all the reeking mist, below all the dark mud, rendering the ennui and spleen mistier and darker still!

But if the fantastic city changes its face thus completely under the influence of the weather, still more does it vary its expression under that of the revolving seasons. No coquette has a greater variety of masks to allure or to repel at will. And what is Paris but a great coquette—now kind, now cross, now offering its most inviting

charms, now pulling a hideous veil over its face, and turning its back upon its lovers; but in the midst of all ever trying to entice them to their ruin, soul and body—if it can?

If, now, we observe the various expressions which flit over the face of Paris at the different seasons of the year, at one time in smiles, at another in tears, first frowning, then laughing, now morose or desponding, now joyously drunk with deep draughts of light and radiance, what a gallery of different portraits will that face afford? To attempt to paint them all would be an impossible task. The ablest *flâneur* can do no more than pick out one here, one there, to copy.

Certainly, if a chance wanderer had lighted upon Paris at the commencement of the year, not very long ago, and found it—as ten to one he would have found it—in a state of drizzling thaw, he would never have recognized in the reality the portrait of the *soi-disant* beauty that had been painted for his admiration, or that his imagination had dreamed for him. For, most assuredly, no miserable Cossack village, no conglomeration of hovels in Norway or Kamschatka could be more obstructed with half-melted mud streams than would have been this elegant, brilliant, coquettish Paris,—this dirtiest of dandies, this filthiest of fine ladies. Beneath thick coatings of mud lay asphalte pavements, which might be very agreeable in summer, when they were no longer wanted. Brilliant candelabra of gas illuminated the streets by night, as if only for the purpose of letting all the world see, when otherwise darkness would have concealed it, their hideous state. Of the *dulce* there was plenty, of the *utile* not a trace. Millions were spent to deck the city with ornaments; and the means were grudged to keep it clean and decent. It was like giving a bride a magnificent set of diamonds, and never a change of linen. He would have found, in fact, the *soi-disant* capital of the civilized world bearing upon its face a brand of impotency in the very first elements of civilisation. These things are somewhat amended in the last three or four years. But still the first portrait in the year's gallery upon which we must almost inevitably stumble, is not an alluring one,—a face so bespattered with dirt that the readiest imagination would find difficulty in discovering in it a single charm. Barriers of uprooted pavements, ramparts of smoking asphalte cauldrons, huge gulfs of unfinished *trottoir* cut off by lines of ropes, stop the wanderer's progress at every step, and render the oily, slippery, cleaving, stumbling walks along the Boulevards and principal streets almost impracticable. A scanty ray of light or two sometimes relieve the picture; and upon such an occasion, at every glimpse of a cold make-believe bastard January sun, some of the more hardy of the Parisians contrive, like winter flies, to buzz languidly forth, their heads lifted proudly up to an imaginary sunshine, whilst their feet wallow in most evident mire—types, only too often, of their own vaunted France. But a cloud obscures the scene; the sun hides its face as if ashamed of the pale miscoloured picture it has to gaze upon; and the winter flies creep back into their holes again.

Apropos of these fleeting apparitions it may be remarked, that there are certain faces, well known to the *habitué* of the Parisian *pavé*, which are only to be seen abroad at such times of the year and in such states of the weather as are congenial to their glittering plumage. These veritable butterflies of the Parisian streets are all feathered with the greatest care, *frisés, pommadés, musqués.* When winter comes, they disappear before its chilling breath; they are nowhere to

be seen; their very trace is gone, not only abroad, in the naughty rude air, but in the theatre, the warm *salon*, the perfumed ball-room. Whither have they flown? Into what hiding-places have they crept? No one can tell. Do they lie in a dead chrysalis state? It might almost be fancied so. Should it be suggested that they may be as little to be recognized in their winter garb as the city itself, the answer is still a negative one. No; it is not the type, it is the very man himself who has disappeared. But in late spring or early summer there they are again, fluttering their gay wings along the Boulevards or the Champs Elysées, exactly as they flew away last year, as unchanged as if they had lain torpid in cotton all the winter, as we must at last suppose they do. If they are butterflies of passage, to what other regions do they fly? This is a new study for the naturalist. The *flâneur* gives up the task of any explanation.

Independently, however, of this curious race of beings, it may be remarked, *en passant*, that one of the chief characteristics of the Parisian is his likeness to the cat. This comparison might be carried out perhaps into the minutest details of analysis in all the moral qualities of the two beings,—both alike fawning and ferocious, caressing and false, specious and egotistical,—both alike attached to place more than to persons. But such a comparison would lead too far. In the barometric characteristics alluded to, the Parisian is essentially cat-like. He licks his coat, smooths his whiskers, and rolls in the sun when it is fine; but he has a horror of the wet. When it rains, he creeps into a corner, or dozes before the hearth-rug. None knew the people better than did the late Marshal Lobau, when he suggested the use of fire-engines and water-spouts to disperse the insurgents in an *émeute*. In many of the abortive revolutions which have miscarried since "the glorious three days," (the "glorious" issue of which might be greatly attributed to the beauty of those sunny days of July,) the reason of their speedy suppression may be found in the lucky rains which have sent the rioters dripping and shivering to their homes. The Parisian has neither energy nor enthusiasm in the wet; his courage melts like a lump of sugar when in contact with moisture. The return of Napoleon from Elba, and the subsequent hundred days, would probably never have excited that temporary burst of ardour, had not the weather been unusually hot, dry, and blood-stirring for the season.

If in this picture-gallery we hurry over a variety of portraits of the same period of the year, each, however, differing from the former in distinct shades of expression, and come at once to those painted by the hand of Spring, we shall find the most alluring set in the whole collection, for the most part all smiling, but without grimace,—all brilliant, without extravagance of colour. Spring is decidedly the season when Paris may be seen to the greatest advantage. It has thrown off its coarse winter dress; and its lighter, gayer attire, is not yet dingied with dust. It adorns itself with all the highest allurements of out-door life,—not that of the people alone, but of the exquisites of the more glittering world. Its head is crowned with wreaths of lilacs; its dress is the brightest, freshest green; the air produces its best quality of that sparkling champagne essence already alluded to. Perhaps there is no city in the world where spring asserts so genial an influence as in Paris; and this is great praise in these degenerate days, when springs are now the mere copper counterfeits of the sterling metal of which our papas and poets tell us they were made of yore.

All nature bursts at once into life! See how the whole city smiles as it dons its new dress with a marvellous rapidity of toilette! The trees along the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, in the garden of the Tuileries, expand under your very eye. A moment ago they all presented mere naked spectral stems, now they are budding into every variety of verdant ornament; in another moment their whole attire of fresh green will be pulled over them. In the broad walk of the Champs Elysées spring-birds of both sexes begin again their old work of cooing, and puffing, and pairing, and perching in the sun, which affords such infinite amusement to the solitary *flâneur* during the fine weather. And horsemen and amazons prance by, to and from the Bois de Boulogne; and new cabriolets with flashing dandies, and new carriages with fine ladies, have to be shown off; and new dresses, "all fresh," and harness and habits, are displayed with much dashing and capering; and all is renovated and spring-like. And in the midst of these idlers of the so-called "world" (although the "worlds" of this world are many, each having his own greater or smaller coterie or system to which he belongs,) are *bourgeois* taking a sniff of the newly generated bright air with wife and child, although it be not Sunday, and lounging workmen who like to *flâner* as well as their betters, and a host of those wandering adventurers, half gentleman half *lazarone*, so essentially the produce of a Parisian soil; and all seem burning with new life, more freely circulating blood, and warmer feelings under the influence of nature's intoxicating draught—the dangerous, seducing, agitating air of a Parisian spring-tide—when the whole creature ought to feel himself elevated higher from the earth and nearer to God, but, in this Pandemonium called Paris, only feels himself nearer the devil; for nowhere do extremes meet so awfully. In the quieter, calmer garden of the Tuileries, of later years less fashionable as a promenade than the more brawling Champs Elysées, the orange-trees are paraded out in their huge green boxes, stiff relics of an ancient style, which harmonize well with the many statues peering out from among the rapidly spreading chestnuts, and form quaint rows of stately verdure, behind which flirtations may be carried on in semi-decency, half before the stage of the world, half behind the scenes, after the best approved fashion of Parisian taste; and children, Parisian children, natural *coquettes* of six, and well-trained knowing little gentlemen of seven, already *du dernier bien* with some female companion, and utterly *blasés de cœur*, do the amiable to one another in the most approved style, scarcely forgetting their fine manners in the noisy gambols to which they at last give way, with a sort of unwilling instinct as it were, and have their preferences, and their jealousies, and their little *médisances*, and all the elements, in fact, of maturer *liaisons*; and gentlemen cock their hats in the foreign fashion, and wear gay cravats, and eye the females seated on the freshly produced rows of chairs, as if they were ranged for a cattle-show, or, pardon me, for a flower-market, where a rose may be plucked here, and heartsease there; and old women in new white caps glide in and out among the rows of sitters, and rigorously demand their two *sous* for each seat—for their privilege of setting out the chairs and exacting their tribute has been sold to them at a heavy price by the possessors of the palace hard by; and in the evening the crowds of loungers and love-makers become thicker and thicker, as the fresh green tints of the trees become richer and deeper in the darkening air, and are relieved by an orange-red sunset sky, or a bright

twinkling star or two in the dark blue heavens; and they grow shadowy and spectral-looking as the night falls; and perchance a great full moon sets off the masses of thickening trees in black curves, and shines clear and searchingly along the façade and pavilions of the Tuileries with a mysterious phosphoric light; whilst the illumination of the long café established at the upper end of the garden sheds a fainter and more earthly brightness across the alley path; and over this patch of light the gliding promenaders seem to a distant eye to flit like spirits. Then it is that the portrait of Paris possesses its height of smiling beauty. True, tears will fall sometimes over this smiling face; but these are no longer tempestuous tears of passion, but soothing, genial, refreshing tears, nature's tears preparing its offspring for future full-blown glories, as passing misfortune purifies the soul, and prepares it for a better and more glorious state. But not nature alone expands into life and fulness; the works of art also, public and private buildings, ornaments and embellishments, have waited for fine weather to rear their heads and resume their activity. They now swarm with new life—unless, indeed, they be checked by some such political crisis as a change of ministry, no unlikely matter, which falls upon them like a late frost, nipping improvement in the bud, and leaving the whole city to display still longer its uncompleted ruins of future splendour, and wait for the new ministerial influence, the sun of material progress, to bud, blossom, and bear fruit. This spring resurrection of nature and of art in Paris has the cheering influence of the sight of his first-born to a loving parent. The picture, however, must be left. The spring will pass away like the darling's infancy, and hot summer come to weary and torment, like a father's cares for his full-blown and obstreperous progeny. But the transition from spring to summer has still its charms, unlike most other states of transition, which are generally sad, uncomfortable, painful struggles. Seize it, however, quickly as it goes; for the picture is already gone before you can examine all its traits, and another is before you, sunburnt, pale with dust, wrinkled with hot chinks, painted upon the glaring background of a choked unwholesome atmosphere.

A would-be witty Frenchman (the same, perhaps, who said that the only ripe fruits to be found in England were baked apples and roast potatoes) has described an English summer as "two fine days and a thunderstorm." A French summer may far more reasonably be said to consist of "two thunderstorms and a fine day." The aspect of Paris, in the intervals of these thunderstorms, may be almost as summarily described, — "Glaring chalk, glaring stone, glaring dust, glaring air, glaring everything!" Overpowering smells, which penetrate nostrils even although choked up with dust to suffocation; water-carts, which deluge in patches, leaving other patches dust-heaps; hot asphalte, which burns your boot-soles when it does not melt into birdlime; such are the blotches and freckles upon this sunburnt face. Towards night, to be just, it sometimes smoothes its dry wrinkles, and assumes a more smiling expression. The dust settles down from the oppressed air. Groups of gay figures may be dimly seen under the alleys of the Champs Elysées, or in passing carriages, returning from the Franconi's equestrian circus, (the fashionable resort not only of the middle classes, but of such of the *haute volée* whom circumstances have detained in the capital at such a season,) amidst the gaily-illuminated little *restaurants* and *cafés*, the lighted booths and shows, that render this spot a perpetual

fair, the fountains glittering in this doubtful light, and the dark, mysterious-looking circles of human beings, which stand fascinated around the last performances of some weary juggler or tumbler, as he executes his antics before his little row of tallow-candles. On the Boulevards a few equipages, from which light muslins, and summer *capotes*, may be seen descending, stop before Tortoni's, the front of which is crowded by ice-devouring loungers on chairs—fantastic groups, half-seen, half-hidden, as the light streams on them from the *café* windows; and a fanciful imagination, aided by a heavy cloud upon the distant horizon of the vista, and the flashes of lightning from a coming storm, may even sometimes fancy that the scene is laid at Naples, that the ices are eaten on the Santa Lucia, and that those distant flashes proceed from an eruption of Vesuvius. Still further on crowds may be seen dispersing from the minor theatres, which, spite of heat and suffocation, have been filled, to witness some lamentable drama of incest and assassination (so eager is the fondness of the Parisian for theatricals, even under the most oppressive drawbacks), amidst Chinese-looking rows of paper lanterns ranged along the stalls of the various refreshment-sellers, who line the broad pavement of the Boulevards; whilst cries in every tone, from the shrillest soprano to the deepest bass, and the tinkling of bells from the tall receptacles on the backs of the lemonade or *coco*-sellers, accompanied them on their way. The chiaro-oscuro effect of this summer picture is not unpleasing: but the portrait by day—the pulse beats feverishly, the temples throb, the nostrils contract convulsively at the very thought of it.

Generally speaking, however, Paris is no longer Paris in the summer. Paris has turned its back upon itself. The members of the *soi-disant* great world,—if great world (*grand monde*) there be, since the Revolution of July,—set off for their estates, their *châteaux*, their half-cultivated, half-desert parks, and their *chasse, en grande livrée*, with horns and *fanfares*, quitting their large, half-modernized hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain or the Faubourg St. Honoré, for their vast habitations in the provinces, where all is ready for their reception. These are those who know what it is to be rich, and enjoy life—*à la Française*, at least,—and setting aside all English ideas of English comfort and English luxury; albeit, they affect an imitation of such matters with the boldest conceit. Then march forth those of the pompous world of banking, and trade,—the elevated *bourgeoisie*, and modern money nobility,—who choose a country-house as an additional article of luxury in their domestic budget, and count the comfort of their whitewashed villa, and piece of wood and garden-ground, by its additional expense, who have neither patronage nor mastery beyond their own walls, and who arrive, in all the pride of their yesterday's wealth,—which has no old-established habits to observe,—with all their *boudoir* superfluities of Paris, to make their country habitation as nearly resembling their apartment of the Chaussée d'Antin as possible. The lesser *bourgeoisie* follow, and hire a little furnished house, as near the high-road as possible, carrying with them all their domestic magazine of bedding, crockery, and utensils. The petty shopkeeper, also, will not be behindhand, for he thinks himself of sufficient consequence, or sufficient fortune,—which under the reign of money signifies the same thing,—to participate in the delights of rural life; or, at all events he establishes his wife and children in what he calls the charms of the country, whilst he himself dines at a *restaurant* all the week, with the

hopes of enjoying a few hours' diluted dust, and gaze at a few withered, stunted lilacs on a Sunday. The country-box of a genuine cockney, with its upright front, green shutters, little garden, and the advantages of seeing the short-stages pass the door, affords but a faint idea of the rural existence of a true Parisian. And yet, no one more than the Parisian talks of country pleasures, and the delights of rusticity. What is his pride when he has the advantage of saying, "*Nous sommes à la campagne!*" which, being interpreted, signifies in a Parisian vocabulary occupying a small apartment in a large house, in the high street of one of the dirty, tumble-down little village-towns with which the environs of Paris abound—no matter where, but, for a dead certainty, in the high street, *au troisième au dessus de l'entresol*, just over a grocer's shop, with the advantages of a circulating library next door, and an omnibus for the Pont Neuf every quarter of an hour. Oh! the contempt of the honest shopkeeper for any *confrère* who does not, like him, seek his summer joys in a dry, distant, suffocating, inconvenient lodging, beyond all reach of such quasi-ruralities as Paris has still to offer. Oh! his joy on meeting with an acquaintance, when, after rubbing umbrellas, (N.B. the day is burning hot, and there is not the remotest chance of a drop of rain,) he pompously informs his friend he is living in the country.—"And you?"

"No."

"Oh! how I pity you, my dear friend—how I pity you! There's nothing like the country! I have the most charming villa in the world; the most delicious habitation, which my wife hunted out for us. A perfect treasure! Gods! how I pity you!"

Nor will the simple clerk or shopman be content unless he can sweat out of the barriers every day, to mount up to his little room, *au quatrième*, and fancy, because he is beyond the city gates, and has the privilege of walking in a two-foot garden, with the rest of his fellow-lodgers, that he is enjoying the country. This tasty admiration of country-life, at the same time, is by no means confined to the shopkeeper. Artists and authors, poets and painters, quit the dusty streets of Paris for the dustier streets of Passy or Auteuil. The pastoral writer hears nightingales and murmuring brooks in the morning cannon and artillery manœuvres of the troops at the Château of Vincennes. The romance-writer seeks his romantic inspirations, his rocks, and valleys, and mountain streams, in the flat plain of St. Denis, or the chimney-pots of the *Cheval Blanc*, or *Grand Cerf*, or whatever the little inn which forms his "villa" be termed; whilst the maritime romance-makers, the Coopers of France, fill their troubled imaginations with the smoke of the steamboat which passes Charenton or Saint Cloud, on its way to Melun or Rouen.

But, if all Paris be thus out of Paris, whence come the throngs which still crowd the capital? That is one of the great mysteries of this most elastic and mysterious city!

But autumn comes: and Paris begins to wash its face of its coating of dust, and remove its blotches with all the cosmetics its resources of artificial coquetry contain. Alas! its face is no longer young and blooming. Those wrinkles of its feverish maturity have been too deeply seared to be effaced: and, generally, in its haste to make itself smart for its winter campaign, it contrives to meet the runaway, who returns to greet it once more, in a most intolerable state of *déshabille*. Upturned pavements, and invading scaffoldings, promise a decent appear-

ance some day or other; and Paris declares that it will very soon be *en grande toilette.* But, somehow or other, these promises are so long in fulfilment that Paris seems never inclined to take off its curl-papers, and continues to look like a man always lathered for shaving, the result of whose beautifyings never appears. In spite of these disadvantages, however, and of the advances of age, the face of Paris in the autumn often wears an agreeable, comfortable expression, which is not without its charms, and which has all the doubtful allurements of a *seconde jeunesse.*

A thousand voices will tell the stranger, on his arrival, that Paris at this season is beyond all power of description dull. But the *flâneur* insists upon it that Paris is very much calumniated in this respect. It is true, the *beau monde,* a great part of which in latter years—either from reasons of economy, or from the fancy of adopting English customs, remains absent from the capital as long as it can, often until after New Year's Day—is still away in the country, or *aux eaux,* in its *châteaux,* or at Baden, or in the Pyrenees. The last *élégant,* or *lion,* or whatever the newest name he bears, who was detained, *soi-disant,* by urgent business,—in truth, because he had no resources to betake himself away,—has hidden himself out of sight, and is supposed to have gone away for the *chasse.* The Jockey Club looks sickly. The *Salle des Etrangers* hangs its head. No bets are disposed of; no necks are broken; but Paris is none the less lively. Paris breathes all the more freely. No, the *flâneur* again asserts it, Paris is not dull. In spite of "all the world" being out of town,—the *soi-disant* world, the world of fashion, Paris is crowded with foreigners and provincials, who come to admire and enjoy, and who admire and enjoy accordingly. Whoever studies Paris at this season of the year cannot but be attracted by its face of good-temper: for those he meets about him are mostly persons disposed to be pleased, and who *are* pleased. There is a satisfaction in the open-mouthed cockney, and staring German, and conceited provincial, who shares the honours of the admiration in repeating, "*Et moi aussi, je suis Français!*" that does one's heart good to see. The theatres, also, now commence their winter campaigns with all their new artillery. The play-going people return from their country nests, and find the "*dolce far niente*" they sought in vain in their spurious country-pleasures in the seats of the theatre. They return, fresh and young again, to their amusements, no longer the *blasé* and critical public of the past season,—the jealous, suspicious, spoiled, over-fed public, that would quarrel with a trifle, and insist on exorbitant interest for its money paid down,—a public, that, too much petted in the infancy of its season, and grown up amidst overstrained efforts to curry its favour, had lost its relish in its old age,—but a public disposed to accept with good will all that is done to amuse and excite it, laughing at a wink, weeping at half a sentiment,—a public, in fact, that has not lost its faith in the divinity it worships, and acknowledges the existence of amusement. All the daintiest novelties are, in consequence, now spread out before it; and authors make the best use of the season to plead their cause, whilst the judge is still their "very good friend." No! every one looks pleased and good-tempered; and the face of Paris in autumn wears a lively and comfortable look.

But another change is quickly coming. The next portrait, spite of its gleams of brightness, assumes already a grey tint, the existence of which the Parisian would in vain deny, although it is undeniable.

There are two facts which a true native Parisian not only can never be induced to admit, but never made to believe, namely that the whole island of Great Britain is not constantly enveloped in the thickest fog; and that in his happy country, and more especially in his thrice-blessed capital, a fog, or even a mist, is a phenomenon unknown. As to the yielding to the evidence of his own senses on such a point, such a matter would be, of a surety, an unknown phenomenon. He has a thousand loop-holes of excuse, by which he contrives to escape out of the admission of such a fearful reality. It has, certainly, once been known, that an old Legitimist gentleman, who had lost his way in a fog in the Place Louis XV., and found himself wandering in the Champs Elysées, when he fancied himself within the aristocratic regions of his own Faubourg St. Germain, on being obliged to admit the existence of such an anomaly in Paris, declared with many sighs and lamentations that London fogs had never been heard of in the climate of Paris, until after the revolution of July, and the commencement of the usurping Orleans dynasty, and could only have come in with the principles introduced by such a shocking event. But this avowal must be looked upon as a very exceptional triumph of the cause of truth.

Still, this grey tint over the face of Paris is not without its peculiar fantastic charm, like the grey beards on the old ladies' chins in Denner's minutely painted pictures, until November comes to lay the colour on with far too strong a hand. There are early Autumn sunsets which possess a richness of colouring not to be outdone by all that Spring can offer—the alluring tints of that *seconde jeunesse* already mentioned, when the sun, as it disappears, paints the sky with wonders of redoubled beauty, as a beloved friend at the moment of *adieu* finds words still more affectionate and cheering to the heart, to say farewell; and even when it is seen no longer, it seems to give its last blessing to the undeserving city, as it rests with a sort of sanctified glory upon the golden cross of the distant Invalids. Let this beautiful sight be viewed from a terrace of the Tuileries gardens. The cheerless look of the blackened and denuded trees, the withering, saddening influence of the damp-looking leaves beneath the feet, the chilling effects of the cold, naked, miserable-looking statues, who have lost their summer garb of green foliage and shade, are alike forgotten. A moment more—the soft fire of nature's sun has disappeared from the windows of the palace; but the whole long façade glitters with innumerable lights within, the sparkling illumination of art. Be it remarked, *en passant*, that no one seems more to appreciate, enjoy, and indulge in the luxury of artificial light in all its splendour and profusion, than does the King of the French. Snarling ultra-legitimists will tell you that this mania for illumination bears upon its face the moral lesson that an evil conscience fears the least shade of darkness. And now the mist of Autumn evening, the denied, ignored, but very evident mist, settles down upon the river and its bordering gardens; and to the wanderer across it the Seine appears to possess no banks, and the bridge, on which he stands, to be the bridge of the Eastern fable, Mirza's dream, stretched over a boundless sea, its extremities lost in an impenetrable fog; and all vanishes to the sight, except, perchance, the towers of the distant Notre Dame, which stretch out of the dim cloud like two giant phantoms, or two mountain-tops alone escaping from the deluge which has overwhelmed all else; and in a short time it is

the piercing gas alone that shines through the dimness, faintly showing forth the bejewelled and beshawled shop windows, or the gilded gaudily painted cafés in the richer streets, and giving their dulled splendours the appearance of a fête by night in a land of ghosts. And then again, anon, it is only the halo from the lanthorns in the street, and the roll of the passing carriage, and the deadened hum of the city, which remind the *flâneur* that he is gliding through an inhabited capital; and then the fog grows thicker; and the very passers-by are lost to the eye; and the mist is a mist of solitude.

So far there is yet a charm upon the picture; but turn to the next; that last charm is gone. November is there painted in dirty drizzly colours upon every feature. The face of the capital is again changed with the face of nature and the face of society. The face of nature is disfigured with chilly sleet, black trees, and last leaves, that make a last twirling struggle to cling to their branches, and then fall, and are swept away by the wind, and buried by it in a hurry in some corner of a *porte cochère,* like plague victims in the time of a heavy mortality. The face of the capital wears an uneasy, busy, grasping expression. The last dandy has allowed his varnished boot to glitter for the last time upon its asphalte: and its pavement is abandoned to a new race, which seem to have rushed down upon it, Heaven knows whence! like the hordes of Attila. The hand-organs go about in the moist streets, groaning and wheezing out the overture of the season so distracting in concerts and music and musicians of every grade and pretension. The hot-chestnut seller lights his burning stove before the winehouse door; and every thoroughfare is thronged with all those winter speculators upon the public purse, who, upon various pretexts, awaken the misty echoes with their monotonous cries—cries as chilling as the season. The face of society is no less uncomfortable, uneasy, discontented in its aspect. Those of the *beau monde* who, tired of the fancied pleasures of country life, return to the capital and find it still half deserted, avenge themselves upon the more fashionable absent by calling them to trial before the high court of scandal, and giving in their verdict that, if the absentee be a man, he is ruined or has committed some bad action—if a woman, she must either have eloped or grown ugly. The *malades imaginaires* come back from the bathing-places, which have sunk into a state of nonentity, declaring themselves cured; and the searchers of the picturesque from their petty tours, asserting, like true Frenchmen, that there is after all no paradise in the world like Paris. But in spite of their pretended satisfaction they all wear a weary physiognomy, as they prepare for the desperate struggle of the season to gain the world's favours, and the world's smiles. Its disappointments, its ill-will, its bites of malice are what most of its courtiers and its victims will obtain. The forms of the dancing young gentlemen—those spoiled children of the *salon* life, in these dancing days, when amiability is judged by force of nether limb, and *esprit* by ability in the *valse à deux temps* or the *mazurka*—alone form an exception to the general physiognomy of bustling uneasiness. They come out with the easy, smiling consciousness, that so many fair arms will soon be stretched forth to greet their legs, that so many danso-maniac Duchesses or *Marquises* will forget the pride of birth to accept an offer from the nobility of toe. They alone do not follow the mournful course of seasons. They reappear fresher

after a summer's recruiting, as the winter commences, to disappear again, exhausted, withered, dead, in the spring tide, allowing society, in this its true privilege—that of fostering the unnatural.

In the midst of the desolation of the dying year, why does the last portrait in its gallery wear so self-satisfied a grin? Why does December paint over it an expression of such fond expectancy?

A cursory observer might imagine that it is only the promises of pleasure given by the rubbing of fiddlesticks, the tacking together of new dresses, or the mixing of punch, that render the aspect of Paris, in the month of December, one of such deceptive joyousness. But it is not that. There is a concealed influence, although well known to the Parisian, which acts mysteriously upon the smiling physiognomy of this naturally dreary month. What forms the life of December is its death. The mysterious influence exists in the approach of the New Year's day — the day so obligatorily generous in New Year's gifts. Whatever may be the actual annoyance to mind, body, and purse, in the Parisian fashion of *étrennes*, it certainly cradles you most softly during the month of December; so smiling, so amiable, so *prevenant* is all the world around you. Talk of matrimonial honeymoons! there is no honeymoon so sweet as the honeymoon of interest, which shines so blandly upon you during this illusive month. Eternal peace prevails between husband and wife, between lover and mistress. The bright eyes that have looked sulkily upon you for eleven months of the year, smile upon you with a fawning of coquetry quite endearing. The whole race of Parisian womankind is changed into so many angels. You may even almost expect to see a pair of white wings piercing the dirty tartan shawl of your impertinent and cross old house-porteress, so angelic does her sour temper become. Your old porter never meets you on the stairs, but cap in hand; exposing his grey hairs to the damp air, with a withered smile. All the world looks on you with an amiable eye. To enjoy this placid month of peace, all you have to do is to forget that a first of January *will* come, when your pockets will be emptied, your temper tried, your illusions ravished from your grasp; when your lady-love will quarrel with you, because her *étrennes* are not to her liking; when your porteress will grow more insolent than ever; when your acquaintances will think you mean; when all the little children will be sick, and have the colic, from eating too many *bonbons*. Alas! January will come to destroy all the illusions the face of December fostered in your too ardent imagination. January will come, like that period of youth which fancies itself forced to nourish a Byronic misanthropy, because it has been once deceived. But January, in its turn, will be again forgotten in the tumultuous whirl of the carnival,—in all the hurry of the world's pleasure, business, ambition, and renewed self-deception. And so goes on the world in Paris! — and so do the portraits it presents change their whole physiognomy from one year's end to another.

TEA-TABLE TALK.—No. II.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.*

"How *old* do you take Mrs. Chataway to be?"
"Really I can't say precisely; but she has long been in her *anecdotage*."

SIR JAMES ALLAN PARKE.

A JUST perception of *the ludicrous* belongs, we have reason to believe, mostly to persons of the best understanding in other things; and we have observed that humorous nonsense is never so much relished as by people of approved good sense. Thus, it is infinite bad taste to jest with, or in the presence of individuals who are unsusceptible of a joke. The following incident (interesting in itself) will be an apt illustration of the sometimes danger of speaking *en badinage* (a foible very often indulged in by Mr. Mathews in his sportive vein, although his better judgment condemned it,) in the hearing of *matter-of-fact* persons.

In the year 1822, on his return from his first visit to the United States,—("the more or less United States,") Mathews was met at Liverpool by his wife and son. After a few nights of his performance in that place, the trio, in their course of visits in that part of the world, proceeded to "The Brooms," the seat of Mr. and Mrs. M—ke, a few miles from Stafford, where the assizes were about to commence; and Mathews, passionately fond of hearing trials, was to accompany his host, one of the grand jury, on the first day. It happened that a trial of some interest to the family, from the prisoner having been formerly a person in its employ, was then to come on, and Mrs. M—ke announced her intention to be present at it; but her husband gravely

* When these recollections were first set down, they were intended to appear anonymously. Hence the "plural unit" throughout.—A. M.

discountenanced the idea of ladies encountering the heat of a crowded court, which on this particular occasion was expected to be filled to excess; and the weather being unusually hot for the time of year, he used every argument to dissuade his lady and her fair guests from such an effort; but in vain. At length it was settled that only Mrs. Mathews and her hostess should accompany the gentlemen to the courts on the following morning. At breakfast-time, when all were prepared to depart, Mr. M—ke once more endeavoured to convince Mrs. M—ke, a person of delicate health, of the great fatigue she was about to suffer, anticipating, as he said, that she would not be able to sustain it. Upon which, finding that all arguments were unavailing against Mrs. M—ke's settled purpose, Mathews, full of good spirits and playfulness, as he always was when unshackled by professional business, and in unconfined enjoyment of "Nature, and the Country," in order to put an end to fruitless discussion, and to divert his host from his objections, exclaimed,

"Oh, never mind! if the ladies find themselves fatigued, or inconvenienced, I will send to the judge, and desire him to give them seats."

"What!" asked the host, in some surprise, "are you acquainted with either of the judges?"

"Oh, yes, *intimately*," replied the comedian, who believed himself understood as speaking in jest. "*Parke* and I were schoolfellows; and I have only to write upon my card, '*Dear Jem, my wife and friends require accommodation*,' to have all arranged comfortably."

No remark followed this absurd assertion; and the carriages being announced, the purposed parties proceeded to Stafford, and the Hall of Justice. Baron Hullock presided in the criminal court, where the visiters from "The Brooms" remained until the unfavourable tendency of the trial which had induced Mrs. M—ke's presence, and the wretched state of the prisoner, who fainted from mental suffering, drove her out of the court, and induced Mathews to escort both ladies to the civil side, where he found his familiar friend, "*Jem*," engaged on a very whimsical cause, which elicited repeated bursts of laughter from all present, including the judge himself. The body of this court was as densely crowded as that which they had left; and it was with great difficulty and intercession that the *chaperon* procured standing-room for the ladies and himself to hear and see the witnesses; and the heat and fatigue were just about to induce the former to retire, when Sir James Parke was observed to bend forward, and beckon somebody from that part of the room where our trio stood. Mrs. Mathews could *almost* have believed that this "courteous action" of his hand was intended for *her*, — but it could not be. Mrs. M—ke then fancied *she* was the object of the judge's attention; but soon relinquished the idea. Mathews, in turn, thought himself the person courted; but the thought was soon rejected as preposterous. It was very unlikely (he felt) that the judge, — who, he understood, was *seriously* opposed to theatricals, and unacquainted with all persons belonging to them,—should recognize, much less single out, an actor in open court. Of course, it was not Mr. Mathews that was beckoned; but, then, who was it? Not even echo replied to his question; and the trio, under their several impressions, cautiously confined to their own bosoms, looked around them, and at each other; but no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at by either. The judge's eye seemed to be directed to all three alternately; and his manner obviously became more and more earnest. At length

an official of the court, with his wand of office, in awful pomp, came up to the party, with the palpable intention of arresting their *attention* to the fact that they were required by the judge to approach the bench; which summons they mechanically obeyed, not without trepidation and embarrassment, and, to the no less wonder of the court and the bystanders than their own, they stood close to the seat of justice. Mrs. Mathews then found herself selected from the group by Sir James, and placed close to him on his left hand. He then motioned to Mrs. M—ke to take the next seat; and, O wonder of wonders! Mathews was directed to the *third!* Every barrister's eye was raised with recognition and smiles to the actor so unaccountably "located." The arrangement had been so rapidly and silently made, that it gave no interruption to the trial, which proceeded, with reiterated peals of merriment from every part of the court, witnesses included. As for Mrs. Mathews, she believed that she and her companions owed their present distinguished elevation to some dire mistake, and she looked, with fearful anticipation, for the moment when the arrival of the "real Simon Pures" would lead to the expulsion of the unconscious counterfeits. Under these painful expectations and embarrassed feelings, she received awkwardly and reluctantly many polite attentions from the judge; who, during the intervals of examination and consequent merriment, presented her with a portion of his own refreshment, in the shape of gingerbread-nuts, begging her to share them with her friend, making occasional comments upon the passing scene, &c. At last, during a pause, when some witness was waited for, the judge addressed her in a way that at once relieved her apprehensions of a mortifying removal. Her wonder, however, was increased by the question of,

"Pray, Mrs. Mathews, do tell me from whom Mr. Mathews took his impersonation of the *Old Scotch Lady?* I feel almost certain that that fine portrait was from *Mrs. MacKnight.* Lady Parke thinks I must be mistaken, because she cannot be persuaded that Mr. Mathews could ever have known anything about that person. Now, *do* tell me from whom your husband took that character."

Mrs. Mathews satisfied the questioner that the study had certainly been made from Mrs. MacKnight; and the judge seemed highly pleased at his penetration and power to set the question at rest with his lady. To this inquiry were added many compliments upon tho talents of the actor, proving that, though "grave as a judge" ought to be, he had no objection to innocent amusement.* The trial ended, the judge, turning to Mrs. Mathews, said,

"Now, another cause is coming on, which I am sure you would be *very angry* with me were I to allow you and your friend to hear; I therefore recommend you to withdraw with her to my chambers adjoining,—to which you shall be conducted. You will there find better refreshments than I have here to offer you; and you will amuse yourselves with the London newspapers till it is over."

Then, beckoning to the official already mentioned, this kind and libe-

* It is mentioned in the "Memoirs of Charles Mathews," that persons of certain religious sects, who would as soon be suspected of picking a pocket as of witnessing a dramatic entertainment, had no scruple in entering a theatre to hear his "At Homes," which they designated "*Lectures,*" — to which the serious are naturally inclined. Whether Sir James Parke was one of these, or whether he had by some means seen the "*Scotch Lady,*" and the actor's wife (whom he evidently knew), in private society, no Œdipus has revealed.

ral gentleman cordially and smilingly bowed a farewell: the comedian was then tacitly invited to occupy the space his wife had vacated, and in the next moment found himself seated close to the judge! Again every eye was upturned to notice this novel association, when one of the guests of mine host of "The Brooms," the only observer that seemed perfectly without emotion or curiosity upon the occasion, entered the court at the moment the ladies were escorted out of it, and at the same time a gentleman of Stafford, known to the party at "The Brooms," who immediately on his entrance recognizing the actor, asked in a tone of surprise, and half doubt, as he pointed to the bench,

"Why, is not that Mathews? I thought he was still in America. And—(here he drew a long breath of wonder)—*seated close, and speaking to the judge.* What an extraordinary thing!"

"Not at all extraordinary," coolly replied the person addressed,—"not at *all.* Sir James is a particular friend of Mr. Mathews."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Stafford man (from whom this portion of the story was derived.) "Well, I should not have thought it,—I should rather have said Sir James Parke would not be acquainted with an actor. He is, you know, said to be very *serious,*" as if earnestness in religion excluded kindness!

"Well," rejoined Mr. M—ke's guest, "I can only tell you that I am at this time staying, on a visit, in the same house with Mr. Mathews; and this morning, at breakfast, he told us that he and Sir James Parke were at school together, and that they had remained in close intimacy ever since."

"Oh! indeed!"

"Yes," continued the informant, "he is so familiar with him, that when he writes to the judge he calls him '*Dear Jem!*'"

This incident being a great deal talked of at the time, another version,—not of the fact, but of the *motive* which prompted Sir James's courtesy to the actor, was rife. Ill-nature declared that the judge's eye, falling upon the body of the court, was startled from its propriety by the apparition of the modern Proteus; that he saw himself thenceforth the prey of

"One that feeds
On objects, arts, and *imitations,*"

and believed himself a doomed man, unless by some act of propitiation he could divert the observer before him from his dark design of *taking him off* the bench, and placing him *upon the stage;* which naturally produced "*serious*" alarm; and the politic expedient of getting the actor on his side, by placing him *at* it, suggested to the nervous judge the offer of accommodation made to him and his companions. But this account would rob Sir James Parke of the grace of extreme good nature and liberality of feeling, which indubitably actuated him on the occasion; and, if any doubt of either remained, one of his own remarks to Mr. Mathews would at once establish his genuine motive in inviting the actor near him, and prove the total absence of dread, on his own account, of being represented, or misrepresented, by the person he so distinguished.

"Mr. Mathews," said he, "I 'm quite glad I saw you, in order to offer you a seat to hear this laughable cause, which I am sure your ladies would not have been able to outstay in the heated crowd of the court. The public derives so much gratification, I may add, *instruc-*

tion, from your great talents, that it is but fair that it should afford you some entertainment in return."

In narratives that derive their chief effect from oral skill, and personal assumption of peculiar look and manner, much of the original point and humour is lost with the inflexions and intonations of the relator.

"What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?"

The following anecdote, and others derived from the same admirable source, may possibly appear when on *paper*, to be "no' worth the telling," while from *his* lips, — from which nothing fell pointless, — they were matters of never-failing amusement.

Mathews, who from Dan to Beersheba found nothing barren, and, by the force of his genius, might be said to draw "sermons from stones, and good from everything,"—detecting in the merest trifles traits of human character, imperceptible or unnoticeable to less acute observers, used to relate the following amusing fact, as an instance of the natural and impulsive kindness of Sir James Parke's disposition, and universal as judicial sense of right.

"The ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, and is always just."

Whether to man or *beast*, it would appear, he was impartial and even-handed in his distribution of justice, which, in the present instance, at least, was neither *deaf* nor *blind*.

During a trial of unusual gravity and interest in one of the civil courts, the business was, from time to time, one day disturbed and impeded by the whining of an enormous bull-dog, who ran rapidly about the body of the court, as if in quest of his master, thus distracting the attention of all present, and that of the judge, in particular; who, after many furtive looks at the restless object of annoyance, at length, as if in despair of the nuisance abating, addressed the person whose office it was to see that quiet and propriety were preserved during the trials, saying to him in a half *aside*,

"*Pray*, turn out that troublesome dog! It 's impossible to proceed with the business while he is running about, and making that noise. Turn him *out immediately*."

The drowsy official, who either did not understand the judge, who spoke in a low voice, or cared not to risk his own safety by laying violent hands upon the rather ferocious and formidable-looking animal in question, (perhaps hoping that his last trespass against legal decorum was perpetrated) neglected his orders, which Sir James not at first perceiving, he resumed his official functions. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when the half-howling noise, and perturbed movements of the dog, were renewed with increased force, and Sir James, again turning to the man, impatiently reproved him for still allowing the objectionable animal to remain, enforcing rather sharply the first order,—namely, that the dog should be incontinently turned out of court. Here a pause ensued, and the man, no longer able to evade altogether his order, instead of seizing upon the actual culprit, laid the iron grasp of the law upon a poor, timid, inoffensive, little spaniel, who was sitting meekly at the feet of its owner, and actively proceeded to eject it, when Sir James, quite off his guard at this flagrant violation of justice, and unwilling that "This *here* dog should suffer for what that *there* dog had done," started from his seat, and cried out anxiously and vehemently,

"*Not that* dog!—not *that* dog! *That* dog is behaving as well as a dog *can behave.* I 've had my eye upon him some time. It 's that *large white* dog, that has made all the disturbance; turn *him* out, and let that quiet, *well-conducted* animal remain."

After some evasive resistance on the part of the real culprit, he was at length secured, and the judge's sentence fulfilled to the very letter of the law; during which process, Sir James, and every other person in court, paused with grave and patient aspect as they witnessed the triumph of innocence, and the unmitigated punishment of the incorrigible transgressor, whose ignominious banishment was universally approved.

"A judge *all mercy* is a judge *unjust.*"

MISS MELLON'S BALLS.

Before the genial and exhilarating country-dance gave place to the heart-repelling refinement of the *quadrille,* Miss Mellon's "dances,"—for such they were modestly entitled in the cards of invitation,—were annually looked forward to with delight by her young friends, in despite of the small, *hot* room, which but to remember is as good as a bonfire to us. At the entrance of the room duly appeared the hostess, radiant with smiles, and genuine hospitality, to welcome her willing guests, having then, perhaps, more happiness in her heart than when after-splendour enriched, and better taste adorned the scene.

In this limited space, where grace was "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," were to be seen faces of the purest joy and satisfaction. There, as in loftier halls, fans were flirted, and flirts were fanned; everything was pleasing to those who came only to be pleased, and to whom everything was fresh and new,—for *youth,* after all, is the true secret of enjoyment.

Here, with buoyant animation, moved the young, handsome Sheridan Knowles, his "poet's eye," even then, "in a fine frenzy rolling, did glance" from *fair to fair,* in search of a partner fitting to share his enthusiasm in as many successive dances as tyrant custom permitted, without challenging remark and appearing *particular.*

There stood moodily—a looker on—the youthful Theodore Hook, in professed disdain of what he chose to term the "tomfoolery" which asserted the superiority of *heels* over *head;* yet with a restless eye, which followed anxiously the aërial movements of *the one, the only one* for whom he was prepared to make "a fool" of himself, whenever he could find her released from the engrossing attentions of the "capering puppy," who had, with more alertness, contrived to engage her hand before his arrival.

Now "capered nimbly" the serio-comic, fascinating Elliston; while, in a corner of this narrow room, leaned Mathews, not then a lame man, but who was, in fact, for any but for dancing measures; yet he liked to see others happy, though not in his way of enjoyment; and had a merry jest ready for every passing couple, which made them titter as they moved along, till, the evening's diversion drawing to a close, tired of inaction, he would watch a lucky minute, when the hand of his hostess was free, to seize it, and lead her off, to her partner's dismay (she nothing loth), in whimsical triumph, through the meanderings of "Money Musk," or the excursive windings of "Sir Roger de Coverley,"—"Up stairs, down stairs, through my lady's chamber,"—performing in his passage a ludicrous travestie of the several prominent styles he had noted, and convulsing all his followers, each of whom beheld his brother's "mote," and not his own. These were, in

truth, joyous days and nights, and probably remembered as such by Mrs. Coutts and the Duchess of St. Albans.

We recollect a very whimsical termination of one of these *réunions*, arising out of Miss Mellon's first party-giving refinement, displayed in the painted floor of her ball-room (the aforesaid small, hot apartment in Little Russell Street, Covent Garden). This truly ambitious attempt took us all by surprise; the feminine portion of the bidden was professedly *enchanted* with the effect, — the prevailing tint, "sky blue," judiciously chosen as a relief to the white, so prevalent in female costume of that day,—so light and aërial,—was pronounced "*perfection*,"—it was, in a manner, "flitting on air." Alas the while! this charm, like other earthward joys, proved transient; for, as the "light, fantastic toe" moved trippingly to the inspiring notes of fiddle and bass, a mysterious and etherial cloud arose, of which

"Each atom
Asserting its indisputable right *to dance*,"

formed at length

"An universe of dust!"

The company, at first perplexed, and then blinded, adjourned prematurely to the supper-table, trimly laid out in the next apartment, where, after some explanation and general discussion upon the untoward result of the tasteful and well-intentioned device, the now sedentary guests sought, and found, solid compensation for this really "*moving*" accident, which the malicious Theodore turned to account in an extempore summary of the *contre temps*, — a theme treated by him *con amore*.

The sequel of this was, that during the drive home of the party, daylight surprised and showed them to each other in a perfectly new light, —those who had been all the evening "merry devils" were converted into "*blue devils*," — veritable Frankenstein monsters, — all had exchanged their native tint for an unearthly hue, and found their bodies clothed in a cerulean garb. They had, in fact, imbibed a liberal portion of the *water-coloured drawing* which had ornamented Miss Mellon's floor, — laid on by the scene-painter of the theatre, who, unused to paint on *boards*, had evidently executed this order without regard to any *fixed* principles of art.

The wonder—nay, dismay, of the several drivers, as well as that of the servants, who admitted the parties when they alighted from their respective vehicles, may be conceived. The hostess found herself, and all belonging to herself and house, imbued with the colour of that floor for weeks after; and we may, we think, assert, from our own knowledge of her, that the dancing-days of Harriet Mellon were often reverted to by Mrs. Coutts, who assuredly laughed (in her sleeve) whenever she contrasted her early ambition's failure with her later magnificence.

THEODORE HOOK AND GENERAL TH—NT—N.

The foregoing allusion to Theodore Hook's affected, or, perhaps, real disdain of dancing, and, *for the time*, of dancers, "reminds me," as determined *conteurs* say, of another, to him, more memorable evening in after years, when we met at a ball of a very different quality, — and where (by way of parenthesis we may add,) on another occasion, we saw the vivacious Margravine of Anspach (said to be then in her seventieth year,) hoyden, with the buoyancy of seventeen, through a course of country-dances on the velvet lawn once her own; the Grecian robe more conveniently than gracefully drawn up through each pocket-hole.

"The grass stooped not, she trod on it so lightly,"

les extrémités fines, excelling and outfooting many a youthful dame, making it difficult to give credit to her previous assertion, that the two old contemporary willows, that drooped their aged branches, over the smiling face of Father Thames, had been planted there while yet mere twigs by her own fair hand. Time's hard pressure had left more evident marks on *them* than could be traced in their evergreen *elder,* if we omit to mention a somewhat overweening tendency of nose and chin to come in contact, and perhaps a fresher bloom than Nature's hand had laid upon her cheeks. But, to return. At the aforesaid ball at Craven Cottage, General Th—nt—n appeared amongst the invited.

It was once remarked by a female admirer of a celebrated politician, in reply to an invidious comment made upon his visual obliquity, that "Mr. Wilkes squinted no more than a *gentleman ought,*"—in like phrase it might have been said that General Th—nt—n danced somewhat *better* than a *warrior need,*—so, at least, thought Theodore Hook, who on the evening in question stood, as usual, a mere loiterer in the ball-room. He could not away with the obvious enjoyment of the gallant officer, whose well-taught proficiency and graceful alacrity exasperated Thedore's cherished enmity for the diversion; and his comments were neither few nor flattering to the intellect of the General, who, whenever he passed near enough to the satirical observer, could not fail to hear the offensive remarks made upon himself, addressed audibly to the writer of this account, who at the moment held the satirist's arm, and was detained by it, the unwilling agent, to whom his malice was nominally addressed. The General, however, continued his amusement, untouched, as it appeared, by the ridicule which everybody seemed to feel but himself. He did not, however, stay to supper; and Theodore, left master of the field, summed up the whole amount of his evening's impressions, as usual, in a song, which bore very hard upon the General in particular.

At a very early hour the next morning the "friend," *par excellence* of the gallant officer, "waited" upon Mr. Hook; nor waited in vain, for in the course of his *friendly* visit he succeeded in convincing the adventurous wit, that a zealous follower of Terpsichore might also be a man of spirit, and that the mere act of dancing well was not incompatible with that of *fighting* well. In fine, present satisfaction was demanded, in compensation for the over-night's dissatisfaction. This was in due course afforded. The ball at Craven Cottage was followed by *two* balls, *poudré,* at Chalk Farm, both of which went off so well that neither felt wounded, as on the former occasion. The affair, which threatened a serious termination, ended in smoke; and thus both parties were "*satisfied.*"

About a week after this *rencontre,* the *éclat* of which had spread over the circles in which the belligerent parties were known, the offender, who had risked his life, and that of a gallant officer, for the maintenance of a caprice, attended a similar entertainment at another house, where he exerted every persuasion he was capable of to induce the same person who had been the unwilling recipient of his offensive remarks on General Th—nt—n to give him her hand in a dance; the young lady objected to such a distinction, but this concession made, the fitful and eccentric Theodore remained not only a *tolerating* but a *good-humoured* looker-on upon a diversion which he had so lately derided and contemned as unworthy the practice of rational beings.

THE LAST DAYS OF A BACHELOR.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

"WAITER," said Mr. Jeremiah Goitt, as he seated himself at one of the tables of a well-known coffee-house, up a celebrated court in Fleet-street, "I 'll take a couple of lamb-chops."

"'Taters or salad, sir?" inquired the attendant.

"Salad—and, I say—mind—dont forget the spring onions."

"Jerry, my boy," remarked Mr. Spry, one of a small knot of associates, including Mr. Goitt, who were in the habit of generally dining together at this hotel, "this won't do a fortnight hence."

"What won't do?"

"Onions, Jerry. Onions may be an ingredient in single blessedness, but they must be banished from the salad of Hymen."

"Yes, banish'd from the bowl, banish'd from the bowl," sang Mr. Joyes:

"The salad bowl,
The salad bowl of married life."

It will hence be concluded that the days of Mr. Goitt, as a bachelor, and young man about town, were numbered. It was so.

"I 'll tell you what, too, friend Jeremiah; you must give up that also," said Mr. Sharples, as the butt of these observations took refuge in a pinch of snuff.

"No more cigars, Master Jerry," pursued Spry; "no more bowls of punch. No more going half-price to the play; no more welch-rarebits, stewed cheeses, poached eggs, or devilled kidneys afterwards. No song, no supper."

"See, he has dropped his latch-key—a fearful omen! You won't be allowed that, either," observed Joyes, as Mr. Goitt, in taking his watch out, let fall the implement in question.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the prospective Benedict: "one may make a few sacrifices to requited affection—and twenty thousand pounds!"

"Come," said Mr. Spry, "there 's something in that. When a man gets a real treasure in his wife, he is indemnified for a little self-denial."

"At any rate, Goitt," remarked Mr. Sharples, "I approve of your taste. A fellow must be fortunate in his choice when the estate of matrimony is six hundred a-year. Unlike Lord Byron, I love a stumpy woman."

"Oh, oh!" cried Mr. Goitt. "If I garbled a noble poet, I wouldn't make a vile pun."

"Well, but come; I say, Goitt," said Spry, "considering what's in store for you, you ought to stand a farewell dinner."

"Very well," was the answer. "Anything for a quiet life."

"A quiet life, eh?" retorted his friend. "You are for a quiet life, and mean to get married, do you? My good fellow, don't you particularly wish that you may get it?

"Sing needles and pins."

"I beg you won't," interrupted Mr. Goitt. "At any rate, my sor-

row won't begin yet this fortnight.—Waiter, a go of whisky—Scotch, mind—hot."

"And drown it in the bowl," said Mr. Sharples. "Waiter, the same for me."

"And me," cried Mr. Spry.

Mr. Joyes said he would have Hollands.

"Ah, well!" sighed Mr. Goitt; "I've only a fortnight more to live — in chambers. Let me enjoy my brief span while it lasts, and begin by making a night of it. *Carpe diem.*"

"*Carpe noctem*, you mean," suggested Sharples. "Night, not day. It's all the same, though, with gentlemen who turn one into the other."

"Never mind," returned Goitt. "I know my end awaits me. No matter; when it comes, I'll brave it like a man. In the meantime I'm determined to have my swing."

"What!" exclaimed Spry, "before you are made an example of?"

"Even so," replied the hero. "I believe, in some countries it is customary to allow a condemned culprit to indulge and enjoy himself as he pleases, in the interval between his sentence and the fatal day. I intend to behave with similar humanity to myself."

"Hadn't you," said Sharples, "better devote the few fleeting moments now allotted to you to preparation for the awful change you are to undergo?"

"I suppose," Mr. Goitt retorted, "you charge a penny a line for that observation. As to preparation—I'm quite resigned. Waiter, bring me a cigar.— Besides, what better preparation can I make than sowing every grain of my wild oats? I'll eat," continued the desperate Goitt, "as many onions, take as much snuff, smoke as many cigars, crack as large a number of bottles, and go to as many places of amusement as I can, during the remainder of my bachelorhood. And so, hallo! I say, waiter, bring me another go of whiskey."

"You are not at Rome," observed Spry, "but you appear to be doing pretty much as the Romans do. Your notion seems borrowed from the Italian carnival: jollification before penance."

"He will be able," remarked Sharples, "to repent at leisure after tomorrow fortnight."

"Well, but," said Mr. Joyes, "we musn't forget the farewell dinner. When shall it be?"

"Whenever you like," answered Goitt, now considerably advanced in pot-valiancy.

"Let it," suggested Sharples, "be the wind-up. Let Goitt take leave of his friends on the eve of his execution."

"As you please, my boys," said Mr. Goitt. "Hadn't you better have an artist in attendance, to make a sketch of the affecting scene? It might be published in one of the illustrated papers."

"Ah!" exclaimed Spry, "you are merely an unhappy gentleman. For that you ought to be some ill-fated individual in high-life."

"Well," said Goitt, "let us have one more glass round and another cigar, and then we'll go."

This arrangement was approved of, and the evening concluded with the utmost harmony, to which Messrs. Joyes and Sharples not a little contributed by extemporaneously applying to Mr. Goitt a parody on the ballad of Gilderoy.

With respect to his intention to have his swing, or his whack, or

whatever else young gentlemen of his order choose to call the extreme of revelry, Mr. Goitt was as good as his word. He took his ounce of "Etrenne" *per diem*, he smoked his couple of cigars after breakfast, and finished his half-dozen more before he went to-bed. He ate his shalots with his chop without remorse or scruple. He concluded his morning's meal with a draught of beer. He took more beer—which, in imitation of bricklayers' labourers, he called his "twelveses"—at noon; he drank more beer still at dinner, and more yet after that at supper, which, subsequently to having been to some place of amusement, he had regularly at a tavern. But, besides all this malt liquor, he imbibed diurnally considerable quantities of rum, gin, whiskey, brandy-and-water, punch, or negus. Nor did he always confine himself to one of these beverages, but very often partook of several. Moreover, he not unfrequently treated himself and others to sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps; and at morning's dawn, which usually lighted him to his lodgings, he by no means rarely partook of early purl. Nor would this account of Mr. Goitt's potations be complete if sundry supernumerary bottles of stout, and measures of ale commingled with porter, vulgarly termed half-and-half, were therefrom omitted; for Mr. Goitt, and a crew of boon companions, were wont to "pull up the river," a species of exertion which rendered them very thirsty, and thus created, on their parts, a demand for these additional refreshments. These, of course, were to be paid for; and to determine who should perform that ceremony they tossed up halfpence, or cast lots, after the manner denominated "going the odd man." There is a variety of this kind of convivial sortilege, which bears the startling title of "sudden death,"— and really the libations of Mr. Goitt were so extensive, that such, it was to be feared, might be literally the termination of his career. But Mr. Goitt was born to be married.

As Mr. Goitt's life, as he expressed it, was about to terminate in a fortnight, it was but reasonable that he should endeavour to make the most of it. Now, this young gentleman's idea of life by no means corresponded with the definition usually given of it by physiologists. It was that particular mode of existence which, among jovial clerks and jolly medical students, is understood by the phrase "Life in London." Of life, in this sense of the word, he had had considerable experience, but still he felt that his knowledge of it was lamentably incomplete, as philosophers find the greatest length of days insufficient for the due cultivation of wisdom. He resolved, therefore, to avail himself to the utmost of his remaining opportunity, crowding into the space of two weeks an age of action and observation, working hard, in short, for the last fortnight, just as the young surgeons, with whom he was acquainted, did previously to passing their examinations. On one night, therefore, he went to a theatre, and after that to a tavern; on another, to a resort combining both tavern and theatre. He diligently also frequented those subterranean halls, not to say cellars, whereat harmonic meetings are held nocturnally. He perfected his acquaintance with whitebait and iced punch, by divers trips to Greenwich and Blackwall. He travelled more than once to Rosherville, and he made several voyages of discovery to Cremorne House. He went, several times, to witness the eruption of Vesuvius, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. He studied the Ethiopian peculiarities in the persons of the serenaders of that nation. To perfect himself in the accomplishment of self-defence,

he witnessed several displays of that noble science, exhibited for the benefit of deserving pugilists. He likewise practised at pistol-galleries, and, in order to learn the use of the fowling-piece, repaired to the Red House, Battersea. At much personal risk from the police, and to the loss of several guineas sterling money, he effected an entrance into divers gaming-houses, and was initiated into the mysteries of *Rouge et noir*. Furthermore, he is reported, whether in pursuit of natural history, or comparative anatomy, or from the wish to be, as he expressed it, "up to everything," to have paid half-a-crown to a barber in St. Giles's for admission to witness the slaughter of an enormous bear.

By resorting to the institutions, and repairing to the scenes above-enumerated, and to some others, Mr. Goitt vastly added to his previously acquired knowledge. He greatly extended his acquaintance with minor theatricals, with the articles of consumption supplied to the public at its various houses, with the habits and manners of the less reputable grades of society, and also with their phraseology; which much improved his proficiency in the English language. In the meanwhile he incurred numerous headaches, got a black eye or two, and underwent an alteration in complexion and appearance rather undesirable, considering that he was just going to be married.

But whilst the hopeful Goitt was thus enjoying himself, where, it will be asked, was his lady-love, his betrothed? Was she cognizant of his proceedings? By no means. She was in a distant part of the country, flattering herself in the belief that her future spouse, who was a young solicitor, was attending to his business in town; in which persuasion she was naturally confirmed by the extreme brevity of his letters. However, as some philosopher has remarked, there is an end to all things, and at last came that of Mr. Goitt's celibate, and its delights. The evening arrived on which he was to give his farewell party. After sparkling, or, in his own language, flaring up, like a squib, he was now about to conclude with a bounce. The correctness of this metaphor may be defended on the ground, that Mr. Goitt emphatically declared, that his final entertainment should be bang up. And if by "bang up" is to be understood expensive; if by that term is meant festive in the extreme, his declaration was warranted by the fact. The banquet took place at an hotel in Covent Garden; the dinner was confided to the arrangement of the landlord; and it consisted, consequently, of the most sumptuous fare, and wines of the choicest quality. Champagne was provided with a profusion which would have seemed extravagant had the liquor, instead, been ginger-beer; Moselle, to such an extent that it might have formed that shining river which the poet bids flow on until it reaches the sea. Sauterne, Hock, and *hoc genus omne* were furnished with equal liberality; and claret was as plentiful as table ale. And there were Port and Sherry, for those who preferred them to Madeira and Burgundy. Oh, what a sight for Father Mathew!—as the clown says, or might say, in some pantomime.

The company might have reminded one of the youths that impressed Billy Taylor. Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows, or thereabouts, sat down to table; though clad they were, not in jackets blue array, but in surtouts and tail-coats, the latter being mostly of the Newmarket fashion. And it was wondrous to see the heap of registered paletots that were taken charge of, in a neighbouring apartment, by a waiter.

But not only did Mr. Goitt afford his friends a banquet, but also nu-

merous jokes, at his own expense. Mr. Sharples drew a comparison between the feast they had been partaking of, and the domestic board, much to the disparagement of the latter. The facetious Mr. Spry had the hardihood to remark that the domestic bored was, generally speaking, the husband. Scarcely a subject of conversation was started among the company, but, somehow or other, it was brought home to the circumstances of their entertainer. That of boating elicited from Mr. Rullocks the remark that he was a stranded mariner. In the course of some stable-talk, it was observed by Mr. Curricombe that his friend Goitt was about to be hobbled; and a fear was expressed by the same respecting the same that he would be some time in being broken in. From the theme of field-sports Mr. Crackshott took occasion to say that he would be bagged to-morrow morning. Mr. Chevies shortly afterwards declared that he should like to be in at the death. Nay, a recent suicide happening to be mentioned, led to an allusion to the rash act about to be committed by a gentleman present. This bantering was a kind of retributive justice upon Mr. Goitt, than whom no one had been on similar occasions more jocose with respect to others; but the hardened young man took it all with the most callous indifference, nay, scrupled not to join in the jests upon himself. Whereon his friends accused him of unbecoming levity; but some defended him by the example of Sir Thomas More, and other great men, in their last moments. It was, however, the opinion of several that all this was but a kind of desperate jollity, like that exhibited by Caspar in the drinking-song in "Der Frieschutz." Indeed, there were not wanting those who actually compared Goitt to Caspar, in respect of the compact to which he was about to bind himself.

In the meanwhile, it is needless to say that the bottle circulated with great rapidity, producing its usually elevating effect upon the assembled guests. This inspiration it was which at length moved Mr. Sharples to get upon his legs, on which he stood, not without some difficulty, and, in words slightly jumbled, delivered an oration of this sort.

"Gentlemen, there is an omission which would certainly be made on this occasion, if we were to allow this evening to terminate without an expression of feeling in which I am sure you all participate with me, and will cordially respond to the toast I am about to propose. There is a gentleman in this company, — and, if we did not fully appreciate that gentleman's good qualities before, I am sure we ought to be fully impressed with a sense of them this evening. When I say, gentlemen, that that gentleman is a good fellow, perhaps you will think I have said enough; but, when I add, gentlemen, that we are on the eve of parting with this good fellow, I shall give you an additional reason for drinking his good health. Gentlemen, you will never have an opportunity of drinking his health again. No; henceforth we shall have to drink his memory. Yes, gentlemen, ever after to-morrow. His memory, and in solemn silence. The companions who used to dine with him,—and many of whom have been dining with him here to-day,—will then, with a slight variation, realise the line of the poet,

"One eve we miss'd him at the accustom'd shop,"

He will have gone, he will have departed; for, again to borrow from Gray's affecting poem, it will be said of him,

"And matrimony mark'd him for her own."

"Gentlemen, I beg to propose to you the health of our kind friend and entertainer, Mr. Goitt, about to depart this racketty life, for (let us hope) a more pleasant state of existence."

Immense cheering followed the conclusion of this address, which had been slightly interrupted in its delivery by cries of "Mind your pronunciation!" — "Don't be nervous!" — "Take care of your h's;" but had also been hailed by frequent exclamations of "Hear!" The toast was then drunk with all the honours; and after a pause, Mr. Goitt rose to return thanks.

"Attention, gentlemen, if you please," cried one of the company, "for the last dying speech and confession of Jeremiah Goitt."

"My friends," said Mr. Goitt; his voice choked by something—perhaps emotion, — "you see here before you this day the unhappy victim of disinterested attachment."

Of the mode in which the speaker pronounced the word "disinterested" it is difficult to give an idea. To the ears of most of those present it sounded very much like "sinister." He continued,—

"Take warning, my old friends and fellow-companions, all of you, by my untimely end; but I 'm afraid it 's what you 'll all come to. If you wish to avoid it, shun good company."

He uttered "shun good company" as if it were one word.

"Don't go," he resumed, "to evening parties. My first deviation from the course of impropriety was — going to an evening party; the next step I took was in a quadrille. Thus began the career of courtship which I am about to expiate at the altar. Avoid the drawing-room. Keep away from the private house. Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me,—but words fail me to express my feelings. Gentlemen, I thank you sincerely; and, in return, I beg to drink your very good healths."

The acclamations amid which Mr. Goitt sat down were tremendous.

"Now, Goitt, go home, and go to bed. Why, having drunk more wine by ten times than is good for you, do you order up brandy-and-water, which you cannot ask for distinctly, but call bremwarra?" Thus would the voice of Prudence and of Friendship have addressed our hero; but, whatever may have been the case with respect to Friendship, Prudence in this assembly there was none.

Midnight beheld Mr. Jeremiah Goitt sally forth, arm-in-arm with Messrs. Joyes and Sharples. She viewed him, dragging his two friends with him, describe a zig-zag course in his progression along New Street. She saw him run against the first lamp-post in his way. Affrighted she beheld him jostle a policeman, amongst other passengers. What she further witnessed remains to be told.

Staggering through St. Martin's Court, the trio somehow or other found their way into Castle Street. It was late. The street appeared empty. Ah! they heard not the sound of measured footsteps at a little distance, resulting from the application of a pair of heavy high-lows to the pavement.

A bright brass knocker, gleaming in the gas-light, attracted the attention of Mr. Joyes. To disengage himself from his companions was the work of a moment. In another, he had wrenched it from its door. Instantly the heavy footsteps, quickened, were heard approaching. Mr. Joyes thrust the knocker into Mr. Goitt's hand; and immediately ran off with railway speed. Away, also, ran Sharples, in another direction.

Mr. Goitt, revolving on one heel, remained, brandishing the knocker in air, till his arm was clutched by a rough grasp; whilst a voice exclaimed, "What, I've caught yer at it!" The accents were uttered in the key of B. –40.

Singing his determination not to go home till morning — which was borne out—Mr. Goitt was walked off by B. to the station-house.

Imagine his sensations when, the next morning, he stood, awaiting his doom, in the magistrate's office! He had a splitting headache; but, what was that? It was the morning that was to have witnessed his marriage!

Conceive his horror, when, before his case came on, he saw three several poor wretches committed, for a week each, to the tread-mill, for begging under the pretence of selling lucifer matches. True, he possessed the consciousness of innocence; but also that of having been frightfully tipsy; and facts were clearly against him. Where could he expect to go to?

At length poor Goitt was placed in the dock. Of course, he protested that he was not the purloiner of the knocker. But the policeman had found it in his hand, and swore also, that he saw him wrench it off.

The magistrate declared that this was a most aggravated case. He was resolved to put offences of this nature down, and was bound, in the present instance, to make an example. He should commit the defendant, for one month, to the house of correction:

The culprit stood petrified—thunderstruck. He scarcely felt the gripe of the officer who laid hold of him to remove him to the van, when suddenly a youth rushed hastily forward. It was Joyes.

Joyes was a true man after all. Addressing the bench, he bravely confessed that he was himself the perpetrator of the deed with which the prisoner stood charged. He had nothing to plead in palliation of the act but intoxication, and he threw himself on the clemency of his worship.

For a moment the worthy magistrate maintained an awful silence, and then solemnly shook his head. He had great doubts, he said, whether the manliness of the new defendant, in coming forward thus to exculpate his friend, ought to weigh with him in allotting his sentence. But, all things considered, he would for once forego his original determination; and he hoped the narrow escape which the two young men had had, would serve as a warning to them in future. He should fine Mr. Joyes (who, however, called himself Ellis) forty shillings for pulling off the knocker, and his companion, Harcourt, (the name given by the latter) five shillings for being drunk. The fines were paid—the prisoners liberated.

But it was now past one o'clock, and Goitt was to have been married before twelve! Half frantically throwing himself into a cab, he dashed off to the house where the wedding breakfast was to have taken place. As the scene that then ensued beggars all description, we shall not think of perpetrating such a piece of shabbiness as would necessarily be any account of it.

Yes; the last fortnight's dissipation of Mr. Goitt had ended in his being too late for his wedding. Thus had he missed the possession of that hand which was to have been his for ever.

And did he indeed lose it—for ever? As nearly as ever any criminal

escaped Jack Ketch. His loss, then, was not eternal? No. Then, by what conceivable process of penance and humiliation did he procure the reversal of the doom of endless rejection pronounced upon him by her whom he had thus fearfully outraged? Did he walk with pease in his Wellingtons to Loretto? Did he keep a twelvemonth's vigil, and fast in sackcloth and ashes?

He ought to have done so, or something of the sort. But no; he resorted, with success, to the good old plan, by which so many have succeeded before him, and as many will succeed after him, of appeasing the offended majesty of woman. He threw himself at the maiden's feet; he vowed, he swore repentance; he implored forgiveness by all that was sacred; he beat his breast, he tore his hair, and also—to show his greater sincerity—the new coat he was to have been married in. Finally, he threatened to drown himself in the Serpentine unless she would consent to pardon him. The gentle creature was not proof against these appeals to her feelings; she relented, and in three days afterwards they were a wedded pair.

But, single reader, being a person about to marry, presume not on the good fortune of Mr. Goitt. Spend your fortnight, or whatever term may be allotted to you on this side of the gulf of wedlock, in settling your affairs, looking out for a residence, and getting ready your wedding garments; and if you must give a farewell party, bid your friends come early; conclude, not with brandy and water, but with tea, and then turn-out, or else the sun may never go down upon the last day of your bachelorship.

VEHICULA ROMANA.

"*Sunt quos* CURRICULO" se "*Collegisse*" juvabat;
Sic Flaccus dixit; sic quoque Granta docet.
Consule Nasonem, rebus qui gaudet equinis,
Huic placuit *Phaeton*, nam Phaetonta canit.
"*Venisti* TANDEM," Æneæ sua Dido profata est,
Hoc nomen currûs nonne fuisse putas?
Quid sapiens Juvenalis ait? "*Mors* OMNIBUS *instat*,"
Omnibus in terris sic mihi crede fuit.
Cæsari erat currus, quem versu* scribere non est,
Restat adhuc; Gallus *Diligit* omnis eam.
At nos nunc aliter—*Ferro* juvat undique *ferri*,
Et *Ferrata* via est, *Ferreus* omnis homo.
Sunt qui dixerunt hæc aurea sæcula mundi;
Rectiùs hæc ætas FERREA nonne dicet?

CHARLES DE DA PRYME.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

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* "Cæsar venit in Galliam summâ DILIGENTIA," *Anglicè*, on the top of a *Diligence*.

THE CITY OF BRISTOL.

(LEGENDARY CITIES AND TOWNS.)

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Bristol, the city of trade, famous from the eleventh century, is by no means deficient in legendary lore. Its very name suggests the image of Sir Charles Baldwin and King Edward, and the melancholy story of Chatterton's deceptions and death.

The stranger hurries eagerly to St. Mary Redcliffe, and before he looks at any of the curious monuments with which that beautiful church is filled, mounts the narrow stair which leads him to the tower chamber, where stands the identical chest in which the visionary young poet asserted that his father had found the poems of the monk Rowley. A boy of fifteen had genius enough to deceive the first scholars of the day, at a period when literary frauds were not rare. All acknowledged the merit of his works, which, even now, may be read with interest; but few lent a helping hand to lead their youthful author into a better path. Ashamed of being duped, his patrons abandoned and left him to die of disappointment and despair at eighteen years of age.

"Oh what a noble mind was here o'erthrown!"

There is scarcely a city in England which makes so imposing an appearance on being entered, as Bristol from Durdham Down. As far as the eye can reach, a row of palaces extends in descending terraces; magnificent public buildings and gorgeous mansions border the wide street which, steep and dangerous, goes down from a commanding height towards the host of towers and spires below, where the old city begins, and where innumerable close streets and alleys and quays and squares, spread out along the pent-up banks of the deep river, on whose bosom lie the countless vessels of this wealthy mart of nations.

Bristol has from all time been in the habit of maintaining intercourse with Ireland; and one of the first arrivals on record, fraught with deep interest for that unlucky kingdom,—always a source of dissension to its English step-dame—was that, in the twelfth century, of Mac Murchad King of Leinster, the betrayer of the unfortunate husband of the King of Meath's daughter, the heroine of Moore's pathetic ballad of

"The valley lay smiling before me."

At the time when the Irish tyrant came to ask assistance of England in an iniquitous cause, Henry the Second was firmly established on his uncle's throne, and received Mac Murchad at Bristol. Henry had been brought here by his mother, the Empress, when only nine years old, and was placed under the tuition of a learned clerk to be instructed and to associate with the sons of the chief inhabitants of the city. Here he became attached to Robert Fitz-Harding, whom he afterwards made Lord of Berkeley, and endowed with many valuable lands. This splendid favourite entertained the Irish King with great pomp and ceremony, and the courteous Henry was not slow to offer him all the assistance that men and money could give. He cared little for the justice of the

cause; for he saw, as in a magic glass, that Ireland would be his and England's from that time forth, as indeed it proved.

> "Already the curse is upon her,
> And strangers her valleys profane,
> They come to divide—to dishonour—
> And tyrants they long will remain."

Even as the fatal passion of Don Roderic for the innocent Florinda ruined Spain, the love of the Irish prince for the guilty wife of O'Ruark inundated his country with designing foreigners, who presently obtained too sure a footing ever to be driven out, like the Moors, and who, alas! never became benefactors to the land they usurped, as those enlightened and refined sons of the Prophet proved themselves, though in vain.

The castle of Bristol was the prison of King Stephen, who received here the most cruel and insulting treatment from his subjects; and the triumphant Maud resided here for a time in much splendour.

King John's extortion towards the wretched Jews of Bristol, who were rich and numerous, is often cited. He had no mercy on them, nor on any of his people from whom he had a chance of getting money; and his example, as it was found beneficial to the royal treasury, was strictly followed by his son, Henry the Third, who being educated at Bristol, no doubt studied how he could best improve his knowledge of the Jews' capabilities.

The Avon runs through the town, and is in some parts bordered close with houses. In one part there is a ferry across it from one street to the other.

The old town is in the very heart of the city, and is full, even now, of strange projecting, striped, wooden houses, with gable ends and dark colonades,—all telling of a very early period, and apparently so packed together, that even time has no power to clear them away. The Avon and the Frome hem in this antique part, and isolate it from the rest; while far beyond stretches the newer magnificent city up the fine bold hills which environ it. St. Michael's and Kingsdown are the highest of these hills, and from these heights a beautiful country is discovered far and wide.

The cathedral of Bristol is well situated on College Green, and is unincumbered with houses and streets. All is spacious and open about it, and it has a handsome and imposing effect, but is not a particularly interesting building.

This collegiate church of the once flourishing monastery of St. Augustine, founded by the *pious* favourite of Henry the Second, Fitzharding, is nevertheless a great ornament to Bristol, and has some points about it worthy of regard. The arch which leads from the upper to the lower green is a fine specimen of architecture, and there are many beautiful *bits* in its construction which cannot be slightly noticed.

The tower is crowned with battlements and pinnacles, but is low and heavy: every part presents an appearance of strength, and the building seems so ponderous as to have sunk deeply into the earth from its weight, more so than many churches of much greater age.

Sterne's fair 'Eliza,' Mrs. Draper, lies buried within; and Mason's beloved 'Maria.' Her affecting epitaph makes the walls classical, and claims the sympathy of all.

A grotesque ornament on one of the pillars of the Elder Lady's Cha-

pel is pointed out: it represents a ram playing very energetically on a violin, with a very long bow, and a shepherd asleep, while the

"Grim wolf with privy paw"

is devouring his flock

"Apace, and nothing said."

There are several irregularly-shaped arches in the church, called 'monk's cowls,' peculiar to this place of worship. Beneath one of these an entire body, wrapped in horse-hair, and enclosed in leather, was found. But a stranger and more mysterious discovery was made on one occasion by accident at what was formerly the abbot's lodgings, in the present bishop's palace.

On a sudden, to the no little surprise of the inmates, one day a cracking sound was heard in the ceiling of a room, and presently from one corner dropped on the floor, with a silvery clash, one after the other, several pieces of plate, no doubt placed in this concealed and secure spot on some occasion of danger. Curiosity was of course awakened, and the flooring of the chamber was immediately removed, disclosing one of those horrible dungeons which were sure to exist in monastic establishments as well as in the castles of all feudal lords. Human bones and iron instruments of torture were found; and doubtless fearful acts of cruelty were here perpetrated.

A private passage was traced from the dungeon chamber to others within the dwelling; and the way was so narrow and low, that it was with difficulty a person could make his way along its close arches. Both entrances had long been closed up, and no doubt had always been so contrived as to elude the eye.

Whether refractory monks or persecuted Jews suffered in this frightful retreat, the thought of their punishment is equally horrible; and that Christians of any denomination should have inflicted such tortures on their fellow-creatures would be incredible, if the doctrine and not the practice of the votaries of so pure a faith of mercy were considered.

Close to this spot was born that ill-fated and erring child of genius, Mrs. Robinson, the fatally admired "Perdita" of her day, the beloved of a prince "the most finished gentleman in Europe," who, with his fine feelings, could not condescend to remember that she to whom he professed attachment was destitute; she, having from generosity of heart, destroyed the bond which secured her independence, and trusted to the honour alone of her lover!

She thus describes her place of birth romantically but graphically:

"At the period when the ancient city of Bristol was besieged by Fairfax's army, the troops being stationed on a rising ground in the vicinity of the suburbs, a great part of the venerable minster was destroyed by the cannonading before Prince Rupert surrendered to the enemy; and the beautiful gothic structure which at this moment fills the contemplative mind with melancholy awe, was reduced to but little more than one-half of the original fabric. Adjoining to the consecrated hill, whose antique tower resists the ravages of time, once stood a monastery of monks of the order of St. Augustine. This building formed a part of the spacious boundaries which fell before the attacks of the enemy, and became a part of the ruin which never was repaired or re-raised to its former Gothic splendour.

"On this spot was built a private house, partly of simple and partly

of modern architecture. The front faced a small garden, the gates of which opened to the Minster Green, now called the College Green; the west side was bounded by the cathedral, and the back was supported by the ancient cloisters of St. Augustine's monastery.

"In this venerable mansion there was one chamber whose dismal and singular construction left no doubt of its having been part of the original monastery. It was supported by the mouldering arches of the cloister, —dark, Gothic, and opening on the minster sanctuary, not only by casement windows, that shed a dim mid-day gloom, but by a winding staircase, at the foot of which an iron spiked door led to the long gloomy path of cloistered solitude. This place remained in the situation in which I describe it, in the year 1776, and probably may, in a more ruined state, continue so to this hour. In this awe-inspiring habitation, which I shall henceforth denominate the Minster-house, during a tempestuous night on the 24th of November, 1758, I first opened my eyes to this world of duplicity and sorrow."

St. Mary's Redcliffe is the great boast of Bristol, and far outshines the Cathedral. For many years this, the most beautiful church in England, was wofully neglected, and allowed to fall almost to decay; but fortunately a better feeling was awakened, and the people of the trading city became aware that it was worth while to preserve their ancient monuments, if they wished for any reputation beyond that of plodding, money-getting mechanics. Accordingly this charming specimen of elegant architecture is restored and cherished and cared-for; and strangers might well make a pilgrimage to behold its beauties and curiosities.

St. Mary's stands just without the city walls, on elevated ground, and is approached by a high flight of steps. It was begun in 1294, and not finished till 1376. The spire, long ago destroyed by lightning, has been rebuilt of late years; and in the area before the church stood, till very lately, a miserable monument to Chatterton,—fortunately now removed, to be replaced, it is to be hoped, by one worthy of the unfortunate young poet.

The lofty aisles reminded me, as I entered, by their grace, lightness, and height, of those at Evreux in Normandy. All here is pure in taste and pleasing in ornament: the porches, the doorways, the windows, pillars, galleries, are in the very best style, and the monuments are curious and interesting. That of William Canynge and his wife Joan, the ancestors of the great English statesman of modern days, is not to be passed over, nor that of the father of the benevolent William Penn.

The northern porch is of peculiar beauty, and has two divisions, which give it a striking character: the lower is Norman, highly decorated and very perfect, with slender rows of pillars, like reeds, graceful in the extreme; while the upper story is encrusted with statues, tabernacles, and coats of arms, the crown and the rose conspicuous in the ornaments.

The muniment room is above this porch, and here the interest of the place centres; for here stands the Canynge chest and its companions, and here young Chatterton often sat, musing and inventing, till he had almost persuaded himself that his story was no fiction. If he had lived in later days, his poem of *Childe* Baldwin would have gained him the honour he stole, and he need not have asserted it to be composed by a fabulous monk.

This chamber offers a seclusion well calculated to inspire strange fancies. Placed far above the hum of the populous city, from its narrow

windows, which admit a softened light, can be seen, though less boldly than from the tower above, the whole of her wondrous fabrics spread out, as in a map: tower after tower, bridge after bridge, steeple after steeple, rise from the mass of houses enveloped in their atmosphere of smoke. The fine hills, which keep guard around, rise proudly in the distance; the broad Severn-sea glitters in light; the two winding rivers run in silver lines between the streets, serpentining in all directions; and the power and riches enclosed within their gentle arms become apparent.

Chatterton, while still a child, would often accompany his father, the sexton, to this place, and loved to be left there for hours contemplating. He was considered *so dull* by the schoolmaster to whom he was sent for instruction, that he was a good deal left to his own devices; and as he would not learn, it was thought of little consequence how he passed away his dreamy hours. Perhaps, however, his father and he conversed sometimes together of the days of old; for as the former was parish schoolmaster, he probably had pretensions to some historical knowledge.

He wrote verses as early as the age of eleven,—a circumstance generally named as a wonder, which is, however, by no means deserving to be thought one, for it is rare that poetical as well as musical talents do not display themselves in infancy.

He was in an attorney's office, where he

"Penned a stanza when he should engross,"

and contributed to a Bristol journal the first poem which caused the eyes of the admiring world to turn towards him with attention. This work was called—

"A Description of the Friars passing over the Old Bridge. Taken from an Ancient Manuscript."

Where did this interesting manuscript exist, and who was the author who had brought it forward and given it with so much spirit to the public? All the world asked these questions, and every one set about finding out this concealed benefactor to the reading public. But the young clerk, when his identity was proved, refused to tell his secret, till, strongly urged, he said that he had received the papers, with many others, from his father, who had found them in some old trunks in the muniment room over the northern porch of St. Mary's Redcliffe.

His tale was believed, and he was encouraged to give more of those remarkable poems, which he attributed to Thomas Rowley and others, monks of the fifteenth century. One after another these marvellous compositions appeared, and each created new anxiety for its fellow, till soon a good-sized volume was formed. Then came his triumph: his book was eagerly read and commented upon; wonder and admiration grew by what it fed on; and young Chatterton, thus risen into rapid fame, saw visions of success and glory beckoning him on to the great metropolis, where wealth and honours awaited him.

Then came the discovery—then came the contempt and anger of mortified vanity and baffled sagacity; and the wretched, destitute, unpitied poet, guilty it is true of deception and disingenuousness, found that he had no friend, retired to his obscure lodging in the heart of the great, rich, cruel city which had abandoned and rejected him, and, in a fit of distraction, swallowed poison,—and died.

What were the feelings of the refined and acute Horace Walpole

when he heard the sad end of this ill-starred youth, whom he had treated with considerable severity? He was a man of fashion, and the young poet's fate only served as an incident to introduce in one of his agreeable letters to his pleasant friends.

Ireland's forgery of a play of Shakspeare, though it could deceive the learned, has, at this distance of time, lost every trace of merit; and one only wonders how it was possible that any admirer of the immortal dramatist could injure him by supposing he was the author of "Vortigern and Rowena," good subject as it might have been in *his* hands;—but Rowley's poems are really so beautiful in themselves, and the antique style is so admirably imitated, that Chatterton's name will always stand high amongst the poets of his country. He surely then deserved better treatment from his contemporaries, and a monument at least from the merchant-kings of Bristol, his townsmen.

A genius perhaps more congenial to the taste of the verse-lovers of Bristol found great patronage here a few years after the extinction of poor Chatterton. Mrs. Hannah More brought forward, and induced many persons to assist and protect, a poetical milkwoman whose rhymes made a great sensation in the world for some time, and then died a natural death; the singularity of a person in her situation of life rhyming at all being the only wonder in the case. The milkmaid-muse finished by quarrelling with her patrons, and showing how little she merited the dignified place assigned to her; while her verses were for ever blotted out from the Muse's library, and she sunk back into her original obscurity. There is no memorial of her even in the high places of Bristol!

In Bristol was born the enterprising Sebastian Cabot, the rival of Columbus and Vesputius. His father was a Venetian, but resided at Bristol, from whence he made several voyages, taking with him his young son, whose energetic mind panted for the discovery of lands unknown. They were the first whose eyes were permitted to behold the misty shores of Newfoundland. This was towards the end of the fifteenth century; and he after his father's death completed the discovery, and, fame reports, became acquainted with the continent of America before either of the great navigators who earned immortal honour in those seas—

Where no sound was ever heard
But the ocean's hollow roar,
As it breaks in foamy mountains
Along the rugged shore:

Where every wind of heaven
That has terror on its wings,
Howls to the startled echo
That thro' each cavern rings.

Amidst that world of waters,
Where nought has ever past
But the storm-bird's glittering pinions,
As it whirls amidst the blast.

Where in that desolation
Reigns boundless sea and sky,
And no sail has ever broken
The drear immensity!

A varied life, like that of all mariners, was Sebastian Cabot's. No sooner had he returned from one dangerous and wondrous voyage, than, as Sindbad did, he resolved to try other adventures, and is

Once more upon the ocean, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath him as a steed
That knows its rider.

He did not find sufficient encouragement in England, and repaired to Spain, at that time the nursing mother of adventurous spirits. He was

there encouraged and honoured, and was named chief pilot of Spain. He undertook in 1525 to make a voyage by the newly-found Straits of Magellan, to the Moluccas; but he had to experience the usual difficulties which gallant commanders are heir to, in the mutinous spirit of his crew; and, having made several valuable discoveries, though he could not accomplish all he desired, he returned after five years' roaming. He began to feel a wish now to see his native city again, and came back to Bristol, where he settled in quiet, and occupied his fertile mind in plans for the good of commerce.

He was appointed governor and director of the new company of Merchant Adventurers, and had a handsome pension allotted him. This was in the early part of Edward the Sixth's reign. About this time he was the cause of a trade being opened with Russia, and eventually of the formation of the Russian Company, of which he was made governor for life; and was nearly eighty years old when he closed his career. He is said to have been the first who noticed the variation of the needle, and was the author of several valuable works on navigation, particularly of one containing directions for a voyage to Cathay.

How would the spirit of Sebastian delight, if spirits rejoiced in anything concerning this nether world, to know in how short a time the voyages are made now to those strange regions where he led the way! and what would he have said to the hissing engines, superseding sails, which, instead of months, carry his countrymen across those now familiar seas in a few days! I did not hear of any monument to Cabot in Bristol.

The greatest boast of Bristol in modern days is that the poet and historian, Robert Southey, was born here. Well may, therefore, the commercial city be proud of her sons whose names make the crowded streets and trade-encumbered wharfs more poetical than places to which a general romantic interest attaches. Robert Lovell, who married a sister of Mrs. Southey and Mrs. Coleridge, was a poet of Bristol, but not a complimentary one!

Although admiration for St. Mary's Redcliffe generally absorbs all feeling for the beauties of the other churches of Bristol, there are several deserving of remark. One called the Temple church, or Holy Cross, is remarkable for its leaning tower; and the tower of St. Stephen's is very fine, as well as its interior decorations. It dates from the time of Henry the Sixth.

All Saints' church is modern, but has several good monuments: one by Rysbaeck, is to the memory of Edward Colston, a man of such distinguished benevolence that Dr. Harcourt, in his funeral sermon, says of him, with acknowledged truth:

"To do justice to his character would oblige one to enumerate every kind of charity whereby we can promote the glory of God, or relieve the necessities of our fellow creatures. Scarcely any sort of temporal calamity escaped his charitable assistance, nor is there scarcely one spiritual want towards the removal of which he did not piously and freely afford his contribution. From his bountiful benefactions the ignorance of the young, the miseries of the infirm, and the helpless necessities of the old, were removed, eased, and relieved."

This amiable man was a native of Bristol, and was born in Temple parish in 1636. His father was a Spanish merchant, usually styled Deputy Colston, who has also a monument in All Saints.

Edward and two of his brothers resided for some time in Spain, where on several occasions they had disputes with the Roman Catholic natives as to the superior charity displayed by either religion. The Papists asserted that the Protestant faith exhibited no examples of great and charitable benefactions, while *their* institutions were known and honoured throughout the world. Deeply mortified at finding themselves unable to cite any instances to the contrary, the brothers were resolved, if they ever returned home, that they would do something for the honour of their religion.

Edward was the only one of the three who had the desired opportunity, for the others were murdered by secret foes in Spain: he, however, came back to England, and redeemed his pledge by a life of charity and active goodness, which, had he been a Roman Catholic, would assuredly have gained him the honour of canonization. His memory is preserved in the minds of his townsmen by a sermon preached annually on the anniversary of his death to commemorate his good deeds.

In the church of St. Peter lies buried the deserted and imprudent Savage, who expiated his errors in a prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a trifling debt, and died. The compassion of the jailer gave him a grave.

His high-born mother's pride, though not her tenderness, might have been shocked at one of her race ending so obscurely; but all feelings but shame and hatred were extinct in her bosom from the time of the birth of her miserable offspring.

Bristol is certainly the land of the wretched followers of the Muse, and she appears to be as much ashamed of them as Lady Macclesfield herself, for she allows few memorials to their memories. Savage was not complimentary to Bristol in his poems, and he is therefore probably considered an outcast in death as he was throughout his life.

But however careless to poetical merit the citizens of Bristol may be, they deserve infinite credit for the number of benevolent institutions established in their city; besides Colston's charities, dating from 1691, there are the alms-houses of St. Nicholas, Forster's, Alderman Stephen's, Strange's, All Saints, Presbyterian, Spencer's, and Redcliffe Hill. Independent of these, there are twenty hospitals and poor-houses, supporting about two thousand poor, and schools and institutions without number.

There is the College Grammar-school, founded by Henry the Eighth, and one by Elizabeth, besides several other public schools and charitable foundations. It is only, therefore, in the article of *taste* that the commercial city deserves reproach; for the citizens are liberal and just, providing for their decayed merchants, seamen, and artisans, and affording the means to the rising generation to pursue the same career as their forefathers.

Bristol was the great scene of that most respectable and most worthy of dissenters, John Wesley's labours: and his school for the benefit of Kingswood Forest colliers and other poor children is a remarkable institution. He founded it in 1748, and it has been since supported by subscriptions throughout the country. The rules laid down by Wesley are curious, and perhaps not altogether judicious. As extremes meet, this Methodist community is singularly like a Catholic monastery; for the pupils are expected always to keep the enjoined gravity of their de-

portment, and are *never allowed to play*, but to remain "sober, steadfast, and demure," under every temptation.

The only recreation, then, permitted to these future preachers, exists in a certain arrangement of their studies; for John Wesley, himself a poet and a man of taste and imagination, could not resolve to banish from his school two of his own favourite authors. Amongst the school exercises, the boys are taught to translate John Bunyan, and to read—Shakespeare!

I once heard a very characteristic anecdote from a boy who was educated at a *serious* school, where games were not permitted. He told me that, for the first half-year, he and his companions followed the rules very strictly, and all their amusement consisted in meeting in a barn and singing hymns which some of them composed to any tune that struck them—"the devil," probably, "not being allowed to have all the pretty ones." But about the middle of the "second half," one beautiful summer's day, as they were all proceeding to their usual resort, on melodious thoughts intent, they beheld in a field, at the foot of the hill where they stood, a party of joyous peasants busily engaged at a game of football. Their ringing laughter and happy countenances were irresistible; by mutual consent the little Methodists made a pause, looked at each other, and in another moment they were all racing down the hill to join the hilarity which was too tempting to withstand. "And then—and then," said my informant, "we *left off* being methodists."

The gates of Bristol are no longer visible, except the arch of St. John's; and there is not a vestige of the castle which was so strong and so extensive when Prince Rupert was governor and the memorable siege was going on.

Queen Elizabeth, who in general had a particular aversion to matrimony, nevertheless granted certain privileges to the people of Bristol. A man who married a freeman's daughter shared many advantages; and this was said to have been granted in order to encourage marriages. Perhaps her policy, though not her will, consented.

The title of Earl of Bristol was revived in Queen Anne's time, and is thus alluded to by the Duchess of Marlborough:

"As for titles of honour, I never was concerned in making any peer but one, and that was my Lord Hervey, the present Earl of Bristol. I had made a promise to Sir Thomas Felton, when the Queen first came to the crown, that if her Majesty should ever make any new lords, I would certainly use my interest that Mr. Hervey should be one. And, accordingly, though I was retired into the country under the most sensible affliction for the death of my only son, yet when the Queen had resolved to make four peers, I had such a regard for my word, that I wrote to Lord Marlborough and Lord Godolphin that if they did not endeavour to get Mr. Hervey made a peer, I neither would nor could, show my face any more."

The country round Bristol is extremely beautiful and romantic, and there are some remarkable legends attached to places where the Druids and the Romans have left their traces. On the way to Bath there is a village called Keynsham, on the banks of the Avon, where numerous specimens are found of the snake-stone, or *cornua ammonis*, with which the quarries abound. The common tradition of the country satisfactorily accounts for their existence.

Once upon a time there lived a Welsh Princess, whose beauty outshone the sun, and who

> "Long had fired each youth with love,
> Each maiden with despair,"

but had resolved in her secret heart never to forsake her maiden state; she was therefore called Keyn Wyryf, or Keyna the Virgin. Being importuned to choose a husband, she departed from her father's court, to seek some solitary spot where she could muse and pray

> "Far from the malice of perfidious man."

"On she went," miraculously supported, and passed the Severn dry-shod; but before she took up her abode in the desert wood of Keynsham, then without a name, she requested permission from the chief of this part of the country to do so.

The prince consented, but informed her that it was at great risk, for the neighbourhood swarmed with vipers and serpents, hideous and venomous. Keyna, nothing dismayed, trusting to the efficacy of her prayers, replied that not only would she fix her habitation there, but she trusted in a short time to rid the land of all these annoyances. She immediately began her work of reform, prayed night and day, while the frightful hissing creatures circled round writhing with pain and fury,—and they were presently all transformed to stones.

"To this day," says the chronicler of this miracle, "the stones in that country resemble the windings of serpents, through all the fields and villages, as if they had been so formed by the hand of the engraver."

At Chew Magna all sorts of marvels are recounted respecting the Druid stones there. One spot exhibits the remains of a circle which is popularly called the Wedding, for it used to be believed that one of the stones was the bride and the rest her attendants, who going to the marriage, probably according to some Pagan rites, were changed to stone, and so remained. Near this is a huge block called Hautvill Coit, forming part of a number of such at Stanton Drew; this piece of rock is supposed to have been cast there by a certain knight, whose prowess is represented as something even more extraordinary than that of most of the giants of King Arthur's time, and yet he lived as late as Edward the First, who desiring to have some proof of his boasted strength, he indulged the King with the following exhibition:

He offered to carry up to the top of Norton Tower three of the stoutest men that could be selected; and such being found, he put one under each arm, and took the other *in his teeth.* Thus prepared, he set forth, and reached the top of the tower without difficulty; but the two persons under his arms having made resistance, were found squeezed to death, while the patient citizen in his teeth was without injury.

The hero of this extravagant tale is Sir John Hautvill, who lies in effigy in the Church of Chew Magna. His statue is of Irish oak, one solid piece, and is elaborately carved. He is armed from top to toe, and a lion is biting his spur. Over his armour is a loose red coat, bound round the waist with a girdle fastened by a gilt buckle.

Bristol is fortunate in its vicinity to one of the most exquisitely beautiful places in Europe, namely, Clifton, where all that Nature possesses

of sublime and charming seems collected together for the benefit of the fashionable visitors who go there for health to the Hot Springs. St. Vincent's Rocks vie in majesty with any scene in North Wales; and even the mighty work of blasting the everlasting rocks to place a flying bridge over the chasm above the winding river has not spoilt the charm. Yet for years this bridge has been in progress, and every now and then, the necessary funds failing, rubbish and ruin remain, deforming the exquisite scene and destroying the solitude. The bridge, if finished, would have a magnificent effect, and be worthy to compare with those at Conway Castle and the Menai: indeed, from the splendid position in which it is placed, it would probably be even more striking than either. But, as there seems little hope of its ever coming to a conclusion, it is positively distressing to see the rocks "split asunder," and the landscape thus transformed to no purpose but to excite regret.

The whole country for many miles round Clifton is extremely fine and very much varied. Bristol has the advantage of Bath in this particular: the hills are more broken, and the prospects more extensive.

The Clevedon hills are succeeded by other ranges, which stretch far towards the Bristol Channel, all cultivation and grandeur: numerous pretty picturesque villages and towns invite the visitor to explore their beauties and antiquities, and there is no lack of either. Some curious names of places strike the ear, amongst others, Walton-in-Godano and Easton-in-Godano, demand explanation, — both charmingly situated amongst hills and pasture lands, with ruins of their former selves scattered round in romantic confusion, recalling the days when the Conqueror bestowed these lands on his favourite knights and brothers in arms, and encouraged them to build castles on every steep, to enable them to awe the country beneath their sway.

Crokern-Pill, the hamlet of pilots, is so named, it is said, from a cross which was once seen here, but has disappeared. It lies at the mouth of the Avon, which, by its unpretending character, would not lead the uninitiated to imagine that it could actually bear proudly on to Bristol ships of large burthen. There is a clock here, on which is engraved this invitation:

> "Come when I call,
> To serve God all."

At a place called Nemnet is a spot called Fairy Field, where of old,

> "Sportive fairies made resort,
> To revel out the night;"

and ancient villagers remember strange sights seen by the side of the immense barrow which forms the great feature there, and which must have been the sepulchre of a whole army, to judge by the piles of human bones and horses' teeth found on digging round about it.

Some fearful battle must have been fought here, and the carnage was doubtless dreadful; yet there is no tradition, no legend to guide the antiquary, who in vain seeks the solution of the terrible mystery. There are Roman encampments close by, one in particular, called Bow Ditch, which is placed in a fine position, commanding a view of the Channel; and others at the charming village of Long Ashton, in the vale of Ashton, celebrated for its picturesque sites.

On the whole, the trading city of Bristol and its neighbourhood are, in fact, highly attractive, both to the lover of legendary lore and of Nature.

Mr. Ledbury astonishes Mr. Biggs

MR. LEDBURY REVISITS PARIS,

AND IS IGNOMINIOUSLY EXPELLED FROM HIS LODGINGS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

We have lately heard a little news of an old friend, with whom we were once upon terms of considerable intimacy for some time—Mr. Titus Ledbury, formerly of Islington. We should not have intruded this intelligence upon our gentle readers, had we not been frequently asked what had become of him; and as they ever evinced a disposition to receive him courteously, and looked upon him as a simple, kind-hearted creature, who, if he did not create any remarkably out-of-the-way sensation, never, at all events, offended those to whom he was introduced, we make bold once more to bring him into their presence.

The London season was in a confirmed state of rapid decline; so far gone, indeed, that immediate change of air to a more congenial climate was universally agreed upon by everybody. The carriages sensibly diminished in numbers in the Parks and at the West End; Opera orders were abundant, and sometimes people got a box who had never been in one before, and displaying their innocence thereof by buying a bill and hanging it over the edge, pinned to the amber satin, and mistaking Mario for Allen, and Balfe for Mr. Lumley. The concerts were all over, and the light halls of Willis and Hanover Square, and the dirty—we had well nigh said "grubby"—oven of Her Majesty's Theatre, no longer bottled up well-meaning people, who had been guilty of no offence, and therefore did not deserve such treatment, from noon till dewy eve.

Fashionable entertainments too diminished. *Thès dansantes*, and *déjeûners à pied*,—from lack of seats,—were no longer chronicled. Stay-at-home unfortunates were promised more grouse, by Highland marauders, than all the moors could furnish; coloured shirts, of wild and wondrous patterns, hitherto christened "*Regatta*," were suddenly converted into "*Shooting*;" and "Gent.'s Joinvilles" retired into private life, to make room in the windows for "Bonnie Heather Ties," as worn by the superior classes at Perth and other game pitches. There were no more *fêtes champ*(aign)*ètres*, no more marvellous exhibitions. Indeed, it became a question difficult to answer, where the wonders went to,—the mannikins and Boshiesmen,—the oxen, horses, and iceberg dogs,—the living statues and waxen celebrities, that collectively drew the shillings from the popular pocket, as the loadstone rock of the "Arabian Nights" whilom did the nails from the argosies that came within the sphere of its attraction.

Whitebait got large; in fact, it became as difficult to establish the line where the "bait" ended and the bleak began, as to define at which point of the Oregon of the mind instinct merged into reason. There were no longer the rows of "drags," and "traps," and mail-phætons, bold barouches, and sly-looking Broughams, outside the Trafalgar. Mr. Hart breathed again, and Mr. Lovegrove sat down—both

for the first time since spring came in with the radishes. Flounders enjoyed their own cold *water souchée* in the river; and ducks to follow, simply followed one another on the tranquil inland waters of Blackheath.

Everything was getting dried up and dusty. Plants outside windows turned brown, and mignionette went very wild, and was not replaced; for the long flower-laden barrows ceased to come round, the people having found out that their contents always died two days after purchase, in spite of every care. Even ladies and gentlemen appeared parched up for want of water, and betook themselves accordingly to aquatic districts; and shutters closed, and servants were put upon board wages, and nobody was at home any more for several months.

One fine afternoon, at this season of the year, Mr. Ledbury was sitting on a very high stool in his office, drawing Carlotta Grisi in *Esmeralda* on his blotting paper, from the pattern of his shirt, on which she was reproduced many times in a chocolate tint, together with various other terpsichorean planets, and humming an appropriate air for the edification of Mr. Biggs, the clerk, who had never been to the Opera but once, and then he was not admitted, from appearing in nankeen trowsers and a light pepper and salt tweed—when there was a ring at the bell. Mr. Ledbury pulled a string which opened a door, and who should come in but his friend and brother-in-law, Jack Johnson.

"Hollo, Jack!" said Mr. Ledbury, stopping short in the middle of the *Truandaise*. "How d' ye do, old fellow?"

"How are you, Leddy? I 'm all right, always. Isn't it hot?"

And, in proof that he thought it was, Jack took off his hat, inverted it, spun it in the air, and then let it twirl, as he caught it on the point of his fore-finger, to the great delight of Mr. Biggs, who always looked upon Jack as a marvellous person, and smiled humbly at everything he did.

"That's a wonderful shirt you've got on, Mr. Biggs," said Jack, "stunning."

"I 'm glad you like it, sir," said Mr. Biggs. "It has been much admired at Walworth.

"It is very appropriate," said Jack. "It looks as if you had ruled it yourself with red ink, and then ornamented the lines with wafers. It is exceedingly neat, without being gaudy."

Mr. Ledbury laughed.

"Mr. Biggs," continued Jack: "what do you drink this hot weather?"

"I think shandy-gaff is the most pleasant beverage," replied the clerk mildly.

"Shandy how much?" inquired Jack.

"It is ginger-beer and ale," said Mr. Ledbury. "We will try some now. Mr. Biggs, bring me the cellar."

Whereon Mr. Biggs reached down a large tin-box, labelled "TITLE DEEDS," and brought it to Mr. Ledbury, who found some ginger-beer in it, which he marshalled upon the desk.

"Now, Mr. Biggs," said Jack, with mock politeness, "I think we must presume upon your acknowledged affability to request you will procure us some ale. Take that blue bag, and go and get it."

The vehicle was an odd one; but Mr. Biggs appeared to understand the order, and left the office.

"How 's Emma, though?" asked Mr. Ledbury, inquiring after his sister, as if he felt he ought to have done so before.

"Very well," answered Jack; "and baby 's very great. I think I shall make something of him. He takes a sight at the nurse capitally. There 's a deal of fun in him, for he 's always laughing. Only sometimes we can't make out his jokes. However, never mind baby just now; I 've got something in store for you. What do you think of a rush over to Paris?"

"You don't mean that?" said Mr. Ledbury, in a doubt of delight. "Come, now, Jack; no nonsense."

"On my honour I 'm in earnest, Leddy. If you like to come, as before, all expenses will be paid. It 's about the Great Northern railway. I must be back within a week, but you can stay on, if you like. Will you go?"

"Rather, Jack," replied his friend. "The governor promised me a holiday. I 'm game!"

"Then Brighton, Dieppe, and Rouen 's the mark," said Jack, "and we will be off to-morrow morning."

Mr. Biggs here returned with the blue-bag, from which he produced a bottle of Scotch ale; and this being turned into a wash-hand jug, with an equal quantity of ginger-beer, Jack wrote, "Gone on 'Change —back in half an hour," on a slip of paper, and wafered it on the office door, which he closed inside.

And then they sat, and discussed the new beverage, along with Mr. Biggs, who, in his humility, from lack of tumblers, could scarcely be kept from drinking out of a new inkstand. But this the others would not hear of, so he was supplied with an hyacinth glass, in which a bulb had been all the year getting to the similitude of a spring onion, and there stopped. And this did very well.

"Well, Mr. Biggs," said Jack, "what do you think of the railways?"

"They are great arteries of mercantile and social life, sir, and place the knowledge gained by travel within the grasp of the poor man," said Mr. Biggs humbly, quoting from some work for "The People" that he had read in a coffee-shop."

"Quite right, Mr. Biggs," said Jack, "and beautifully expressed. Here 's 'May time never shut off your steam until you get to the extension terminus.' Come, Leddy; you must drink that."

"I beg your pardon, Jack," said Mr. Ledbury, whose imagination had already carried him to the Boulevards. "Mr. Biggs, may time never cut off your terminus—what is it, Jack? I didn't hear?"

"Never mind," said Jack. And he continued, "Had you any shares in the railways, Mr. Biggs?"

"None, sir," said the clerk. "I am a poor man."

"Then you 're a lucky fellow, if you knew it," said Jack. "The poor man never had so many friends as at present. I know a fellow—jolly chap he is, too, — who writes for newspapers and periodicals,—knows what life is,—never goes to bed, and lives upon pale ale and boiled bones."

"How very odd!" said Mr. Ledbury. "I thought there had been a great row about eating bones."

"Ah—they were raw," said Jack. "Well, this fellow took a wonderful start lately,—set up a dog-cart, and lived in a house all to himself. So I asked him how he did it? 'Why,' he said, 'it 's all the poor man; I 'm sure I ought to be his friend, for his is the only dodge

in writing that pays well, now. I don't know whether it does him much good, for pens and ink are not very nourishing; and that 's all it ends in. But it 's capital for us.'"

Mr. Ledbury rather shook his head at this: for he believed in philanthropy and virtuous indignation; and Mr. Biggs was undecided how to look, until Jack plunged him into still deeper confusion by asking him to favour them with some popular ballad. Upon which Mr. Biggs said he would with pleasure, if he could, but he never knew one; whereon Mr. Ledbury pleasantly reproved him; and revealed how Mr. Biggs had told an untruth; and how he had one day heard him, from the back office, singing the foreign air of "Old Dan Tucker," and dancing a strange measure, as he tried to imitate the bones accompaniment with the paper-knife and some sticks of sealing-wax, until he broke the latter in his enthusiasm. Hereat Mr. Biggs blushed fuchsia, and said, "Oh! Mr. Titus—really!" and then Mr. Ledbury told him to put words to the "Post-horn Hymn," which a Genoese organist, of slow temperament, was grinding below the window, in a dilatory manner, that would have driven Kœnig mad, had he heard it. But, finding that Mr. Biggs was too nervous to sing himself, they went on talking until Mr. Ledbury, under the influence of the ale, treated Mr. Biggs to a French song,—which, as far as Mr. Biggs was concerned, might have been double Sanscrit, or provincial Chinese, both which dialects are somewhat difficult to acquire fluently. But Mr. Biggs thought it so good, that Mr. Ledbury's desire to amuse increased: and he next shewed the placid clerk how the students danced at the Chaumière, and at what part they were turned out by the *Garde Municipale:* concluding by performing a *galoppe* with the invoice-book, until Jack joined him, and the *divertissement* concluded with a *pas de deux* of such originality that Mr. Biggs clapped his hands quite deliriously, and declared he had never seen anything half so good,—no, not at the Bower, nor any other fashionable place of entertainment. And, as old Mr. Ledbury was out of town for the day, their rapid act of merriment was only brought to a close by Titus dancing over his spectacles, and the Exchange clock striking five, with an intensity that nearly knocked over the grasshopper from his ticklish pinnacle.

It did not take Mr. Ledbury long to make up his mind to go with Jack, and pack up his wardrobe. He longed to let his mustachios grow; but all the efforts he had made for years to get them to shoot had been failures; and the same with regard to his whiskers. None of the wonderful things which the young men who cut his hair always recommended, answered; his consumption of Circassian Cream must have affected, in no small degree, the trade of the Black Sea, and the regions of the Caucasus: but still his face was smooth. And once, when he had been rash enough to buy a pair of false mustachios, that were fixed with a spring to his nostrils, he brought on such a wonderful fit of sneezing, that he had well nigh blown all his brains out by the same route as those of the Egyptian mummies are reported by cunning men who delight in unrolling those bales of pitchy mortality, to have left their tenement. So that he gave up the notion, fondly as he clung to it; and determined upon trusting, as heretofore, to his elegant manners, and knowledge of foreign style generally, to be considered a true Parisian.

Little occurred worthy of especial notice on the road to Paris. For steamboat journeys across the channel are all alike; and when you

know one *conducteur* of a diligence, you are upon terms of perfect intimacy with all, all over France; nor is there any great diversity in the fashions of diligences. The boiled mutton and French beans skated about the chief cabin table as usual, when the able-bodied assembled to dine, half-way between the Chain Pier and Dieppe Quais; the same lady of a certain age, lay helpless on deck, with her head on a carpet bag, and her feet in an old cloak; and now and then requested to be thrown overboard without farther delay, and put out of her misery at once, as formerly. There were apparently the very same soldiers and *douaniers* on the pier, that Titus knew at Boulogne; and the same incomprehensible soup, made of cheese, lamp-oil, and hot water, shaken up together, awaited them; with the identical white crockery, blunt knives, and wooden cruet-frames, in the *Salle à Mangér* of the ubiquitous Hotel d'Angleterre, or 'de Londres,' or 'de l'Europe,' or whatever it was; but it was sure to be one of these.

Nor did Mr. Ledbury think otherwise than that he had slept on the same walnut-tree bedstead, and washed in the same white pie-dish, and used the same scanty towels, that looked as if they were the sheets cut into little pieces, an hundred times before. And as for the diligence the next morning, somehow or another it must have been the very one that first took him from Boulogne to Paris. There were beggars too, with all of whom he was upon terms of the greatest familiarity; and the same horses whinnied, and fought, and rattled the bits of jack-chain, and remnants of box-cord that formed their harness, and were sworn at with precisely the same oaths by the postilion.

At Rouen, however, there was a little change, for now there was a railway. But they did not leave the diligence for all that; for the body of the carriage was taken off its wheels, and hoisted up into the air, passengers, luggage, and all, by the ornithological and crustaceous union of a crane and a crab, as if it had been merely a sack of wool, and then lowered down upon the truck.

There was much to amuse at this part of the journey, more especially as regarded a very fussy lady, who complained that riding sideways in the *interieur* made her sick, and so with much labour, for she was heavily fashioned, was hoisted, pushed, and guided into the *banquette.* When she got there, she hoped, "she was not disturbing the gents," and then, not being in any way proud, entered into conversation, and said she was going to join Lord Somebody's family at Paris, and that her name was Mrs. Mills, and that she had been sent for from England, to superintend the establishment—in other words, as Jack soon found out—to be a housekeeper. She had evidently enjoyed her dinner, and talked considerably in consequence.

"Ah!" she said, as soon as they had packed her away safely, "this is better. But nothing should have made me come, if I'd know'd it."

"Haven't you had a pleasant journey ma'am?" asked Jack.

"Pleasant indeed, sir! who could expect it, in foreign parts. I'm sure I thought I should have died all the way from Brighton, and a little more would have done it. I never hope to see that Chain Pier again. And its nothing when you do, no more than what Hungerford bridge would be with Lambeth took clean away."

"We must cultivate her, Leddy," whispered Jack, determining to draw her out, and thus he proceeded:—

"You did'nt have a pleasant passage then, mum?"

"No, sir," said the lady sharply, as though enraged with Jack for

asking. "I was insulted at first starting, by being asked at Brighton if I had a passport. 'No,' said I, 'and I hope I never shall have, for my marriage certificate is framed and glazed, and I am not afraid to shew it to anybody, although now I am a lone woman.' But the chambermaid—a impedent hussy she was too—made me go to a Mr. Black, where I paid ten shillings for a bit of paper, which has bothered me the whole way. Passport indeed! paugh! what will they want next, I should like to know?"

"Very true, ma'am," observed Jack; "as you properly say; what will they want next?"

"They'd have had my bandbox when I landed, if they could, for good," said Mrs. Mills; "for a tall fellow stopped me as I was going ashore, 'and what do *you* want?' says I. '*Arretay*,' says he, which I knew by his look meant something bad; and there they rummidged it dreadful, and afterwards I was boxed up in the back of this machine, in a stivey part, just like a slice of omnibus, with three foreign gentlemen, who were dressed respectable, but knew no more of English than an unborn babe. At last I heard my native tongue outside, and I said to the speaker, 'Sir, as you are a Christian, and not a Frenchman, pray ask leave for me to go in front,' and here I am."

The last affirmation was not to be denied, any more than the popular information of "Now we're off!" which everybody feels called upon to say when a train moves, without fear of contradiction. Whereupon Jack went on:

"My friend here," pointing to Mr. Ledbury, "makes precisely the same complaint, a clever young man," whispered Jack to the lady, "his name is Hopley, a cousin of the Maid of Orleans you have heard of."

"I have heard speak of her, but can't say I knew her, sir," said Mrs. Mills. "I saw her statute this morning."

"He came to Rouen to see it also," said Jack. "She was burnt, you know, in the market, after the battle of Waterloo; a blot upon the Duke of Wellington's name, great as it is,—a sad mistake,"—and Jack shook his head.

"What did you think of the figure, ma'am?" asked Titus, who had heard all this.

"A fine girl, sir; but not so handsome as her effigies at Madame Tussaud's neither."

"You must expect a Maid of Orleans to be plummy," observed Jack, gravely.

Mrs. Mills did not take the pun, but Titus went into a temporary fit of St. Vitus's dance.

"My friend is trying to see what connection there is between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc," continued Jack. "What is your opinion of her, Mr. Hopley?"

"She was a strange young woman," said Ledbury, "when she was in service, and dangerous to have a Sunday out, as Susan used to say, although she was always very correct and proper.—Go on, Jack," he whispered; "I can't tell such crams; I'm sure to laugh."

"Her head ran too much on soldiers," continued Jack. "She thought more of guns and helmets, than brooms and afternoon caps. You can imagine, ma'am, how it astonished a respectable and piously-cheerful family, to find their housemaid learning the sword exercise in the kitchen. And yet she was the acknowledged heroine of domestic drama."

"I thought such things were never done but at Ashley's," said Mrs. Mills. "I knew a lady there,—a real lady she was too, and very good looking,—who played warrior queens, but she was peaceable enough at home, and never wanted to fight six ruffians, or clamber up a blazing fortress on horseback."

At this moment Mr. Ledbury, who had been looking another way and pretending to blow his nose, and putting on an expression of apoplectic jocular suffering, burst into a fit of laughter; Jack also tittered from sympathy, and Mrs. Mills, who for some little time had mistrusted her companions, muttered something about "behaving as gentlemen," and made allusions to "shop-boys out for the day," (which, considering where they had got to, must have been a pretty long one,) and then relapsed into dignified and contemptuous silence, which lasted until they arrived at the Paris *debarcadère*. In a few minutes the diligence was again hoisted on to its carriage, to which the horses were already attached, and they once more clattered down the Rue de Grenelle St Honorè, into the court-yard of the Messageries. Here they got a *citadine*, and proceeded at once over the river to the Hotel de l'Etoile,—a cheap student's house on the Quai St. Michel, and on the river boundary of the Quartier Latin, where they intended to stay merely until they hunted up some of their old friends.

Jack was certainly a very jolly married man,—one of the best you could encounter in a long day's search,—and although he made Ledbury's sister a capital husband, was not at all "slow," and therefore he told Titus he was game for anything that evening; and as it was Thursday, and he thought they might meet some acquaintances of former days, they settled at once to dress themselves, and go up to the Chaumière, determined to make the most of their united stay in Paris. So they made their toilette, and Mr. Ledbury insisted upon having his hair curled *en papillotes*, by the coiffeur in the "Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine," and bought a pair of bright yellow nineteen-sous gloves, to make an effect, and then went off, with the greatest reliance upon his personal appearance, towards the Boulvart du Mont Parnasse.

It was very capital—the walk thither. Nothing seemed much altered. The nursemaids were flirting with the soldiers in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and the old men were still playing bowls by the ground where Ney was executed; and when Mr. Ledbury saw two grisettes, in airy *Barège* dresses, and coquettish little muffin-shaped caps, not made as they used to wear them, but formed something like a low-crowned hat made of lace, with no rim, but large lappets, he was for rushing towards them at once, and engaging them for innumerable dances, only Jack restrained him,—"For," said he, "we shall be sure presently to meet some old friends, so do not be too excited, Leddy." And this recommendation just came in time, for no sooner did Mr. Ledbury hear the distant band, over the wall, than he performed a *pas seul* upon the boulevards, from very joyousness of heart, no less than to distinguish himself in the eyes of the grisettes just named, and to show them that he felt quite at home in Paris—rather. And this was not concluded until he had danced against a gendarme and a *marchand de coco*, whose tin temple of beverage he almost knocked over.

They went into the gardens, and, as Jack had said, soon met some old friends. Jules was there, and Henri,—the two young artists,—and they pointed out Eulalie, and Clara, and Sophie, and Heloise, and all sorts of pretty little faces, that looked two years younger if anything;

and when they recognized Ledbury and Jack, there was such a shout, and such shaking of hands; and, as regarded the young grisettes, such going through other ceremonies of recognition, which popular maxims say it is not right to tell of,—as was delightful to behold. It was lucky for Jack that Aimée was not there; very lucky,—for Jack was married, and you know it would have been so awkward, the meeting. And then they all got round a table and ordered expensive things,—punch and champagne even,—and talked and laughed, and kicked up such a famous row, that the authorities had well-nigh interfered; and Clara, who was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-mouthed little Belgian, thought Mr. Ledbury so funny, and Mr. Ledbury was so flattered thereby, that he quite lost his head, and proposed the health of Belgium generally, and volunteered to sing, "She wore a wreath of roses," in which he was always very great, and which he now began, but was prevented from finishing, by Jack voting for a Polka.

And here it was that Mr. Ledbury did indeed shine. His dancing was the admiration of the whole party,—and his elegant attitudes, no less than his good-tempered face, attracted all eyes. And when he had finished, and led his panting, breathless partner, from the enclosure, they gave him a round of applause, whereon, with much grace, he drank to them, in a small tumbler of champagne, and by this time he was ready for anything.

The *Jeu de Bague*,—a game like the roundabouts at our fairs,—was in full swing, and Titus proposed that they should have a game between the dances.

"I will show these Frenchmen what a Britain can do, Jack, when he pleases," he said.

"Keep all right, Leddy," said Jack, "or perhaps they will show you what they can do in return. Remember former scrapes."

"It's all right Jack," said Titus: "now see them look at me."

There were two horses and two chairs on the roundabout; and the game consisted in the players being furnished with little spears, like knife-sharpeners, and trying to take off small rings from a hook on which they were hung—a modification of the old tilting at the ring. Mr. Ledbury got on one of the horses, which he sat gallantly to show the Parisians he was a sportsman; and Clara occupied one of the chairs; the two other places were taken by Jack and one of the grisettes, and off they went.

For the first few rounds Mr. Ledbury simply smiled at the company, politely bowing to them every time he came near them, like the little man at the evening party on the top of the organ, and then he kissed his hand, and waved his pocket-handkerchief, and finally, with a flourish of his spear, began to play, imitating martial music on a cornet. By some good luck or another, he carried off a ring or two, at which the students and grisettes who were looking on him, cheered. This was quite enough to drive him into any act of wildness: and, after a few more turns which did not improve his steadiness, coming on the champagne, he formed a project of unequalled boldness. One of the *garde* was standing near the game, looking with folded arms and frowning brow, upon the players. As Titus came near him, he seized his helmet, and lifted it forcibly from his head, directly afterwards putting it upon his own, to the intense astonishment of the soldier.

Any insult offered to the authorities is sure to be hailed with accla-

mation by the frequenters of the Chaumière, and a roar of delight burst forth. At this Mr. Ledbury was so excited, that by some marvellous exertion, he contrived to stand up in his stirrups, and would have got upon the horse itself, to have thrown himself into a *tableau*, had not the enraged functionary stopped the machine, and pulled the offender from his charger. The crowd pressed round, and tried to hustle him away, by pushing the grisettes, all in a heap against the guard; knowing that he would not attack them. Jack had sprung from his perch like lightning, and seeing their object, caught Ledbury by the collar, and dragged him actually through a party of gendarmes, who were coming to the scene of the row. Then lugging him into one of the bosquets, where the obscurity protected them, he said:

"Keep still, Leddy. How could you be such an ass!"

"I'll show them what an Englishman dares do, Jack," said Titus, quite bewildered; and he began to sing—"For England, home, and beauty."

"England, home, and fiddlesticks," said Jack. "Hold your tongue—do—or they'll have you now. Sit down."

And, knowing that when Mr. Ledbury got into these heroics he was heedless of everything, Jack seized him by the throat, and fairly choked him down behind one of the benches, in spite of all his declarations that he would go and see fair play, and not allow friends he respected to be ill-treated on his account.

And here, for a few minutes, Mr. Ledbury remained, in great excitement and indignation.

TAKE BACK THY GIFT.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Take back, dear maid! the blushing flowers
  Thy gentle fingers placed in mine,
Ere they recall the vanished hours
  When I was cheered by smiles of thine.
Take back—take back thy only gift,
  From which my memory ne'er shall part,
For, oh! believe me, it hath left
  A lasting impress on my heart.

Take back, dear maid! the fatal prize
  That still reminds my heart of thee,
And bids me love those searching eyes,
  Mine own, perhaps, no more may see.
Still, let no other fingers press
  The gift, thine pressing, made their own;
And I in after years will bless
  The love that leaves me now alone.

Take back thy gift, and if, dear maid!
  Thou wouldst one rapture still bestow,—
Then let that rapture be conveyed
  In bidding Hope's sweet waters flow.
Whate'er my fate in after years,
  Though scathed by stern Misfortune's blast,
My heart, embalmed in hidden tears,
  Shall be thy monument at last.

THE INFLUENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH,

AS INFERRED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE.

Dear Sir.—The Memoirs of the late Dr. Arnold have excited so great an interest, that it may be presumed there are many persons who will not be indifferent as to the impression produced by the work on the public mind in Germany.

The present is so important a crisis, in respect of the concerns of religion in that country, that the view there taken of such a character as Dr. Arnold's is likely to be now more peculiarly interesting to all who contemplate with anxiety that crisis.

And the name of Dr. Neander is so well known among us, that it is hardly to be doubted that a review from his pen of the work in question, of which I transmit to you a translation, will be acceptable to the English reader. You are at liberty to lay it before the public in whatever way you may judge best.

Yours very faithfully,
Rd. Dublin.

To W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL.D.

We have here some most valuable reminiscences of the life of one of the noblest and most enlightened men of this century, who was deservedly held in high esteem as the head-master of a flourishing public school at Rugby, and whose hallowed memory will long exert a powerful influence in the minds of his numerous pupils. Many of the letters appended to these memoirs are highly interesting; they give a vivid and most attractive picture of a character deeply penetrated with, and enlightened and purified by, the spirit of Christianity,—of a mind sound and healthful in all its functions. Such an influence cannot but be beneficial to the reader, especially in these distracted times, when real soundness and equilibrium of mind is so rare. We can only compare these delightful glimpses of character with the memoirs of a man greatly honoured and admired by Arnold—Niebuhr. Such works should be particularly recommended to young men, who greatly need the inspiring and animating influence given by looking up to great examples. We are glad to be able to announce that we have succeeded in inducing a young divine, who seems to us eminently qualified for such an undertaking—Herr Heintz—to prepare a German version of this work, in a form adapted to the German public.

We will not here enlarge on the other points of view in which Arnold's life and character may be contemplated, but will rather dwell on what is important as a sign of the times, in reference to the history, not only of the English Church, but of the Christian world, from the connection subsisting between all things that give promise of a brighter future. The view, then, which we shall take of Dr. Arnold's character contemplates him as the representative of a new and more liberal theological system in the very country where what is old and established is hardest to eradicate, and where hitherto narrow and limited views have for the most part prevailed. Having been obliged in an earlier review

to enter into controversy with a partisan of these narrow traditional views, and to uphold in opposition to him our freer German system of interpretation, we are the more rejoiced to be able to point out, even in England, a spirit akin to the Germans in his views, and who in this controversy would have perfectly agreed with us. And we consider this as an important sign of the times: it is the movement of a spirit which is abroad throughout Germany, and will probably bring about a revolution in many religious opinions. Where an intellectual movement is seen going on in different quarters, and in countries bearing the most opposite character, it has always been a sign that a new mental development is forming. Such truths, as they were spoken by this good and wise man, cannot remain without fruits; and he has left behind him a numerous band of disciples. The repeated editions to which this interesting work has come in a few years, bear witness to the great sympathy it has created in his own country.

It is not easy to see to what we are to ascribe the more liberal theological views which we see in this work. The notices before us do not enable us to decide with certainty how far Arnold, who was led by Niebuhr's work on the Roman history to study the German language, was influenced by his acquaintance with the productions of the German divines. At all events, many of his opinions seem to have been formed from his own intellectual and theological developments in a manner peculiarly his own. In his mind are united many elements well calculated to have a wholesome influence on theological development—a mind harmonized and cultivated by the study of the ancients, and habitually employed in criticism in other branches of learning,—and a truly Christian disposition, which must necessarily be opposed to all dry and narrow conceptions,—the true spirit of the gospel, which maketh free. It will be salutary for the German public likewise to hear from the lips of this man truths, which even with us find opponents in the adherents of antiquity.

Arnold justly designates those views which lay an undue stress on external forms, whether they consist in episcopal government and succession, a bigoted observance of Sunday, certain ideas respecting the sacraments, adherence to the letter of Scripture, or any others, as a renewal of the Judaizing element. He recognizes this element amongst Episcopalians and Dissenters. With a profound insight into church history, he perceives it, soon after Paul had subdued it, rising up again in a new form. Thus he says in a letter of the year 1836 (vol. ii. p. 30): "The Judaizers of the New Testament exhibit in the germ all the evils which have since most corrupted the Christian Church. I cannot but think it legitimate and right to refer to these examples, when the same evils are flaming in the face of day before our eyes." He speaks of the external influences, which had disturbed the free development of the ancient Church, the continued revival of Jewish principles in a Christian form. (vol. i. p. 214.) Thus he says, in a letter of the year 1834 (vol. i. p. 384): "To insist on the necessity of episcopacy is exactly like insisting on the necessity of circumcision: both are and were lawful, but to insist on either as *necessary* is unchristian, and binding the Church with a yoke of carnal ordinances; and the reason why circumcision, although expressly commanded once, was declared not binding upon Christians, is much stronger against the necessity of episcopacy, which never was commanded at all; the reason being, that all forms of government and

ritual are in the Christian Church indifferent, and to be decided in the Church itself, *pro temporum et locorum ratione*—'the Church' not being the clergy, but the congregation of Christians." Again, he speaks in a letter of the year 1836 (vol. ii. p. 39) of the errors of the Oxford Judaizers, as he calls the Puseyites, and designates as the subjects of their erroneous conceptions, the priesthood, the sacraments, the apostolical succession, tradition, and the church. And he sets forth as the positive opposite to this idolatry, as he calls it, the doctrine of the Person of of Christ; not his church, not his sacraments, not his teaching, not even the truths about himself, nor the virtues which he enforces, but Himself, the only object which bars fanaticism and idolatry on the one hand, and gives life and power to all morality on the other. And this is what Paul constantly opposes to the several idolatries of the Judaizers, in which view he refers to the Epistle to the Colossians. In a letter of the year 1839 (vol. ii. p. 176), he says: "If I follow the pretended *consensus patrum* in forming my views of the sacraments, I appear to myself to be undoing St. Paul and our Lord's work in one great point, and to be introducing that very Judaism to which Christianity is so directly opposed, and which consists in ascribing spiritual effects to outward and bodily actions. It seems to me historically certain, that the Judaism which upheld circumcision and insisted on the difference of meats, after having vainly endeavoured to sap the Gospel under its proper Judaic form, did, even within the first century, transpose its spirit into a Christian form; and substituting baptism for circumcision, and the mystic influence of the bread and wine in the communion for the doctrine of purifying and defiling meats, did thereby pervert Christianity to a fatal extent, and seduced many who would have resisted it to the death under its own form; because now, though its spirit was the same, its form was Christian." In the same manner he condemns as Judaistical that view of the transference of the law of the Sabbath to Sunday, which is so predominant in his own and several other reformed churches, although he acknowledged the importance of a day set apart as needful for human weakness. Thus he writes in a letter of the year 1833 (vol. i. p. 364): "Although the apostle Paul would have been utterly shocked could he have foreseen that eighteen hundred years after Christianity came into the world, such an institution as the Sabbath would have been still needed; yet, seeing that it is still needed, the obligation of the old commonwealth is still binding in the spirit of it; that is, that we should use one day in seven as a sort of special reminder of our duties, and relieving ourselves from the over-pressure of worldly things which daily life brings with it. But our Sunday is the beginning of the week, not the end; a day of preparation and strengthening for the week to come, and not of rest for the past." In a letter of the year 1837 (vol. ii. p. 77) he designates it as Judaizing and idolatry, when men exalt the church and the sacraments into the place of Christ, as others have exalted his mother, and others again circumcision, in the same spirit.

It is true that hostility against that form of Christianity justly described by Arnold as the Judaical element, may be carried too far. We must not refuse to acknowledge that a true and sound spirit of Christianity, even when assuming a peculiar form, has existed from the earliest periods, through the middle ages down to our own times; we must not forget that Christianity has been constantly liable to two opposite ten-

dencies of exclusive devotion to what is inward, and to what is outward; that it is even a part of its divine character to be able to pervade these two extreme poles of opposite opinions, and all the intermediate steps which lie between them; and that without this it could not have been the leaven which was to leaven the whole world. If Arnold was sometimes moved, by his zeal for pure evangelical truth, to speak in various places very strongly against particular views, on the other hand, he was not wanting in that charity which can recognize Christianity even in this form; and no less did he possess that Christian insight into history which can perceive that each opposite tendency had in its beginning a relative use.

He remarks, it is true, in opposition to those who appeal to the tradition of the first century, that the contention here was between Cyprian and Paul; but he adds an acknowledgement that what was good in Cyprian he had won from Paul and from Christianity (vol. ii. p. 115). He admits that the influence of the Holy Spirit has come down as a stream through all centuries; and he is accordingly an opponent of that one-sided Protestant view which confines the working of the Holy Spirit and of Christianity in the middle ages to the small community of the Waldenses. Thus he says, in a letter of the year 1835 (vol. i. p. 310): "Popery and narrow dogmatical intolerance tainted the Church as early as in the days of Ignatius; while, on the other hand, Christ's true Church lived through the worst of times, and is not to be confined to the small community of the Vaudois." Again, another letter of the year 1833 (vol. ii. p. 18): "The Church of Christ has at no time plainly apostatized, although it has been greatly unworthy of its privileges. Nor has the doctrine of Christ crucified and Christ risen been so forsaken, as that the very standard of Christianity should need to be planted afresh." While vigorously opposing what he calls Judaism, he says, speaking of his opponents, "I feel and speak very strongly against their party, but I always consider the party as a mere abstraction of its peculiar character as a party, and as such I think it detestable; but take any particular member of it, and his character is made up of many other elements than the mere peculiarities of his party. He may be a good Christian, and therefore I may love and respect him, though his party as such—that is, the peculiar views which constitute the bond of union amongst its members—I think to be most utterly at variance with Christianity." (vol. ii. p. 93.)

It was indeed one of the most striking characteristics of this admirable man, that, rising completely above all narrow-minded dogmatism or bigoted sectarian prejudice, he always considered faith in Christ as the Saviour and the source of spiritual life, when it formed the basis of the mind, as the great foundation of Christianity, and the common bond of union between those who differed from each other in subordinate matters. Hence he could recognize the spirit of Christianity in various systems and opinions; hence he could even form a more correct judgment of Unitarianism, and could distinguish the Unitarianism which refers chiefly to dogmatical questions from that which affects the Christian life itself. He believed that this common faith would become the foundation of a more entire and perfect unity, taking its rise from within the Church; while the efforts after dogmatical uniformity and external agreement would only occasion further divisions, and lead to a new form of Judaism. Here, too, we see in Arnold a man who belongs to the

forerunners of a purified and enlightened Church.* We will quote some of his remarks, which may serve as an illustration of what we have said. "Whatever," he says (vol. i. p. 358) "the Unitarians may think of the nature of Christ, I never meant to deny the name of *Christian* to those who truly love and fear him. And although I think it is the tendency of Unitarianism to lessen this love and fear, yet I doubt not that many Unitarians feel it notwithstanding, and then He is their Saviour, and they are His people." Again (see vol. i. p. 356),—"In giving or withholding the title of *Christian*, the spirit and temper of the parties are much more to be considered than their doctrinal opinions. It appears to me that the feelings with which we regard Christ are of much greater importance than such metaphysical questions as those between Homoonsians and Homoionsians, or even than the question of his humanity or proper divinity." The characteristic of that Unitarianism which he regards as unchristian is, that it makes Christ virtually dead. "From this point of view, our relation to him is past instead of present; and the result is notorious, that, instead of doing everything in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the language of Unitarians loses this peculiarly Christian character, and assimilates to that of mere Deists,—'Providence,' 'the Supreme Being,' and other such expressions taking the place of 'God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' 'the Lord,' &c., which other Christians, like the Apostles, have found at once most natural and most delightful. For my own part, I consider one great object of God's revealing himself in Christ to be the furnishing us with an object of worship which we could both love and understand; or, in other words, the supplying safely and wholesomely that want in human nature which has shown itself in false religions, in 'making gods after our own devices.'" (vol. i. p. 357.)

"I would join with all those who love Christ and pray to Him; who regard Him not as dead, but as living. Make the Church a living and active society, like that of the first Christians, and then differences of opinion will either cease or will signify nothing." (vol. i. p. 370.) He appeals to the fact that in the Epistles nothing is condemned as heresy but what was mere wickedness. "There is one anathema which is indeed holy and just, profitable for ourselves as well as for others." (1 Cor. xvi. 22.) "But this is not the anathema of a fond theology." (vol. i. p. 374.) "I shall always (vol. ii. p. 28) insist on the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ as the great point of Christianity. But it is because I think the scholastic theology has obscured and excited a prejudice against it, that I am rather thankful myself for having been enabled to receive Scripture truth in spite of the wrapping which has been put around it, than I can condemn those who throw away the wrapping, and cannot conceive that beneath a shell so worthless there can lurk so divine a kernel." He reminds a friend (vol. i. p. 369) that one of St. Paul's favourite notions of heresy is a doting about strifes of words (2 Tim. ii. 14). "One side," he says, "may be right in such a strife, and the other wrong, but both are heretical as to Christianity, because they lead men's minds away from the love of God and of Christ, to questions essentially tempting to the intellect, and which tend to no profit towards Godliness." Further, in a letter of the year 1833 (vol. i. p. 373) "It seems to me that all, absolutely all, of our religious affec-

* I am rejoiced at finding that my conception of the opinions of this admirable man quite agrees with that of Bunsen, whose words, as I have quoted them above, I did not read till I had written this.

tions and veneration should go to Christ himself; and that Protestantism, Catholicism, and every other name which expresses Christianity, and some *differentia* or *proprium* besides, is so far an evil, and when made an object of attachment, leads to superstition and error."

From these clear and distinct recognitions of the great point and foundation-stone of Christianity, the chief object of all the Divine Revelations, it might easily be inferred, that Arnold could separate what was divine and what was human in the Scriptures, and distinguish the true word of God from its human wrapping, more clearly than accords with the ordinary views of English Divines, and that he could form better notions of the nature of Inspiration than was possible for the old theologians. And this is indeed the case. He himself declared that a revolution in theology would be produced by a new apprehension of the nature of inspiration. Speaking of some letters of the profound Coleridge on Inspiration, written in a spirit liberal and congenial to his own, and published after his death, he says: "These letters are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions; the greatest probably that has ever been given since the discovery of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility; yet it must come, and will end, in spite of the fears and clamours of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth." (vol. i. p. 403.) We learn from his biographer that he applied the words of Christ, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," in a new and significant sense to the separation of what is divine and what is human in the holy Scriptures (vol. i. p. 219.)

The practical application of this principle, united as it was with his love of truth, and his mind highly cultivated by philological and historical studies, led him likewise to a freer and more fearless criticism of the books of the holy Scriptures, and especially the Bible history. An interesting treatise on the Interpretation of Scripture has been bound up with the second volume of his Sermons. Herr Heintz will make the German public acquainted with the substance of this treatise in his version of these Memoirs. In it, after working out the application of the abovementioned words of Christ, he says, "that intellectual wisdom which exercises over this world more than imperial dominion, may not be denied her lawful tribute. It is within her province to judge of all questions of science, of history, and of criticism, according to her own general laws: nor may her decisions on these matters be disputed by an appeal to the higher power of spiritual wisdom, who leaves such points wholly to her lower jurisdiction.

He maintains here that all researches in the various branches of learning, each in its own province, are entirely separate from the religious questions, and should by no means be brought into competition with the higher province of the investigation of divine truth. "In truth," he says, "it is no hard thing to make a rationalist or an anti-rationalist,—meaning by this term one who is afraid to trust himself in the pursuit of truth, and who talks of the danger, perhaps of the profaneness, of an inquiry, though its subject be strictly within the province of the intellect. But to make an enlightened, yet humble Christian—one who feels the comparative worthlessness of all merely intellectual exercises, yet follows them steadily and fearlessly, in the full faith that no truth can ever separate him from the love of the God of Truth—this is hard to the

extreme of difficulty. Deeply impressed with the profound knowledge of human nature exhibited in the Scriptures, and with the adorable wisdom of God's manner of dealing with it; 'convinced of sin and of righteousness,' of his own in-dwelling evil, and of the perfect remedy for that evil provided by the death and resurrection of Christ;—living in the daily consciousness of possessing the earnest of the Spirit, and hoping therefore the more boldly for the full enjoyment of those promises whose pledge and foretaste is so abiding a source of peace and joy;—such a man's faith is far too deeply rooted to need the paltry aid of ignorance and fear. 'He that is spiritual judgeth all things,'—all things save the very principles of that spiritual wisdom from which his power of judgment is derived."

He complains (vol. i. p. 404) that Bible criticism, at least as far as regards the Old Testament, is in England almost non-existent. He thought he discovered in Daniel traces of a later period (vol. ii. p. 195). "The self same criticism," he says, "which has established the authenticity of St. John's Gospel against all questionings, does, I think, equally prove the non-authenticity of great part of Daniel." In treating of the prophecies of the Old Testament, he drew a distinction between the historical sense and the deeper meaning which lies beneath, and which has always reference to Christ. Thus he looked on the prophecy of Immanuel, *Isaiah* vii., declaring that it had not reference in its primary or historical sense to Christ (vol. ii. p. 199). He observed that prophetic vision could see the fullness of the future in the imperfect germ of the present (vol. i. p. 199). He considered the various great epochs in the history of the world as various comings of Christ, forerunners of his last coming. And to this he refers the great events in church history.

We have already observed that Arnold could completely separate the two branches of religious and secular learning. He could also discern on which side religious doubts could be solved by intellectual inquiry, and on which side they could only be overcome by an effort of will, by a resignation of mind, and the power of feeling. Much that is excellent on this subject, much that shows an abundant Christian experience and a deep knowledge of human nature, may be found in his letters. Most admirably does he speak on the so-called negative impartiality and freedom from prejudice in the examination of religious subjects. On this subject he says, in reference to an article on the life of Christ:—"To read an account of Christ written as by an indifferent person, is to read an unchristian account of Him; because no one who acknowledges Him can be indifferent to Him, but stands in such relation to Him, that the highest reverence must ever be predominant in his mind when thinking or writing of Him. And again, what is the impartiality that is required? Is it that a man shall neither be a Christian, nor yet not a Christian? The fact is, that religious veneration is inconsistent with what is called impartiality; which means, that as you see some good and some evil on both sides, you identify yourself with neither, and are able to judge of both. And this holds good with all human parties and characters, but not with what is divine, and consequently perfect; for then we should identify ourselves with it, and are perfectly incapable of passing judgment upon it. If I think that Christ was no more than Socrates (I do not mean in degree, but in kind), I can of course speak of Him impartially, that is, I assume at once that there are faults and

imperfections in His character, and on these I pass my judgment; but if I believe in Him, I am not His judge, but His servant and creature, and He claims the devotion of my whole nature, because He is identical with goodness, wisdom, and holiness. Nor can I for the sake of strangers assume another feeling and another language, because this is compromising the highest duty,—it is like denying Him, instead of confessing Him." (vol. ii. p. 71.) His judgment on Strauss's "Life of Christ," when he first became acquainted with it from the notices in the Studien and Kritiken, is remarkable. He says—"This book seems to me to show the ill effects of that division of labour which prevails so much amongst the literary men of Germany. Strauss writes about history and myths, without appearing to have studied the question, but having heard that some pretended histories are mythical, he borrows this notion as an engine to help him out of Christianity. But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the times of Livy and Tacitus, and St. Paul mistaking such for realities!" (Vol. ii. p. 61.)

What Arnold says here agrees with his opinion of the necessity of uniting theology with general cultivation of mind. On this subject much that is excellent and deserving of particular attention, even in Germany, may be found in the third volume of his Sermons. But perhaps he may not have sufficiently appreciated the advantages for deep research into the more abstruse parts of theology which are gained by our division of labour, and which again reflects back on the more ordinary branches of study. Strauss's views are certainly not referable to his want of universal cultivation, as is the case with some others of his school: still there is much truth in Arnold's observation, that one who had been formerly conversant with independent research and historical criticism in other provinces, would not easily have been led to the strange theories which have been formed by the advocates of the mystical interpretation of Scripture History.

Even in England, Arnold evidently perceived some traces of that one-sided view which makes enlargement of mind consist in feeling no admiration, reverence, or enthusiasm for anything, and in reasoning coldly on all subjects—that utilitarian spirit which has chosen for its motto the Horatian *nil admirari*, to which the views of Plato and Aristotle stand opposed. He writes to a young man whom he is warning against these opinions: "I believe that '*Nil admirari*,' in this sense, is the devil's favourite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man infected with this disorder of anti-romance as one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish." (vol. i. p. 419.)

There is but one point, and a point which appeared very important to Arnold, with regard to which we entirely differ from him. We mean his view of the desirableness of the identity of Church and State. But even here we recognize in him,—as also in the dear friend * whose book on this subject he read with particular interest, and entire accordance in its views,—that deep feeling for the highest merits of Christianity, that anti-hierarchical spirit, that full and complete recognition of the common priesthood of all Christians, which need to be more and more brought forward,—together with an earnest longing to see Christianity made more and more the leaven for the whole world, penetrating all the rela-

* Rothe of Heidelberg (see vol. ii. p. 108).

tions of life. But we think this can only spring from the inward, subjective working of Christianity in the Church through each individual receiving it from his own free conviction. Such an influence can only spread widely from this inward operation of Christian principles; in all cases it must be limited by the law of each man's own convictions. In reference to this we will quote the golden words of the excellent Vinet: "Un certain nombre d' individus sont Chrétiens comme il faut l'être, et la societé toute entière comme elle peut l'être." The sermon on the Mount,—which, viewed apart from all other discourses, is a living witness of the divine character of the Saviour,—gives us the Magna Charta of the Kingdom of God; but it is not founded on the organization of states, although the state will be in its highest perfection the more the laws there laid down are carried into practice in the hearts and minds of rulers and subjects. Arnold continually opposes, as Jacobinism, with the disgust which the noble-hearted man ever shewed to what was low and mean, the view which considered the State as only intended for the bodily well-being, the material interests of man. In this we cordially agree with him. But we should not be led by the converse of this error to desire that the highest good should be realized in the form of the State which would answer to the condition of the old world, afterwards subdued by Christianity. We think that the State should ensure a free scope for all that is good for mankind, and therefore for the Church, from whence alone Christianity is enabled to exercise that influence with genuine and direct operative power, which in all other cases must be of only an *indirect* nature.

MAN TO THE SPIRIT OF STEAM.

In dungeon dark I found thee first,
  Bound by a mighty chain;
With fire thy prison-doors I burst,
  And set thee free again.

I rescued thee, and brought thee forth,
  My service to fulfil,
And bear, throughout the sea and earth
  The mandates of my will.

In bonds of closer brotherhood
  Thy task shall be to bind
Earth's long-discordant family,
  The children of mankind.

The tiger shall thy footsteps hear
  On the plains of Hindostan,
Scamper away with a howl of fear,
  And yield his place to man.

The fiend that rules the scorching waste,
  Scowls in his lair so grim;
He knows the flesh he used to taste
  Shall be no more for him.

But though, when speeding on thy flight,
  With more than whirlwind's force,
My finger raised restrains thy might,
  And stays thee in thy course.

Banks of the Calder.

A FIRST EVENING IN NAPLES.

"*Ecco signore! la Montagna, la Montagna,*" cried the stentorian voice of our veteran *conduttore*, with all the rapture of a genuine Neapolitan. Half suffocated as we were by the dust of a Naples road, and the heat of a July sun, the announcement reanimated us at once.

It was indeed Vesuvius, that a turn of the road had disclosed to us; Vesuvius, with its wooded sister *Somma*, melting in the haze of an Italian sunset. The rocky promontory of Sorrento, the lofty crest of Monte Saint Angelo fading away in the distance, and the Mediterranean beneath, stretching far as eye might reach.

We could have gazed for an hour, but horses and postilions were equally impatient, and in ten minutes more we entered the Porta Capuana. The customary *agrémens* of passports and baggage detained us, as usual, a *piccola mezz'oretta* at the gate, but the delay was far from being tedious. Had I had nothing more to contemplate than the group of *doganieri* who gathered round the carriage, I should have been well amused. With their singularly arched black eye-brows, and their large, round, piercing dark eyes, I could have sworn that they were each one and all brothers of our quondam friend, Count P——, so striking was the family likeness.

Nothing makes a more forcible impression on a stranger at first, than the peculiarly marked physiognomy, which renders a true *regnicolo* as unmistakeable from the Alps to the Calabrias, as the first whisper of a Venetian's lisp, of a Tuscan's gutturals, or a Lombard *u*.

But there were other objects of curiosity quite as attractive as the "*beaux yeux*" of King Ferdinand's officials. Vehicles of every kind and shape were flying past us. It was a *festa*, and the crowds who had been spending the day dancing and carousing in the various *osterias* and villages of the *environs*, were now returning. From the strange little four-wheeled *cabriolet*, to the gaudy scarlet and gold *corricolo*, with its Patagonian wheels and Lilliputian body, swarming with human beings clinging to it above, around, beneath, in every imaginable variety of attitude and costume,—nothing was wanting to complete the picturesque and novel effect of the *tout ensemble*.

I amused myself in counting the contents of a *carretella* that stood beside us, awaiting the inspection of the *doganieri*. Never was there so heterogeneous an assembly. Of the fourteen passengers which were crammed into it, four were soldiers, two were nuns of the Capuchin order, the most severe that exists; another was a begging friar, two were priests, and the rest *lazzari*, all laughing, shouting, chattering, or singing (the nuns alone excepted) at the highest pitch of Neapolitan lungs,—*et ce n'est pas peu dire*,—it was a miniature Babel.

As I looked on, away started the little, bony, half-starved, fiery-looking horse, on whose tiny limbs all the weight of this merciless lading was suspended; and away rattled the *carretella*, whirling over the stones at a rate which nothing but the inimitable generalship of a Neapolitan charioteer would have preserved from utter annihilation. Had I not known by reputation their extraordinary skill, and the furious pace at which they drive, I should have imagined that every vehicle which flew past us was rushing post haste to destruction.

As we drove slowly down the *Foria* or *Faubourg*,—a magnificent entrance, by the bye, with its *pavé* wide as the *Boulevards* or Champs Elysées, and its rows of white houses stretching away in lengthening perspective till it terminates in the colossal mass of the Museo Borbonico,—the interminable Albergo dei Poveri to the right looking more like a royal palace than a pauper asylum. Crowds were sitting round tables in the open air, eating and drinking, before the numerous Trattorie. The spirit of the people met us on all sides. Two or three military schools passed us in long procession, and priests innumerable, among whom groups of Jesuits, with their demure, downcast eyes, and long shovel hats, were particularly conspicuous.

One half of the population seemed to be soldiers, and the other half clergy. For the first I was prepared, knowing the royal mania; but the second took me by surprise. It appeared to me that there were more priests and monks in the streets of Naples than in those of Rome. The gigantic façade of the Studii, not the more imposing from its glaring brick-red hue, something like Egyptian granite, rose before us, and in a moment we were in the Toledo.

The Toledo was filled with a countless crowd of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, all mingling, jostling, and out-noising each other in confusion indescribable. It was the Corso, and never had we beheld a *coup d'œil* so animated; and one might travel to the ends of the earth without meeting its rival, for the Toledo is perfectly unique,—*sui generis.* During the ten minutes that we were delayed in the throng, we had time to look and be looked at; for though an English arrival is such a common-place affair at other seasons, in the height of summer it was quite an event, and the curious glances that scanned us on all sides, were neither few nor far between.

When at last we forced our way into the *fila*, the last glow of the sunset had faded from the sky, and, with the rapid transition of the climate, a moment more and it became night. But we lost nothing by the change, for in an instant the whole street was as bright as day. Accustomed as we were to the dark streets and dismal oil lamps of Rome, the blaze of light that flashed on us seemed quite bewildering.

Handsome gas *reverbères*, high over head, mingled their rays with those that darted from long lines of brilliant shops, whose glare shone full on the elegant *toilettes* and handsome faces of the ladies who filled the carriages, and their attendant *cavalieri;* cafés, each of itself an illumination, dazzled us on all sides; the inferior ones open to all the winds of heaven, and filled with loungers and smokers; the more *recherchés*, surrounded by groups of amateurs of ice and *limonata*, whose carriages fairly blocked up the way, producing a stoppage every five minutes.

But our progress could not be too slow, for every step presented some new feature as singular and striking as the one that had preceded it. Now it was a cook-shop, of which the open front displayed the walls inside, lined from floor to roof, with copper vessels, fluted moulds, and all such implements of the art, of every shape and variety; the whole so polished and bright as almost to outshine the plate glass windows on either side filled with crystal, and gold, and silver; while at the door, the master and his assistants pursued their avocations, alternately frying and tossing their cakes, or distributing them to their customers.

At another moment the opening of a cross street discovered to us an illumination, glimmering apparently in the sky. As we asked for a

solution of the enigma, we learned that it was the *gala* night of one of the princesses. On such occasions all the public buildings are illuminated, and the line of lights suspended so immeasurably above us, gleamed on the battlements of St. Elmo. Torches and *lampioni* decorated also the palaces of the ministers, and the Jesuits' college on the Largo del Mercatello. But more dazzling, more graceful, and more original than all, were the little booths of the *limonadieri;* one or two of which stood at the corners of each street. In these the national taste for decoration and light shone prominent. Wreathed and vaulted with a labyrinth of boughs and garlands, the very oranges and lemons strung in rows, and festooned across the four little green pillars that sustain the slight roof, their fresh leaves sparkling in the gleams of from ten to thirty, and even fifty small glass lanterns, that hung from the branches, each exhibited the peculiar taste of the owner.

In the midst of those fairy bowers stood the sunburnt vendor of *acqua gelata* and limonata, in the very lightest possible summer costume, *i. e. en chemise et en pantalon*, most actively employed as he either sold oranges, squeezed lemons, or poured out tumblers full of their refreshing juice from the barrels balancing at each side, varied with iced water and the equally favourite *coco*, to the numerous *avventori* that thronged before him.

At last we emerged from the Toledo into the magnificent Largo, or rather succession of squares at the entrance of it. We paused for an instant to look around. Beside us, flanked by the equipages of the *élite*, five deep, stood the Café de l'Europe, the rendezvous of fashion *par excellence*, a fitting outpost for the street of streets, now that its gilding and arabesques, *à la dernière mode de Paris*, have cast all its former rivals into the shade. To the left stretched the portico and façade of the San Carlo; its huge mass, annexed to a wing of the royal residence, large enough of itself to be the Palazzo Reale, whose range of flowery terraces extends along the sea and joins the quai at one side.

A moment more and we were in the Largo di San Francesco, and I could have almost fancied that we were transported back to the eternal city; for lo! opposite the grand façade of the palace stood the colonnade of St. Peter's, circling the square *en demi lune;* the gas lamps that were suspended between the pillars no bad imitation of the illumination of the *portici* on Easter Sunday, except that, in lieu of the stately and magnificent colonnade of the *basilica regina*, burning with light, rose the lofty portico and rounded dome of the Pantheon.

The whole was on a miniature scale, of course, but the *tout ensemble* struck me as most splendid;—a first impression, which was never afterwards wholly effaced, even when a daylight view had discovered to me that the combination was *tant soit peu baroque;* while the purists of architecture incessantly reiterated, that the church of San Francesco, with all its precious marbles and brilliant frescos, is nothing but a costly *barbarismo;* a decision against which, not being one of the craft, I have always strenuously rebelled.

Leaving San Francesco behind, we drove down by the palace of the Prince of Salerno; and the shadowy outline of Vesuvius, darkly traced upon the sky, rose before us,—Vesuvius, actually topped with flame, its base apparently skirting the bay, and scarcely a mile's distance across the water. Our contemplation was cut short by the carriage stopping before the entrance of the Hotel de Rome.

But no sooner had we taken possession of our apartments than I seated myself in the balcony, determined to gaze *à loisir*.

The view which now met us, proverbially beautiful as it is, surpassed all my expectations. It was actually dream-like. There was no moon, yet it was not dark. The sky seemed tissued with stars, and by their uncertain light we could see the whole circle of the shore, and the crests of the distant mountains. Castellamare and Sorrento lay darkly, yet clearly defined on the horizon; while Vesuvius, crowning the whole, shot up from time to time a jet of flame of the brightest crimson. Before us spread the bay, while a fisherman's boat, with its little torch at the prow, glided occasionally across its dark surface, and disappeared behind the battlements of the Castel del 'Uovo, which projected far into the water.

From the windows of the other rooms we had quite a different prospect. They looked on the Santa Lucia, that classical resort of all the fishermen and their *care spose,—marinari, barcajoli,* and *belle figliole* of *la bella Napoli,* since time immemorial.

Nothing could look prettier than the little stalls of the sellers of shrimps and shell-fish, as they were ranged along the parapet, with their high blue and white striped awnings, and two small twinkling lights; while the *pescatore* himself, with his scarlet cap and sash, was seated at one side, and crying out, "*frutta del mare, frutta del mare,*" whenever a solitary passenger traversed the now almost deserted quai.

But pretty and strange as they were, I hastened back to the balcony, where we sat till long past midnight, cooling ourselves in the soft sea-breeze, and with the white waves dashing up beneath our feet.

LA FESTA DI SANTA BRIGIDA.

To-day was the festival of Santa Brigida; after the grand and solemn ceremonies of majestic Rome, how singular was the contrast. The Neapolitans carry their noise and gaiety even into their religion. As we approached the church, we were startled by an explosion that made us uncertain whether the saint had sprung a mine to bear her followers straight to Paradise, "*sans autre forme de procès,*" or whether the guns of St. Elmo had taken a sudden fancy to bombard us, or—or—our kind cicerone put a stop to our conjectures by informing us, that it was only the customary *feu de joie* indispensable on such occasions, in order to usher in the mass with becoming effect! Re-assured by so satisfactory an explanation, we picked our steps amidst the paper petards, whose smoking remains stood ranged in terrible array before us; and forcing our way through the crowd, found ourselves within the church.

And singular as unexpected was the scene it presented to us. Filled with a motley assemblage, certainly not *la crême de la crême* of la bella Napoli, and draperied with gauze and tinsel of every hue of the rainbow, it looked like a very showy booth, or a *scene de ballet,* or rather, like nothing in the world but a Neapolitan church in holiday dress, and like nothing less than a place of worship. In lieu of the rich crimson brocade, the only costume suffered to disguise the marble splendour of Roman temples, festoons of the most gossamer blue, of the most delicate

pink, the most diaphanous violet, starred with silver or edged with gold, drooped round the columns, and floated from the roof, mingling and glittering in the light of the lustres suspended between each arch.

A blaze of dazzling illumination gleamed from the bedraped and bespangled altar; while the gorgeous vestments of the priests, as they moved up and down before the "Venerabile," shone with redoubled richness on the brilliant background of gold and rose.

At each side of the nave a raised tribune had been erected for the two orchestras, both containing about thirty musicians. As the dimensions of the church are not large, the combined effect of some forty violins and twenty singers, each striving to out-noise the other, may be easily imagined,—the *pateraroes* that had cannonaded us outside were scarcely more stunning. Suffice it, that after having endured for about an hour what would have been unendurable to the nerves of anything but a *lazzaro* or an English lionizer, — on the assurance of the Marchese L—— that there was nothing more to be seen, we were happy to escape into the open air, half deafened, and three-quarters stifled.

"*Caspiti!* what will not the English go through!" exclaimed our friend, as he piloted us out. "Ten minutes of this atmosphere would have made one of our women faint. I have no doubt that if there was an eruption of Vesuvius to-morrow, you would never be satisfied till you stood in the crater."

"Of course," I replied; "but that is our way—*che volete!*"

The *corso* was almost over, and the files were becoming thinner and thinner, as one by one the carriages turned down the Strada di Chiaja, or dashed off by the Chiatamone. The twilight, too, was rapidly deepening into night as our friend, Don Pepino L——, called for us, and we drove down the Chiaja. But the Strada di Chiaja was another affair. Filled with pedestrians and equipages, all bound to the Toledo and its *cafés*, or the surrounding theatres, we were forced to follow the *fila* at a worse than snail's pace, varied every now and then by a dead stop. The crowd, the carriages, the confusion, and the gaiety of all around, would have made the slowness of the *trajet* rather agreeable than otherwise, had I not feared that we should be too late for the fireworks. My impatience amused our Neapolitan friends exceedingly, for to them fireworks were a drug. As in Naples every saint has his *festa*, and every *festa* its *fuochi*, the week is a rare one in which there are not two and often three *feux d'artifice*, and unfailingly every Sunday.

"Laugh as you like," I exclaimed at last; "but, however ridiculous the confession may be, rockets and *tricolori* have still a charm in the eyes of a novice like myself, whose *castelli nell' aria* have hitherto been limited to the yearly magic of the Quai d'Orsay, or the *girandola* of Easter, and St. Peter's."

"Console yourself," retorted Don Pepino, as the carriage *debouchéd* in the *largo*, "we shall be there immediately now.

But it was easier said than done. As we passed the illuminated Café de l'Europe, before which stood groups of carriages filled with *élégantes*, eating ice, or drinking lemonade, multitudes were pouring towards the Santa Brigida and the Largo del Castello; thus rendering the Toledo, always so crowded at this hour, even more impassable than usual.

If I wished to convert a cynic or a misanthrope, I should send him to the Toledo from eight o'clock to ten on a summer's evening, with its crowds of noisy, picturesque, and joyous people; its double file of car-

riages; its showy *cafés*, filled with loungers and *lions;* and the still more showy *limonadieri* glittering on all sides: I do not think there is another scene so animated and so brilliant in the world.

As we reached the street of Santa Brigida, we all uttered an exclamation of surprise; for, though we had seen in the morning the innumerable paper-lamps that filled every window, or were festooned across the street, we were unprepared for the beautiful effect of the illumination.

From the Toledo to the Largo del Castello myriads of lights of every hue of the rainbow dazzled our sight; while overhead, apparently floating in mid-air, hung garlands and lustres of every fantastic shape imaginable, gleaming in purple and crimson, violet and gold colour, like the ruby and amethyst fruits of Aladdin's garden. In the centre of the street, immediately facing the church, swung a colossal chandelier, eclipsing all the others by its Patagonian size, and fanciful as elegant form. The *tout ensemble* represented a gigantic *fleur-de-lis;* the details composing lilies, tulips, and blue bells.

"What a magical *coup-d'œil!*" I exclaimed at last, perfectly enraptured; "and how tasteful, how pretty the decoration of that house," I added, pointing out one, the windows and balconies of which, from the *pian terreno* to the very roof, were filled with rows and wreaths of tulips, crocuses, and anemones.

"And yet, would you guess that those *lampioni* you admire so much are *ni plus ni moins* than gourds, pumpkins, and various other fruits peculiar to our *campagna felice*, hollowed out for the reception of the light, so as to become transparent, and cut into the shapes of these different flowers, according to the taste of the servants and *lazzari*, who are famous for their skill in this branch of an art peculiarly Neapolitan."

"You jest!"

"No, indeed, that gold tulip that looks so brilliant is nothing but the half of a yellow *cocuzzo*. Those crimson ones are *pomi d'oro*, and so on to the end of the chapter. I shall bring you a *bouquet* some day to cure you of your incredulity, for my *cameriere* is an *artiste* in that way."

In the meanwhile the carriage had been progressing through the dense mass of people who crowded the street, to the imminent risk of heads, feet, and elbows, and to our infinite terror, for the Neapolitans are so used to being jostled by a *cabriolet*, or half *culbuté* by a *corricolo*, at every turn of their crowded streets, that they think nothing of being grazed by a horse's nose, or of the wheels passing within an inch of their limbs.

At each moment I expected that some of the star gazers, would have been crushed to death, as they stood in perfect indifference, scarcely turning round at the sound of the carriage-wheels, much less condescending to get out of way. But we penetrated, without accident, into the Largo del Castello, and just in time; for scarcely had we taken our station in an open space where none of the numerous carriages that filled the square impeded our view, when three or four rockets starting into the sky, announced that the *fuochi* had begun.

A blaze of fire burst from a scaffolding erected immediately before the entrance of the street from which we had just emerged. Stars—fiery serpents; fountains, &c., followed in rapid succession, casting a glare on the whole square that made every object in it as bright as day, and displaying similar scaffoldings rising on every side. Scarcely had they ceased in one quarter than they were replied to in another. Sparks and *fusées* darted and fell in every direction—on the houses—on the

crowd, but without eliciting any greater sign of alarm than an occasional scream from the female portion of the community.

"Are they not afraid of being set on fire?" I inquired.

"Oh no! they are used to it," replied Don Pepino.

"Well, at all events, I am glad that we at least are out of the reach of combustion." The words were scarcely spoken, when a deluge of sparks fell, above, below, around us in every direction, and an airy castle started up within a few feet of the carriage. Suddenly the blue light which had cast so spectral a hue over the handsome countenances of our companions changed to a crimson glare, making the whole scene look very much like one of the flaming *Bolgie* of the *Inferno;* while the castle melted into a cascade of fire.

Unconsciously we had chosen our position precisely in front of the grand *finale* of the evening.

"*Misericordia!* can we not retreat?" I exclaimed.

"Impossible, unless you prefer the certainty of breaking your neck to the chance of being singed," replied the Marchese, pointing out the quintuple file of carriages that stood behind us. "*Ci vuol pazienza,* there is nothing for it but to draw up the head of the carriage, and await the result."

The result proved his wisdom, for after an ineffectual attempt at backing amidst the curses and kicks of all the coachmen and horses beside and behind us, the bouquet burst just over our heads, and sticks and sparks came rattling down on us like hail, to the great amusement of the Marchese and his brother, and to my extreme terror.

It was some minutes before we could extricate ourselves from the scene of confusion. And when at last we drove down the Santa Lucia various groups were already seated, supping *al fresco,* and others hurrying to take possession of the few tables that remained vacant. They seemed to enjoy themselves too, for the peals of laughter echoed across the quai.

"There are very few to night," said Don Raffaele L——; for the Santa Lucia is one of the favourite *rendezvous* of the *basso ceto* for their supper and drinking parties during the summer. A little later it will probably be quite full. Sunday especially is a grand night, and the scene is sometimes singularly characteristic and amusing, so much so, that many go as spectators to enjoy the sport, if not to mingle in it. Amongst the *amateurs,* a few years ago, there was an old gentleman whose assiduity was so constant as to be at last remarked. Every *fête* night regularly his carriage took its station within a few feet of the largest and merriest group, and there he would sit for an hour or two, looking on and listening, apparently with quite as much *gusto* as any of the carousers themselves. Two or three of our mischievous *damerini,* determined to play him a trick, and providing themselves with a very long rope, they tied one end of it to the wheel of his carriage, and the other to the legs of a table, at which some twenty or thirty people were supping, beside whom, as usual, he had taken his post; the result, which of course they had waited to see, was quite as ludicrous as they could have wished. Having stayed his time, the old gentleman at last drove off; a moment after, away danced the table without any visible cause, scattering the broken dishes and their contents right and left upon the astounded *convives,* who lay in all directions, overturned and sprawling on the ground, crossing themselves, and calling on all the saints to save them from the fangs of "Satanasso," whose hoofs and claws had just

made such unexpected havoc amongst them; while some few, more courageous, rushed after the vanishing table, which galloped down the quai like a thing possessed. I leave you to guess the dismay of the offending old gentleman, and the fury of the supperless sufferers.

The trick was pronounced on all hands excellent, and the story, enhanced by the *buffo* embellishments of the narrator, still better.

"How I should like to make a party, and sup here some evening *alla Napolitana*," I exclaimed, when at last the laughter subsided.

"By all means, we will do so; for though it is *tant soit peu canaille*, foreigners, especially the English, are privileged. We never wonder at anything they do. *Sono Inglesi*, is quite explanation enough for anything, however extravagant or *inconvénant*."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"It is a compliment," replied the Marchese, "for we look upon you as one of us, and you are so completely naturalized that you can afford to laugh at the absurdities of your *compatriotes*; but the aristocratic resort for these supper parties,—the favourite *parties de plaisir*, of all ranks,—is the Rocher de Cancale, down the *Strada Nuova*."

"What! have you got a Rocher too?" I interrupted.

"*Senza dubbia!* can you imagine that existence in Naples would be possible without one, now that the Parisian *furore* of our *lioni* has reached to such a height that every boot we wear, every horse we ride, nay, the very bread we eat, must be imported from Paris, in order to make it go down. But to return to what I was saying. The Rocher, and most of the numerous other *restaurants* and *trattorie* on the Strada Nuova, have gardens and caves that extend to the water's edge; in these the supper tables are laid beneath the orange trees and pomegranates, all lighted up with the coloured *lampioni* you saw to-night. In our sultry summer nights nothing can be more delightful than these *réunions*, *all' aria aperta*, from which all *etiquette*, all *gêne* are banished, every one amusing and amused, for of course no *seccatori* are ever admitted to these *petits comités* of the chosen few. Then the night is generally concluded by sailing round the bay for two or three hours in their illuminated boats, with bands of music, and very seldom do they break up before the dawn."

"How very delightful!" we all exclaimed.

"Yes, I think you would enjoy it. We shall choose a *compagnie d'élite* some evening, and give you a proper specimen of those our national soirées."

As he spoke we passed the dark walls of Castel dell' Uovo, and turned down the Chiatamone, with its stately palaces and rows of gas lights flashing on the waves, whose ripple, as they dashed against the parapet, was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. The contrast to the plebeian revelry of the Santa Lucia was striking. Always solitary, at this hour it was even more so than usual. The Largo, too, and the Chiaja, were equally deserted. It was not the night of the band, and with the exception of one or two solitary promenaders, whose shadows darkened through the trees of the villa, there was not a carriage or a person to be seen, save the dashing looking *guarda portone* of the *Palazzo* San' Teodoro, lounging, as usual, *en sentinelle* between the glittering gas lamps that deck the entrance.

"What a sigh!" said Don Pepino. "Is it the *palazzo* that excites your ambition?"

"Precisely. I was just thinking how fortunate must be the possessor of such a domicile, with its bright and elegant façade looking on the loveliest site in the world; not too large to be habitable, nor too small to be princely, it seems to me the very *beau ideal* of a residence."

"And yet the Duke prefers Paris, and only returns here *de tems en tems.*"

"There is no disputing tastes; but I should not make a comparison between vain, frivolous, worldly, and common-place Paris, and beautiful, picturesque, romantic Naples."

The last observation had ushered us into the drawing-room, where we found several of our friends awaiting us. Among others the Roman Countess S——, and her handsome daughter. The heat of the evening was intense, and though every door and window of the whole *enfilade* of rooms were wide open, we were not an atom the cooler; nor even did the tea succeed better; that national *sine qua non* we never omitted, to the interminable astonishment of our Neapolitan *habitués;* whose philosophy never could be convinced of the refreshing effects of potations of boiling water, in a temperature of the tropics.

Nor was this all, for myriads of *zanzari,* attracted as usual by the light, filled the saloons, flitting and buzzing around us on all sides.

Nothing can be more burlesque than to observe, *en amateur*, the evolutions of a familiar circle on such occasions. Intent on foiling the common enemy, all scruples are waived; ladies and gentlemen alike pursue their various plans of defence *sans cérémonie*, and inconceivably absurd is the effect of seeing every one around hitting themselves *à droite et à gauche,* or clutching furiously at the air without any apparent object. The most coquettish *pose*, the most *sotto voce* sentiment is violently cut short by the muttered execration, and the abortive attempt at vengeance. Even amidst my own miseries I watched the different *manœuvres* of our companions in distress, with infinite amusement.

Baron D——, who had taken refuge on the sofa, was silently pursuing a system of extermination on the wall; a hopeless task, for no sooner was one swarm destroyed than it was replaced by another. The Contessa S——, with true Roman *disinvoltura*, slapped about her *sans miséricorde;* while the beautiful Donna Giacinta, more merciful, waved her handkerchief incessantly before her face. Prince C——, who had seated himself beside me, was the only one of the party who struggled successfully to keep up appearances. But then he had a sonnet to repeat, *un sonetto colla coda*, composed *impromptu*, while he waited our arrival. And mosquitoes are anti-poetical. He had just got through the first stanza. "How very pret . . ." I began, when the epithet expired on my lips, as a handkerchief was suddenly flung in my face.

"For heaven's sake!"

"You ought to thank me," retorted the Marchese S——, to my exclamation, and the indignant look that accompanied it. "Were it not for my timely intervention you would have a swelling on your forehead to-morrow as large as half a ducat. Such a monster as lighted on it!"

The prince resumed his sonnet, and this time succeeded in getting through it without any new *mésaventure*. The verses were really very graceful, and I praised them as they deserved.

"Ah Signorina!" he whispered in the most pathetic tone imaginable, "if they have any merit, to what do I owe it, if not to the irresistible inspira . . . . *ohè! Diavolo! songo accecato per Bacco!* I am blinded!

almost shouted the unfortunate poet, dashing his hand upon his eye with a violence that seemed likely to realize his words.

The Prince was really to be pitied, for to be stung and laughed at *pardessus le marché*, would be too much for the patience of a saint. In his case, too, it was a public as well as a private calamity, for a mosquito bite is disfiguring as well as inconvenient; and his *occhi dolci* were disabled for a fortnight.

But alas! in spite of my sympathy, it was too ludicrous, and I was forced to join in the mischievous mirth of the Marchese S—— and his brother; who had overheard the unlucky compliment and its unexpected termination.

The *zanzari* were no jest, however, and the suggestion of one of the gentlemen, that we should go and cool ourselves on the *terrazzino* was received with general applause. Even the fat Contessa acquiesced with a sigh, while she muttered a wish never to have exchanged the *pulci* of Rome for the *zanzari* of Naples; the former being so much the more endurable of the two.

But all our grievances were forgotten, as we found ourselves in the open air, and the whole exquisite scene lay before us. The moon casting a flood of light, most brilliant yet mellow and soft, on the bay and Vesuvius in the distance; making the little towns of Resina, La Torre, and L'Annunziata, look like a line of silver, encircling its base.

To add to the charm of the hour, a light breeze began to spring up from the sea. The Contessina S—— and I took off our scarves in order to enjoy the fresh air to the utmost, while the rest of the ladies, took possession of the marble benches that stood around.

"What a beautiful *salle de bal* this would make," I said, as I looked on the *terrazzino* on which we were standing; the dark foliage of the villa tipped with silver, extended beneath it, and the bright water beyond. "Prince C——, as you are *si bien en cour*, could not you pursuade his *Maestà* to give us a *fête champêtre* in the villa, what a scene of enchantment it would be, illuminated *alla Napolitana*, with lamps of all colours — all the *beau monde* of Naples; *lioni* and *lionesse* tamed for the occasion, promenading in the avenues; supper-tables laid beneath the trees, and *Strauss* or *Lanner* setting all the world dancing mad."

The lively imaginations of our *cavalieri* fired at the idea, and they insisted on a *giro di valsa* by way of experiment. "If the stones were less smooth than the *parquet* of the *accademia*, *en révanche* there was more air to breathe and less danger of kicks." All objections were overruled;—Prince C——, with his usual good nature, undertook to act orchestra (*i. e.* whistle a *valse*); and ere we had time to remonstrate, Donna Giacinta and myself were whirling round with two of the best *valsers* of the land of "*deux tems*," and dancing, *par excellence*.

Baron D—— and young L——, determined not to be left to "*tener il moccolo*," that *ne plus ultra* of Italian victimization, danced together; the *chaperons* looking on in amazement, and the Contessa S—— exclaiming, "that the *ragazze* were certainly mad."

When at last sheer exhaustion compelled us to stop, it was unanimously agreed that never was anything so delightful as a *valse* on a terrace, at midnight, beneath the rays of the moon. So ended the night of the Santa Brigida.

LIONI.

THE CAVES OF DAHRA AND MILITARY ATROCITIES.*

BY EVERARD CLIVE.

A MELANCHOLY celebrity has been acquired by these wild recesses of the Atlas; nor after the lapse of a year has it faded away, but it has rather been augmented by the discussions in the French Chamber, and by the injudicious efforts of Ministers and Marshals to justify and varnish over the foulest deed of cruelty that for many years has sullied the arms of an European nation.

It is needless, as it would be painful, to repeat the details of the horrors which it pleased Colonel Pelissier, at the head of a body of the troops of "His Most Christian Majesty," to enact on the 18th and 19th of June of last year, at the Dahra caverns, and which it has pleased Marshal Bugeaud, Marshal Soult, M. Guizot, the Marquis la Place, and others, deliberately to defend and sanction. Between seven and eight hundred Arabs, who, with their wives and children, had taken refuge from the French expeditionary columns in one of the deep grottoes of the mountain side, were smoked to death by Pelissier's orders; the French soldiers for two days and nights heaping faggots against each orifice, watching the effects of their hell-fires, listening to the cries and groans of the perishing human beings within, and when the sounds of agony grew fainter and fainter, marching in to the scene of their triumph to count the corpses of their suffocated foes.

The peculiar mode of torture employed on this occasion, that of smoking to death, is not wholly unprecedented in military history; though, to the credit of human nature, the instances of it are but rare. During the old French wars in Italy a commander of a French detach-

* The above representation of the Caves of Dahra is from a drawing made on the spot by Count St. Marie, author of "A Visit to Algeria in 1845."

ment destroyed by this horrible mode a large body of Italians at Vicenza. We do not, however, read in Sismondi, or any other historian of those wars, that the military executioners received the applause of their superiors, as Pelissier has done. On the contrary, the deed was universally reprobated, and the gallant Bayard hanged on the spot two of the wretches who had been most active in the massacre. But the spirit of Bayard lives not in Bugeaud or Soult; and the France of 1846 can look complacently on an excess of cruelty that shocked the France of 1510.

It may be asked "Has no commander of any other nation ever been equally guilty?" Unhappily the answer must be "Yes;" and it is among England's oppressions of Ireland that the nearest parallel case is to be found. Among the stern soldiers of the Parliament, during the civil wars of the 17th century, was Edmund Ludlow, an iron-souled man, whom neither danger could daunt, nor interest bribe, nor mercy win from that which he, often mistakenly, deemed his path of duty. Ludlow at one time held a command in Ireland. His own words will best describe to what lengths he considered himself justified in proceeding against those whom he called and thought rebels and idolaters, those who were to him the Canaanites of the land.

"From hence I went to visit the garrison of Dundalk, and, being upon my return, I found a party of the enemy retired within a hollow rock, which was discovered by one of ours, who saw five or six of them standing before a narrow passage at the mouth of a cave. The rock was so thick that we thought it impossible to dig down upon them, and therefore resolved to try to reduce it then by smoke. After some of our men had spent most part of the day in endeavouring to smother those within, by fire placed at the mouth of the cave, they withdrew the fire, and the next morning, supposing the Irish to be made incapable of resistance by the smoke, some of them, with a candle before them, crawled into the rock. One of the enemy, who lay in the middle of the entrance, fired his pistol, and shot the first of our men into the head, by whose loss we found that the smoke had not taken the desired effect. But, seeing no other way to reduce them, I caused the trial to be repeated; and, upon examination, found that though a great smoke went into the cavity of the rock, yet it came out again at other crevices: upon which I ordered those places to be closely stopped, and another smother made. About an hour and a half after this, one of them was heard to groan very strongly, and afterwards more weakly, whereby we presumed that the work was done; yet the fire was continued till about midnight, and then taken away, that the place might be cool enough for ours to enter the next morning. At which time some went in, armed with back, breast, and head-piece, to prevent such another accident as fell out at their first attempt; but they had not gone above six yards before they found the man that had been heard to groan, who was the same that had killed one of our men with his pistol, and who, resolving not to quit his post, had been, upon the stopping the holes of the rock, choked by the smoke. Our soldiers put a rope about his neck, and drew him out. The passage being cleared, they entered, and, having put about fifteen to the sword, they brought four or five out alive, with the priest's robes, a

* A French artist, Callot, published in 1633 a series of etchings, called "Misères de la guerre." No verbal description could ever make one shudder, as these designs do, at the revolting "circumstances of *glorious* war," when thus "oculis subjecta fidelibus."

crucifix, chalice, and other furniture of that kind. Those within preserved themselves by laying their heads close to a water that ran through the rock. We found two rooms in the place, one of which was large enough to turn a pike; and, having filled the mouth of it with large stones, we quitted it."—LUDLOW's *Memoirs*, p. 181.

The merciless fanaticism of Ludlow can, however, be no precedent in favour of Pelissier. The feelings of mankind have been softened and humanized during the last two centuries.

Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ ἄμείμονες ἐυχόμεθ ἔἶναι.

France boasts herself to be the great source and centre of European civilization; yet it is by Frenchmen that the worst, the most truly barbaric atrocities are committed and upheld. Not, however, on all Frenchmen does this censure rest. The Prince de la Moscowa, the gallant son of a gallant sire, has throughout indignantly deplored the sullying of the Tricolor by such hangman's hands as those of the Dahra torturers. And the Count Montalembert has ever spoken of the French misdeeds in Africa in the true spirit of a Christian, a Statesman, and a Hero.

I translate and quote some passages of his eloquent address to the French Chamber of Peers on the 30th of last June, the more willingly because the speech was not reported by the English press.

The Marquis la Place had spoken in justification of Bugeaud and Pelissier. The following are portions of the Count's eloquent rebuke:—

"I say that the laws of humanity and the laws of honour are necessary for the glory of our army, and those laws are impaired, seriously impaired, by the system of *razzias** and organized devastation which we have been following up to this day.

"As for reprisals, gentlemen, there are rules of conduct which never should be departed from. It is the duty of a great nation, even as it is the duty of a man of honour, never to enter upon a path which cannot be firmly followed out to the end. Well, then, I defy you to go as far as the Arabs in the matter of reprisals. I defy you to be as barbarous as the barbarians themselves. You will always be surpassed whatever you may do, and however far you may go.

"Perhaps I shall be told that the laws of war authorize those cruelties. No, gentlemen; formerly they might have authorized such things. I know not how that may have been; but now those laws, like all others, have been modified,—they have undergone the influence of civilization. The military code has been softened, even as has been the penal code.

"I hesitate not to say that Colonel Pelissier did not understand, did not act according to the laws of war, when he kindled his fires at the caverns of the Dahra."

A great truth is here nobly expressed. The laws of war are not what they were; and military atrocities at the present day can no more be justified by examples from bygone centuries, than a judge could now be justified who employed the rack and the wheel against those accused before him. It has, indeed, been lately said, with more point than truth, that "the essence of war is violence, and moderation in war is imbecility." But this never has been the feeling of mankind. Even in the states of antiquity, among the Greeks and Romans, who systemati-

* An Englishman feels proud that his language has no equivalent for "*razzia*."

cally put to the sword prisoners and captives, unless avarice prevailed over cruelty, and the profit of slave-selling was preferred to the pleasure of throat-cutting; among the insolent and rapacious men-at-arms of the feudal times, who, for the sake of ransom, might spare each other, but who trampled out the lives of those of inferior rank, as if they had been the lives of worms; among all nations of all ages, the violence of war has been held restrainable by *some* laws. These laws have gradually become more and more binding; it has gradually been felt and acknowledged, that as the only just cause of war is the seeking of redress for a wrong done, so all deeds of violence which do not immediately tend to procure that redress, are unjustifiable, and are breaches not only of the laws of humanity, but of the laws of war. The state that reverts to old cruelties, and retrogrades on the path of civilization, is the common enemy of mankind. Pelissier and his advocates have done much to bring this infamy on France, but she may, on the other hand, justly boast of being the country that has produced such a man as Count Montalembert.

THE LATE B. R. HAYDON, HISTORICAL PAINTER.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

The fate of this devoted man will for some time to come serve to excite horror, and to stir the sympathies of the benevolent; but it is calculated to afford a grand lesson to the pretenders in taste, and to furnish an admirable subject of investigation to the sincere and intelligent inquirer. The public prints have each of them expressed their feelings, sentiments, and opinions, upon this melancholy event, marked with those partial and short-sighted views of the case, which betray and distinguish a deficiency of the knowledge of causes and consequences necessary to the task. It is pleasing, however, to see that all these notices, with one or two miserable exceptions, point to the right causes to which the want of success is to be attributed; but, at the same time, they leave them unexposed and unexplained.

The origin and mode of operation of the evils, which, as one of these journals expressed it, "are doing their deadly work below the smooth surface of our social state," constitute a theme of the deepest human interest, and would require volumes completely to discuss. Their explanation, however, lies in one short proposition, which, from its truth, has become somewhat hackneyed, and has lost some of its force by assuming the form of a truism. There is no taste in this country for works of High Art.

Now, whoever will look at this proposition, admitting the assertion it contains to more or less credit, and regarding it as capable of more or less proof, will naturally be led to ask how it happens that this enlightened and intelligent country, so rife in knowledge, so eager in improvement, so refined in other matters, and so abundant in the patronage of art, is so deficient in taste? An inquiring mind will not rest satisfied with what has frequently been asserted by silly people, that our situation upon the globe, surrounded by clouds, fogs, and frosts, is too far north to allow us the free use of our minds and

fancies; so that we can never achieve anything great in the kind of works which demand fine feeling, poetic conception, and an exalted imagination. One would suppose that the same country which produced a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Byron, *might*, by possibility, produce a Raphael, or a Michael Angelo. No sensible man, therefore, will content himself with such reasons, but will look farther for the explanation. He will see at once the folly of casting at the door of heaven the evils which result from human indolence and blindness. A want of taste, and of the information which leads to the cultivation and refinement of taste, are clearly the causes productive of the evils in question.

We have arrived at the first stage of the inquiry; let us see if it is not possible to render a matter which is glanced at as mysterious by public writers, and admitted on all hands as difficult of explanation, plain enough to be generally intelligible!

What is this same taste we speak of,—this anomaly, about which men have agreed to dispute, which some believe to descend like the rain from heaven, the partial gift of nature, and others regard as a direct acquirement,—as a faculty formed by observation and study?—what are its elements, its constituents, its office, and its objects? Surely there ought not to be anything like an impossibility of explaining the nature and operation of a thing of which all men admit the existence and the use!

Taste of necessity must be one of two things, it must be *intuitive* or it must be *educational*. Of course we confine ourselves to a taste for the productions of art, exclusive of poetry, music, and so on. If taste be intuitive, there is not the slightest use in striving after it; and men such as Haydon will continue to be born, labour, and die, with but a little more or less of *that* in their favour which Nature pretty uniformly and sparingly bestows! If, on the other hand, it should be the last, what has not society to answer for in the utter neglect of those studies by which alone it is to be obtained.

Looking at the general advancement of the world, and the increasing love in matters of science and refinement, there is no fact, however monstrous and inexplicable it may be, that strikes an observer with such astounding wonder and force, as that in the present systems of education nothing whatever should be done to fit the mind, feeling, and taste of the rising generation, for appreciating the merits, and of estimating the importance of art! Let any honest man look at himself, and the education he has received in art: he has been to the drawing-school as a boy, but he has learnt nothing; he has grown up; he has never read a book or a word on the subject, unless it be a newspaper criticism, or taken the slightest pains to understand even the ordinary merits of pictures, much less the comprehensive subject of art. But, notwithstanding this, he ranks in society as a person of the ordinary taste; he buys what pleases him, and he praises and condemns as his "taste" directs him. Did he never stop to ask himself how he came by his information, and how it happens that he has become an arbiter, perhaps an oracle, in matters in which the lives and fortunes of a certain class of men are involved;—how it happens that, without any preparation whatever to fit him for so important a task, he finds himself in a position in which he is called upon to exercise certain functions, upon the just administration of which the welfare and the fate of art to a certain degree depend, associating with this reflection the

conviction that very few of those around him are better qualified than himself?

There was once a period of the world's age, in which the study of the principles of art formed an inseparable part of the education of a gentleman; what has occurred to dispense with this requisite it is difficult to say. Once the respect for art went so far that none but the nobly born were allowed to practise it; and at all times a *cultivated*, pure, and refined taste, has formed the greatest boast of many of the most exalted characters. We have amongst us men highly eminent for their talents and virtues, a few of whom are generously and nobly devoted to the interests of art, and some are distinguished by their devotion to objects of humanity and public good; but it is in taste alone that the mass appear as if they acted under no mental or moral responsibility! It is in art solely that a man will content himself to remain in a condition in which he would be ashamed to remain as regards any other subject, and then answer to the demands of justice, and the claims of discrimination, by saying that he has followed his *likings*. Is it too great a stretch of refinement for the ethics of taste to afford ground for an axiom, that *if art be a certain benefit to mankind, all who are interested in human good are bound to support it?*

Whoever may be struck with the propriety and truth of these remarks will naturally contemplate a remedy for the evils complained of, and being directed to the study of art as a means by which a feeble and false taste may be strengthened and rectified, will, as a matter of course, be disposed to ask how, and in what way, its aid can be called forth, and put into operation? Here, it must be confessed, we are upon the horns of a dilemma, from which there is no escape but in an alternative at once startling and disheartening. We must create new institutions, or modify old ones in such a manner that they shall be capable of affording the requisite instruction. The system pursued in the ordinary drawing-schools is not only useless, but pernicious, to speak of them generally, and without the exceptions, which are few indeed. The mere exercise of the hand and eye is all that is attempted in these establishments; nothing is done which has a tendency to open the mind to the beauties of nature, or the merits of art; to direct it in the contemplation of the painter's aim, or to prepare it for the understanding, much less the appreciation, of his end and object! No wonder, then, that art makes so useless an appeal to those who otherwise would be its friends, and lingers unheeded, or sinks into insignificance.

In whatever plan the improved sense of society may adopt for cultivating and refining its own taste, all this, and more, must be insisted upon and carried into effect, and with an intelligence, too, to which at present the subject is a stranger. Books, lectures, and artistical intercourse, must be created and multiplied. The literature and the philosophy of art, with some better notions of its history, its principles, its claims, and advantages, must be carried into the readings, and inquiries of both the old and the young, and in a few years after this shall be done, art and its patrons will stand upon very different ground in England to that they occupy at present.

In the present state of things it is scarcely to be expected that the study of art can perform any such apparent miracle as is here indicated; a few it is hoped, will yield their conviction, and some, perhaps, will have their faith shaken in the probability that a man can become all at once a competent *doctor* and *lawyer*, in the formation of his collection

of pictures, any more than in the management of his health and his estate!

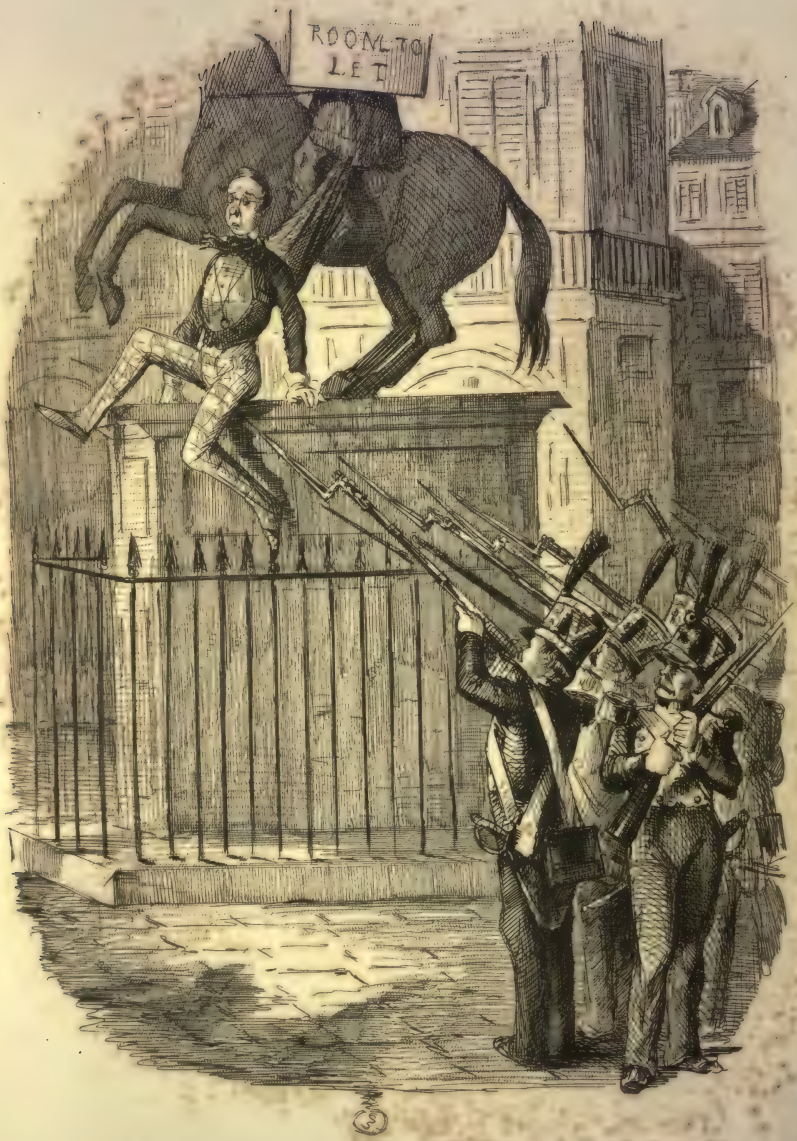
Whoever will look at what has been advanced without prejudice will see at least some explanation of causes and consequences involved in the neglect of Haydon, in the non-appreciation of the great objects of his life, and, alas! also in the dreadful catastrophe of his death. There are others of a public, and, perhaps, some of a private nature, which charity will pass over; but, on the whole, truth need not be ashamed to defend him in the worst that can be said against him! Few who are competent judges will deny, notwithstanding particular examples to the contrary, that the merits of the works of this devoted man are sufficiently great to have entitled him to support, to competency, perhaps to fortune, had they been understood; and far more than enough to have secured him against the fatal issue of a life spent in the ardent pursuit of a noble object. It will be well for art if these circumstances lead to some reflection on the part of those who pretend to taste, and affect to feel in the cause of humanity!

In justice to the public, however, it is not to be overlooked, that pictures of the magnitude and price produced by this artist, could find but few localities to receive them, and, as a matter of course, but few purchasers. There are other matters which might also be mentioned as palliations. Perhaps men are not individually to be blamed who yield only to an influence which affects the whole mass of society in which they live. The study of art in this country, and the consequent taste attendant upon it, have been almost entirely confined to its professors. We are but just emerging from a state of absolute barbarism in art, we have no past associations to assist us in forming new conceptions, nor knowledge sufficient of what we possess to guide us in the search of what we want; we might, perhaps, else have some misgivings in alluring aspirants into a department of art in which their success and their rewards appear very problematical. We are not only a different people, but are differently circumstanced to the nations of the continent. A man who has had the opportunity must be a poor patriot, and a worse observer, who does not see in this country as great, perhaps a greater capability, both in the public and in the artists, for the comprehension and the productions of art, than in any other; but this cannot change the destiny of things, many of which will ever be beyond the circle of its influence. The remark that there is no taste in *this country* for works of high art is in no degree meant to insinuate that there is a better in others; but there is *that* which stands in the place of taste, and a circumstance purely adventitious, although productive of much good, and which does not exist amongst us. This is easily explained. Italy, Germany, and France abound in writers whose object it was to explain and applaud the productions of high art. These works are in the hands of everybody; and of the little reading and study which goes to make up the education of the better classes, these works form a conspicuous part. Even the paucity of books and periodical literature in other countries contributes to this end, and acts in a way which is quite reversed in our's, where abundance and novelty take the place not only of what is good, but what is better than itself. Whilst Winkelman has been extolling the merits of his countryman, Mengs, beyond those of Raphael, we have been left almost in ignorance that either ever existed. All persons, therefore, who are likely to be purchasers, judges, or commentators on the works of painters abroad, are

prepared to admire and extol the productions of high art; and to this simple circumstance *alone* are foreign artists indebted for the honourable rank they hold as historical painters, and the nations to which they belong regarded as possessing a better and a more refined taste! So true is this, that the death of poor Haydon will be regarded in other nations even with greater horror than in this, whilst it may be fearlessly asserted that no painter of his powers could have fallen under a similar fate in any other country of the civilized world.

The sad event which has called forth these and other remarks, has burst upon us, and is calculated, as has been observed, "to startle the giddy and unheeding." Alas! how large a portion of the society in which we live, how great a mass of the intelligent and the kind-hearted, may be included in this category! Yet who of those who know what the struggles and disappointments of artists are,—that have watched the progress of this devoted man,—neglected, scorned, vilified, misunderstood,—standing almost alone and unpitied in the world, could have anticipated any other end? And in what, after all, does the melancholy career of this victim differ from that of many of his brothers?—what are the two grand calamities of his life,—bankruptcy and suicide,—but an embodied illustration in the *gross*, of what it is the fate of hundreds to prove, experience, and suffer in *detail!*—to bear in silence, and sink under in obscurity. What if an artist has not been immured within the walls of a prison;—he may have lived within its gloomy and threatening shadow for the whole course of his life. What if his poverty has not been exhibited to the public eye in a schedule of his wants;—the list of his necessities, his privations, and his miseries, is to be found in the cheerless, dark, and silent recesses of his home, and seen in the aspect of all his affairs,—in the careworn looks of his wife, in the dejection of his children, and in the crushed, humbled, and helpless bearing of himself. What if the exertions he makes still preserve his credit,—he is rewarded with the privilege of ranking among the *respectable*, and, as a poor man, is quietly trampled upon, and silently neglected and despised, his talents overlooked, and his acquirements unhonoured! What if his name is not yet included in the bills of mortality, and he escapes being the subject of a coroner's inquest?—why his life has been one lengthened death;—disappointment and despair have been continually gnawing at his heart, and gradually stopping the current of his existence;—he has continued to labour and to think when repose would have refreshed him, and to grieve and despair when success would have given him new life, encouraged, and supported him; he has struggled until hope and health have left him, and he has at last yielded himself a victim to the deadly influence of *that* which, when concentrated in one rash and fatal act, is denominated suicide!

Poor Haydon will have turned his death, as he attempted to turn the energies of his life, to noble purposes indeed, if his fate serves as a grand lesson to society,—if it awakens but a suspicion that its condition is not so perfectly sensitive of merit as it might be,—and, above all, as regards art, that the justice due to its merits and its claims would become more apparent by the elevation and refinement of its taste. Let us hope it will be long before another victim is found whom public neglect will drive to seek for consolation in the dread alternative and the desperate hope, that should his hand fail to obtain him bread, it may at least procure a release from suffering, and a lasting repose!



Mr. Ledbury's awkward predicament

MR. LEDBURY REVISITS PARIS,

AND IS IGNOMINIOUSLY EXPELLED FROM HIS LODGINGS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

It was very fortunate for Mr. Ledbury that Jack had some command over him; for his ambition at all times to distinguish himself was so great, more especially in the presence of the fair sex, that there is no telling to what lengths he might have been led in the way of display, had it not been for his friend's firm clutch. His susceptibility was not an interested feeling. So long as he knew that two bright eyes, set in a pretty face, were watching him, whether they belonged to a duchess or a grisette was perfectly immaterial: they were quite sufficient to inspire him to brave the Garde Municipale, or storm the Tuilleries, or do any other madcap freak that he fancied might have been required of him.

Of course the authorities were put upon the wrong scent; and whilst they marched off to some part of the gardens towards which they were told the perfidious Englishman had retreated, Jack pulled Ledbury from his hiding-place, and prepared to quit the Chaumière. As he left the arbour, Titus said something about the British lion being at bay in his lair, and appeared desirous of realizing the six positions of the Fighting Gladiator; upon which Jack got the two young artists to accompany them, and these three, performing a wild dance as they went through the gate, in the mazes of which they hustled round Mr. Ledbury whenever he attempted to speak, prevented him from addressing the gate-keeper, who thought it was merely a convivial party returning home. They thus contrived to get him out safely upon the Boulevard, along which they proceeded a little way, and then all sat down to rest on the edge of one of the hollows which are dug between the trees, for no other apparent purpose than to form traps for strangers to tumble into.

When they were seated, Mr. Ledbury, who had been performing a forced march, looked round at his companions with a severe aspect, and then he stared up at the moon, which was shining brightly. The sight of the calm planet appeared to soften his feelings, for his face gradually lost its severity; and he next said, in a plaintive tone, as he waved his head backwards and forwards,

"I am far from home, and from everything I love on earth; without friends, and a stranger in a foreign land!"

"Hear! hear!" cried Jack, convivially. "Off, off, said the stranger!"

"Jack," said Mr. Ledbury, in reproving accents, "I did not expect this from you, whom I always thought my friend. But no matter—I am used to it. Would I were at home—at my own humble home, on which that same moon is now shining! How have I misspent my time, and deceived my kind parents!"

Here Mr. Ledbury wept: he was evidently labouring under some impression that he had committed a series of unpardonable crimes, and was altogether an outcast from decent society.

"Why, Leddy,—old brick!—what's the matter?" asked Jack, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Nothing—nothing, Jack," replied Titus, putting away his friend. "It is long since I have thus wept; not since I was a child—a guileless, sportive thing of four years old—a little, little, little child!"

"Ah!" said Jack, drawing him out, "and you remember, you remember how happy you were when your childhood flitted by, and your little lovers came with lilies and cherries, and all sorts of larks."

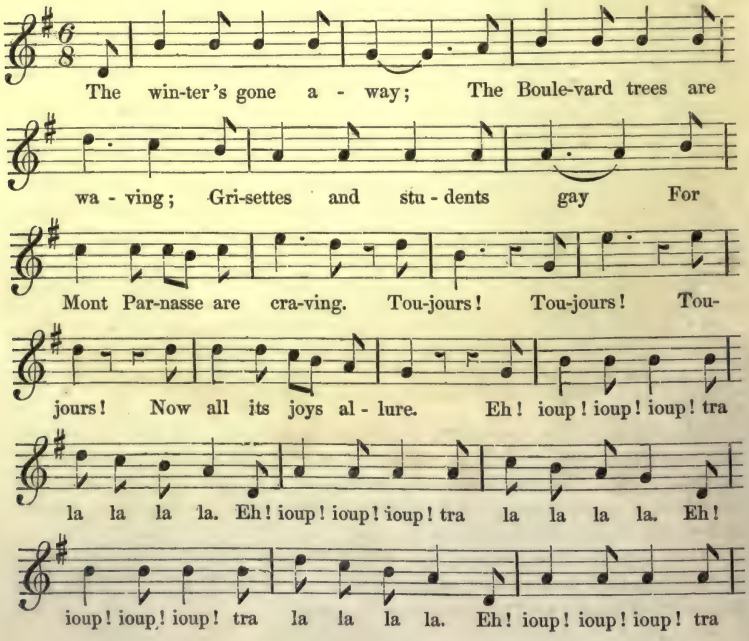
"They will never come again," replied Mr. Ledbury. "And where is the little Belgian who polked so well? Has she left me too?"

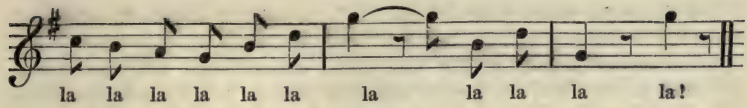
"Oh," thought Jack, "we shall do now."

So recollecting, that, in their rapid act of horsemanship, they had forgotten the grisettes in a very ungallant manner, he got Jules and Henri to go back after them. And as soon as they were gone Mr. Ledbury's excitement arrived at the affectionate stage, and he shook Jack warmly by the hand, and said he was a good fellow, and that they were all good fellows, and knew he'd never behaved to Jack, nor showed him such attention as he ought to have done; but that was neither here nor there, nor, as Jack observed, anywhere else that he knew of.

However, they got wonderful friends again, and by this time the young artists came back with Clara, and Eulalie, and Heloise; and, making over the former to the protection of Mr. Ledbury, they started seven abreast along the Boulevard on their way home, indulging, as a matter of course, in the right and proper chorus to be sung at such times, which nobody was ever known to go home along the Boulevards from the Chaumière without joining in. This is it.

THE STUDENTS' CHAUMIERE SONG.





2.

Messieurs les Etudiens
All at the Chaumière now,
To dance the wild *cancan*
Beneath the band repair now,
Toujours! toujours! toujours!
Bacchus et "*les amours!*"
(*Chorus*) Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup! &c.

3.

The Garde Municipale
Has only to show fight, boys,
We stop our wild cabal,
And then we take a sight, boys,
Toujours! toujours! toujours!
The which he can't endure.
(*Chorus*) Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup! &c.

4.

At once we follow up
Our studies, love, and folly;
We read, we drink, we sup,
And still are always jolly.
Toujours! toujours! toujours
Whilst night and day endure.
(*Chorus*) Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup! &c.

5.

Our passions soon are o'er,
We sigh for Heloise,
Now Clara we adore,
And now we kiss Louise.
Toujours! toujours! toujours!
And all the rest abjure.
(*Chorus*) Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup! &c.

6.

Here 's Julie's sparkling eyes,
Whose every glance expresses,
"Faint heart ne'er won the prize—
I wait for your addresses."
Toujours! toujours! toujours!
The treasure, then, secure.
(*Chorus*) Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup! &c.

7.

Despite the sermons slow
Of tutor or of father,
The students always show
They love the Chaumière—rather.
Toujours! toujours! toujours!
With wine and "*les amours!*"
(*Chorus*) Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup! &c.

There are no places in the Quartier Latin of Paris to "finish" an evening at. English innovation has kept some of the *cafés* open very late on the northern Boulevards; but by eleven o'clock at night this classical region is silent and deserted. And as the young ladies—the daughters of the proprietor—who conjointly kept the lodge of the Hôtel de l'Etoile du Nord were models of propriety, and did not approve of the visits of any other young ladies to their domicile at any hour, but always received them with an aspect of fearful severity, which the boldest did not like to encounter a second time, Jack and Mr. Ledbury took an affectionate good-night of their friends at the door, and especially of the little Belgian, to whom Titus, in his enthusiasm, had been talking Tennyson for the last quarter of an hour, instead of singing, and trying to put the good poetry into bad French as he proceeded, to the utter bewilderment of his companion; for even Mr. Ledbury's French was not of the purest.

"Ecoutez," said Mr. Ledbury, "La reine du Mai est le plus jolie de tout: elle est la reine du fête, vous savez, comme ça. Je la chanterai."

And, stopping his ears to the chorus, he went on:—

"LA REINE DU MAI.

"Si vous êtes veillante, appelle moi, ma mère, appelle moi de bonne heure;
Demain sera de toute l'année le plus fortuné jour;
De toute l'année nouvelle, ma mère, la journée le plus gai,
Car je serai l'Reine du Mai, ma mère! je serai l'Reine du Mai!"

"N'est-ce pas que c'est touchante?"

"Charmante!" said the little Belgian, in a perfect haze as to its meaning: "bien gentille!"

"I shan't be waking to call you early, Leddy, if you don't come in," observed Jack, just as Mr. Ledbury was beginning another verse.

It was a peculiarity of Mr. Ledbury's nature, that, when he was at all excited, he always began to talk Tennyson. If young ladies jilted him after supper at parties, he always abused his "cousin Amy" in right good Locksley-Hall style, as a relief to his feelings. If he felt slow, he quoted "Mariano;" and when he wanted to create a favourable impression, he whispered the ear-ring and necklace song from "The Miller's Daughter" to his partner in the rest of a polka. But Jack, who had heard all these pieces over and over again, did not always enter into his enthusiasm as warmly as he wished, and now even rudely cut him short. So the good-night was repeated—one would fancy it must have been a very agreeable proceeding by the evident general desire to encore it; and then the grisettes were escorted by their artists along the Quai St. Michel. They struck up the chorus again as they left, whilst Mr. Ledbury waved his hand with the air of a *châtelain* of the olden time when a procession left his castle; and the strain awakened the echoes of the old buildings from the Morgue—which was exactly opposite to them—to Notre Dame, until, as they turned up the Rue de la Harpe, it stopped suddenly, at the request of a body of the Garde Municipale, who just then came round the corner. And then, as Mr. Ledbury had seen enough of those functionaries for that evening, he retreated in doors, and, taking his candle from the eldest Mademoiselle Petit, followed Jack up to bed. But his cerebral excitement had not yet gone off, and his visions were disturbed. He dreamt that he was a cuirassier fighting for Belgium and beauty, and then dancing strange Chaumière figures over a body of prostrate gendarmes, being joined by all the lamps and musical instruments in the garden, which appeared to be always rapidly descending before his eyes, without getting any lower. And indeed the morning sun came through the quivering leaves of the scarlet runners that bordered his window, before he sank into a quiet slumber.

Jack's first care was to get the business transacted that he had come about, and this took up a couple of days, which Mr. Ledbury passed chiefly with Jules and Henri in their *atelier* during the morning, getting rid of the evening by treating the little Belgian to unlimited ices at the Café de la Rotonde, and then going to see Dejazet. And he found this life so very pleasant, that, with a little persuasion, he left the Hôtel de l'Etoile, and took what Jack very rudely denominated a first-class cock-loft over the studio of his friends. It contained a bed and a chair, and was so limited in its proportions, that the occupier was obliged to sit on the floor to dress, and could not open the door without getting on the bed. But, nevertheless, Mr. Ledbury was exceedingly joyous in it; and would have been more so, but for the "lean-to" ceiling, against which he regularly bumped his head every morning.

"I don't think I like this pigeon-house much, Leddy," said Jack, as Titus, in the fulness of his heart, wished his friend to partake of it.

"Oh, it's capital, Jack—ten francs a month—think of that! Such a pure air, too,—and such a view!"

"A view—ah! yes, I see," replied Jack, looking towards the few panes of glass in the roof, through which alone light was admitted; "capital, if you like astronomy. You can lie in bed and learn the Great Bear famously."

"No, no; look here, Jack," said Mr. Ledbury, anxious to exhibit all the advantages of his new domicile. "You must get on the bed, and then open the skylight, and heave yourself up through it—so. There, now, I can see the telegraphs on St. Sulpice working away like several one o'clocks. I wonder what they mean; they 're very like an F just now: can you tell?"

"That 's a comprehensive clue, certainly," said Jack. "But it 's sure to be 'News from Bayonne,' about a row in Spain. The French telegraphs never do anything else."

"I can see all the roofs and chimney-pots along the Rue Racine," said Mr. Ledbury. "And—I say, Jack—look here: this is the great point. No: you must get up, and put your head through. There!—do you see that window where the canary-bird is?"

"Quite well, Leddy. What is it?"

"That 's where the little Belgian lives. She 's an *illumineuse*—paints maps and things. Isn't it jolly?"

"Very," said Jack, wedging himself a little tighter into the skylight, until there appeared a chance of their getting fixed there irremediably. "I don't much see what use it is, though."

"Oh—telegraph—telegraph, Jack—beats St. Sulpice all to nothing. Look here, now."

Whereupon Mr. Ledbury contrived, by dint of sheer animal force, to release himself from the skylight; and then taking up a walking-stick, he put a glove on it, and removing the bit of looking-glass which formed his mirror from the wall, reascended.

"Now, first, we must call her attention," said Titus; "and I do that, when the sun is out, by making a Jack-o'-lantern on the canary-bird. There—see how it frightens him, and what a row he makes. That will bring her to the window."

Mr. Ledbury was right. In half a minute Clara's pretty face peeped between the convolvulus leaves which ran upon bits of tape all over the windows, and nodded to him.

"Now for the burgee," said Mr. Ledbury, who had learned the name when somebody took him one day in a yacht to Erith, but had not the wildest notion of its meaning. "Here goes." And he hoisted up the glove on the walking-stick. "There—that means 'Can you come to the Chaumière to-night?'"

The little grisette shook her head, and held up a map half-coloured; and then retiring for an instant, she brought forward a champagne-bottle, which evidently served for a candlestick,—for there was a little piece still in it,—and putting it on the coping before her, held up all her fingers, and laughed.

"Now I know what she means," said Mr. Ledbury. "She can't come to the Chaumière, because she has work to do; but she will sup with us at ten o'clock. She 's a good one, isn't she, Jack?"

"I 'm sure, if you say so, she is," replied his friend, getting down, And then Mr. Ledbury, after a rapid series of nods to the beloved object, which made him look like a galvanized mandarin, followed him.

"You won't come and live here, then, Jack, while you stay in Paris?" asked Titus, as they reached the floor.

"No—I think not. There isn't room to swing a kitten, Leddy, to say nothing of a cat."

"Well, but we didn't come to Paris for that, you know," said Mr. Ledbury. "Besides, I haven't seen such a thing as a cat since I have

been here. I can't tell how it is. With such capital tiles as these are, they would have swarmed like flies in London."

"It's all owing to the *restaurateurs*," said Jack. "Wherever you see '*lapin*' on their bill of fare, you may be sure there are no cats at large in the neighbourhood. They are not even in Leicester Square as they used to be, since all the cheap French houses started up. Fact: depend upon it."

Before long they joined Jules and Henri on the floor below, and went together to dine at Viot's, the eating-house which the students of the Quartier Latin chiefly love to patronize. It is a thing that should not be missed, a dinner "chez Viot." The *carte* is extensive, and not at all expensive: you may get off famously for a franc, including a sou for the waiter. You don't often see much wine there; but there is an unlimited supply of water, somewhat tepid, and in hazy decanters; but it quenches the thirst of the students just as well as if it had been kept in crystal vases and Wenham ice all the day. They have some remarkable beverage, too, which they call "*bière blanche;*" translated, it might be termed "intermediate," from forming a gradation between penny ginger-beer and the traditional result of rincing out porter-tubs and washing brewers' aprons, which low minds denominate "swipes." Their meats are six sous the plate; their vegetables and desert, three; bread is *à discrétion;* and the labours of M. Viot —who looks like the knave of clubs setting up for himself in the licensed-victualler line — in cutting up the long rolls are beyond description. The waiters, too, are all pictures. They outdo all the jugglers you ever saw, in balancing pyramids of dishes on their arms; and their single-breath orders of "Une Julienne, deux croutons, un bœuf au choux, trois haricots verts à l'huile, un pommes sautées, (avec beaucoup de jus,) deux bifteks un peu saignant, un œufs sur le plat, deux fraises, deux fromage à la crême, un riz au lait-t-t-t!!" are sounds which will readily be recollected by the old *habitués* of the house.

There is a great excitement, too, in a dinner at Viot's, which assists digestion, for man is gregarious; and, besides, the incomprehensible *cotelette* of the tavern is far beyond the soddened lonely chop of lodgings, albeit you know not of what animal fibre it is composed. And the noise is quite charming. What with the unceasing orders, as above given,—the shutting of the glass-door into the street, which makes all the windows go off every minute with a bang, owing to their thin glass and scanty metal frames, like the clash of a brass band,—the cataracts of dirty plates shot down the inclined plane into the kitchen,—the shouts of impatient guests,—the clatter of table implements,—and the deep responsive "Ho!" of the barrytone cook, who rivals the "Garçon Lablache" of the Palais Royal Café in his low notes,—what with all this, the meal is delightful, at least when you get used to it. On your first visit the row takes all your appetite away, so intense is your terror. But Mr. Ledbury and Jack were not so easily frightened. This is what they each had.

VIOT, RESTAURANT.

Rue de la Harpe.

	Sous.
1 *Potage* (*Purée aux croutons*)	6

This is, as tea-merchants say of four-and-sixpenny congou, "a fine old-fashioned" soup. Its component parts are un-

known; but it is supposed to be made of dice of bread fried in dripping, and then simmered in whatever comes handy, from cabbage-water to kitchen-stuff, flavoured with diluted pease-pudding. It is very nourishing. *Sous.*

1 *Biftek aux Pommes* 6

A popular dish. The "biftek" should more properly be termed a rasher, as it is here cooked. It looks like a large broiled mushroom. It is called beef, as cheese is sometimes termed a rabbit, or certain preparations of veal "olives." Physiologists are divided in their opinions respecting it; but the majority agree that it is an artful combination of horse and india-rubber.

1 *Haricots verts à l'Anglais* 3

An interesting example of the supposed advantage of making things foreign, "haricots à l'Anglais" being precisely what we call "French beans." They are eaten with a curious lump of adipose substance, very similar to that used to put into the boxes of railway wheels, which is dabbed on the top, and allowed to melt there.

1 *Fraises du Bois* 3

A little plate of wild strawberries, really very good when eaten without another mysterious adjunct served with them, which looks like a saucer full of whitewash.

The Garçon, ... 1

This is dropped into a vase on the counter, on which the lady in attendance, who displays the slightest suspicion in the world of rouge, gracefully inclines her head, in return to the bow from the guest.

Total . 19 s.

Leaving change out of the franc. The "leg of beef soup, with bread and potatoes, for threepence," in St. Giles's, is the only dinner that beats this in cheapness. Berthollini cannot be mentioned in the same breath.

The dinner being over, the party repaired to one of the *cafés* in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, and here the remainder of the afternoon was spent in billiards. Mr. Ledbury did not particularly shine in the game. He played with wrong balls, and never knew which was the spot; and sent it flying, when he did, over the cushions, and out of the window, and down stairs, and into all kinds of irregular places; and, although he was always chalking his cue, this did not improve his play, until at last, having cut the cloth into a right-angled laceration, he gave it up, and, ordering his "*demi-tasse*" and accompaniment, looked on.

Jack continued to play, as well as the artists; and at last they got up a large game at pool, which Henri was fortunate enough to win. And, as the evening was advancing, Mr. Ledbury thought it was time to call for Clara, which proposition was readily agreed to. Jules and Henri also—by such a lucky chance—met Eulalie, and Sophie, and Heloise, so that each had now a companion. Jack offered his arm to the latter, a dark-eyed very-wicked-indeed-looking Lyonnaise. He could not do otherwise, of course, if only from mere politeness. Perhaps it was as well Emma did not see him: not that there was the

slightest harm in it; but ladies' imaginations, in matters of jealousy, are like microscopes, and make the most wonderful images out of the smallest objects, magnifying tiny innocent creatures into monsters so terrible, that the normal state of the earth cannot show their parallel. As it was, they were all very joyous, and Henri promised to spend all his winnings in festivity that evening; upon which they proceeded together to the Café Anglais, to the great delight of the grisettes, who had never aspired beyond the Palais Royal.

Be sure that the supper was noisy enough. A *réunion* of this kind can never be very dull on the Boulevards; for, putting on one side the lights, and lustres, and looking-glasses, the busy, cheerful noise of life and relaxation, and the constant motion of the guests, as attributes of all *cafés*,—increased in *estaminets* by the click of billiard-balls and the rollicking of dominoes,—there is a most joy-inspiring air about the houses on the Boulevards. The hundreds of twinkling lamps on the stalls round the theatres and at the side of the hack carriages,—the perambulating *marchands*, each also with his little basket illuminated,—the twanging of guitars and harps, or the jingling hum of tambourines, and the countless, indescribable vocal and instrumental sounds in all directions,—the leaping forth of emancipated corks, when a bottle of *limonade gazeuse* creates as great an effect as one of champagne,—all contribute to an *ensemble* which defies anything like melancholy.

Mr. Ledbury was never so rich. The jokes he made were perfectly marvellous; and so the rest would have thought, if they could have understood but one word of them; but puns are difficult to translate into French, and especially Mr. Ledbury's; but when they did not laugh at what he said, they laughed at him himself, which made him just as happy. And when he showed them how to draw up cherries into the mouth by the stalk, and finally put the large claw of the lobster on his nose, my heart! how they all screamed!—so rapturously, that Henri got black in the face, and Jack got up and untied his neck-cloth, and patted his back; which medical proceeding only increased the uproar to such a pitch, that some dressed-to-death English ladies, whose husbands had taken them from their hotels to see the *cafés*, insisted that staying there any longer was not proper, and declared such disgraceful creatures ought not to be permitted to come in! And yet, *au fond*, there was no great harm in the merry party; and the little grisettes might perhaps have held their heads as high and proudly as any of the others, who appeared angry, that, after loading themselves with all the expensive things they could procure, they did not produce any effect like the trim figures, close-fitting *barèges*, and wicked little caps of French girls.

At last they found that they had all ordered as much as they had money to pay for, which alone brought the festival to an end; and then they all turned out upon the Boulevard to go home, chorusing some popular polka, which Mr. Ledbury illustrated with Clara in front of them along the pavement; for it was a *pas* he ever loved to dance, knowing his elegance therein. Indeed such was his devotion to it, that nobody at last would go with him to the Promenade Concerts, or the band in Kensington Gardens; for whenever a polka was played, he incontinently danced thereto, unless restrained by physical force,—its effect on him only being excelled by that which, as recent observation shows us, the high-pressure speed of a locomotive is apt to have upon the natives of Ethiopia residing in Alabama. And this dance and

chorus lasted until they left the Boulevards, and turned down towards the southern part of the city.

The night-police of Paris are not too obtrusive. The streets are watched by the municipal guard, who go about in bodies, and when they have passed you may play up whatever games you like for the next half hour, from the indefinite "old gooseberry"—if you know it—to the devil, who is at all times very popular and ubiquitous here. And so Jack, who was becoming very light-hearted, commenced the sports and pastimes by leaping up and pulling down one of the little boards labelled "*Appartement garni à louer présentement*," which hang in such numbers over the *porte-cochère* of the houses. This species of entertainment, being new in Paris, was immediately pronounced a hit; and accordingly the gentlemen started off on either side of the way, taking a jump at all they saw, until they had collected a dozen of them at the end of the street. The question now arose as to how these should be carried, when Henri saw a tempting-looking board over a shop, on which was painted the sign of a man making chocolate in his shirt-sleeves, and it was accordingly doomed. By a little modification of what circus-bills call "the human pyramids of the Athenian acrobats of the Pyrenees," they contrived to climb upon one another's shoulders until they pulled it down; and then they stacked the other little boards upon it.

There was a little debate as to who should carry it. At length, by each stating that they did not dare do it, they got Mr. Ledbury to say he would; for he thought the act of bravery would distinguish him in the eyes of the young ladies; and accordingly he put the board on his head, and marched on, having crushed his hat down like a Gibus, but with no chance, like a Gibus, of springing up again. But this he did not mind; for he felt that he was the "Marquis," so to speak, of the party, and that was all in all sufficient; so he balanced his cargo with one arm, and offered the other to Clara, as proud as an undertaker carrying the tray of feathers, like pies, in front of his first carriage-funeral.

Now they had got somewhere to put the things, they did not mind what they took possession of. They pulled down a great red tin hand from a glove-maker's, and a cocked-hat from another shop, and, finally, carried off half a dozen plaster masks of Grisi, Rubini, Thillon, Plessy, and others, which hung at the entrance of the Gallerie Colbert, until Mr. Ledbury could scarcely move; but he kept bravely on, until they reached the Place des Victoires, when, on arriving at the foot of Louis the Fourteenth's statue, he gasped out that he must rest a minute, which was agreed to.

"Now, look here, Leddy," said Jack, struck by a sudden idea. "I've got a notion that will immortalize you."

"What is it, Jack?" asked Titus eagerly.

"See this board with 'Unfurnished room to let' on it. What do you say to tying this round the head of the statue, and leaving it there?"

"Glorious! Capital!" said Mr. Ledbury. "I'll do it."

"Stop," said Jack: "take your time. Mind the rails—there—now be sure of your footing. I should like to do it myself, only you are the tallest."

With a boldness that only the grisettes' eyes and the champagne could have given him, Mr. Ledbury, by the help of his long arms and

legs, contrived to reach the statue, and fix the announcement on to his head. But he had barely finished this, when Jack, who was ever on the *qui vive*, heard something like a measured tramp in one of the streets running into the Place, and exclaimed, in a quick, alarmed voice,

"Look out, boys! Here's the guard coming round. Get down, Leddy, get down! Jules! Henri! take up the boards and things. We must be off. Keep the pedestal between them and ourselves. Leddy, look sharp, I tell you—down the Rue des Petits Champs!"

They were all on the alert. Unwilling to leave their prizes, they lifted up the board, and, followed by the grisettes, went off as swiftly and as quietly as they could down the street Johnson had indicated. But poor Mr. Ledbury, he was in a sad way. His coat-tails had got, somehow or another, by some strange accident, which never would have occurred to anybody but himself, entangled in the metal trappings of the horse, and he could not move. He uttered a fearful cry to "Stop!" as the others flitted off; but it was of no avail. The next minute the guard entered the Place, and, seeing his outline against the moonbeams, marched up to him, and ordered him to descend. For a moment a wild thought entered his head of keeping them at bay, knowing they could not reach him with their accoutrements; but at the very first demonstration made to this effect, the muskets were pointed at him, and he was compelled, with the loss of his tails, to come down.

Meanwhile Jack, unwilling to leave him all alone, returned with the Lyonnaise in the rear of the guard; and they stood looking on as casual spectators, until Mr. Ledbury reached the ground in a sorry plight enough. He immediately perceived his friend, and Jack feared he should also be apprehended in consequence of the recognition. Wonderfully enough, Mr. Ledbury saw in an instant the utter futility of showing that they were acquainted; but he felt somewhat comforted that Jack was near him, and directly, without a word, accompanied the patrol to the Corps du Garde as a prisoner,—his second appearance in that character.

There was something so very novel in the charge, that the head patrol scarcely knew what to make of it; but he saw enough to be convinced that Mr. Ledbury was in a state of fermented beverages; and therefore, instead of locking him up, as he looked respectable, he allowed him to sit until morning in the lodge; and then, assured that he was no agent to any secret society, and that the placard had no reference to shooting at royalty, he sent a guard up with him to his lodgings, to ascertain if his address was true. He was pleased to see Jack waiting for him at the door of the Corps du Garde; and he was followed by his friend to the Rue Racine, wherein his lodgings were situated.

As they went up stairs, Johnson passed quickly by them, and whispered a word or two to Ledbury in English; and then he continued on, until he came to the artists' studio, into which they entered, followed by the landlord, the porter, the porter's wife, one or two lodgers, and some idlers, whom the appearance of the guard had brought together, in the expectation of seeing a room discovered full of infernal machines, seditious papers, and arms of all sorts.

Mr. Ledbury's room was here indicated to the authorities, and they were about to enter it, when Titus threw himself before it, and begged

they would desist; but finding that the guard, which never yielded generally, was not disposed to do so on the present occasion in particular, he next changed from the suppliant to the heroic state, and, thumping his breast, said that if they entered it should be through his heart, which would have been a curious way of getting into a room. Whereupon the Sergent de Ville asked him for his key, which Mr. Ledbury produced, and with a melo-dramatic "Jamais!" threw it far away through the window. On this the word was given to apply the butt-ends of the guns to the door; and, as the iron-work of France is not celebrated for massive strength, it yielded at the first blow. What was the surprise of the party, to see, surrounded by the masks, tin gloves, boards, and cocked hats,—the spoils of the preceding night,—the pale, trembling, pretty form of Clara, the little Belgian!

You must not prejudge her. Let us hasten to show how she came there; for appearances are certainly against her. She had gone home with the others; but finding it so late, and afraid to ring up the *concièrge* of her house, who was a terrible babbler, the rest had offered her Mr. Ledbury's room, knowing pretty well that he would be furnished that night with a lodging by the authorities; and the champagne and advanced hours had kept the grisette in bed far beyond her usual time. To this effect had Jack spoken to Mr. Ledbury on the staircase; and this accounted for his chivalric behaviour.

The proprietor of the house was in a dreadful state of virtuous indignation at the discovery, and the various articles strewed about the chamber increased his wrath. He bustled into the room, and turned poor Clara out in the most ungallant manner by the shoulder, on which Mr. Ledbury would have flown at him, but for the guard; and then kicking the various articles to the landing with his foot, he seemed inclined to include Mr. Ledbury with them,—at all events he told him to quit the house that instant; that he forgave him all his rent, but that he should not stay there a minute longer, so that he had better follow his carpet-bag, which had already got to the floor below. Upon this the lodgers started a great cry of execration, which brought all the rest out at their doors, and the tumult increased to a pitch that was absolutely fearful, until Mr. Ledbury reached the front gate, whence, from the new feature given to his case by the stolen property, he was compelled to return to the guard-house, as well as poor little Clara, who already pictured herself in a long white dress, with her hair down her shoulders, going to the guillotine.

Fortunately the head officer was a good fellow, who had been a student himself, and at once saw the state of things. The grisette was immediately acquitted; and Mr. Ledbury was compelled to give up his passport, (which is equivalent to putting in bail, as you cannot well move without it,) and wait, under the surveillance of the police, until such times as the people should claim their goods, and the Procureur du Roi should "invite" him to appear at the Palais du justice to explain his motives; and then he also was allowed to depart.

"We must cut as fast as we can, Leddy," said Jack, as they met outside.

"But I can't," replied Titus. "I must stay here, for they've got my passport. And that pretty girl! Really—I don't know—but I've put her in such a very awkward predicament, that I think some little attention—I can't explain exactly—but now, don't you, Jack?"

"Oh, we'll set all that to rights," replied Johnson. "You really

are not safe to go alone yet, Leddy; but, there 's no mistake about it, we must be off, and sell them all. I 'll manage it."

And Jack was as good as his word. That very afternoon he went to a railway friend of his, a gentleman who was in a temporary state of provisionary exile, and got his passport, *visé'd* for England, promising to send it back to him in a letter as soon as they arrived. And then he booked two places also that afternoon in the Boulogne diligence, for himself in his own name, and Mr. Ledbury as Mr. Straggles, and departed at once; although, as Titus said, it tore his heart-strings to leave the little Belgian so abruptly. But Johnson told him to have a pipe, and promise to send her over six pairs of English stockings, which is a present grisettes prize above diamonds, and all other jewels of great price, and that then he would be quite happy.

There was a little parting dinner at a *restaurant*, close to the Messageries; and Jules and Henri promised to come to England in the spring. And—it ought scarcely to be mentioned in fairness—just before he took his seat, Mr. Ledbury gave the little Belgian a kiss,—and not only one, but two or three, good downright long ones all of them. And then they waved an adieu, and the postillion "*crée'd*" as usual, and the *conducteur* lighted a cigar, and the passengers got silent and sleepy. And being blessed with a quick journey and a fair passage, that time the next day they were at Folkestone, once more under the shelter of the British Lion, and out of all danger from guards, guillotines, and gallies,—and, perhaps, what is more, from sparkling-eyed grisettes.

LAST NIGHT.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I saw a brighter eye last night
  Than I have seen for many a day,
And even now its starry light
  Around my spirit's path doth play.
It seem'd to breathe some magic theme,
  Whose gentle truth the heart might move,
As it had watch'd an angel dream,
  And ta'en that dream for earthly love.

'Twas not the expression of that eye,
  Nor yet its dark reflective hue,—
My heart perhaps had pass'd them by,
  If memory could pass them too,—
But oh! a charm beyond the power
  Of human language e'er to tell,
And every moment seems an hour,
  Unless I in its presence dwell.

THE ALBIGENSES AND THE TROUBADOURS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

It is a melancholy task to record the extinction of a nationality. A religion, however false,—a literature, however trifling,—and a language, however imperfect, cannot be swept from the world without leaving an aching void, which even the destroyers must contemplate with regret. But the faith of the Albigenses was one of comparative purity; the literature of the Troubadours was unrivalled in its age; and the language of Provence was far superior to the dialect of the Franks by which it was superseded. We have already intimated that religion was not the only cause of the merciless persecution of the Albigenses, and have pointed out some of the social differences and diversities of institution which placed southern France in direct antagonism to the royalty established by Charlemagne and his successors; but, as the imputation of heresy formed the pretext for the crusade preached against Languedoc, it is necessary to investigate briefly the grounds of the charge.

The southern churches of France and those of the kingdom of Arragon had preserved a large share of national independence, which was viewed with great suspicion by the Papacy. Rome regarded the allegiance of the secular clergy as rather dubious and unsteady, but gave implicit confidence to the monks, whom they regarded as a kind of Papal militia placed to garrison an insurrectionary country. When feudal principles were infused into the hierarchy, the prelates became to a great extent severed from the princes and the people, and more directly dependent on the Vatican. As the Church became more Latin and less Languedocian, it was regarded as denationalized, and therefore gradually lost its influence over a people characterized above all others by their intense nationality. War was declared by the Troubadours against the monks and the feudal clergy: song after song, and satire after satire, denounced their pride, their covetousness, their avarice, and their debauchery. One of the most popular of these attacks, probably because it was the most plain in its charges and least refined in its language, is attributed to Raymond de Castelnau. A brief specimen will suffice to show its spirit and tendency:—

> "The clergy have grown covetous, and fond of feudal sway;
> In purple and fine linen they gorge and swill each day.
> The prelates use dishonest means to widen their domains,
> And no regard to right or ruth their avarice restrains.
> From tenants they resume their fiefs, and rigid laws prescribe,
> To hold the lands themselves, or restore them for a bribe.
>
> If God has will'd the Black Monks in gluttony to thrive,
> And if His laws at their intrigues and vile amours connive,—
> If White Monks may use lying bulls, if Templars yield to pride,
> If Canons practise usury, and many crimes beside,—
> Then St. Peter and St. Andrew were but idiots to endure
> Such labours and such sufferings to keep their conscience pure,
> For all these men proclaim themselves of their salvation sure!"

Voisette, a Romish historian, and therefore not likely to coin re-

proaches against his church, declares that it had become a proverbial expression in Languedoc, "I had rather be a priest, than have been guilty of so disgraceful an action." Peter Cardinal indignantly declares,

> "The priests demand obedience, they ask a living faith;
> But, destitute of fruits and works, theirs is a creed of death.
> Ask not the hours in which they sin, in which they cheat the throng:
> Their frauds are practised every day, their crimes the whole night long."

In another *sirvente*, directed against clerical ambition, he says,

> "The clergy labour everywhere to make the world their own,
> And a worse world than they desire has never yet been known.
> They seek to win by every art, and every means they bless
> Which offers their ambition a prospect of success,—
> By preaching or by punishing, by trying good or evil;
> And if they cannot win with God, they 'll take for chief the Devil!"

In the very same piece he declares,

> "What they are not ashamed to do, shame hinders me to tell."

And this line is the peroration to a bead-roll of iniquities, no part of which could be presented in a shape endurable by modern delicacy.

Whilst the respect for the Church and the moral influence of its ministers were thus rudely assailed, a new sect appeared, preaching a more simple faith and greater purity of manners. The persecutions of Theodora and of Basil the Macedonian, in the ninth century, had driven the Paulicians from the Byzantine territories, to seek refuge among the Bulgarians and the Mussulmans. Through Bulgaria they spread over the north of Europe, and heralded the Hussites in Bohemia; while those who had become subjects of the Mussulmans insinuated themselves through Spain into the south of France and Italy. It is not very easy to discover what were the positive articles of their creed; but there is a general assent as to their negative doctrines. They denied the sovereignty of the Pope, the necessity for an order of priesthood, the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and the existence of Purgatory. Innocent III., having exterminated the sect in Lombardy, was enraged to learn that they were tolerated in Languedoc and Arragon. He sent two Cistercian monks, in the double character of missionaries and inquisitors, to convert or extirpate the heretics; and, as punishing was less laborious than teaching, and confiscation more profitable than conversion, the Cistercians soon showed that they believed the gibbet more efficacious than the pulpit. Izam, a Dominican missionary and inquisitor, has bequeathed us a poem of about a thousand Alexandrine lines, in which he describes the process of reasoning employed by himself and his coadjutors in their controversy with the Albigenses. It will be seen that his arguments are powerful, though not very convincing.

> "As you declare you won't believe, 'tis fit that you should burn,
> And, as your fellows have been burnt, that you should blaze in turn.
> And as you 've disobey'd the will of God and of St. Paul,
> Who ne'er was found within your heart, nor pass'd your teeth at all,
> The fire is lit, the pitch is hot, and ready is the stake,
> That through these tortures, for your sins, your passage you may take."

The Cistercians exercised their legatine powers with a despotic

severity, which would have revolted a less patient race than the people of Languedoc. They suspended the Archbishop of Narbonne and the Bishop of Beziers; they degraded the Bishops of Toulouse and Viviers, and they raised to the see of Toulouse a retired Troubadour, Folquet de Marseille, who had gained some fame by amatory verses, not very remarkable for their morality, but who, disgusted with the world, had retired to the cloister, where he had fostered the passions of fanaticism and persecution. Folquet was the chief agent in organizing the order of St. Dominic, and procuring for it the superintendence of the Inquisition. He was thoroughly hated in his diocese; and, to punish this enmity, which he attributed to the spread of heresy, his efforts were invariably directed to the destruction of the flock so unhappily entrusted to his charge. The stake and the gibbet, the torch and the sword, were the only agencies to which this prelate trusted for the propagation of the faith. Indignant at the authority usurped by the legate, Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, remonstrated angrily with Pierre de Castelnau, the most violent of the inquisitors. They parted in anger; and Castelnau, having laid the country under an interdict, prepared to return to Rome. He was followed by one of the count's gentlemen to the banks of the Rhone, who killed him on the 15th of January, 1208. It was never proved that Raymond had instigated the murderer; there is even some evidence to show that the assassin was actuated by motives of personal revenge; but the Pope, without any inquiry, excommunicated Raymond, and preached a crusade against the Albigenses, proffering larger indulgences and pardons to those who joined in extirpating heretics, than had ever been granted to those who fought against the Mussulmans in Palestine!

"It is cause and quarrel enough to bring a sheep to the shambles that he be fat," says worthy old Fuller. Raymond's wealth had excited the cupidity of his neighbours, and all his compliances even with the most extravagant demands of the Romish court failed to save him from ruin. It is no part of our purpose to recite the horrors of the Albigensian war: they furnish the most deplorable episode in the annals of Europe. Folquet was most conspicuous in recommending murder as a virtue, and denouncing mercy as a crime. When his own episcopal seat, Toulouse, capitulated to Simon de Montfort and the crusaders, he absolved Montfort from the oath he had taken, and demanded that the city should be given up to be plundered by the savage soldiery.

The Troubadours made many efforts to revive the martial spirit of their countrymen. In the words of Peter Cardinal, "they were to weave a web, in which crime was the warp and misery the woof." But the hordes that descended the Rhone, consisting of Catalans, Brabançons, and other banditti from every part of Europe, could not be resisted by songs and *sirventes*. Fire and sword devastated the land, until the flames were slaked in blood.

History, however, has passed lightly over one important incident of the war. In 1215, Simon de Montfort, having gained the celebrated victory of Muret over the Count of Toulouse and the King of Arragon, had established his authority over all the districts between the right bank of the Rhone and the Pyrenees. A council, held at Montpellier by the legates of Innocent III., had solemnly adjudged

to him the sovereignty over those countries, and had pronounced sentence of forfeiture on the Count of Toulouse. But this sentence could only be provisional until it was confirmed by the Pope; and Innocent III. had by this time begun to regard the crusaders with as much suspicion as the heretics; for he had discovered that the triumph just achieved had given far more strength to feudalism than the Papacy. With these feelings, he summoned a general council, well known in history as the Council of Lateran, to settle the Albigensian question, and other pressing affairs of the Church. Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, accompanied by his son, the Count de Foix, and other nobles who had been dispossessed by Simon de Montfort, hastened to Rome, to claim the restitution of their estates. Simon, on his side, sent his brother Guy to advocate his cause, and he was eagerly supported by Folquet and the other prelates who had previously decided against Raymond at Toulouse.

The only account we have of the discussions respecting the rival claims of Montfort and Raymond are contained in one of the last of the romantic epics produced by a Troubadour. The name of the author is unknown; but he was certainly a contemporary, and in all probability an actor in the scenes which he describes. An abstract of his recital will best introduce the examination of its historical value.

"The council," he says, "was convened at Rome by our lord the Pope, the true head of our religion," and was attended by cardinals, prelates, priors, and by the counts and viscounts of various countries.

"And thither came Count Raymond, with his son the good, the pure,
Who long in distant England had found a refuge sure.
Small was his train, and great his risk; but, by Tapina led,
In safety through the guarded roads of hostile France he sped,
And came to Rome, that holy place, where all good things have birth.
No fairer youth, no braver knight, has yet appear'd on earth,
None wiser or more prudent, none of equal worth or grace,
And none that can surpass his lineage or his race.
The Count de Foix was also there, the gallant and the sage;
And the bold Arnold Vilamur, whose heart was full of rage;
And Pierre Raymond de Rabestens, undaunted in the field,
And many other noble lords, their claims who will not yield,
But who are ready in the field to vindicate their right,
If any bold usurper should dare them to the fight."

The debate is opened by the Count de Foix, who first vindicates his own orthodoxy in very eloquent terms, and then demands for what reason he, to whom no suspicion of heresy had ever attached, should be deprived of his heritage? As a proof of his good faith, and confidence in the Pope's rectitude, he declares that he had surrendered at the first summons his hereditary castle, though it was so strongly fortified that he could have defended it against a host with his single hand, and this, too, when it was well supplied with provisions, had a living fountain of pure water within its walls, and was garrisoned by the bravest chivalry of Languedoc. He then calls upon the Cardinal legate to attest the truth of his statement, and he very coldly and briefly confines himself to confirming the account given of the surrender of the castle.

Folquet, the Bishop of Toulouse, whom we have already mentioned as the most bitter enemy of his native land, is represented as reply-

ing to the Count de Foix; and, as the prelate had once been a Troubadour, we must endeavour to reproduce his criminatory speech in the long metre verse of the original. He said,

"My lords, you 've heard the Count de Foix fidelity protest,
And vow no stain of heresy has e'er his soul possess'd;
But I declare that in his land has heresy struck root,
And nowhere through the country round bears more abundant fruit.
The rocky cliffs of Mount Segur by him were fortified,
And he gave them to the heretics as their chief strength and pride.
His sister, when her husband died, the heresy embraced,
And for three years at Pamiers our holy faith defaced.
By her were many Catholics perverted and misled,
And her the heretics believe their patroness and head.
Your Holiness must further know that your chosen sacred band,
Whom you sent forth to drive away such miscreants from our land,
The Count assail'd so furiously, so eager to destroy,
That their bones now form a pyramid in the champain of Montjoy.
France weeps their loss,—you feel the shame,—but blessed are the dead
Who in the field their honour'd blood with willing hearts have shed.
For those whom he made captive he banish'd, maim'd and blind,
Unfit without a guide their doleful way to find.
List to the cries of those poor men who now your verdict wait,
For crowds of wretched victims are gather'd round your gate,
And loud they call that *he*, who such cruelty has wrought,
Should in his turn learn from you the lesson he has taught."

Arnold de Vilamur, who had been a participator in some of the barbarous punishments with which the Provençals retaliated the barbarous cruelties of the crusaders, interrupted the bishop with a brief characteristic speech:

"'My lords, had I but guess'd such a charge would have been made,
Of the vengeance which we took for our lands in ruin laid,
You should have more such victims, without nose, or ears, or eyes!'
'Was ever such a boasting fool!' the wondering audience cries."

The Count de Foix hastened to correct the impression produced by the excessive candour of his more impetuous associate. The reply ascribed to him is marked by great temper and discretion. He refutes every one of Folquet's charges in succession, and then retaliates by giving a graphic sketch of the bishop's life. He tells how he began, not as a Troubadour, but as a mere ballad-monger, the licentiousness of whose verses prevented him from being received into the noble brotherhood of poets; how he had afterwards become a monk, and was the plague and scandal of his convent; and how, finally, since his elevation to the bishoprick, he had become the scourge and terror of his diocese.

Pope Innocent, whom the bard describes as naturally just and humane, then promises that all matters should be fully and fairly investigated, adding a strong expression of his anxiety to preserve the right and to redress the wrong. Raymond de Rocafols takes the Pope at his word, and demands that the young Count de Beziers (whose father, in defiance of a solemn capitulation, had been detained in cruel captivity by Simon de Montfort, and finally poisoned in prison) should be at once restored to his title and estates. This was putting the sincerity of his Holiness to too severe and immediate a test, and the Pope is described as immediately adjourning the assembly.

This striking scene is immediately followed by another not quite so dramatic, but possessing greater historical importance. It describes the secret council held by the Pope and the prelates. Innocent and the Italian cardinals are represented as anxious to put an end to the crusade, and to restore the nobles of Languedoc; but the majority of the bishops finally persuade the rest that it would be dangerous to reverse a former decision of the Church; and that, if Simon de Montfort were deprived of his prey, it would be useless ever again to preach a crusade.

The account given by the poet is too minute and circumstantial to be rejected as a mere fiction. It is in no way inconsistent with the official records of the Council of Lateran; for the events which it so fully describes are slurred over by the ecclesiastic writers. It is indeed manifest that the Albigensian bard was quite ignorant of the etiquette and ceremonial of the Vatican. He was not aware that open debate and public discussions were avoided, and that resolutions were adopted with apparent unanimity, secured by previous management. Having to describe a council, with the real forms of which he was unacquainted, he took for his model the feudal courts in his neighbourhood, and has thus brought all his characters on the stage in a false costume. But these errors of detail, and these improprieties of scenic adjuncts, by no means imply any falsehood in the principal traits and the main incidents. It is certain that many of the dispossessed lords carried their complaints to Rome; we have some evidence that they found advocates among the Italian prelates, men much more afraid of the progress of feudalism than of the spread of heresy; and there are at least strong gronnds for suspecting that the final decision against the Count of Toulouse was justly displeasing to a large minority of the council.

A more delicate and doubtful point is the description given of the sentiments and conduct of Pope Innocent. We have no doubt that the poet has been guilty of some exaggeration in this matter; but we also have no doubt that Innocent did not approve the excesses of his legates, that he was indisposed to favour the ambition of Simon de Montfort, and that his final decision was influenced by considerations very different from his personal feelings and convictions. In fact, he was charmed with the grace and touched by the misfortunes of the young heir of Toulouse; he retained him at his court, showed him every possible favour, and hinted that he only waited for a favourable conjuncture of circumstances to restore him to his inheritance. In the meantime he recognized him as heir to Provence, and promised to give him possession of the country so soon as he had attained his majority. This led to one of the most romantic incidents in the war, upon which the Albigensian bard is more than usually diffuse and powerful.

After leaving Rome, young Raymond joined his father and the Count de Foix at Genoa, whence they took shipping for Marseilles. No sooner had the young count landed, than all the towns, castles, and villages of Provence declared in his favour, and volunteered to aid him with all their forces in recovering the county of Toulouse from Simon de Montfort. This was on the part of the Provençals a movement of generous sympathy for the people beyond the Rhone, to whom they were allied by language, customs, and civilization, and

who were then cruelly trampled in the dust by Simon and his hordes of crusaders. The young count at once crossed the river, and laid siege to Beaucaire. The crusaders hastened to its relief, too late to save the town; but, as the citadel held out, they besieged the besiegers. In the council assembled by the young Count of Toulouse, Peter Raymond de Rabestens gives a most vivid picture of the disadvantages under which Simon de Montfort labours, and the brilliant prospects opened to the chivalry of Languedoc. After two or three had expressed strong hopes, he breaks out in a higher strain:

"Simon de Montfort serves our cause by coming here to fight,
Where all things are against him both for battle and for flight.
Elsewhere his power might cause us dread, but here his toil is vain:
His star is set,—his reason gone,—his very strength is bane.
Safe on these hills, within these walls on generous food we dine,
And from Genestet's vineyards draw supplies of luscious wine;
While in the rugged open plain our foes no shelter find,
But suffer from the triple plague of heat, and dust, and wind.
No respite know they through the day, at night enjoy no rest,
By carcasses of knights and steeds the sweltering earth is prest;
Rapacious dogs and hungry crows unburied limbs devour,
A reeking pest springs from the dead, the living to o'erpower;
Their vigour fails, their eyes are dim, their haggard cheeks are pale,
And those they seek to rescue their fruitless efforts wail.
The citadel hangs out the sign of terror and despair,
The banner black long since is unfolded to the air;
While here the trumpet's cheering note, and merry pipes and drums,
Proclaim to all our friends that the promised succour comes.
MARSEILLES IS ON THE WATERS!—in the middle of the Rhone
Her noble fleet in brilliancy and majesty is shown.
The gallant spearmen ply the oar, the archers trim the sail;
Provence's knights display for flags their pennons to the gale;
Clear rings the horn, the cymbals clash, while to the clarion's roar
And soldiers' shout responsive rise loud echoes from the shore.
The polish'd shields, the lances bright, send forth a blazing gleam,
Reflected by a thousand lights and colours from the stream;
And loud their chieftains cry 'Toulouse!' in honour of our lord,
As each devotes to win his rights the service of his sword."

In this picture, as in the entire poem, there is obviously a groundwork of truth, and several historic particulars which bear with them their own evidence. The bold poetic colouring is more vivid than is usual with the Troubadours, and is not inferior to the best portions of the Carlovingian cycle of romance. Something of northern ferocity, too, is found in the description given of the preparations for Montfort's last attempt to carry Beaucaire by storm:

"A knight stood on the highest tower, where many a yawning rent
Show'd that sad havoc had been wrought in keep and battlement.
He cried aloud, 'For Montfort's sake, here helpless must we fall.
The count has conquer'd—Fortune seems obedient to his call.'
As thus he spoke, he held on high a napkin white and fair,
And a bottle which the light shone through, because no wine was there;—
A sign that all their bread was gone, that all their wine had fail'd.
De Montfort saw and knew the sign; his haughty spirit quail'd.
Awhile upon the ground he sat, then cried aloud, 'To arms!'
And at the cry his valiant troops came rushing forth in swarms—
The young, the old,—the weak, the strong,—the knight, the humble squire,
Whilst trumpets loud and clarions shrill their warlike passions fire.
'My lords and knights,' said Montfort, 'I hear my lion's plaint,
That he for want of drink is parch'd, for want of food is faint.
On to yon walls, my gallant friends! we 'll soon relieve his pains,
And give for drink our foemen's blood, for food our foemen's brains.

Outspoke Sir Guy: 'Woe worth the day! if your bold lion's roar,
Hush'd in Beaucaire, on battle plain should never be heard more.
On to the fight, resolved to win, and let our friends above,
In yonder castle, once again their dauntless courage prove.
Give out your lion's battle-cry, and at the well-known sound
Shall carnage stalk throughout the field, and slaughter revel round!' "

The battle is described in the usual style of the romances of chivalry, and does not differ from similar narratives repeated over and over again in the cycle of Carlovingian fictions. It is sufficient to say, that, after a protracted and sanguinary struggle, Simon de Montfort was driven back to his entrenchments, and the garrison of the citadel was reduced to despair. Lambert de Limoux, who appears to have been the commander of the garrison, calls the knights to council, and having stated their condition, requests that each of them should declare his opinion on the course that ought to be pursued. William de la Mothe is the first to reply.

"Yes, hunger presses sorely, we feel it, noble chief,
Nor is there now a hope or chance of imminent relief;
But let us slay our horses, they yet may serve for food:
The mule that we ate yesterday I vow was very good.
We have fifty horses to consume, and when we 've cook'd the last,
One of ourselves must to the rest afford a dread repast;
And he who quails or weakness shows by word or yet by deed,
Must justly be the first of us that doom points out to bleed.'
Then Raymond de Roche Maine arose, and leaning on his sword,
Said, 'For De Montfort's sake I 've been traitor to my lord;
And since of all the renegades I 've been the very worst,
Death is my due, and so, my friends, let me be eaten first.' "

This terrible advice was rejected; the citadel capitulated, Count Raymond recovered Toulouse, and Simon de Montfort was killed in besieging the town a second time. The war was suspended in 1218; but Simon de Montfort's heirs surrendered their claims to the King of France, and a new crusade was preached in the name both of royalty and religion. The poetic annals from which we have extracted so largely do not extend beyond the death of Simon de Montfort; but a few words will suffice to relate the catastrophe. After a long and brave resistance, Raymond VII. was so exhausted, that he submitted at discretion: the greater part of his estates were forfeited to the crown, and his only daughter, whom he declared his heiress, was sent to Paris to be betrothed to a French prince. But his own losses did not affect him so much as the establishment of the Inquisition in all its horrors at Toulouse. So long as Folquet lived, the cruelties practised on the conquered Albigenses were continued without intermission. At length, as victims became scarce, the pretences on which a charge of heresy might be grounded were indefinitely multiplied, until men were doomed to torture because they were suspected of being suspicious. Science faded from the land, literature disappeared, the few Troubadours who survived sought shelter in the court of Arragon or with some of the Italian nobles; but a remnant of the reformed religion long survived in the mountains of the Cevennes, until Louis XIV. completed the destruction which Louis IX. had commenced. The war of the Camisards was the completion of the war against the Albigenses, and the commencement of the eighteenth century witnessed the consummation of the atrocities begun in the thirteenth.

SHOTS FROM AN OLD SIX-POUNDER.

BY PORTFIRE.

"My aide-de camp knows all, and has no objection to tell it."
Marquess of ——'s Letter.

LIGHT in heart, high in hope, the world before me, at the age of fourteen, I bounded into my guardian's carriage one fine spring morning at the Castle Inn at Salt Hill, where we had slept the previous night, *en route* for the Royal Military College at Marlow. Little did I dream that, twenty-seven years after, I should pass my honey-moon at the same inn, and occupy the same apartments!

A ride through a delicious country brought us to the confines of Berkshire. Passing Bisham Abbey, the venerable seat of the Vansittarts, we crossed the Thames by a wooden bridge, commanding a picturesque view of the river, which, after tumbling over a weir, threaded its course through osier-bound islets and extensive pastures, until it was lost among wooded hills in the distance. We were now in Buckinghamshire, at this extremity of which the town of Great Marlow is situated. Alfred House, the old brick mansion which stands on your right before you turn into the High Street, belonged to Louise de Querouailles, the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth, but was now occupied as a dormitory by the College, to which with a beating heart I was hastening. Few, alas! who received the first rudiments of soldiership within its walls, survive to recollect the heterogeneous mass of buildings which bore that name, before the present magnificent edifice at Sandhurst uprose, like the enchanted palace of Aladdin, in the midst of a desert. Time, climate, but above all, "grim war," with his ravages, have laid low the great majority of Marlow men, of whom it has been remarked that a singularly large proportion fell in their first field.

It was not until the contest with revolutionary France had assumed so gigantic a character, and threatened to last out the lives of the then existing generation, that the British Government provided an establishment for the education of those youths who were destined to officer our rapidly-increasing army,—a measure absolutely forced upon it by the repeated failures and disasters, arising from the general incompetency of our officers, particularly of the *état major* and higher grades, which had cost the country an expenditure of treasure, to say nothing of life, to which the sum necessary for the removal of this canker in our military institutions was as a drop of water to the ocean.

An old brick mansion, which had evidently been the residence of a family of some importance, formed the nucleus of the college. The boarded windows of the black-hole frowned *in terrorem* from one of its wings; its extensive offices were turned into halls of study, kitchens, and the guard-house, not forgetting a *dark* room for *light* offenders. Near these, two blocks of wooden buildings, containing dining-halls, dormitories, committee-rooms, the armoury, &c. &c., had been run up, together with an extensive shed, well furnished with blacking and blacking-brushes; for we were expected to retouch our shoes for the

general parade with our own hands, in order that we might acquire *humility* and the *polish*, I presume, on Dr. O'Toole's principle. In addition to Alfred House, three other houses had been hired in the town for dormitories and the hospital.

After a slight examination I was admitted into the college. I had previously gone through a more severe ordeal at Woolwich, being designed for one of *the educated corps*, as the Artillery and Engineers were designated. That same day the Invincible, a superb seventy-four, was launched. Wonderful coincidence!—glorious presage! My friends congratulated me. They felt convinced I was born to be a hero, which, no doubt, I should have been, had not the peace and half-pay stunted my laurels.

As I strutted about the College Field in my smart scarlet jacket, profusely laced with silver, I thought myself a demi-god! I could never sufficiently admire myself in the fish-pond. I ran a risk truly Narcissian. True, my fourteen-year-old legs looked somewhat of the thinnest and the boniest in my light-blue pantaloons; nor was the pasteboard foraging-cap, covered with coarse blue cloth, precisely the sort of termination I could have wished. *N'importe!* cocked over my right brow, it wasn't so much amiss,—in fact, it looked rather piquant than otherwise. My stiff stock, however, galled me intolerably. It was a decided drawback,—a most humiliating and serf-like appendage. I felt canine—like a poodle on his hind legs. Nevertheless, it was some alleviation to know, if anybody asked me "whose dog I was?" I could answer, "The King's!"

Next morning I was consigned to the tender mercies of the junior mathematical master, M—— N——, a gaunt, ferocious-looking personage, who might have sat for Mrs. Radcliffe's *Schedoni*, and was quite as cruel. Even now my blood boils when I think of this bashaw, whose tyranny was intolerable.

"Hold up your head!—throw out your chest—keep your little fingers to the seams of your pantaloons—let your heels form an angle of sixty degrees, and stand on the balls of your feet!" Such were the words which struck my ears, as I took my station with four other tyros in Turberville's drill-squad in the College Field, when study was over. The senior cadets drilled the juniors, and the system was an excellent one. Turberville, who was a capital drill, soon made us fit to join *the column*, as those cadets who had gone through the initiatory drillings were styled, and who, of course, included the great body of the students. And certainly *the column* went through the manual and platoon exercises and the eighteen manœuvres as smartly, and with as much precision, as any crack regiment in the service,—as the Duke of Kent, no indifferent judge in such matters, allowed. Indeed, as far as mere drill and soldier-like appearance were concerned, the system at Marlow was perfect.

Three hundred and nine cadets, divided into the A, B, and C companies, were on the establishment. I was posted to the first, commanded by Captain Otter, an officer remarkable for his truisms. "Gentlemen," he would say, "if you 're found out, you 're sure to be detected!" Otter was a worthy old soul, but, alack! no more fit than the animal from which he derived his name, to command such mischievous, unruly spirits as we were,—extracted from Eton, Westminster, Harrow, Rugby, the Charter-House, and half the other public schools in the kingdom.

I stood in the rear rank, next to the late Earl of Munster, with whom I had a bout at fistycuffs. The drum beat — after falling out, we were obliged to fall in, or he 'd have thrashed me; for he was much the strongest. Poor Fitzclarence! He was one of the best-natured boys breathing,—frank, free, careless, idle, but by no means deficient in talent. He was very fond of good living, and even then had a tendency to corpulence. The Duke doated on him,—so did his mother. They often drove over from Bushy to see him. Well do I remember the latter, with her dark expressive eye and deep sonorous tones. Methinks I see her now, leaning with folded arms on the desk in Shetky's study, watching with intense interest the progress Fitz made in his drawing; and Fitz drew well too, in a bold off-hand style.

Vernon, a son of the Archbishop of York, and a Queen's page, was my front-rank man. We slept in the same dormitory. I used to listen with open ears to his accounts of the old Queen (Charlotte), his attending her to the theatre when on duty at the palace, what he had witnessed at court, &c. &c.; all which proved extremely interesting to me, a lad of fourteen, brought up in the provinces. Cumberland, the son of the dramatist, was another Queen's page,—so, if I recollect aright, was Disbrowe. Then there was Bentinck, and Bertie, and Fitzroy, and Paulett, and Burke Cuppage, and Vandeleur, and De Roos, and the two Fanes, and the two Ruffos, and Finch, and Lord Arthur Hill, with a host of others, bearing names scarce less illustrious. Where are the majority? Battening the soil of Spain, Portugal, America, France, the Indies, and Flanders!

David Erskine commanded the C company—a great drill, but still greater original. Poor dear, choleric, warm-hearted, eccentric Davy! I see him now, in his huge quaint cocked hat, with his sash hanging about his heels, bawling through his nose, "Plant your time, gentlemen, plant your time—one a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!—Tread firm—firm and consolidated as a rock, gentlemen!" A strange mixture of the ludicrous and grandiloquent! But, in truth, Erskine, though more efficient, was not much better qualified for his position than Otter, though it must be confessed he manœuvred his company admirably.

The B was the crack company. Wright, who commanded it, dedicated his whole energies to its efficiency. He was a tall, thin, upright military-looking figure, severe in aspect, stiff as a poker, pipe-clayed to a miracle! Though passionate and a rigid disciplinarian, Wright was not deficient in good-nature; he never forgot he was a gentleman, and a centurion over gentlemen, and possessed the rare tact of ensuring the obedience of the cadets without being disliked by them. Nor did Wright content himself with merely instructing his company in the manual and the eighteen manœuvres, but paid great attention to its *morale*, wisely judging that an officer is little worth unless he can command the respect and esteem of his men. In a word, Wright was, out and out, the most efficient officer at the college, indeed the only one, in my opinion, who had a clear perception of his duties. This excellent officer was a German, but spoke English so well that it was difficult to detect he was a foreigner. In fact, strange to say, Wright was the only officer in the establishment who could express himself properly, or address the column without exciting its laughter.

Major Macdermot, or *Major Mac,* as he was called, presented a gratifying instance of an officer's having risen by courage and good conduct from the lowest grades. Macdermot was short, but extremely strong and muscular. When only a corporal he had the misfortune, with one of his comrades, to fall into the hands of the French, a party of whom were conveying them to shore in a boat. Not relishing the idea of passing the prime of his days in a prison, Mac, by a back-handed stroke, suddenly knocked the soldier who sat next him into the sea, and seizing the man's musket, succeeded with the assistance of his comrade, in clearing the boat, in which they put out to sea, and escaped. For this daring feat Macdermot received an ensign's commission, and, on the establishment of the College, was made Major of Cadets and Inspector of Studies, an injudicious appointment, in so far as it deprived the service of an excellent officer in the field, where such were grievously wanted, and placed him in a position for which he was, in some respects, but indifferently qualified. The very circumstance of his having risen from the ranks, however meritorious in itself, prevented Mac's acquiring that weight in an institution so essentially aristocratic as the Military College, which was indispensably necessary for the due performance of his duties. And how could an uneducated, or self-educated man, however talented, form a proper judgment of the efficiency of professors, or the progress of their pupils in languages and sciences with which, at best he could be but indifferently acquainted? Neither did Mac, though as brave as Brutus, possess the latter's oratorical powers—a deficiency, the pompousness of his manner and enunciation only rendered more conspicuous. Take a specimen of his mode of addressing us. "Gentlemen! I am sorry to say some evil-disposed cadet or cadets have removed the pent-stock in the bathing-place. Perhaps, gentlemen, some of you are not exactly aware what a pent-stock is. A pent-stock is for the purpose of—of—It is placed in the bathing-place, gentlemen, and is a contrivance for—for—and a very useful one too, gentlemen. It is placed in the bathing-place, as I was proceeding to observe, for—for the purpose of—of—that is—I—I mean to say—In short, a pent-stock, gentlemen, is—a—a—pent-stock."

"Thankee, sir!" cries the Honourable Mr. Somebody in the rear rank, on which, of course, there is a general laugh. But Mac, in spite of his peculiarities, was a gentleman—the best sort of a gentleman—one of Nature's own making.

Colonel Butler, the Commandant, had been especially selected for the appointment. He was a tall, thin, thread-paper figure, very short-sighted, but a first chop-drill. He came from the artillery.

Twice a year we were reviewed by royalty—sometimes the Duke of York came, and sometimes the Duke of Kent. Old General Harcourt,* the Governor of the College, always turned out on these occasions. His square-cut coat and triangular cocked hat gave him very much the appearance of the Marquis of Granby or General Ligonier on a sign-post. Colonel Le Marchant, the Lieutenant-Governor, too, always attended. This splendid cavalry officer (afterwards killed in the Peninsula) was the *beau sabreur* of the British army. He had the reputation of being able to throw up a silk handkerchief and cleave it in twain at a *coup.* Of course we regarded such a warrior with an admiration not lessened by the gorgeous uniform he wore. But the

* Afterwards Earl Harcourt, and a great favourite with the Royal Family.

students of the senior department at Wickham,* who, in the uniforms of their respective regiments, formed a brilliant staff at these reviews, inspired us with still greater interest. These were the especial objects of our envy! Not even royalty had such attractions in our eyes. Many of these students had been our contemporaries—sat in the same study—stood in the same ranks—dined at the same table—been involved in the same punishment—yet there they were, as much officers as Wright himself—wearing sashes and epaulets—beyond the reach of the black-hole or dark room—no longer liable to be chivied for being out of bounds—in a word, they were free to go were they liked and do what they liked, even to cut Dolby,† and every species of study, and join their regiments if they were so minded. Lucky—lucky rogues! how we envied them. Freemantle, afterwards a favourite aide-de-camp of *The* Duke's was among these. He often came over with the Duke of Leinster, then at Eton, to see Fitzroy, his grace's cousin. Wheeler, the chaplain, like a true representative of the church militant, invariably attended these reviews in full canonicals, and afterwards said grace in the hall, when we went into dinner. Those eternal rice puddings! Let mine enemy ask me to dinner, and give me a rice pudding. He couldn't annoy me more. However, in justice to Lewis, the purveyor, I must say our fare was both plentiful and of good quality. The milk and bread especially I thought excellent.

At six o'clock the *réveillé* beat. After making our *toilette*, we marched to prayers. One of the college servants then went down the ranks with a large basket filled with bread, from which those, who felt inclined, took a piece, after which we were dismissed to our studies. At nine o'clock we breakfasted, at eleven went to drill, and at one, to drawing, fencing, classics, geography, or history, as the case might be. At three, the drum beating "*The Roast Beef of Old England,*" summoned us to dinner, which done, we adjourned to evening study. Our evenings were passed in our halls, except by the under officers, who had a room to themselves. This was called *recreation*. At nine, we were marched into supper, had prayers, and so off to our respective dormitories, to be roused again next morning by the unwelcome *réveillé*. Those who were sufficiently advanced in their drill to join the column, mounted guard in their turn, on which occasions they were exempt from study.

Of this, mathematics were considered the most important branch. Every month those cadets who were recommended by their respective professors as qualified for a higher class, underwent an examination by old Dolby. Not passing this, was called *spinning*.

Precious rough diamond, old Dolby;—self-taught, self-elevated, and certainly most exceedingly *self-willed*. In his coarse brown coat, corded smalls, and top-boots, he looked far more like a second class farmer than a professor of mathematics. Dolby's course of mathematics was, unquestionably, excellent. I doubt if anything could have been better adapted to the college. He possessed talents too of a very high order, and his knowledge in mathematics was profound. But I have observed that men of his calibre invariably make the *worst teachers*. They are too impatient,—they cannot bring them-

* These were all commissioned officers.

† The mathematical course,—so called because it was compiled by Dolby, the chief professor.

selves to teach the rudiments,—they can only lecture on the higher branches and more abstruse points, and it very often happens that they cannot communicate their knowledge at all. I do not say that this was the case with Dolby. As he was attached to the senior department, of course I had no opportunity of judging. But he certainly was the very worst examiner I ever encountered. He appeared not only surly and eccentric, but devoid of feeling. Instead of encouraging, he browbeat and abused us,—indeed, seemed glad, as I thought, when he had given us an equation or a problem we could not work out. Strange to say, most of the mathematical professors at Marlow were men of this description. They appear,—for what reason it would be difficult to divine,—to have been selected from an inferior grade altogether, and, however talented they might have been, they certainly were not proper persons to instruct youths destined to officer our army.

Many of the other professors were foreigners, or of foreign extraction. Among these was the father of those distinguished artists, John and Alfred Chalon, who recently died at the house of the latter in Wimpole Street, at the advanced age of ninety-two, which, considering his temperament, is not surprising. I never met a more easy or better tempered man than old Chalon. I never saw him in a passion. I don't recollect that I ever saw him even ruffled, which is saying much, considering how unruly we sometimes were. In truth, Chalon was a greater boy than the majority of his pupils, and I suspect liked study almost as little, for we did pretty much as we chose, which was nothing. It was quite farcical to see the grave faces both master and pupil put on when Major Mac., in the course of his duty, came into Chalon's study. In fact, it was a farce altogether. We were all acting parts. It was but another edition of the Irish hedge-school rehearsing when the squire rode by. Then there was the Abbé Bouffet, almost as good-natured as Chalon, who took more snuff than my Lord of Harrington; Le Comte de Saintard, very tenacious of his nobility, and a great man afterwards at the Restoration; the fine old general too, who taught fencing, another refugee; with the two De la Mottes, —all foreigners, and all gentlemen.

Like other collegians, we had our rows. A mortal feud existed between the cadets and the *bargees*, as we used to call the bargemen,—though how this feud originated, I suspect, neither party could tell. However, exist it did; so, whenever time hung heavy, whenever we didn't know what to do with ourselves, let us thrash the *bargees!* became the cry; so we thrashed them,—as, indeed, we were very well able to do,—being thirty to one, and several among us eighteen years of age and upwards. The *bargees*, however, retaliated severely whenever they had an opportunity. Woe to the luckless cadet they could pounce upon singly.

The college fixed 1*l.* as the maximum of our pocket-money; but, alack! many of us spent that sum weekly,—the regulation was a dead letter. Some of the cadets had even lodgings; gave wine and tea-parties; kept their guns, dogs, horses, and—other appendages, or report belied them. But this was only done by sprigs of the *haute noblesse*, or sons of gentlemen of large fortune.

Breathes there a Marlow man who remembers not old Cole, the drummer? Breathes there a Marlow man who had not *good reason*

to remember him? This inexorable old pummeller of parchment officiated as postman. He received a gratuity for every letter, over and above the postage, as a perquisite for his trouble. Franked, or post-paid, he still received this gratuity, nor would he let you have your letter until you had paid it him. No! not though your heart leapt into your mouth at the sight of it, or sickened with apprehension when you discovered the black seal. No! you might as soon have coaxed cream out of a cat's mouth, as your letter out of old Cole's hand, until he had clutched his perquisite.

We were not allowed to go out of the town without a pass, which we seldom took the trouble of asking for, but went where we liked, sometimes extending our excursions as far as Medmenham Abbey, the *rendezvous* of the Hell-fire Club. The serjeants-major were always on the watch to report us if we went out of bounds. They had orders to *take our numbers,* which we wore stitched in yellow on the fronts of our foraging-caps. To prevent their doing this, we always gave chace. The moment we saw the serjeant-major, off we scampered over hedge, ditch, bog, and ploughed land, leaving him to catch or identify us if he could! It was an established joke on these occasions, to caution a new cadet to *turn his cap,* so that the serjeant-major shouldn't see his number. Of all the serjeants-major, Howe, of the C company, ran the swiftest. Howe enjoyed these *chivies.* He frequently omitted to report us if we gave him a good breathing.

At the time I speak of (1808) the college was in its infancy, to which the defects in its organization must be attributed. Among these I cannot forbear alluding to—for I should blush to do more—one of the punishments to which we were all liable. This was so puerile—so degrading—that I am utterly at a loss to conjecture with whom such a punishment could have originated. It would have disgraced a preparatory school. Yet many of those cadets who were subjected to this ridiculous deprivation, were absolutely commissioned officers at the time!!!

Mais nous avons changé tout cela! This disgraceful punishment has long been expunged from the code. Time and Sir Howard Douglass have worked wonders. During the governorship of this distinguished officer, whose work on military bridges is considered by all competent judges, not only in our own but all foreign services, as a master-piece, he dedicated his whole time and energies to the improving and perfecting of the college, which is now one of the very best military schools in Europe, and may safely compete with the Polytechnic at Paris, or its rival establishment at St. Cyr.

After remaining six months at Marlow, I was removed to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, at which I purpose having a shot hereafter.

TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS IN ITALY.

BY MRS. AUSTIN.

"ITALY is a hackneyed subject," is the dictum of every publisher, every critic, and almost every reader. Nevertheless, it is one which we propose to dispute; or rather to show that it is not the exhaustion of the subject of which the world has cause to complain, but the incompetency, the triviality, the ignorance of the inquirers. Travellers go to Italy to see certain things, which they are told others have seen, with which others have been enraptured, and, accordingly, with which they must be enraptured too. It supposes no remarkable stock of sensibility to beauty to be extremely excited by the aspect of the country, and no remarkable stock of learning to follow with some degree of interest the traces of the two most puissant and singular empires the world has seen. But the beauty which entrances the senses and exalts the imagination eludes the pen, and we are soon tired of reading what is little more than the expression of a pleasure we have not enjoyed, and may never enjoy. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether our historical knowledge would not be more increased from other sources, and whether travellers are generally provided with the requisite learning to throw any new light on the subject. Yet if we look over books of travels in Italy, we shall generally find that nine-tenths of them are occupied with descriptions or with historical allusions. Meanwhile what are the topics which remain untouched? It is hardly too much to say *all* that can interest or instruct the philosopher, the statesman, or the philanthropist. Of the Italian people we know absolutely nothing. This is, to be sure, less wonderful, when we consider how little we know of that powerful and eminent nation, with which we are at so many points in daily and hourly contact. Even of that nation we know little more than the portion which restlessness, vanity, the lust of power, and the lust of gain, force into the glare of publicity. But of that simple, and laborious, and frugal peasantry which cultivates, and in great measure possesses, the broad fields of fertile France,—of the thrifty and united households of her small *bourgeoisie*,—in short, of the heart and life-blood of the nation what do we know? Fatal ignorance! a brute chaotic mass, which lies ready at any time to receive the inspirations of the fiends of hatred, envy, and discord towards the strong, of contempt and oppression towards the weak, of antipathy towards all. Of this ignorance-begotten injustice no nation has had so much reason to complain as Italy. It is time that those who have no other interest in misrepresenting her than those of levity and prejudice should cease to do so. Paradoxical as it may appear, we venture to predict that the reparation of her wrongs of this sort will come from Germany; and that if she has but too much reason for her aversion to the very tongue of her masters, she must yet look to that tongue as the medium of a fair, and candid, and indulgent statement of her real character. For this task the calm habits of observation, the accurate research, and the tolerant and humane temper of the Germans alike fit them; while the absence of an arrogant nationality among them renders it possible for an author to be just to other nations without offending his own: a rare prerogative.

We have, therefore, no scruple in presenting our readers with the substance of an article from a German journal, so little known in this

country, that we might very safely have followed the beaten track of unacknowledged plunder (for which, indeed, there is no remote precedent in a higher quarter). But we prefer the *niaisérie* of confessing our theft. We have seen nothing in English half so good, and we are certain that we ourselves have nothing to offer to our readers half so worthy their attention as the very words of the German writer, who indicates the yet unapproached stores of amusement and information which Italy offers to the candid and careful observer. His suggestions, however, are not very likely to be listened to. They are attended with an enormous inconvenience: they suppose the necessity of *knowing* something. Who would submit to the trouble of study, or to the *gène* of conscience, when flippancy and presumption, set off by a smart style, will satisfy the public? It seems, however, that the complaints of the numberless books of travels in Italy, and of the poverty of their contents, are as loud in Germany as with us. The cause of this, says our author, is obvious enough: travellers, generally without any special knowledge or vocation, go to see the same objects, and each follows in the same track as his predecessors.

"It may be affirmed, without any exaggeration," says he, "that the internal condition of the people, the heart of the population,—the middling class,—the corner-stone on which the popular life of Italy rests, has been observed by very few travellers, and understood by fewer. To that end, more time, facility in the language of the country, extending even to an acquaintance with the dialects of the people, historical study, and above all *sympathy*, are required.

"We will speak first of the objects which are fitted to attract the attention of a man of general tastes and information, and shall then pass on to those special ones which we should recommend to the study of those qualified by previous instruction and habits of thought.

"In the first place, it is especially necessary to remark what an infinite deal is crowded together in a narrow space, and how one day's journey here affords more objects of interest than four hundred wersts elsewhere; how every place has its own history, often singularly interwoven with that of the peninsula, its diversities, more or less striking, in language and dress; how, in a small village, every toil and discomfort of the traveller are often richly compensated by buildings, monuments, inscriptions, and the loveliest scenery; but also how what is most interesting, most characteristic, lies far from the beaten track of the tourist; nay how, in proportion to its very remoteness, it assumes the character of a household national dish, as compared to the universal *table d'hôte*. And what are the people with whom the traveller generally comes in contact? The fellows who haunt the doors of inns and post-houses, or, at the best, the clever but cunning *vetturino*, the hard, business-like banker, the venal custom-house officer! What a tempting picture of the population of any country might be composed of analogous materials! And yet from such have people, calling themselves honest, allowed themselves to judge of Italy.

"Few indeed have first reflected that they were in presence of an ancient civilization which rests on perfectly peculiar bases; that here is the home, the citadel of Catholicism; that the country consists of a peninsula; that its inhabitants have for their neighbours the continent on one side, and several large islands on the other. To these conditions must be added the partition of the peninsula by the chain of the Appenines; the want of navigable rivers, which might carry commerce into the interior, or of canals, which might connect the one plain with the other. Often the coast of the world-connecting sea is uninhabited, because marshes poison the air; and where this is not the case, on the eastern shore, there are long tracts without harbours or roadsteads. Waterspouts, almost like those of the tropics, often, spite of

every artificial means of prevention, inundate the valley, and thence in so many parts the hills and the sides of the mountains are cultivated,—picturesque, but toilsome,—healthy, but far from the high road.

"And if the traveller direct his attention to the people, their daily walk of life, and their modes of thinking, he brings with him his own national ideas of country, education, property, birth, &c., and will involuntarily deceive himself as to the value of those words, when he applies them to Italian things.

"Courtesy can hardly be denied to the Italians by their worst enemy,—courtesy the most cordial, often coupled with a truly touching confidingness, but never devoid of a consciousness, often an over-estimate, of what is due to themselves. The foreigner who requires the smallest service must ask it politely, and acknowledge it thankfully, which does not appear very unreasonable. Good manners, joined with firmness, and at fitting times a clever, sprightly, and jocose reply, never fail of their effect; on the other hand, a hard, supercilious tone, or an ostentatious display of rank and importance, invariably fail: so does violence; to which the cautious Italian, even when himself enraged, can always oppose the most imperturbable coldness.

"The traveller who treads the soil of Italy should never forget that he is surrounded by the posterity of two or more peoples, the one of which was subdued by the other, and whose amalgamation has been but imperfectly accomplished during the lapse of centuries. Most of the peculiarities of the Roman people may be explained by this superposition of races. It is sufficient here to indicate this, as one of the most important elements in forming an estimate of the character of the people.

"Those who seek to apply English or even German ideas of wealth or competence to Italy will fall into the grossest errors. In the south, people live on incredibly little, and, in comparison with the north, they live on that little well; that is to say, they are not cold; they eat every day fresh vegetables, fish, and fruit, drink wine, iced orangeade, &c., gossip away a few hours in a coffee-house, and enjoy the free air of heaven in shade or sunshine infinitely more agreeably than we do. If they can earn some trifle with toil and sweat, their work is dispatched with great intelligence, and still greater expedition, in order the sooner to enjoy repose; the want of which will be understood by the Ultramontano, when he spends his third year in the south, and has a different blood in his veins from that which he brought with him. The half-naked Neapolitan is not a thief because he does not wear a respectable coat, nor a beggar, because his room has no furniture (excepting the spacious and generally clean bed) but two or three rush chairs and a few rude utensils. The street, the portico, the piazza, are his drawing-room, often his work-shop. He has less need to care for the future than we; and when the necessity of the moment drives him to labour, it is performed with double alacrity, in expectation of the enjoyment which is to reward him for the exertion. The rapidity in receiving and communicating thoughts and feelings, the suppleness and agility of our youth, is there prolonged into old age; and the farther south we go, the more simple and child-like (and also the more African and childish) do men appear.

"But the traveller must never lose sight of the antiquity of the civilization of these countries, nor of the fact that the want of thorough reforms is infinitely less felt in the masses than higher up in the scale of society. In this point of view Italy might be compared to a pyramid resting on its basis,—England to a cone, standing on its point. The latter retains its equilibrium only by perpetual motion; the former can hardly be moved from its place.

"For the wants which modern times have introduced among those nations which more especially react on Italy, and have for centuries decided her destiny, the peculiar wants which the last fifty years have engendered, are felt most painfully by the middle and higher classes; far less by the masses, who would be perfectly satisfied with a diminution in taxation,

speedy and impartial justice, and a steady, consistent, and vigorous administration; whereas the most sensitive side of the educated Italian is daily wounded, not only by the recollection of past greatness, but by the consciousness of deserving more than the present gives; by the example of the countless travellers who resort to this country, the lucrative enterprises undertaken in Italy itself by foreigners, and the haughty compassion of other lands.

"To him are wanting all the elements of the world in its modern form, and no less so, those of his old national luxury, which required a numerous retinue, feudal representation, in short, a sort of court, whether in town or country. The more thoroughly he understands the maladies from which his country and its government suffer, the more clearly must he see how difficult they are to cure; how impossible it is to reconcile their cure with the existing order of things. He is continually driven from his country, and yet it is too dear for him to bear to leave it. The same is the case with the form of his church, and hence he feels an indescribable attraction towards instructed foreigners, to whom he may pour out all his feelings, and from whom he may learn new views, correct the prejudices, and supply the defects of his own education. How his confidence has been requited by many, heaven above knows! The manufacturer of the higher class feels himself no less overshadowed in every department by the foreigner, and sees the governments under which he lives obstinately persisting in the most stupid system of restriction and monopoly. Were it possible to carry into effect an Italian commercial league like that of Germany, the government at its head would be the virtual sovereign of Italy. But since the Italian States cannot do without the protection of Austria, and will not openly recognize it, obstacles to any such extensive improvements present themselves, which we must at once acknowledge to be insuperable. The old feud of Guelf and Ghibelline still endures, under an altered form, in the customs tariff.

"Further, those who apply to Italy the ideas of nobility prevalent in any other country, must inevitably take an entirely false view, although the oldest houses of the present Italian nobility are derived from German and Norman invaders. It were more easy to draw a parallel between them and the patricians or *families*, as they are called, of the ancient free cities of the empire—such, for example, as Nürnberg. For the nobles of Italy early congregated within the walls of the cities, and dwelt there in fortresses, such as are still to be seen in Regensburg. These were the scenes of the street combats, such as those of the Montecchi and Lapelletti; of the forcible expulsion of tyrants, and of the return of the exiles by means of treachery or foreign aid, to exercise, with interest, the law of retaliation. In this city life, in the small number of the genuine high nobles, and in the limitation of nobility (peculiar to the Roman nations) to the sword, must be sought the explanation of the peculiar condition of the ancient nobility; in the education by priests, the complete political nullity, and the comparative insignificance of the armies of Italy, that of the modern, by those who wish to form a reasonable and fair judgment.

"The same applies to the *bourgeoisie* or middle class, which was and is blended and allied with the nobility by continual intermarriages, and by the facility with which titles of nobility may be purchased. We have seen an Orsini custom-house officer and gate-keeper in Tivoli, a Sanipani house-steward of the Austrian embassy at Rome, a Caraffa biscuit-baker in Naples; while, on the other hand, a dealer in French silks and a vetturino, make no insignificant figure as prince and marquis in Rome, and a noted dealer in ices has risen to baronial rank, without giving up his occupation. The ascent and descent of citizen and noble respectively, is more rapid than in most other countries of Europe. Family traditions, often of extreme antiquity, especially in Florence and Venice, are carefully preserved, and quickly brought to light in any better turn of fortune. Every family of the middle, and even lower class of citizens, has some ancient illustration to boast, some vanished importance religiously remembered. As the spirit of

the higher society of each city is preeminently local, so the modes of thinking are aristocratical in substance, democratical in expression. The hatred and contempt entertained by the mass towards those above them, is, in truth, nothing but envy, nothing but that feeling of vengeance, transmitted from generation to generation, of a subjugated and injured people towards its conquerors.

"Let us also take into account the enjoyments which the genial climate and the bounteous soil offer, even to the poorest; the excitability which even the northern temperament cannot escape, after a long residence in the atmosphere of Italy, and which gives a force to the impression of the moment that no reflection and no habit can resist; the tragical fate of the country for centuries, and the visible traces of vanished glories and of unmerited sufferings, but, above all, a system of repression and division, contrived for the purpose of counteracting the general tendency of the age to intellectual and political progress,—and we must acknowledge that a candid and equitable judgment of the condition of Italy is not easy to form, and is not to be dispatched after the fashion of many modern tourists.

"And how widely do the inhabitants of the peninsula differ in person, language, manners, mode of life, and occupation! The German, landing from Sicily on the coast of Tuscany, will seem half at home, while the Neapolitan may travel from the north as far as Terracina, without being forcibly reminded of his own country. Through the whole centre of Italy there runs a tract along the slopes of the Appenines, which, in every respect, but especially in agriculture, approximates to Southern Germany; while Genoa exhibits an African vegetation, and a people utterly distinct from all other Italians, even those nearest to them, in personal appearance, language, and character.

"We can understand how poetical natures, like Goethe and Byron, must be inflamed with ardour for the beautiful Andromeda, and how the latter should seek to become her Perseus. We can understand how others feebly echo their enthusiasm, quote Greek and Latin verses on every cicada and every laurel in their path, and thus indemnify themselves for all the sufferings their learning has cost them. But it is hard to understand, and harder to endure, that amidst the host of tourists, we seek in vain for a clear and true picture of this singular country.

"This seems to justify our attempt to give to travellers, whose numbers are so vastly increased by the long peace, and by all the improvements in communication consequent upon it, not a printed *laquais de place* for the show cities, but a criterion by which to judge of what has been written upon Italy during the last ten years, and a few hints to those who may be inclined to publish the results of their observations.

"Of travels which aim at embracing all possible subjects, and hence seldom get beyond superficial remarks, we have more than enough; and here, as in other branches of knowledge, what is wanted is, books devoted to special departments, more especially since a fertile, and nearly unattempted, field lies open to the enquirer.

"Let us begin with the Church, whose relation to several of the Continental States has lately attracted universal attention in a manner little favourable to herself, or beneficial to society.

"A great deal is wanting before we can obtain a clear idea of the position which the Roman Curia has taken up with reference to the States of Italy, and Europe generally; or how the efforts now making to construct a philosophical basis for the Catholic Church as a centre,—how the talents, characters, and acquirements of the central authorities, accord with the time and its demands. Restored, or long subsisting ecclesiastical societies, the vast and powerful Propaganda, the colleges for the education of foreign priests, in short, the mutual action and reaction of Rome and the whole Catholic Church, are very far from being sufficiently known or appreciated. A clear and impartial solution of this problem were indeed far from easy, but unquestionably in the highest degree useful, interesting, and worthy of all the efforts of a mind of the highest order and endowments.

"If we pass on to the social and political state of Italy, we can only cordially wish success to the qualified observer who would instruct us as to the condition of the agricultural classes; the position of the towns with regard to the country; the influence of the poor laws and the charitable institutions on the population. He will conceive the most exalted idea of the state of things from the statutes, while he will often have to sigh over their administration. The influence of legislation, the *majorat*, the system of dower, the indissolubility of marriage, will not escape his observation, and will render perfectly simple the solution of many things which have appeared a riddle to former travellers. He will find the decay of the social fabric in direct proportion to the mixture of successive conquerors, and will learn to understand and to deplore the numerous abortive attempts to give unity and freedom to the peninsula, which he will regard as a symptom of a lingering moral malady. His observations will lead him to the conclusion that unity is far more important to a nation than what now passes in France, and generally in Italy, under the name of liberty; and that nearly every element necessary to the construction of a durable republic, or even of a government by two Chambers, is wanting.

"The scientific soldier will earn our thanks if he will study and explain the campaigns of Hannibal, from his passage of the Alps; the system of fortification known to the earliest inhabitants of Italy, and that practised by the Romans. Scarcely anything whatever is known of the military value of the walls of Rome, and of their weak points; of the Caudine passes, and the two central fortresses, Alba Fucense and Corfinium; of the military significancy of the polyponic fortifications; yet it seems worth the trouble to study in detail the peculiar system of that people which carried the art of war to the highest perfection.

"On the other hand, the peaceful agriculturist must not think that he has nothing to learn in Italy. The irrigation and system of compost in Lombardy; the extremely ancient and astonishing cultivation of the neighbourhood of Naples; the husbandry of the Agro Romano, described, but by no means exhausted, by Chateauvieux, are deserving of careful investigation, and will certainly reward it by the discovery of many methods of practical utility for other countries.

"To the no small injury to the purse of their employers, to convenience, and to good taste, architects have hitherto devoted their attention rather to the remains of ancient art, than to the wonderfully practical and appropriate domestic architecture of Italy. The manufacture of bricks and ornaments in terra cotta; the farm buildings of Tuscany and Lombardy; the simplicity of scaffolding and frames of roofs; the admirable distribution of the rooms; the production of agreeable effects by simple means, are the points which we should wish to see especially studied by architects who cross the Alps; for in architecture the rule holds good, to be just before we are generous.

"When we remark how few architects have given their attention to the aqueducts, the drainage of the maremma, the dams of the Po, the irrigation of the valley of Spoleto, or (if their genius leads them rather to ornamental art) to the tasteful and ingenious arrangements for popular and religious festivals, for decoration suited to the place and the occasion, we can only regret that many professional men who have been sent by governments to Italy for this purpose, have given us no information as to the result of their inquiries; especially an *employé* of the French Government, who was commissioned to study the popular festivals in the great cities of Italy, with a view to the application of their details to Paris.

"Commerce and manufactures, in which Italy was once the mistress of the whole western world, afford, indeed, little matter of inquiry; yet even here the capabilities of the country and the people, and their possible relations to other countries under altered circumstances, are well worthy of inquiry.

"The various shades of the Italian language may well occupy the philologist. The origin, peculiar character, and civilization from without, of each tribe are to be traced in and through its dialect; each dialect is the

crystallization of the intellectual life of those who speak it. Fernow and Valentini have already arrived at surprising results with regard to the antiquity of dialects, the admixture of German and Arabic, nay, even the diversities of pronunciation; but there is still an immense field for discovery in this department.

"Of the rich results of historical research Ranke, Niebuhr, and Raumer give proofs, which render it unnecessary to say more, than that there still remain boundless treasures wholly untouched. We will only remark, that the history of the cities, with their singular statutes, with their strange mixture of old Roman, German, and Byzantine elements, has never been thoroughly investigated, nor viewed and delineated in any comprehensive manner. From the local spirit of the Italians, the true and intimate condition of the people can be brought to light only from a comparison of the history of the several cities.

"The antiquarian has not only new discoveries to add to those already made; he has to throw light on the writers of antiquity by inspection and comparison, and especially to bring back to us the ancient world in that which constitutes its chief pre-eminence, in its fresh, natural intelligence, and its simple grandeur. Antique men, in this sense, are everywhere to be found; in Italy, more among the common people; in the north, more among the higher classes. Perhaps they were most abundant in Italy in the wild and stormy times of the sixteenth century. It is the more desirable in our days to preserve the standard of that departed greatness, and to endeavour that its second birth may at least be *possible* when its hour comes. The enormous mass of antiquarian knowledge existing wants still to be naturalized with this view. We mimic the form, but neglect to reproduce the essence.

"The natural sciences have sent their emissaries in great number, and with good results, to Italy. In this branch we have only to wish for a successful progress in the course already opened.

"How gladly should we say the same of the fine arts! But on this subject it is difficult to speak without bitterness; for how many go with very defective technical knowledge and infinite conceit, with great poetry and little industry, to this holy sepulchre of art, and how few get beyond mediocrity in composition, design, or execution, or some particular taste, some exclusive partiality for one department or one school of art! We must wait for a more true and more able age before we can expect anything very great or beautiful.

"We are regaled but too often with *genre* pictures and *rechauffées* of religious subjects; while we should fare much better on broad humour, on vigorous, or even rude nature. The genuine, racy plebeianism of Italy, that often charming return to nature, that existence consciously divested of all "comforts" and all conveniences,—those bright and noble qualities which gleam forth, spite of manifold oppression, misery, and deliberate degradation, (like the flower that finds its morsel of soil amidst ruins,)—this especially deserves to be studied, delineated, and enjoyed.

"Even the mere *bon vivant* might furnish a useful and pleasant contribution, if he would describe the national dishes, the respective qualities of the wines, the mode of preparing ices, the excellent arrangement of the coffee-houses, the variety of fast dishes, the delightful spacious beds, and the way in which the rooms are kept cool. From the risotto of the Milanese to the incomparable sweetmeats of the Sicilian nuns, almost every place affords its peculiar pleasure to the palate of him who does not want to eat roast-beef and potatoes everywhere, or to carry his tea-kettle up Etna. But the traveller who wishes to study men must quit the high road, and must begin by dismissing from his mind those 'comforts,' of which the Italian, with great justice, I think, says, what Christina of Sweden caused to be inscribed over the throne she abdicated, '*I want it not: it does not content me.*' It is, however, difficult to understand why so many tourists have followed the track of the herd, and avoided the short *detour* to Brescia and Bergamo, or even to Ravenna. Brescia is interesting for the works of art newly disco-

vered there; Bergamo, for its antiquities and its silk-growing; but above all Ravenna, for the noblest monuments of a time of which the rest of Italy possesses scarcely any vestige. And then farther on, San Marino, the only remaining Italian republic; Urbino, the birth-place of Raphael; the whole tract of country from Macerata to Tarento, on the shores of the Adriatic, nay, even Volterra, Prato, Pistoja, near as they are to Florence, are hardly visited by one traveller in a thousand. Nobody goes from Rome to the ancient Via Salaria, a miracle of Roman construction; nor even to the magnificent Ponte di Nono, which is within a walk,—because it is not the fashion. The same fate attends the Lago Eclano, with the canal for draining off its waters, the gigantic work of the Emperor Claudius; the two monuments at Nuri in Sardinia, which are still a riddle to the antiquary; nay, even the Frescos in the church of Santa Chiara at Montefalco, only four or five miles from the cross roads at Faligno. The short digression from San Quirico to Pienza would be well rewarded by the sight of a town raised as if by enchantment in the fifteenth century, at the command of Pius II., by the best architects of Italy, yet how few make it; and in the circuit of a few leagues around Romiglione, an Etrurian sepulchral valley (Val Ditto) vainly invites observation. It is not in the high road; people are afraid of robbers, bad beds, and flapping windows, and they conclude, if it were worth the trouble of going to see, it would be in the guide-books, and would be the fashion.

"An active pedestrian might write a very interesting description of a route almost unknown, which would but rarely cross the great roads. To be sure he might often ask in vain in the shops for *gants glacés* or 'James's powders,'—often have to throw himself on the hospitality which, in places far from the high road, is touchingly cordial; but one day will give him a clearer insight into the character and condition of the people than a month on the Lungarno at Florence, the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, or the Villa Reale at Naples. We might with more truth affirm that Italy only begins where the beaten road ceases, than that the part through which flows the ceaseless stream of foreigners is genuine Italy.

"Such cross-country expeditions as we recommend require a renunciation of many wants and many prejudices; good health, good temper, a courteous address, facility in speaking the language, and time. But we think we can assure every instructed traveller so qualified, that his labours will be richly rewarded, even if he has no intention of bringing them before the public. It would be a true journey of discovery,—a completion of what we have learned from books. There the loves and the hates of former times,—the southern vehemence, tempered by cordial politeness,—the unobliterated stamp of the middle ages,—the true relation of Italy, as she now is, to the present age and to her contemporaries, would stand revealed to the mind of the observer. He would learn to be not only just and cautious, but gentle and indulgent in his judgments of this interesting country; and, while he would often find reason to revert with secret thankfulness to the land of his birth, he would admire the intellectual gifts, the bodily vigour, and the kindly temper of a people once so great, now fallen from its high estate, and left in the rear of nations; he would appreciate their ability to resume their former eminent station, the moment that the obstacles produced by division, by forcible depression, and especially by false and imperfect culture, are removed. This, however, can take place only under the permanent sway of a ruler who is resolutely bent on improvement, and whose iron will can enchain the bad spirits, and maintain the good in well-ordered activity."

The field of enquiry here opened to our view with so much genuine knowledge, such large humane views, and so cordial a grace, is, we think, sufficiently extensive and inviting fully to justify the assertion with which we set out; that it is not of the redundance, but the poverty of our information about Italy that we have to complain. "A prudent

questioning," says Bacon, "is a kind of half knowledge;" how few visit any country with the stock of preliminary information, or the habits of accurate thinking, or the superiority to prejudice, indispensable to any one who undertakes to describe the complex machine of human society, under a new aspect.

We cannot conclude without begging to give a wider application to many of our author's just and admirable remarks. There is no country that has not suffered under the injustice of ignorance; none that has not been wronged and insulted with a levity that, between man and man, fear of consequences renders impossible. But the ungenerous, the presumptuous, and the reckless know that they may calumniate a whole people with impunity—alas! with success and advantage. This is a war in which the battle is pre-eminently to the weak. The uncalculating levity of a sprightly woman, or the discomposed habits of a self-indulging one, or the mortifications of a vain one, have sent streams of gall flowing through all the hidden channels of society, and added to the difficulties which the masculine vices of lust of power, of glory, or of blood, are continually raising up in the way of those who sacrifice their own peace to the peace of the world. While people think it lawful and expedient to publish their "impressions" of a country, of which they do in fact know nothing, and which they are, nine times out of ten, incapable of judging;—while these "impressions" are almost always communicated by the most impressionable, consequently the least reflecting, part of society;—while conscience is not even consulted about the truth, this evil will continue, and will increase; till, at length, the public will turn round upon its pleasant deceivers, and will ask for more trust-worthy guides.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

BY "THE OLD MAJOR."

As frost upon the hills
  In autumn's yellow day,
Memento of the coming
  Of winter and decay;
As a leaf in summer falling
  On the green parterre,
Is that monitor to man,—
  His first grey hair!

Grey hairs are meant for wisdom
  And sober reverence;
Reject not, man, the teaching
  Of their silent eloquence.
From the garden of thy thoughts
  Pluck out the choaking tare,
And take prudence by the hand
  With thy first grey hair.

Pause, lady, at the mirror,
  Nor slightingly disdain
The little sign that telleth
  Of beauty on the wane.
Oh! hold not face and form
  And vanities too dear,
And thou wilt not dread the sight
  Of thy first grey hair.

Thy child wilt best become
  Thy gems and costly gear:
Yea, men will praise thy wisdom,
  And think thee still more fair.
Old time shall be forgotten,
  And cheated year by year,
If shame is but a stranger
  To thy first grey hair!

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Doctor's story continued.

Early the following morning, Brian was an applicant for admission into the doctor's sanctum, and, through the black-eyed attendant, claimed right of entry into a place from which, in Faunce's parlance, the "profanum vulgus" were excluded,

"And had his claim allowed."

The young Irishman found the votary of the god who presideth over poesy, and also "patronizes physic," deeply occupied with pills and potions, and as he rubbed ingredients obtained from divers bottles cunningly together, the union of civilities and technicalities he delivered over his mortar was exceedingly amusing.

"Glad to see you," he commenced, as Brian was ushered into the presence. "Fine morning this. Flying report brought last night to the 'Chequers' by a commercial traveller, that a case of cholera had occurred in St. Giles's. *Guttæ decem,*" he muttered, as drop by drop he dispensed some liquid from a phial. "Humph! the fellow is strong as a horse,—I'll give him twenty." On he went rubbing and muttering until his task was completed, his Ariel in the clocked stockings summoned, her basket filled with the morning supply of Galenicals, and herself dispatched to carry relief to the afflicted, and prove to the good people of Homesdale, that in the person of Doctor Faunce, and the contents of his surgery, they had balm in Gilead.

"And now, Polly," he concluded, as he packed the last potion in the basket, "be off,—and let it be understood, that man, woman or child is not to gain admission here, until I have considered all the symptons of this young gentleman's case, whose diagnosis is far from clear."

The door was carefully closed, and the doctor took up the thread of a story which had undergone disruption twice, namely, by a lady's case, professionally termed "interesting," and a miller in apoplexy.

"Well—where did I leave of? Oh—at Mr. Hunsgate's return home, and my encounter with the sailor.

"I remember the evening well, when Mr. Hunsgate's travelling-carriage drove through the village. He noticed me with a haughty bow, and I fancied that his face looked more care-worn, and its expression even gloomier than usual. I entered the parlour of the 'Chequers,' and sat down to talk politics for half an hour with the gauger and a retired quarter-master, who had domiciled himself in

the village. He died, poor man, the following spring. I did all I could for him—but what can be done for a patient who comes to you after leaving his liver in the East Indies?"

Brian bowed assent to the truth of the observation, and the doctor continued.

"I had arranged a new ministry, finished my pipe, and was preparing to take my departure, when a confidential servant from the Priory arrived in haste, and called the landlord from the parlour. The absence of the host was short, for the business that brought the messenger was easily concluded. He came to inquire after the sailor I had met in the park the preceding evening, and all that Dick Tubbins could tell him in return was, that he, the sailor, had paid his bill in the morning, asked the shortest road to the next town, shouldered his kit, which was contained in a pocket-handkerchief, and taken his departure. Then came the astounding information that Mrs. Hunsgate and her maid were missing from the Priory!

"Great was the sensation which this intelligence created in the village, and manifold the conjectures as to what it meaned. Suspense was briefly ended—for next morning it was ascertained that Mrs. Hunsgate had levanted with her former lover, who effected the elopement by assuming the disguise of a mariner.

"There are two methods to which injured husbands generally resort,—and while some require personal, others prefer legal redress. Mr. Hunsgate chose the latter, and it was expected that at the earliest opportunity he would, in the first instance, lay his grievances before a jury, and demand damages for the loss that he had sustained, and afterwards sue for a divorce from the frail offender. Months, however, passed, and the gentlemen of the black robe were not called into operation. Strange rumours went abroad—and it was whispered that the lord of the Priory had been induced to stay, if not abandon, hostile proceedings, by the threat that if a defence were necessary, some disagreeable disclosures must be made. Heaven knows what these might actually have been—but it was reported that the lady long before her *escapade* had been an alien to the marriage bed,—that Mr. Hunsgate never ventured to sleep without lights in the chamber,—and that his rest was broken by terrific dreams, which at times almost unsettled reason. During these nocturnal visitations, much that was mysterious had escaped his lips, and sleeping revellations were made which connected him with what many conjectured, but none presumed to say. Certain it is, that years have since elapsed, and the lord of the Priory has pocketed his wrongs, and neither by pistol or parchment sought reparation for the greatest injury—as barristers who go circuit call it—that one man can sustain at the hands of another.

"It was during the early part of the winter which succeeded the spring when Mrs. Hunsgate had abandoned home and husband, that, wearied with professional fatigue, I was taking "mine ease" in this elbow-chair. A gentle knock brought my helpmate to the door, and she returned to say that a stranger demanded admission. With an ill grace I directed him to be shewn in, and next moment a tall military-looking man was introduced to the sanctum. To me, he was utterly a stranger; and in his air and bearing there was as much to command deference and respect, as to convey a feeling of intimidation. He was a man of middle age,—his figure was nobly set up,—

his step firm, — his eye dark, fiery, and intelligent, — his cheek bronzed by sun and storm, and scarred deeply by a wound. His whiskers, brows, and moustache were thick, and coal-black. His dress evidently foreign ; and trowsers and frock were richly laced and frogged. I desired him to take a chair, and politely inquired what might have occasioned at that late hour the honour of a visit, adding a hope that illness was not the cause.

"'If there be any, doctor,' returned the stranger, as he stood leaning carelessly on the back of the chair, 'it is unhappily beyond your leech-craft. In bodily health I need not a physician; but, if you can go beyond the ordinary reach of art, and 'minister to a mind diseased,' doctor, I shall become your patient.'

"'May I, then, inquire what your visit is occasioned by?'

"'Some anxiety to recall an old friend to memory, and a little curiosity to ask that friend a few questions.'

"'Friend!' I exclaimed. 'You must mistake me for another. I never saw you before.'

"'If there be, like Shakspeare's Dromios, a second Doctor Faunce, the error is possible.'

"I nodded a negative, and declared that I was the only licentiate of that name in Britain, who under the authority of the College of Surgeons, was authorized to cure.

"'Or kill, doctor,' said the stranger, with a sickly smile. 'And, have you forgotten an old friend? Ah! 'tis easily understood. Twelve years,—sharp service,—and half-a-dozen winters in Siberia, will change a man's appearance. Look at me again. Can you trace nothing to bring me back to memory?'

"'There is something in your voice,—a something in your mien that—no—no; 'tis impossible—'

"'Go on.'

"'Recalls one whom I but slightly knew, and one who can never be forgotten. His name was—'

"'Ralph Devereux.'

"'Good God! know ye aught about him?'

"'Nothing more particular at present, than he stands in the citadel he once before invaded. The impudent light dragoon is transmuted into a commander of cuirassiers,—and in Colonel St. Aulair a quondam corporal of hussars might probably be discovered.'

"I looked stedfastly at the stranger; and, notwithstanding the united assaults of climate, time, and hardship, I recognized in the scarred veteran the young and handsome soldier, whose course of ambitious love ran smooth as the summer sea at its commencement, but closed, alas! with stormy violence.

"'And is it possible that the husband of Emily Hunsgate stands in this room a second time, after an interval of twelve years?'

"The stranger bowed.

"'What business, captain, brings you hither?'

"'If you will give me a military title, you must add a few steps, and term me colonel. But we will not waste time idly, for ere the sun rises I shall be some miles from this.

"'Whither are you going, and when do you return?'

"'I know as little of my destination as you do, and the period of my return, if ever that should take place, is equally uncertain. One thing you may rest assured of, Doctor, if the latter event occur,

there is not a corner of Britain that shall not be informed of my advent. But, to the point—I am come to solicit information of the deepest importance—and to obtain the confidence I require, I shall make an unreserved disclosure in return to you. How say ye—shall we not deal on these equitable terms of mutual barter?'

"'There can be nothing connected with Colonel Devereux's career,' I replied, 'which will not possess a deep interest for me—and there is no information I could render, or service I can perform, consistently with the honour of a respectable practitioner, which should be withheld from the husband of the sweetest invalid, whose pulse was ever pressed by a physician.'"

Brian could not suppress a smile. In the gravest passages of his life, Faunce could not separate the doctor from the man, and no matter what the subject was, he always contrived to intermingle facts with physic.

"'I thank you my once tried friend—and I pray your attention to me,' returned the Colonel, 'my story shall be as much compressed as possible.'

"'To recall to the only living witness of the parting interview between my angel wife and her imperious mother that scene, would be waste of what is precious—time. You saw us depart—none attempted to obstruct, nor did any venture to pursue us; and after the first day's journey, on account of Emily's recent indisposition, we travelled slowly, and coolly talked over the past, and consulted what the course of the future should be.

"'My first determination was to retire from the service,—and, by residing abroad, husbanding the produce of my commission, with the assistance of a small paternal income, we might live in humble independence. The marked animosity to me—the fiendish ebullition with which she poured forth her maledictory wishes upon the only being who had a mother's claim upon her affections—all proved that we were aliens to her for life. Between us the Rubicon was passed; Mrs. Hunsgate would never stoop to pardon, nor I, to accept a pecuniary civility. We, therefore, for prudential considerations, selected the Low Countries for our present abiding place.

"'If there be blessing to the body politic in a free press, an infinity of individual annoyances arise from latitude of remark, in which truth generally forms with the writers a very secondary consideration. Never was man excoriated by newspaper paragraphs more unmercifully than myself, and had I time, and thought it not *infra dignitatem*, I should have broken the bones of half the editors in England. Every distorted statement which could have annoyed me and exasperated Mrs. Hunsgate was given; one paper congratulated me—another offered condolence to the bereaved mother. The Irish journals described me unanimously as a soldier of promise, and an honour to the Emerald Isle. The English, on the contrary, mentioned the 'painful occurrence with regret,' and generally concluded with an admonitory caution to 'Parents and Guardians,' to keep a sharp look out after daughters and wards of Chancery, and eschew dragoon officers and gentlemen from Ireland, as carefully as they would the Prince of Darkness himself.

"'I mentioned that we had selected the Low Countries for our land of exile, but the town in which we should take up our residence, was yet to be determined on. We made a temporary halt at Flushing

while I should make enquiry touching what advantages the different Flemish towns presented to the economist—and while Emily and I were discussing the merits of Ostend, Bruges, and Brussels, after dinner, the second evening, a visitor was announced. The colour left my wife's cheeks; but aware that we were without the pale of English law, and consequently, of English persecution, I nodded at the adjoining table, on which two brace of pistols were laid, and assured her there was no cause for alarm. To an Irish matron, and particularly a Connaught gentlewoman, whose ears from infancy are accustomed, as Byron says, to the click of a pistol, this intimation would have been a *quietus* to every apprehension; but the *entrée* of the dreaded stranger did more to remove alarm, than the knowledge I had conveyed that there were efficient means of defence at my elbow.

"'A more singularly-shaped visitor never made an evening call. I verily believe that within the limited altitude of five feet five inches, an equal quantity of 'too, too solid flesh' was not contained in Belgium. His was indeed the fullest amplitude of Dutch proportions, and his Flemish costume shewed off his obesity to perfection. On entering the presence, he made a deferential bow, and then handed me a card on which 'Mr. Daniel O'Devereux' was engraven. The appearance of the visitor had abated poor Emily's fears. He was clearly not a man designed for 'stratagems and war'—and if a recapture of the fugitive, or any other hostile design were contemplated by her mother, Mr. Daniel O'Devereux would not have been the person selected to effect it.

"'I looked at the card first, and the man afterwards. He an Irishman? No, veritable Dutch, by everything exuberant! I handed him a chair, requested him to be seated, and then inquired what business had procured me the honour of a visit?

"'The reply was curt and unsatisfactory,—'Are you the William Devereux about whom all the row has been made?'

"'There was such an entire absence of the least intention of offence in the appearance of the fat querist, that without hesitation I admitted my identity with him who had caused such commotion, from the columns of *The Morning Post* even to *The Skibbereen Independent*.—'Wonderful!' returned the stout burgher; 'and are ye one of the Irish Devereuxs?'—'I rather think there are none other of the name, save Irish,' I replied.—'And, did you ever hear, pursued the visitor, 'of a gentleman called Ignatius Devereux? The country people, for shortness, always called him Natey.'—'The said Natey, or Ignacious, if he lived in the old house of Killsalla, was my grandfather.'—'Holy Mary!' exclaimed the little man, as he crossed himself; and your father was — Michael Devereux. — Oh! *mona-sin diaoul!* (may the Lord pardon me for swearing in the presence of the lady!) it 's the same! Murder! murder! isn't it a quare business?'—'What is a queer business?' I inquired rather sharply.—'Don't fluster me, for the love of God!' exclaimed my fat friend, 'for I 'm so overjoyed that I don't know how the divil to go about explaining it.'—'Probably a glass of wine might assist you,' I said, presenting one to the stout gentleman.—He drank it to the health of my lady and myself, deposited it on the table, and then, in a mixed dialect, in which the most erudite grammarian could not pretend to decide whether Dutch, English, or Irish predominated, he returned

thanks to heaven for some favour which we could not understand, wrung my hand in his, and welcomed me to Flushing.

"'All this to me was *caviare;* and I was puzzled sadly to know what interest a porter-butt on short stilts could take in me. Conjecture was idle; and the better plan was to be patient, and let the little man elucidate his own mystery. He did so; and, in the words of my loving cousin (for he was an off-shoot from the family tree) Mr. Daniel O'Devereux thus detailed his history:—'It was the year of the Rebellion (1798) — bad luck attend the inventors of the same!—that, because I could read and write, I was chosen secretary by a lodge of United Irishmen. How the divil they managed to hook me in I never yet could discover; for your father—God rest his soul! was a red-hot orangeman; and, though I was bred a Catholic, yet, ye know, we all looked up to him as the head of the Devereuxs. Well, for about a month after the rising, as they called it, there were beautiful times in Wexford. Every man took what he pleased. We overturned the established church by pulling down that of Enniscorthy, and, by making a bonfire of Beresford's notes, imagined we were breaking that bank past redemption, while, as it appeared afterwards, the more we burned the more the bank was benefited; but we never discovered that secret until it was too late. A pack of old women, called generals, who commanded the regulars, made everlasting mistakes; the captains of yeomanry rectified them. Down went the rebellion like the stick of a sky-rocket, and hanging and quartering was the order of the day. If you have the kindness to look at me,' continued the little man, in a tone so irresistibly comical that even poor Emily laughed heartily, 'I have not a neck that would bear experiments. Naturally apoplectic, I had a horror of the rope; and although, if God's truth be told, innocent of battery and battle, and a man never intended by nature for a man of war, my sign-manual was found to divers seditious papers, and, egad! I was comprehended in the proclamation excluding burly priests and desperate insurrectionists from mercy altogether. I, too, was put up for apprehension at a premium of fifty pounds! My dear sir! I was not worth fifty pence for the ends of justice; and I don't think a score of people would have come a mile to see me hanged. The devil take my secretaryship! there lay the mischief. You can scarcely imagine the scene a suppressed insurrection produced. Holy fathers, who commanded in chief; country gentlemen, whom the devil persuaded to turn patriots, — inculcating liberty by ramming everybody who differed with them into prison, and teaching humanity by the application of the pike; these, and hundreds of inferior malefactors, were now playing least in sight, and running helter-skelter over the country, to find some place of concealment until either they could quit the kingdom, or the vengeance of the royalists should abate. To do the latter justice, if the rebels, in their brief hour of success, had abused temporary authority, now in their utter prostration they received an equitable return—and the gallows and cat-o'-nine-tails were the arguments employed to turn them from the evil of their ways. An old proverb says that 'there is nothing like leather;' and, I suppose, in political matters there is no remedy like hemp—at least the Irish executive in Ninety-eight were decidedly of that opinion. For a short-necked personage like myself the very thought of pressure on the wind-pipe was alarming; and I

thought it rather hard that a man who never had a deadlier weapon in his hand than a goose-quill, should be tucked up with holy fathers who caught musket-balls like marbles, or commanders who figured in battle-fields from which I took especial care to be absent without leave. One by one, my fellow-fugitives were picked up; and within a month half the heads of my acquaintances were fixed upon spikes, and ornamenting jails and market-houses. I could not expect to evade pursuit much longer. My person was more remarkable than symmetrical. I communed with myself, and found that I was in that pleasant position which sailors describe as being "between the devil and the deep sea,'—to wit, the gallows on one hand, and your father on the other.'

"'I ventured to interrupt the stout gentleman's narrative, by an inquiry of in what way my respected parent and the gallows formed, as it would appear, the horns of the dilemma that puzzled him. —'Oh! that is easily explained,' he returned. 'If I were caught, up I should go to a dead moral on the next market-day, and the only chance of escaping was to throw myself in a sort of forlorn hope under the protection of your father, one of the most furious zealots of the times, whom I knew to be additionally exasperated against the insurgents, because several of his own name, and some not remotely related, had taken a lead in the insurrection. It was a critical question to decide. I was half famished, hiding in bog and mountain, the lady there might have spanned this waist, now of such respectable circumference. If I were not hanged, I was certain to be starved—and at the best it was but life protracted for a brief span. Well, if I surrendered to your father, he might fancy that I should be made an expiatory sacrifice for the disloyalty of some of the sept, and throttle me to the next tree, to prove that in choking rebels he made no distinction between Tyrian and Trojan. Still I determined to make trial, stole after night into the park, and lay down in a clump of evergreens to watch an opportunity of making an appeal to his humanity in private. I waited all the next morning in vain; for four-and-twenty hours food had not crossed my lips; worse still, no water was procurable, and I half determined to go boldly to the hall and be hanged at once. There was a yeoman picket on the lawn. I knew every individual well. Some had lost relations, others property, during the outbreak—and there was not a man among them that would not have been particularly gratified to see me hung up to air on a branch of the oak tree, under whose shade they and their horses were bivouacked. I was actually in despair, when your mother—may her soul rest in peace!—issued from the hall door, and sauntered leisurely across the lawn, and directly towards the clump in which I had concealed myself. Here, again, was another cause of dubitation. Mrs. Devereux was a proud and masculine-minded woman, a fiery loyalist, and hot-blooded as her husband was; and if report might be credited, she was lady paramount in everything. When her lord had been engaged at New Ross and Vinegar-hill, she held the house with a dozen men too old for other service. In vain Father Murphy and a rabble of five hundred, by promises and threats, would have induced her to surrender—she carried refreshments to the marksmen who occupied the upper windows—the lower were built up—and when bullets began to fail, she melted the pewter vessels, and furnished a fresh supply. Among

our people the common saying was, that 'Ralph Devereux was the devil, and his wife was worse.' What chance had I then with her? Still in woman, from the most imperious bosom some feminine spark may be elicited, and I determined to make an attempt upon the lady's compassion—and as she passed my concealment, and when the evergreens screened me from the view of the yeoman picket, I ventured to present myself. Mrs. Devereux started, but in a moment recovered her self-possession, and haughtily demanded my business and my name.—'A wretched wanderer, lady,' I returned; 'and did I not dread that I should excite displeasure by announcing it, I should say that my name was not unknown to you.'—'A proscribed traitor, I presume. What brought you here, fellow?' was the encouraging reply.—'To surrender myself to your husband.'—'What do they call ye, fellow?' she continued.—'Daniel Devereux.'—'Base villain! One of the disaffected scoundrels who entailed disgrace upon a loyal name. What houses have ye plundered, what helpless loyalists have ye piked to death?'—That was a pleasant interrogatory!—'I never, my lady, set fire to any thing but a bon-fire on May-eve, and as to murder, the devil a gun, pistol, or pike I ever had in my fist since I was born.'—'And what brings you sculking here?' she inquired.—'Just a piece of folly, madam. I was made a secretary because I had a little learning. My curse and Cromwell's attend the people that taught me to read and write!'—'What! are you the fellow that was intended for a priest, and joined the rebels? You were with the scoundrels at New Ross?'—'Ah! then faith! yer ladyship never made a greater mistake in the course of your life. I took care, like greater men, never to hit the right road that led to a battle.'—'Are your hands free from'—'Every thing but ink, please your ladyship,' I replied.—'Well, you had better proceed to the hall at once, and give yourself up to the picket.'—'And if there's a rope to be had in the neighbourhood for love or money, up I go. There's not a man in the party that would not walk ten miles to see me hanged. Arrah! my dear lady, I put my life in your hands, and though I am but a forty-fifth cousin, it would be no pleasure to the captain to see poor Dan Devereux dancing upon nothing.'—'Upon my soul! I verily believe you are not worth the trouble of strapping up,' said your honoured mother.—'Stop,' I said, 'my mother was not in the habit of swearing.'—'Well,' said the stout gentleman, 'God knows, in the hurry I might have mistaken it, and instead of her soul, maybe she only pledged her honour. No matter, she saved my neck, told me to remain quiet until the Captain returned, and in half an hour dispatched her own maid to me with a basket of provisions and a bottle of wine. May the Lord graciously look down upon her soul for the same!' and Mr. Daniel O'Devereux crossed himself most piously.—Evening came; I saw your father and the troop returning with half-a-dozen wounded rebels on a car, whom they had surprised and routed, after a sharp conflict with their confederates, who, as it appeared, had fought with the desperation of men who feel themselves without the pale of mercy. A numerous body of regular cavalry soon afterwards entered the park gates, and bivouacked on the lawn. Some were heavy dragoons, and others Welsh fencibles, and in their commander I recognized a man whose very name brought terror to the disaffected. I thought that now every chance was over. Some of the cavalry had picketted their

horses within fifty yards of the clump; a straggler would certainly discover me, and then, exit Daniel Devereux! Two hours passed in horrible suspense, and during that time half a score dragoons had passed the bush I sheltered under, when, to my sight dear as the dove that returned to the ark, your honoured mother's maid approached my concealment; she bore a summons from her lady, and maybe I didn't willingly obey it! My tattered clothes, my haggard form, a figure—and he groaned as he looked at his present amplitude—slight as a greyhound's, arrested the attention of the dragoons, but under the sacred escort of a lady's maid, and from our heading direct to the hall, none dared to question me. I was introduced by a side door into the dining-room, and placed by the butler behind a screen. From my ambuscade I could distinctly see the company, fourteen or fifteen in number, and all in military uniform excepting the solitary lady who presided.—'Devereux,' said the fair hostess, when the butler had whispered her that I was forthcoming, 'have I done wrong? I discovered a fugitive in one of the plantations, listened to his story, and pardoned him on the spot.'—Your father shook his head.—'Wrong,' he said, 'most indubitably.'—'No, upon my honour! the fellow was not worth a halter; and I conscientiously believed him when he declared that guns and gunpowder were his abomination.'—'Pshaw! my dear Sophy; on this principle pardon these damned priests. Some of the better fools fairly took the field, but the worst of the class fomented the rebellion, and kept close to what they call the altar.'—'I must have him pardoned, however,' said the lady in a tone which forbade contradiction. 'How say you, gentlemen? One lady here, and supplicate for a delinquent in vain?'—'My dear madam, responded an Irish major of dragoons, 'if he burned a cathedral he's heartily at your service.'—'I got a slug in my shoulder at Enniscorthy,' observed a yeomanry captain, 'but if the scoundrel you express interest for was the fellow who administered a fragment of a pewter spoon, which I shall have the trouble of going to Dublin to have extracted, by St. Patrick! your ladyship shall not plead in vain.'—'What say you, my lord and master?' and she addressed your honoured father. Many smiled at the address, for it was generally believed that 'the grey mare was the better horse' at the hall.—'I say, my love, that I shall reserve my opinion until I have seen the criminal. I have lost a brother, piked coldly to death; not in hot blood, but after a twenty days' confinement; the best members of my troop have been shot from behind hedges, or assassinated in their houses; I have no sickly sensibility, and their blood shall have blood; I have some rascally namesakes implicated with the rabble, and I lament to say, one or two, who in a very remote degree call themselves my cousins. Now, by heaven! I wish I could lay my hand on one of these latter, and while we drank another round of claret, he should ornament that oak.'—'Your black trumpeter, colonel, they say, hangs like a professor.'—'Why, yes, Hassan is decidedly clever. He has natural talent, and has had extensive practice latterly. While we halted to feed, on our march hither, we found a priest and a couple of his congregation just condemned by a drum-head court-martial, and Captain Hunter requested me to allow Hassan to operate. Egad! the trio were comfortably dangling from the elm-tree in the market-place, before we had the nose-bags on our horses.'—'Oh, Lord! I thought,

my hour is come; and that unless the lady stuck to me like a brick, that black villain would give me a lift nearer heaven by a couple of yards than I wish to be at present. I could not only hear, but see what passed. Your mother was one of the finest women in the province, and, faith! no doubt she knew it well too. She glanced her sparkling eyes across the table at her husband, and the look implied—Could you, or dare you, refuse me anything?—'And so you won't pardon a worthless devil to whom I have given protection? Well, let me see who dare hang him for all that. Jones,' she said, addressing the butler, 'parade that scarecrow!'—I never had been in high society in my life, and, upon my conscience! I would have given my little finger to have escaped the promised introduction. My feet were rooted to the carpet, but the butler pushed me forward, and in a moment your father's fiery glance was turned on me.—'Sophy,' he said, 'I'll hang that scoundrel before the sun sets. Nay, do not trifle, dear. He shall dangle on yonder oak before the dew falls. He dies, by heaven!'—'He lives!' returned the lady, and shall sup and sleep beneath this roof, which, but for me, would have been now a pile of ruins. What! refuse me such a trifle! Gentlemen, there is encouragement for a lady to promise to love, honour, and obey!'—'All I can say is,' said the Welsh commander, 'that if Devereux will hang him, he must do the job himself, for I'm d—d if Hassan shall operate on the occasion.'—'Oh! curse the scoundrel,' said another; let the lady have her will. There's a car-full of malefactors in the guard-room already prepared for morning practice.'—'Come hither, fellow!' exclaimed the lady,—and faith, I was at her side quick as a lamplighter. She filled a glass of wine—'There, down on your knees, and drink the king's health.'—I took the glass, and popped down upon my marrow bones. 'Troth, I'll drink it with all my heart, and put a little addition to it also. Here's, may the Lord long preserve King George and Mrs. Devereux, and may the devil break their necks that made a secretary of me!'—A roar of laughter followed. I was desired to go to the servants' hall, and safe and snug I remained a whole month under the honoured roof-tree, eating, drinking, and dancing, while every devil who could be gripped, if they escaped the rope, were sure to get a touch of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Well, your honoured mother—wherever she is, may the light of heaven shine upon her!—was not contented with saving my life and giving me a shelter, but she clothed me anew from head to foot, and obtained from General Lake, by her influence, a pardon and protection, on the condition that I should transport myself beyond the seas. The morning I bade my last farewell to the old house of Killsalla, she slipped five guineas into my hand, and the captain gave me as many more as I passed him at the park-gate. And now I"ll draw my story to a close. Instead of going to America as I had intended, thanks be to God, I headed here. Fortune stood my friend, and between smuggling and trading, I'm as snug in the world as any burgomaster in Flushing. I never had wife or wain; I know of no relations nearer than yourself; and from the moment I was master of an hundred guilders, I determined that to a son of her who saved and succoured me, the earnings of my life should revert. Providence sent you here, and chance enabled me to know it. Where, for a time, can you settle down better than where you are? My house is roomy and commodious;

its only occupants are an old housekeeper and myself. Come, live with me, and make the house your own; you shall have a separate wing of the building to yourselves, and save when you honour me with a special invitation, I shall be no intruder.'

"'It was a proposal from a stranger that required consideration whether to accept or decline it, and I told him he must allow me a day to think it over. He asked permission to renew his visit next evening, and then I promised to give him an answer. Emily and I were disinclined to accept an obligation from a stranger, and with many assurances of gratitude for his kindness, when he called upon us next evening, we most politely declined the invitation.—I'm sorry for it, said the little man with a sigh, I could have wished that my roof-tree covered the son's head, whose father's, in my day of destitution sheltered mine. Put this paper aside, he said, handing me a formal-looking document. Open it when I am dead. It is a will—all I have is yours.

"'Need I say that expressions of deep gratitude were followed by an acceptation of his renewed offer of hospitality—that we went to his country-house—that there we found more comfort than we anticipated, in a beautiful villa and extensive gardens, and that all he had the delicacy to hint about—namely, our privacy when we pleased it—was more than realized—for Daniel O'Devereux was among those few low-born men, whom change of circumstances cannot inflate—and who, under that test which few can stand, bear prosperity with humility.

"'Under his most hospitable roof, Emily and I resided for six months, and there she made me a father.' "I saw him grow pale," said the Doctor, "and an involuntary shudder convulsed him. I had placed wine on the table—he filled a large glass to the brim—and then, with apparent composure, thus continued:—

"'Emily's recovery was slow, and the duty which heartless mothers devolve on others, she, delicate as she was, discharged herself. An English paper reached Mr. O'Devereux—who, like the Geraldines, out-heroded Herod, and had tacked an O to a name, which none could doubt sufficiently Hibernian, without the vowel that preceded it. My last brother had died, leaving no issue male, and I was lord of the ruins of Killsalla—gradually, but progressively, the destruction of the old mansion and estates had gone hand in hand together, and when in a most unhappy hour, I went to Ireland to claim my inheritance, I found a house so totally dilapidated, that its restoration would have involved greater expense than the construction of a new one, and a property so deeply mortgaged, that its fee-simple would not have realized the amount of the encumbrances.

"'Now, Doctor, comes the fearful portion of my calamitous story. I left an adored wife nursing a splendid boy. We were happy—ay—truly happy in ourselves—recked not the anger of the proud dame, and absolutely in pecuniary independence—for such was the delicate hospitality of my fat relative, that really my own funds, instead of being taxed, were altogether unrequired. Mrs. Hunsgate was mistress of seven thousand a-year, our income was not probably above two hundred—and yet—we were the richer—at least in all that makes life happy.

"'My stay in Ireland was short as it could be, and within three months I arrived, once more in the Low Countries, and landed

at Ostend. I proceeded with all practicable haste to Flushing—reached it the second day—and Oh God! found myself the most miserable wretch at whom fortune had ever levelled her most unmitigated enmity. I cannot go on.' He flung himself back in the chair. "I," said the Doctor, "administered a full glass of wine. He recovered his nerve, and thus proceeded."

As the Doctor resumed his narrative, a tap at the door of the sanctum elicited a wrathful "come in," and, as usual, the lady with the well-turned ankle made her *entrée*. It was a professional summons for the Doctor—and Faunce reluctantly obeyed the call. Catching up his hat, he desired me to await his return, and was hurrying away, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, for he stopped short in the door-way.

"My good young friend, excuse me—but no attempt at flirtation in my absence, if you please. Polly's a good girl—knows every bottle in the surgery—and is more useful to me than a bad apprentice. Somebody has told her that she has a pretty leg and sparkling eye, and she don't require your assurance to confirm it. Since your countryman, Captain O'Callaghan deprived Dick Tubbins of his "*placens uxor*," and the ancillary services of his bar-maid on the same evening, I dread Milesian gentlemen who prefix a large O to their patronymics. Do, like a good lad, occupy your time until my return with polite literature—and don't ring the bell, under false pretences to bring Polly to the room."

So saying, Faunce thrust an old newspaper into Brian's hand, and than hurried off to the rescue of some afflicted individual, who, without the timely succour of the worthy leech, would, according to Polly's report, have soon been "past praying for."

THE DEATH OF THE BRIDE.

BY J. W. GRYLLS.

HEARD'ST thou the banshee singing
  Her heavenly strain,— so wild,—
Through the moonlit forest ringing?—
  'Twas the dirge of a sinless child!—
Whose vows to her lover were plighted,
  Though her childhood has scarce pass'd away;
But the flower in its budding was blighted
  Ere its glory had op'd to the day!

She is blest!—but a true heart is breaking,
  And fain would be laid by her side;
'Twere a joy to be never forsaking
  In death his once beautiful bride!—
On his soul is a gloom never ending,
  As dark as the Bosphorus' wave,
Save that sanctified moment when tending
  The rose that grows over her grave!

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

BY AGNES LASCELLES..

It was early spring, by the smooth waters of the Lake of Michigan, in 1837, when, not far from the falls of St. Mary, which connect it with the larger expanse of Lake Superior, the sun having just risen, a solitary man was the only animated object in view. He advanced slowly from a little wood, and, seeming somewhat fatigued, sat down for a short repose on the grass. Placed there, his appearance was that of a middle-aged person, dressed as a trader of the commoner class of the Western United States; and he was armed with a rifle and hatchet, the latter being secured by a coarse leathern belt.

After looking impatiently all round, and seeing no one appear, he produced from his pocket an immense slice of bread and cheese, and began to eat with voracity, as one who had an excellent appetite, and not much time to devote to supplying it; refreshing himself by repeated draughts from a good-sized bottle, drawn also out of his capacious pocket. His face, however, was anything but pleasing; for, not merely had exposure to all weathers deducted considerably from his good looks, but it wore an expression half cunning, half ferocious, heightened by his strong predilection for ardent spirits, in which, early as it was, he already freely indulged.

The trader having rested himself again journeyed on, slowly indeed, but without pausing till about an hour after the sun had reached his meridian height, when he came to a small native encampment, evidently only temporary, being a collection of huts hastily erected; for the absence of women and children proved that it was no regular settled habitation. Seeing no one, when he had arrived tolerably near, he tied his horse to a tree, and whistled once or twice. There was no answer to this signal, and he walked into one or two of the wigwams, but soon returned, disappointed.

"All gone," said he, "after their hunting or feuds. Provoking as it is, I must wait, as they are very good customers to my whiskey."

His patience was destined to be considerably exercised, for the sun was declining before any one appeared. At length ten or a dozen Indians of the Potawatemy tribe,—a fine, athletic race in general,—returned to their encampment; some laden with skins of beavers, and not a few with waterfowl and birds they had shot. They expressed no surprise at seeing the trader, but gathered round him with greetings such as "Welcome, brother! the children of the land are glad to see you! Have you brought much of the strong waters of your country? We expected you at sunrise."

To these he replied, "The white man is happy to bargain with his brethren, or even to give them what he has got." And, in sign of his benevolence, he again produced his own bottle, and handed it round to the natives, who each took a draught from it, and soon emptied it. At this moment there came up a tall Indian,—not young, indeed, but Time had so lightly touched him that his hand had only added to the dignity and gravity of his countenance, but had not impaired its noble look. His step was firm, and the fire of his eye unquenched, and not a single silver line had marred the hue of his dark hair, or planted a furrow on his calm brow.

The trader rose at his approach, and said, "Welcome, chief! Has the Great Spirit been favourable to you since we last met?"

"John Naylor," answered the native, who seemed least pleased of any at the trader's visit, "would be more welcome to Bawbish if he brought not to his people a drink that makes them mad!"

To this the other made no reply; but, when the chief had turned away, he said, with a peculiarly evil smile,

"When shall I see my brother Nogisqua? is he not here?"

This Nogisqua was the son-in-law of the Indian Bawbish; and, being extremely addicted to whiskey, to satisfy this propensity, had not merely sold all the products of his hunting, but even pledged his gun, his hatchets, and his clothes, to the trader, for it. As the chieftain never looked with a favourable eye upon him, Naylor determined to avenge himself by leading his son-in-law into deeper excesses to obtain his fatal beverage.

Scarcely had the reply, "He is with us," been returned to the trader's inquiry when the chieftain's son-in-law arrived. His brow wore an ill-boding appearance, and a peculiar air of true native doggedness and obstinacy characterized him. Advancing before Naylor, he gazed sternly at him, but said not a word. The trader, however, knew well how to deal with him, and began,

"Brother Nogisqua, be not angry, I will arrange everything to please you."

"It cannot be," answered he. "The white man might rather say he has taken *everything*, and will return *nothing*.

To show, however, his sincerity, Naylor went to his store, and drawing forth the things the Indian had pledged to him,

"All these," said he, "shall be yours again, with more whiskey, on very easy conditions. But we will talk when we are alone, and when my brother's ear can hear me, and no one else."

The sight of his property, and the assurance that he should soon have it again, somewhat mollified Nogisqua; and the trader having bargained with the natives for nearly everything they possessed, in exchange for whiskey, the company gathered round the fire, and soon all became, with the exception of Bawbish, more or less intoxicated. Naylor himself drank very liberally, and supplied Nogisqua, so that they were both in some degree under the influence of Bacchus: but Naylor perfectly remembered the plan he had devised for his friend; and, seeing the natives either asleep or too attentive to the unfortunate liquor he had sold them to heed anything else, he said to Nogisqua,

"Will the chieftain's son come apart with me, that we may have some talk?"

The native consenting, Naylor retired into the wood, and said,

"We must eat to live, and labour that we may eat; else would I give Nogisqua his things, and ask nothing from him. But we must not be fools; therefore, if it pleases him to consent, he shall have his gun and clothing, together with five flasks of whiskey, provided he sells me a cream-coloured pony I saw at his village some time back, and which belongs to him."

At this proposal his listener expressed as much astonishment as was compatible with Indian gravity: he eyed the whiskey-seller a long time, and finally replied,

"Impossible! Nogisqua cannot. Pony belongs to wife!"

"Ay; but I *must* have it, or Nogisqua is no longer my friend, and I sell his things. What does his squaw want with an animal none of her tribe ever before possessed? And, Indian, if you give it up, I will add to the five flasks of whiskey already promised three more when I come to you again."

"Bawbish gave it to wife," was the reply; "and much mischief it would be to take it."

"Hearken, Nogisqua," continued the trader; "while night and sleep are on your tribe's encampment, hasten to your village, bring the pony here, and I will take it away before dawn; then, when your squaw finds her loss, she will not know you have sold it. The pony may have strayed, or been stolen; and she will soon forget it. Nogisqua is the swiftest of foot of his people; and if he will set about it, it can easily be done."

The Indian replied not; but he rose softly, and, waving his hand to Naylor in sign of acquiescence in his scheme, plunged deeper into the wood, and departed in quest of the animal.

Luckily for the trader, he returned before his people had slept off the night's intoxication, else the chief might have prevented his daughter's pony being sold. It was, however, light; and Nogisqua, finding the American asleep, awoke him, and pointing to the outskirt of the wood, said, "White man, it is ready;" and he led the way to the place where he had tied the pony. He seemed now to be extremely pleased with the bargain, and perfectly indifferent whether his wife and father-in-law knew of its being his deed or not. On the other hand, the trader was certain he could sell the animal to great advantage in the United States, and that he had obtained it for very little. Giving, then, what had been agreed on to Nogisqua, as he was about to depart, he said, "All is secret, and perfectly right."

"It is no secret," answered the Indian, "the pony was tied; and when I led it away, a boy, wife's younger brother, was about. His eyes were open, and he tried to prevent me. But, if they do guess I have sold it, Bawbish's son-in-law will not lie, or even attempt to deceive. He will say, I gave the pony to the white man, that I might not starve."

Having obtained what he wanted, the trader thought it would be most prudent to secure what he was possessed of, by quitting the Potawatemy tribe with all speed. The chieftain's son-in-law having seen his friend disappear in the direction of Fort Michillimackinack, took the things restored to him, together with his precious whiskey, and turned his steps with considerable swiftness towards his own habitation, without any presentiment of the doom which awaited him there.

It was a pretty and picturesque, yet wild scene, which the foot of a range of mountains north of the wood before spoken of presented; for along its basement were disposed the simple dwellings of a native race of the land, and they suited well with the peculiar aspect of the country. It need hardly, perhaps, be stated, that from here the pony, so unfortunately, as it proved, was taken; and that here at present were settled such members of the Potawatemy tribe as had not followed the hunting-party.

Within a large-sized tent, covered with bark, as a great preservative against the weather, sat Miami, the daughter of Bawbish, and

wife of Nogisqua, the handsomest squaw of her tribe. Her features resembled those of her father considerably; but the gravity which he affected, in common with the rest of the natives, was not perceptible in his daughter at this moment. Her whole dark countenance was animated with passion; her hands were clenched; her eyes rolled restlessly, and her brow darkened with a complete thunder-storm of anger. Her dress consisted of a yellow cotton material, obtained from the European forts, with a handkerchief of the same colour for a head-dress; and not far from her, in a rude cradle composed of matting and twigs from the pine-tree, lay an infant of the dusky hue of the Potawatemy race, sleeping soundly.

The squaw had been employed in weaving grass for the formation of a mat; but her impatient spirit rendered her at this moment incapable of pursuing her occupation, and she was about to leave the tent, when she was prevented by the entrance of a boy, breathless and heated. This was her younger brother, whom Miami had sent to watch the pony; he had been wandering about last night, and had seen Nogisqua unloose it, and lead it away. Astonished at this, he had run to tell his sister, who immediately bade him return, and find out what her husband was going to do with it. But while he was away the squaw came to the conclusion that Nogisqua *could* have taken it for no other purpose than to exchange it with some of the traders of the white men for whiskey; and this idea had fomented her anger to a height very rare among the Indian women, usually mild and patient under wrongs. But Miami was the daughter of a chief; the pony had been given to her by her father before she became the squaw of Nogisqua; none of her tribe had ever possessed, or hardly seen such an animal, so that the loss might be well expected to be very grievous.

When therefore the boy entered the tent, she said, "Tlascala, —brother, the pony?"

"The pony is gone: the mountain, the wood, the plain is searched; but the pony is neither grazing on the one, nor entangled in the other, nor roaming on the plain!"

At length Nogisqua returned, half intoxicated, bearing the rifle and clothing for which he had given up the pony.

Arrived, he threw himself on the ground, and was about to apply again to his new store of whiskey, when Miami snatched away the flask, exclaiming,

"The pony! — the pony! Has the white man given this for the pony?"

The Indian, tired with his journey, and the spirit he had freely partaken of benumbing his faculties, folded his arms, and after a long pause replied with great gravity,

"Nogisqua has sold him. He could not hunt; he could not get food; he could not get strong drink. White man had all; white man wanted the pony; he had him, and Nogisqua has all this,—and this,"—pointing to the clothes and flasks.

But at this confession the dark blood of the squaw boiled fiercely up, and seemed ready to burst from the veins; for two or three minutes her features wore an expression, which, to any bystander, who knew her naturally soft and placid countenance, would have been a sure sign that no common project of vengeance had entered

her soul. At length she exclaimed, raising her arms over her head with a fierce gesture,

"By the name of our Great Spirit, who presides over us! By the name of the God whom the white missionaries preach, thou deservest to die! And, if I could, I would kill thee for my pony's sake."

On hearing this, Nogisqua produced his scalping-knife, and flung it to Miami, saying, "Kill away!"

Whether his intoxication was so great that he knew not what he was doing, or whether he thought the squaw jested, or he despised her anger—whatever induced him to commit the rash act of putting this instrument into her hands at such a moment, it was fatal to him. Miami sprang towards him, seized the knife, and plunged it into his breast up to the handle. The Indian fell amidst his dearly-purchased whiskey, and in a second or two was dead.

The calmness of the squaw returned to her when her loss had been avenged in such a deadly manner; her passion passed away, but no sign of regret or repentance appeared. She turned to the door of the tent, and, looking out, tried to discover her brother Tlascala. Seeing him at some distance, she beckoned to him to approach; and as he ran into the tent, and lifted up his hands and eyes in astonishment, she said,

"White man had the pony,—Death has Nogisqua!"

The boy did not answer; but for many minutes he stood gazing at the dead Indian; then said, "Shall I go and tell it?"

"Yes," replied the squaw; and Tlascala proceeded to the door of each tent and hut around, saying in a mournful voice, "Nogisqua is dead! Nogisqua is dead!"

At this sudden announcement the female relatives of Miami were the first to hasten to her tent, (unconscious that she had killed him,) to commence the lamentations customary in the tribe when one of the members died. Letting these pass, who already began, with frantic gestures, to unloose their hair, and utter deep wails, Tlascala communicated to the Indians who remained the news that the squaw had killed her husband. On hearing this, one or two distant relatives of Nogisqua (for his only brother was not at the village) demanded justice, summary Indian justice, upon Miami. But Tlascala, who hoped to save his sister, and was already much terrified at what he had seen, implored earnestly that before they did anything he might bear the news to Bawbish, their chief and his father; and the elders of the Potawatemies decided that he said right—that it was the chief's voice alone that could sentence the criminal.

Alarmed, therefore,—confused,—unwilling to go, yet convinced of the necessity of using despatch,—the unhappy Tlascala set forth to bear the news to his father. The friends of Nogisqua, when he was gone, headed by an old squaw, the aunt of the slain man, walked to the tent, where Miami still sat, surrounded by almost all the women of the tribe. They were in profound silence, for finding from her own lips that she had killed Nogisqua, they deferred their lamentations till her own doom was decided on.

The Indians took the corpse of her husband, wrapped it in a blanket, and carried it out, laying it under the shade of some trees near at hand, and placed two pieces of stick upon it, in the form of a cross, for they mixed certain notions the missionaries had taught

them with many of their own ceremonies. Beside it also they laid his gun, and some of the whiskey for which he had paid so dearly.

The squaw attempted not to escape from her tribe, and except that her hands touched no longer the tasks she was accustomed to fulfil in the day, and that when any one approached her eyes rolled restlessly and inquisitively on them, she awaited her fate with the utmost calmness.

The news was most terrible to Bawbish. Tlascala, the unhappy messenger, paused frequently on his road, thinking, if the chief did not know what had happened, his sister might perhaps be suffered to live unmolested, and for a moment he turned his footsteps back again. Then he remembered the relatives of Nogisqua, who were thirsting for vengeance; and that, though from time immemorial it had been the custom in his tribe for the chief to award a just and unbiassed sentence on those of his people who had committed any crimes, yet in this case he thought his sister must escape, as he could not believe his father would condemn his child to death.

This idea lightened his heart in some degree: onward he went and reached the hunting encampment. It was evening, and the Indians were all there; but at the sight of their fires, by one of which he espied his father, Tlascala's courage failed again altogether, and he sat down and wept bitterly—a very extraordinary thing in an Indian, and which, in the opinion of his tribe, would only have been excusable on account of his extreme youth.

At length, too well convinced he must execute his terrible mission, he drew near with an attitude as humbled and sad as if he were the criminal, and said, "Father, justice is cried for in our village,—justice upon my sister, who has killed Nogisqua for her pony, which the white man had."

The chief was seated on the grass with many of his people; but the change of countenance that he could not suppress, betrayed the assumed calmness with which he said, "Son of Bawbish, thy sorrow is unbecoming a Potawatemy! Thou speakest of death; has Miami been the instrument to cut off Nogisqua?"

"Yes, and his brethren demand vengeance."

Bawbish could not answer; he glanced his eye over his people, and seemed to ask counsel. Finding him silent, they reminded him of his duty, by saying, "Chief of our tribe act justly. Go to our village; we will follow: there let the Great Spirit direct thee!"

With a bitter sigh he answered, "Rightly spoken. I will away this night—this moment. Child, come with me."

Saying these words, he rose; yet though he called up all his fortitude to hide from the Indians what he felt, nature was too powerful; and the once firm steps of the chieftain tottered, and seemed as powerless as those of an infant. He was forced indeed to lean upon Tlascala. Seeing this, his people exclaimed "Bawbish, we are coming, the stars are hardly risen, let us go together."

But the dignity of his office, and the stoicism of an Indian, had now come to aid Bawbish, and reproached him for his public emotion: to repair it, he hastily replied, "I go now, follow you afterwards; at sunrise our judgment will be given."

He waited to hear no more, but turned towards the village with renewed strength, while Tlascala followed slowly at a distance. He knew well his father would not address him, and yet he scarcely

ventured to speak himself at this moment; but as they journeyed silently on, the necessity of saying something gave him words, and he whispered in a low tone, "Miami is not to die?"

Bawbish understood well this remark, and returned, "Justice must be among the Potawatemies; from time immemorial the chief has condemned the guilty: the Great Spirit commands it. Tlascala, be patient, be calm, have fortitude. Sorrow like this is unworthy the son of Bawbish; an Indian should despise it, and not weep like a white man over his brethren."

This was very little consolation, and Tlascala's blood felt chilled, as now the possibility of the father condemning the child flashed across him. He fell behind the chief; and Bawbish, not noticing him, walked on, a heavy sigh now and then alone expressing the sorrow which was ten times more bitter from being thus forcibly suppressed.

Night had fallen on the Potawatemy village; the wind had risen and shook the woods in strong gusts, and clouds frequently dimmed the stars, and were then swept away by the repeated shocks of the blast. The Indians gathered round their fires, and partook of the whiskey lately brought by the trader, and awaited the arrival of Bawbish; but before he appeared another stranger had found his way amongst them.

This was an European, without a companion, evidently no hunter or trader, for he carried neither arms nor goods; all he had was a book and a stout stick; and his simple dress was that of one who had lately arrived in the New World. Quite young, but with a countenance grave and rather pallid, he came close up to the fire, and demanded in English how far it was to Fort Michillimackinack. On hearing that the morning would overtake him before he reached it, he asked hospitality for the night; and though the natives were not very fond of strangers who had nothing to sell, and above all who brought no whiskey, they suffered him to remain. Their attention was soon diverted from the stranger by the arrival of their chief, in whose aspect sorrow struggled hard with Indian pride.

In a moment he was surrounded by the kindred of Nogisqua, but not suffering them to commence their outcries, he said, pointing to the east, "At sunrise Bawbish will judge; till then let the cry for blood, brethren, be hushed."

With these words he retired to his tent, not to find repose, but to brood over his wretched fate, though, according to Indian notions, his duty was plain. The squaws gathered round Miami, on learning the arrival of the chieftain, began to utter most dismal wails, such as were sufficient to unnerve the firmest courage, and even roused the attention of the pensive European, who inquired the cause. Learning it, he said, "Assuredly my steps were not led hither in vain: I would see the woman who has done this." The natives hearing his desire, immediately whispered among themselves, "A messenger from the Great Spirit!" and then pointed to the squaw's tent.

Thither he bent his steps, and there sat Miami in a circle formed by her female relatives, whose shrieks rendered almost everything inaudible. Her calmness was very nearly shaken by them; though only a customary formality when any one of the tribe died. But these lamentations were more on account of her own probable fate, and a sort of anticipation of it, than for Nogisqua's untimely end.

The appearance of the stranger in the tent silenced them for a moment, and he took advantage of it to say, "Which of you children of the land have killed one of your brethren?"

"I, white man," answered Miami.

"It is a heavy crime; and worse, thou seem'st as yet unrepentant."

"Is it a crime?" returned the squaw; then let the white men answer for it. Till they brought strong drink among us, we did not kill each other.

"What is the punishment among you?" inquired the European.

To this question no answer was made; the squaw felt she could not pronounce the word "death," and, after a moment's silence, the band of mourners raised their voices in another wild shriek. But the person who spoke was determined to be heard, and, in his loudest tone, he said, "I ask not idly; tell me, is it not life for life? If so, I come to aid thee; repent, I will baptize thee—heaven is then open to thy spirit. Women, let your companion hear me, and cease these noisy lamentations."

The squaw gazed wildly at him, hardly comprehending him; but at length answered, "I have heard before the preachers of the white men,—you are one; but to-night how can I hear you?"

"Sister, I am fully qualified to help thee; to preach to you natives I came from my country. Call me Amplias; though this is not indeed the name my fathers bore, for that I have laid aside, in order to spend my life among you. Speak then, has God touched thy heart?"

Miami shook her head, and signed to her relatives to continue their wails. But Amplias, as he called himself, determined not to be thwarted altogether in his attempts to convert her, knelt down and prayed aloud.

Thus the night passed. Before sunrise all the Indians assembled themselves in front of Bawbish's tent. Thither the corpse of Nogisqua was conveyed: at its head stood his aunt, and around, his nearest relatives, and it was laid in the centre. Miami was then led to the place: she was followed by nearly all the women of the tribe, who at this moment redoubled their cries; and these sounds warned the chief that he must now pronounce sentence on his child.

Accordingly he walked forth, and immediately every one became silent. His emotion was visible only in the paleness which strangely altered his naturally dark hue; but that subdued grief was so intense, that since yesterday's ill-fated news premature old age had come on him. The chieftain's strength had departed for ever. Before he could utter a word, Amplias glided amongst the natives, and placed himself not far from the corpse, between it and Miami, and looked round upon all, as if he were going to judge the case.

The Indians were much astonished, but, as Bawbish did not notice him, he was suffered to remain. The chieftain, overwhelmed with his own sorrow, at length said, "Death has been amongst us; I see his prey before me. The hand of violence has been on him. Speak, ye his relatives, what do ye require?"

They answered, "That this woman may die who slew him."

"Canst thou justify thyself?" demanded Bawbish of his daughter, whose features, restored to their natural appearance, at once soft and beautiful, little betrayed that there stood one of the fiercest and firmest characters of the whole tribe.

She replied not to the question; and the chief, gazing first on the

dead, and then on her, resumed, "According to the custom of our land, justice must be done. Let the hand of Nogisqua's nearest relative put her to death."

The sentence passed, he drew back towards his own tent; and the relatives of Nogisqua dispatched a runner to her brother Omai, that the sentence might be executed before sunset.

Amplias, the stranger, alone followed the chieftain to his tent, and entered it, an act which none of the natives at this moment would have ventured on.

"Man," said he, "thou hast condemned thy daughter, and in so doing art satisfied that it was a duty. If it is your Indian law, so let it be; I ask not, and care not, for the body's preservation. But sinners, who judge so harshly and so quickly each other, spare the soul, though ye know not its value. Let the woman hear me, and when she is baptized let her die."

Bawbish's anger was greatly raised when he found the sanctity of his sorrow invaded by a white man, against the whole race of whom at this moment he entertained a deep aversion, and he replied,

"Son of mischief! beware of my people and myself, or thou shalt be slain too. Let me not hear thy voice, or that of any of thy accursed countrymen." Then seeing Tlascala at the door of the tent, he beckoned him to come in; and, as Amplias was about to speak again, he picked up a hatchet, exclaiming with true Indian ferocity, "Begone, or I will have thy scalp this instant!"

The European, finding his intercession fruitless, withdrew, and, as no time was to be lost, hastened to the squaw, to renew his efforts to persuade her to embrace Christianity. Tlascala would have followed; but Bawbish, resuming the dignity of a chief, commanded him to stay, and thus warned him and reproved him,

"Thou art unworthy the name of a Potawatemy! How canst thou war against our enemies, or hunt, or scalp a foe, when thus thou weepest like a child at a trifle? Beware! for if there is any more of this, thou wilt be expelled the tribe. Keep, then, here, and hazard not thy life by displaying thy weakness when thy sister dies."

In obedience to this order Tlascala remained in the tent. Comparative silence now brooded over the village, the squaws only at intervals giving vent to their feelings in tremendous wails. Amplias' voice was also uplifted, and his prayer was heard.

"Sister," said he, "dost thou repent of this crime, and of all thou hast committed before? and shall I baptize thee?"

"Miami," answered the squaw, "knows not what to think or say; but she will do as the messenger from the Great Spirit judges best."

"But thou must believe in what I have told thee."

"I do believe."

Joyful at this confession, Amplias hastened to a brook which ran near, and returning with water, proceeded to administer the holy rite of baptizing.

"Sister," said he, when it was finished, "the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ sanctifies and cleanses thee; and thy soul, which is so quickly to part from the body, shall, through His merits, be admitted into heaven."

The squaw, whose features had now lost all that sternness and indifference that had before characterized them, and wore a mingled expression of astonishment, sorrow, and humility, bowed her head, and Amplias continued: "Though but little time I have had to in-

struct thee, the Lord's grace and mercy require neither days nor hours, and He will not deny thee full forgiveness."

He here became suddenly silent an instant; for, seeing the Indians assembling together, he doubted not that Nogisqua's brother was arrived. In a moment more all the squaws left the tent, and ranged themselves in much the same manner as when the sentence was pronounced. Omai had indeed come, and, having been informed of the duty required of him, was now sharpening his scalping-knife. The corpse of Nogisqua was again brought forth, and Bawbish himself came from his retirement, and took his place, but fixed his eyes upon the ground. Miami, now aware she had no time to lose, snatched up her infant son, and, placing him in the arms of Amplias, said solemnly, "Messenger of the Great Spirit, baptize him!"—and, seeing the avenger of blood approach, pointed to the woods.

But when Omai took the squaw by her long hair, and led her into the middle of the circle, Amplias followed, the only one of all the assembly who did not feel something akin to pity. His chief sensation was joy that a soul had been snatched from darkness; and with regard to death, he now looked upon it as no evil: the youthful enthusiast was wholly meditating how he could baptize and instruct the child committed to his care.

Nogisqua's brother having made an incision in the squaw's forehead in the form of a cross, plunged the knife into her body. A shriek, a rush of blood, and a few dying groans and convulsions followed, and the Indian squaw lay stiff in death.

Vengeance thus satisfied, the relations of Nogisqua and Miami's friends became immediately reconciled, and both bodies were interred in a sand-bank, side by side. Amplias prayed long by this melancholy grave. Night fell, and he was still thus engaged, when he heard some one near him. Turning, he saw Tlascala, who whispered, in a voice half-choked with weeping and fear,

"Good white man, fly! Bawbish is so maddened at the loss of his daughter, that if he see you he will kill you, he hates your whole race. Here is Miami's son—take him, and run to Fort Michillimackinack; some good white people will take compassion on him there. But oh teach him to beware of whiskey: it has killed both his parents."

"Can you guide me?" inquired Amplias. "I know not the way."

"Yes, yes," answered Tlascala. "Hide in the wood near, and I will come. My own tribe hate me, and I will leave them."

Obeying this injunction, the European hastened to the wood, and presently the boy joined him with plenty of provisions, and both set off for Fort Michillimackinack. Here Miami's son was baptized, and soon after Tlascala also was received into the Christian faith. Amplias indeed (as he chose still to call himself, though a native of England, and possessed of property there) took great pains to instruct him; and Tlascala soon became a successful trapper, and nearly supported himself and his little nephew: so that Amplias presently departed in quest of other native tribes to preach to. The trader, John Naylor, heard the account of Nogisqua's death and that of his wife, and took great care ever afterwards to keep out of the reach of the Potawatemies.

This little story is not fiction. The chief events of it took place a few years back in America.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

"FLANEUR.—A busy lounger; an industrious idler; an observing street-tramper; a peripatetic philosopher of the *pavé*; a wisdom-seeking wanderer about the world."—*Dictionary of common usage, not of the French Academy.*

SCRAP II.

The Anatomy of Paris.—The Palais Royal.—The Boulevard des Italiens.—Flânerie.

IF, after glancing at the changing physiognomies of Paris under the influence of season and temperature, the *flâneur* may be allowed to turn anatomist, and seek out the component parts of its vast body, he would find some difficulty, on first starting, in his efforts to discover where lies its heart. The matter has been so often discussed by anatomical moralists that he has much diffidence in giving an opinion which might be disputed by the first brother *flâneur* who sets out upon the same discovery. In spite of all probable opposition, however, he is inclined, with all due deference to superior correction, to fix upon the Palais Royal as the heart of the capital—the heart through which, sooner or later, all its blood flows in an ever-passing stream, and upon the Boulevards, not forgetting all proper respect for the great popular commercial canals of the Rue St. Denis and the Pont Neuf, as its main artery.

In spite of the species of disrespect now cast upon the Palais Royal by the aristocratic decree of fashion, and the ban of vulgarity to which it has been condemned, it nevertheless remains the point to which all things and men conglomerate. Bulwer, in his "Pelham," has scoffed at the misnomer of the "Capital of Paris," as applied to the Palais Royal, because his world of exquisites have not made it *their* centre; but if not the capital of Paris, it may be yet looked upon as a pretty good type of the capital, with all its splendour, its follies, its arts, its misery, its *bourgeois* royalty, its aristocratic *commerçans*, its social vices, and, since the suppression of the gambling houses, its social reforms. The title of "Royal" is alone a misnomer: for since the day when the Duke of Chartres, Philip of Orleans, Philip Egalité, commenced the execution of the idea, which prophecied an aristocracy of wealth, and prepared the residence of royalty for the erection of shops, thus calculating not only the advantages to be gained for his own fortune, but those he, perhaps, foresaw for his own ambition, but erring, however, in his calculations, and weaving only the web of his own fall and death upon the scaffold; since the day in 1781, when the trees of the great avenue of the garden—the gigantic chestnuts planted by Richelieu—fell under the stroke of the axe, and prophecied, by their fall, that of an absolute monarch, the Cardinal's other grand plantation, decrepid and blasted like them, like them without any life's sap left at heart; since the day, in fact, when speculation assumed its sway over the spot that had been once a royal palace, it lost all right to its title, and would have better deserved the name, given to it during the Republic, of *Palais National.* Loud were at the time the upbraidings of the court, and the complaints made against these mercantile inclinations and reforms of a Prince of the royal house, but they were un-

heard. The frequenters of the garden, who had been at first scared away at the innovation, returned after a time, and in full force; but the habits and manners of the people had changed with the change in the spirit and destination of the building. No overhanging boughs any longer invited them to repose; the sun shot down straight upon their heads; their political discussions soon felt its influence, and passed from theory into action. In the absence of other means of publicity, the Palais Royal became one vast Gazette which all Paris flocked to consult: it was the centre, from which flowed, as it flowed thither, in everlasting trill, all the agitated sea of passions of the great capital. The Revolution began. It was there that was eagerly sought all news of the Court, Versailles, and the Assembly—there that burst forth the terrible anger of the people, and its joy as terrible—there that were uttered the first cries of menacing revolt—there that the young beeches, which had stintedly replaced the age-aristocratic chestnuts, were spoiled of their leaves to furnish cockades for the crowd harangued by the first popular orator. The Palais Royal was royal no longer. Much less so when the bloody days of the Revolution followed the first golden dreams of salutary reform, and the Palais Royal belonged to all the world, except its master. Dispossessed of his palace by the National Assembly, arrested in April, 1793, by the *Comité de Salut Public*, deceived in his democratic hopes, cut off in the troubled course of his shuffling and overreached ambition, drowned in the torrent to which he himself had opened the sluices, the wretched Philip Egalité was, on the 6th November, 1793, conducted to execution, and, by a refinement of cruelty, was forced to remain several minutes before his own residence, to gaze his last gaze upon what *had been* the Palais Royal.

During the Revolution, the haunt of infamy and vice—under the Empire, in the state of the lowest degradation—the Palais Royal has only under the rule of the heir, who returned to it at the Restoration, attained its present splendour as museum and bazaar. That heir is now the *Citizen* King of the French: and the Palais Royal still retains its misnomer.

But the very fact of this misapplication of title, far from disqualifying the Palais Royal for its seat as heart of Paris, proves its present fitness to be the heart not only of Paris, as it is, but of modern France.

Be it in summer or in winter—as a warm and sheltered resort in the one season, or as a cool and shady place of refuge in the other, no spot in Paris has a greater claim to the attention of the *flâneur* than has the Palais Royal, with its rows of green limes and beeches, its well-stored shops and glittering *cafés*, its arcaded galleries, its fountain and its flowers, its groups of newspaper politicians, its flocks of children, nursery-maids, and sparrows, its old worn-out idlers, chiefly army veterans, and its young and almost as worn-out idlers, chiefly gentry "living on their wits," adventurers, and gamblers, its coffee-drinking, smoking, chattering actors, its German artists and neophyte foreigners, and, above all, and what is more to the purpose here, its streams of ever-passing busy mortals, continually eddying to and fro in the city through this great member of its body. In the Palais Royal, more than in any other part of Paris, moreover, may be witnessed that strange effect which, in so striking a degree characterises the French capital—that city so far more free than any others from all controul or tyranny of custom—namely, the mixture, the infusion, the variety of contrast, which so often places the very opposites in nature and in feeling in the closest contact, and consequently, in the boldest relief. Children are

sporting in merry swarms in the sun; a few steps behind them is the shop of the money-changer, the counter of which is loaded with well-guarded heaps of gold; and lingering past it glides the poor workman out of employ, unoccupied, and consequently morose and weary-hearted, who gazes with eyes of envious misery upon this palpable money, which thus flauntily scoffs his poverty. On the one side is the still innocent, ignorant, light-hearted play of childhood; on the other, the eternal deluder of humanity, the cause of all sorrow and evil. Not far from such a group walks the eager politician, or the thoughtful man of business, occupied in earnest conversation, or the animated artist discussing form and colour with his friend; and close by is the reader of the public journals sitting on his hired chair, or leaning against a tree, or lounging upon the railings of the central flower-beds, absorbed and undisturbed by the passing and repassing, the coming and going, the clamour of the children, the cries of their nurses, and the continual buzzing of the crowd. His journal has been let out to him for a *sou* by the old lady who peers out from one of the circular boxes erected in various parts of the garden, and watching from her door lest any of her temporary subscribers should elope with her property. The garden of the Palais Royal is thus at once a rendezvous for thoughtless play, a thoroughfare for business, a literary club-room. This contrast in the present, has existed ever in the past, will still exist, probably, in the future. Here, where children sport so gaily, where dreamers think, converse, or read, where painted and gilded *cafés* invite the passer-by, where palaces, modestly calling themselves "*Restaurants*," offer the daintiest delicacies of the palate to the wealthy, where glittering shops hang out to view all that can adorn life, by adding to its exterior show, the storm of civil discord has blown its thunder-blast—the spirit of destruction has exercised its deadliest powers,—the Republicans of a first Revolution have preached against the vanities of their tyrants, and the Patriots of a second proclaimed a chimerical and short-lived simplicity. Where children now play a whole people has played, and a bloody game, I trow! And the children last seen sporting there, in the sun, will become men and women, and exchange their baby toys for others of more dangerous trifling. Perhaps there are yet more bloody games still to be played in that garden when fate shall again lead the revels, although the when, the how, and the what, remain, for the time at least, unsolved riddles.

By fixing upon the Palais Royal as the heart of Paris, through which its chief life's blood rolls, it is by no means said that it is the centre of the great body of the capital — the centre of its attractions. To find that we must *flâner* on, to a portion of the main artery already alluded to, that portion comprised in the *Boulevards des Italiens;* and even to call this spot the *centre*, the central point for the union of the dispersed members of Parisian society, would be again in error. It is, however, the principal and central scene of Parisian life and animation at the present epoch. The supremacy of the Palais Royal as the centre of all movement, the birthplace of every new idea, the only and universal bazaar, that at one period offered every kind of food to pamper every fancy, vice, or passion, lasted more than a century. During the Regency it was the scene of the adventures of the *roués*,—during the Revolution, as before stated, the theatre on which its chief scenes of revolt and tumult were acted; during the Directory, the flying counting-houses for the stock-jobbing mania of the time; at the commencement of the Restoration, the slough of debauchery, in the dirt of

which the Prussians and English lay down the laurels gathered on the field of Waterloo. Before the period when the Palais Royal assumed the sway, the sceptre of fashion was wielded by the Place Royale in the Marais, that elegant and regular square, with its Italian arcades, its noble gateways, and its central grove, of which a foreigner, arriving at Paris, may *perchance* hear mention; but which he must set out, like another Columbus, to discover, if he wish to see it, and the task is not an easy one. That *Place*, now so desolate, so deserted, so forsaken by all but ancient spinsters and retired grocers, with their respective cabs (save one solitary and eccentric poet) was the centre, the general *rendezvous* of fashionable life in Paris, during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. There, under its arcades, lounged the *beau monde* of the day, the wits strung fanciful embroidery on to the last anecdote of king or courtier, and Ninon de Lenclos, Marion de Lorme, or Madame Scarron, the future spurious Queen of France, displayed their dresses and their charms to their trains of *soupirants*. The splendour of the Place Royale was short-lived, however; the Palais Royal long kept the inheritance which descended to it. But the empire of fashion never lasts for ever: it is subject to revolutions, like all other empires; and in so increasing a capital as Paris, its centre must necessarily be a shifting one. The Palais Royal was obliged to yield to the Boulevard des Italiens the sceptre it had wrested from the grasp of the Place Royale.

The Boulevard des Italiens, under its present auspices, resumes a pretty fair epitome not only of Parisian fashionable life, but of its traffic and its speculations. Upon any bright and sun-lit day of the season, all Paris that has any claims to elegance, all Paris of the Bois de Boulogne, the Opera, or the *Pavé*, comes to produce itself there to the sun, and the public gaze, fearless of freckles or criticisms. There, at some time or other during the day, may be seen almost all that Paris contains of celebrities and of elegance, in equipages, horse-flesh, and *toilettes*. There also may be found the full activity of trade in all that is pampering or ruinous; and there also stands speculation before the entrance of the Passage de l'Opera, and calls around it its groups of its less favoured subjects; petty stockjobbers, and gamblers upon change; who swarm to the spot before the opening and after the closing of the *Bourse*, and if small in their speculations are at least great in self-importance. Nor is the Boulevards des Italiens, although comparatively of very *parvenu* pretensions to importance, without its old monuments, to which are attached some of the thousand souvenirs of that flitting nightmare, Parisian History. At a few steps from the Rue de la Paix, to the right, stands a building in the form of a rotunda, the heavily ornamented architecture of which bears the stamp of the last century. It is the *Pavilion d'Hanovre*, formerly the *petite maison* of the famous, or infamous Duke of Richelieu. Some eighty or ninety years ago it was an isolated retreat at the very extremity of Paris, a mysterious asylum for pleasure, debauchery, and crime, far from the noise and indiscreet curiosity of the town, and beyond the reach of surprise. At a later period, the Pavilion of Hanover changed its destination, by a decree of the Republic: the *boudoir* became a ballroom—the scene of private scandal, a scene of public scandal; and the door no longer opened stealthily to let in the gliding forms of the dissolute partakers of the Regent's *petits soupers*, or the unblushing *Marquises* of the Court of Louis XV. but was thrown wide asunder to admit, pompously and publicly, the naked

Divinities of the Directory, or the undressed *Merveilleuses* of the Consulate; those admirers of Mythological *modes*, one of whom the morning after a ball in the Pavilion, in which she had distinguished herself by the transparency of her costume, received a handsome casket with the inscription, "A dress for Madame So-and-so," and, on opening it, found a fig leaf! The Pavilion of Hanover, as if anxious to make up for its past follies, and throw a veil of oblivion upon its wicked pranks, has now taken most respectably to trade, and displays silks and satins to hide its withered face. A little further on flaunts a specimen of the most fantastic taste, which proves that extravagance is not confined to England, and that the Pavilion at Brighton has not monopolized all that is *outré* in kiosks, mandarins, and china vases. That mass of artificial rocks, containing *cafés* below, and adorned with Chinese pagodas, and squatting umbrella-ed mandarins, and zigzags above, leads to the *Bains Chinois*. Still further on, is the terrrace belonging to the Artists' Club, that Pantheon of the innumerable geniusses of the day, which does not wait for their death to immortalize them. Nor is it the quantity of aspirants for admission to the honours of this ten days' immortalization that ever fails, for little authors and artists there are enough in France, who in their soul-sickening conceit, will daily parody the GREAT AUTHOR AND ARTIST of heaven and earth, exclaiming, after every day's work, "and behold it was very good!" Nor is a public wanting to bestow the title of "Genius," with liberal hand upon them, as it would upon every crawling insect the name of "centipede," not that it has a hundred feet, but because you can never get people to count beyond a dozen. But to proceed in our *flânerie* along the Boulevards des Italiens. Nearly opposite to this museum of *soi disant* celebrities, the *Café de Paris* opens its *salons* to fashionable gastronomy in varnished boots and light kid gloves, at the door of which many an exquisite may be heard to shout for his groom and his cab, neither of which are forthcoming, and then seen to trot down the Boulevard, cursing the negligence of these wholly imaginary victims of his wrath. On returning again to the opposite pavement we stumble upon the entry to the *Café Anglais*, the chief celebrity of which consists in its being almost the only *Restaurant*, where all the world can sup when all the world's asleep. At the hour when all lights are extinguished, and the doubtful flickering gas in the street lanterns alone throws a few broad gleams upon the obscurity of the Boulevard, the white blinds in the *entresol* of the *Café Anglais* are still brightly illuminated and checquered with the black profile shades of some of the midnight guests, vaguely thrown athwart them. Here alone the carnival lasts all the year round; and from twelve to four o'clock in the morning, the Spirit of Evil alone can tell how many mysterious *fiâcres* drive discreetly up and deposit their loads at the half-opened door.

Although rather beyond the exact limits of the Boulevard des Italiens, three other illustrations, necessary to complete the *ensemble* of this sketch of Parisian life, must not be left unnoticed. One is Tortoni's, less celebrated, in this money-getting age, for its ices, sorbets, and parties after the Opera, or its crowd of *flâneurs* of both sexes on a bright spring evening, than for the flights of petty stock-jobbers already mentioned, who cluster on its peristyle, if they swarm not round the Passage de l'Opera. Another is that pompously decorated edifice, called the *Maison d'Or*, that sculpture-bedizened, gilding-plastered house, the true child of the present age of gold—prithee, distin-

guish from the "Golden Age!"—the true type (its shifting occupiers now enriched, now ruined, now swelling with pride, now grovelling in misery) of the grasping, feverish, variable, unstable course of Parisian life—that quicksand without foundation, either moral or material. The *flâneur*, however, cannot stop here: for a few steps further is the not less notorious Jockey Club, the asylum of the independent fashionables of the day, those rebels against society and its rules, those men of horses, betting, and gambling, one of whose first creeds is the imitation of everything England can exhibit of good, bad, or indifferent, be it but extraordinary; and the Jockey Club best knows to what an extent the extraordinary goes, and how extravagant are its imitators. None, certainly, are better worthy to close the scene of concentrated fashionable life in Paris, as found upon the Boulevard des Italiens.

If we were to pursue this great artery of continuous Boulevards and the stream of Parisian life's blood which flows along it in a trill of listless loungers, lingering indolent cabs, most unbusiness-like omnibuses, none of which seem in the smallest degree pressed for time, or to have anything to do but to *flâner* themselves; we should find at every step and in every change of name, a change in the physiognomy of the passengers; as we approach nearer and nearer to the region of the people, the artisan, and the *gamin*, and pass their endless rows of favourite theatres, teeming so rankly with all the exciting horrors of murder, assassination, incest, adultery, poison-cups, and dagger-blows, the dearest and sweetest theatrical food of the Parisian, that the Boulevard upon which they stand, side by side, has received the popular name of the *Boulevard du Crime*, and arrive at last at the Column of July, the monument intended to commemorate their own pet revolution, now so out of favour, upon which the Genius of Liberty stands like a *danseuse*, one foot raised high in the air, as if it were on the point of taking a *pirouette*, preparatory to a last hop, skip, and jump, and then leap down and disappear for ever. But to follow up and examine, by the way, the whole constitution, moral, social, and picturesque, of the great artery would lead the *flâneur* into the very pretension from which he shrinks, that of attempting to paint all the million pictures that may be painted of the most fanciful of capitals; much less can he pretend to study the course of all the many minor arteries and veins. As to the nerves and sinews of the body they must be left to the scalpel of such all-searching and able anatomists who fear not to wade in blood and corruption in the search, as the fanciful author of the "Mystères de Paris."

He can do more than (*en passant*) advise the wanderer who comes to visit the capital physically not morally—Paris and not the Parisian—to choose one of those bright days which sometimes fall upon the town like a blessing from above—one of those days, in fact, when he cannot but be in the happiest humour possible, when he feels a rich spring of ideas incessantly bubbling up within him, a shower of those vague flitting flashes of thought, impossible to embody or communicate, that are but as it were the souls of thought,—and then wander along the quays beside the Seine, through Paris new and old, turning over, as he goes, the pages of the picturesque or the romantic that may be laid before him, even if he stop not to read or fully to understand them. Let him not forget to give a glance at the renovated façades of the fantastic old Hôtel de Ville,—let him cross the Pont d'Arcole, so lately built, and yet so lately swept from end to end by cannon, and flooded with blood, and remind himself how among this people, living

only for emotions, whether petty or sublime, a few years would seem alone wanting to stamp a spot as a scene of tragic history. Let him follow those groups hurrying in curiosity towards that low, mysterious-looking building by the water side, and, if his nerves be strong and his feelings not over-excitable, under the Morgue, where he, as upon a butcher's shambles, may see two or three waxwork-like figures, which he will be scarcely able to persuade himself are human beings, living and breathing but the day before, and now the daily provision of the previous night's work in that evil city,—the offering of crime, passion, or misery,—the victims of assassination or of suicide. And then, if his heart sickens within him at the sight of these horrors of the earth and earthly, let him cross the river's arm to that noble cathedral, the massive towers of which rise above the houses of the isle, and seek composure and peace of mind in the contemplation of the sublime grandeur of its Gothic exterior, or of the long vistas of great solemn columns within, or of the rich flowery tracery of the great painted windows, through which the powerful flood of sunlight from without will shed a glow of varied colour upon the columns and pavement of the aisles, like the bright promise of future bliss shed along the path of a stern religious life. And when "the dark shadow has passed away," if a spice of romance be in him, as doubtless there is in the composition of every *flâneur*, he will probably call to mind Victor Hugo's wild and extravagant but wonderfully powerful romance of "Notre Dame de Paris," and he will gaze with a strange feeling of awe, as strangely mingled with the most contradictory sensations of religious devotion and vague dark passion, on each tower, battlement, staircase, and gallery, over which that romance has shed so mysterious a charm. Let him then mount to the top of the towers. The forms of Quasimodo, Claude Frollo, and Esmeralda, forms of darkness and of light, will still attend him on his way. Let him direct his eyes, as soon as he shall have recovered breath, over that rich foreground of roof, gallery, balustrade, and Gothic ornament, upon the countless roofs and old towers, and domes, and palace-tops, and buildings memorable in ages past, through which the heavy Seine still winds it way. He will not fail to be struck with the contrast thus presented by the calm view of old Paris, rich in antiquities (for he is in the centre of the old city)—old Paris, the city of romance and history—to the Paris he has seen below, the modern city of bustle, pleasure, misery, intrigue, and faction. Elevated thus above the sight of human beings, he cannot but feel himself elevated into the region of the historic recollections called up by the old buildings immediately beneath, and far out of the reach of the *hôtel, boutique,* and *Boulevard* of to-day. Then, if he be not tired, let him still *flâner* on among the old houses of the Isle of St. Louis, still displaying symptoms of magnificence in their decrepid age; and when he arrives at last at the Jardin des Plantes, if his attention be not called off by its menagerie, or its oriental fairy palaces of glass, the new conservatories, let him mount up to that eminence at the end of the garden, and seat himself beneath the thick spreading branches of that old cedar of Lebanon, the lower boughs of which will form a frame to the distant picture of parts of Paris and its environs—and let him dream. And, if he be not content with the result of his *flânerie,* the *flâneur* quiets his conscience with the self-assurance that he has not been wrong in his advice. At all events, there the *flâneur* must leave him, to enjoy himself as he may.

THE MILITARY PUNISHMENTS OF THE ROMANS.

BY EVERARD CLIVE.

"I DO not see how you can have an army at all unless you preserve it in a state of discipline, nor how you can have a state of discipline unless you have some punishment."

This emphatic remark of the Duke of Wellington, in the valuable evidence given by him before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1836, is safe from contradiction; but when the question comes to be mooted what that punishment must be, men's opinions are as wide apart as it is from here to Oregon: most military men insisting on the necessity of retaining corporal punishment, while the general public voice denounces it with the utmost vehemence.

It is singular, that, in the discussions which have recently taken place on this topic, the Report of the Committee, which I have referred to, should have been so little made use of both in and out of Parliament. That committee examined witnesses of every rank and standing in our service, from the recruit and private soldier to the veteran general and the commander-in-chief. Army-surgeons, statesmen, and other civilians, who had directed their attention to the modes of punishment in our service, were also called before it. Full details were obtained of the practice adopted in other European armies, and the system of the French army in particular was elaborately explained by four French officers, who had been purposely sent over by their government to afford all the information in their power on this long "*vexata quæstio,*" how an army is to be kept in discipline without corporal punishment.

The volume containing this large mass of valuable evidence is of course easily accessible at what some vehement anti-privilege zealots in the Stockdale *v.* Hansard business called "The House of Commons' Libel-shop;" yet, except a slight allusion by the Premier, it was wholly overlooked in the recent debates; the metropolitan journals forgot it; and "The Cambridge Independent," among the provincials, alone availed itself of its contents. The inquirer into military matters will, however, find it well worth referring to; and, as far as modern troops are concerned, the materials which it supplies for comparing their different systems are as ample as can be desired.

Our thoughts naturally revert from these inquiries into the discipline of the present European armies, to some reflections on the mode in which the old Romans maintained such iron discipline and perfect subordination, as we know to have been the national characteristics of their soldiery,—of those legions that gradually extended the power of Rome, from the few fields close under her walls, over the fairest portions of the Old World, and gave her during centuries an almost unbroken career of triumph, the tithe of which no other state, ancient or modern, ever yet could vaunt to have achieved.

It was to the superior strictness of their discipline, and not to any personal preeminence of their soldiers in daring or physical strength, that the Romans themselves attributed their superiority over their enemies. The old Consul in Livy,* while dooming his own son to death for having fought and conquered contrary to orders, declares that

* Lib. viii. c. 7.

the sacrifice is made to restore the "disciplinam militarem, quâ stetit ad hanc diem Romana res." Cæsar has given us in his Commentaries the speech which headdressed to his army after the assault in Gergovia, in which he told them that he require dmodest steadiness in his soldiers as much as high-spirited courage. Numberless similar instances might be given. Indeed, as Varro remarks, the very word for an army among the Romas (*exercitus*) implied strict and assiduous discipline and training.

In drawing any argument respecting modern military discipline from the Roman system, it might seem important to bear in mind the very different modes in which the legions were recruited and organized during the various periods of Roman history. Great and merited stress was laid by the military witnesses, in the Parliamentary inquiry which I have referred to, on the different degree of severity which is required in managing soldiers inrolled by compulsory conscription for a limited period, from that which is requisite in the case of an army otherwise composed, and in which the term of service is for life, or of great length. Thus, Lord Hardinge, in answer to a question, how it was that the French dispensed with a punishment which he thought requisite in the British army, replies (p. 296, answer 5653)—

"An answer to that question involves the consideration of the different class of men of which the French army is composed. I conceive formerly, when the French army was raised by voluntary enlistment, and not by conscription, there was a very severe system of corporal punishment by bastinado, and by the flat of the sword, both in the garrison and in the field, and that that system was more or less practised in all the armies of Europe; till during the late revolutionary war the system of raising armies by conscription was adopted, and then, as soon as respectable shop-keepers and yeomen, and persons of that class, were compelled to serve the state, not by their free choice as in England, but on compulsion, then it became less necessary to have a system of corporal punishment, because a large proportion of the men were not of that licentious class which formerly used to enlist into the French army, and now enlist in the British army, namely the most dissipated and idle. The recruits being taken by conscription and by force are now composed of a better sort of persons; they are more obedient; they know the necessity of military discipline; they are not by nature and by habit so difficult to manage as the voluntary recruits, who enlist, disliking work; therefore they can be managed by less violent means of punishment than we require in the field."

Colonel Brotherton, Sir Willoughby Gordon, and other officers conversant with the French system, pointed out also the effect of the whole male population being forced, as far as possible, to acquire military habits and feelings; and the important distinction of the soldiers of other European armies than the English seldom or never being called on to serve beyond sea, and, from the short period for which the conscription keeps them in the ranks, always having the prospect before them of a speedy return to their homes, and the occupations of ordinary life.

Now it is to be borne in mind that the Roman military system, during the early centuries of the Republic, embraced in a greater degree than even the French present system does all those points of advantage, as to the mode of filling its ranks, the period of enlistment and the scene of operations, which are supposed to render the use of corporal punishment unnecessary; and that, on the other hand, by a series of gradual changes, the Roman legions under the Emperors strongly resembled the British army as to the mixed character of their elements, the long service required of the men, and their being called

on to act under every variety of climate, and at every distance from their native lands.

Yet at all times, and under all circumstances, the same character of stern unrelenting strictness and merciless severity in punishment marked the Roman discipline, down at least to those late periods of the decline of the Empire, when her military spirit gave way beneath the general corruption and ruin. The rod and the bludgeon were unsparingly employed by the officers, for what we should consider minor military offences; and the punishment of death, frequently accompanied with circumstances of great cruelty, was inflicted at the discretion of the commander, for such crimes or breaches of duty as he was pleased to consider of heinous magnitude.

The historian Polybius, who was the personal friend of the younger Scipio Africanus, and accompanied him in his campaigns, in the valuable account which he gives in his sixth book of the Roman military system, enumerates several of their punishments, and the occasions on which they were inflicted. After describing the very elaborate and strict system by which the vigilance of the sentries and patrols was provided for, he narrates the mode in which the slightest remissness in this duty was sure to be instantly detected and promptly punished.

A court-martial of the tribunes of the legions (answering to our colonels of regiments) was promptly summoned, and the delinquent arraigned before it. If found guilty, he was sentenced to the "*fustuarium*," a punishment analogous to that of running the gauntlet, which is at present practised in the Austrian and Russian services, frequently with the most revolting cruelty.

The Roman soldier who was condemned to the "*fustuarium*" was led out into the middle of the camp before the assembled troops, and there received from his tribune (or colonel) a slight blow, upon which the whole soldiery fell upon the unhappy victim, and generally cudgelled and stoned him to death on the spot; and, even if he succeeded in staggering through the host of his executioners beyond the precincts of the camp, he had no hope of surviving the sentence, for no one dared receive or shelter him, and he was left to perish in utter destitution.

This terrible punishment, which every colonel of a legion had the power of ordering, was assigned not only to the offence of neglect of duty on guard, but to the crimes of theft and of bearing false witness; and it was also inflicted on the soldier who had been fined three times for the same offence, among the long list of minor delinquencies which the colonel had the power of punishing by imposing a pecuniary fine, and seizing any property of the offenders as security for payment.

We know from other sources that the centurions, whose position in the legion was analogous to that of non-commissioned officers in our regiments, enforced prompt obedience by summary blows with the stick which each centurion carried, and which was the distinguishing mark of his rank.* But, besides these authorities to inflict corporal chastisement, which the officers of each legion possessed, the general of the army was invested with unlimited power of life and death over all under his command. The assent of no court was necessary to make his sentences valid; there was no appeal from his jurisdiction; he saw, he judged, he condemned, and the punishment was inflicted at his bidding on the spot, and at the

* The Roman soldier was beaten with a vine stick. Pliny, in his eulogy on the vine, mention this as one of the honours of the tree.

moment. This was the "*imperium*," the unlimited arbitrary power which the Romans thought it indispensably necessary to submit to, when serving in the legions, in order to secure safety and success to their country. Cicero describes it as being that "sine quo res militaris administrari, teneri exercitus, bellum geri non potest." The Romans well knew the gross abuse which the weakness or tyranny of individual generals was certain from time to time to make of this fearful and irresponsible authority; they knew that they themselves were liable to be its victims; but they preferred enduring these occasional oppressions, to risking the relaxation of their military discipline and fettering the energies of their commanders. Their maxim in war was,

"Ne'er to swerve
From rule, however stern, that tends their strength to nerve."

When, indeed, we remember the arbitrary and tyrannical spirit that characterized the Roman patricians in their conduct towards the plebeians during the early centuries of the Commonwealth, and bear in mind that the patricians, for a long time exclusively, and for a still longer time principally, held all high military commands, the soldierly self-sacrificing spirit of this remarkable people strikes the mind most forcibly. In all the various struggles made by the plebeians to obtain a fair participation in civil rights, in all the projects of their tribunes for curbing the oppressiveness of the patricians, no hint ever appears to have dropped, no idea ever entertained of mitigating their martial law, and limiting the despotism of the general over the soldier. Yet the plebeians themselves made up the legions. Rome employed no mercenary armies; she did not then even fill her ranks with the refuse and rabble of her population, as is the case in the common modern mode of recruiting. On the contrary, the lowest class of citizens, all those whose property fell below a certain census, or who for some misbehaviour had been degraded and disfranchised, were, down to the time of Marius, considered ineligible to serve in the legions. That wonderful infantry, which overthrew Volscian, Etruscan, Gaul, Samnite, Epirote, Carthaginian, Greek, Spaniard, and Asiatic, was formed of the free middle classes of Rome,—of men, who in peace were bold reformers, stout asserters of their civic rights, ready to rise and sacrifice all things rather than submit to the insolence of their oligarchs, but who, when once in the camp, when once inrolled and sworn under their country's banner, followed those oligarchs against any foe of Rome's, and upheld those oligarchs in the enforcement of their iron laws of war in all their sanguinary severity.

Even where the general in command was so hated by the plebeians serving under him, that they preferred being defeated to winning him a triumph, the punishments ordered by him were submitted to. Thus the army which an Appius Claudius led, in the third century of Rome, against the Volsci, and on which he avenged, by every species of severity, the mortification which he and his party had just experienced through the passing of the Publilian law, though it broke its ranks and fled when drawn out for action, suffered its oppressor, after the battle, to scourge and behead, with every circumstance of exasperating insult, all its centurions, and all the soldiers who had ever received military rewards, and then to decimate the rest of the legions, without resistance, and without an effort to escape.* And though, after the close of the campaign, and the expiration of Appius's year of command, he was impeached for high state offences by the tribunes of the people, his

* Livy, lib. ii. 59.

military severities were not included in the list of misdeeds for which he was held responsible to the laws of his country. The very men who had been tyrannized over by him while in the ranks, were now, as citizens, free to proceed against him; and it *was* imputed to him as a crime that the Roman arms had been disgraced under him by defeat and disaster; but neither then nor at any other period was a Roman called to account by other Romans for any severity which he, as a general, had practised upon them or their brethren and friends, while serving under him as soldiers.

Mutinies were, at all times, of rare occurrence in the Roman ranks, excepting, of course, those periods of civil war, during which military laws, like civil laws, lose their natural vigour and solemnity. Still, instances did occasionally occur in which the cruelty of officers forced human nature, even in Roman bosoms, beyond the limits of endurance, and the outraged soldier sought the wild justice of revenge upon his tyrant. It is, of course, in the narrative of scenes like these that we find the fullest information of the severity to which the Roman military punishments were sometimes carried. Livy, in his fourth book, relates the death of Marcus Postumius Regillensis, a military tribune with consular authority, who was stoned to death by his own men, towards the close of the first century of the republic. At that time the Roman legionaries received no pay from the state, and the only chance which a plebeian had of indemnifying himself for leaving his farm or other occupation during the campaign, was the hope of booty in the sack of some enemy's town, or of a grant of state-land out of some conquered domain. Postumius, after some successful operations in the field, had besieged Bolæ, a town of the Æqui, and had promised his troops the plunder of the place. The men assaulted and stormed it, but then Postumius, more probably out of selfish motives than out of any pity for the inhabitants, refused the soldiery their promised reward, and kept them under arms while he prolonged the, to them, profitless campaign.

On the capture of Bolæ being known at Rome, it was proposed by the popular party that some of the necessitous plebeians should receive grants of land and settlements in the conquered town, and "Who," said the popular leaders, "are more worthy to possess the town and territory than those soldiers whose valour has won it." Postumius had hurried away to Rome to head the oligarchy in opposing this measure, and on hearing the last proposal he loudly threatened that the soldiers under his command should suffer sharply if they took any part in such a movement. This being reported in the camp, incensed more and more the already discontented legions. The second in command was unable to quell the growing tumult, and Postumius, who was summoned back to the army, commenced punishing the men in a spirit of wild cruelty, which at length led to his destruction. One of the military punishments which the Roman general used to inflict was "death by the hurdle." The victim of this cruel sentence was thrown, with his face downwards, in some shallow water, a hurdle placed over him, and then stones were heaped on it till he perished, half-crushed, half-drowned, beneath them. To this horrible doom Postumius now ordered soldier after soldier to be led away before their comrades' eyes. The men stood in their ranks and endured it for a time, but at length the cries of the condemned soldiers worked their natural effect. There was a rush to save them. Maddened with rage, Postumius sprang down from the tribunal, where he had been dispensing torture and death,

to enforce the completion of his orders. A stone was thrown, probably by one of the condemned men; the example of insubordination, once set, was contagious, and the judicial murder of more soldiers was stopped by their tyrant's death upon the spot.

"Jure occisus est," would be our verdict on such a death of such a general. But the Romans looked on such an infraction of military discipline as an enormity which no provocation could justify. By consent of the plebeians themselves, the consuls of the next year were charged to avenge the fate of Postumius; and those who had been most active in his fall, despairing of acquittal or pardon, anticipated a judicial sentence by a voluntary death.

The well-known narrative which Tacitus has given, in the first book of the Annals, of the mutiny of the legions in Pannonia and on the Rhine, at the time when Tiberius became emperor, gives a very copious insight into the position and grievances of the Roman soldiers under the first emperors. They were now recruited very differently, and the scene and duration of their service was very different to what had been the case during the four first centuries of the Republic. Men of every race and clime were now comprised among the Roman citizens; the lowest class served in the ranks, nay, whole bodies of barbarians were sometimes made Roman citizens for the sole purpose of enlisting them under the eagles. Cæsar raised a whole new legion in Gaul in this way. The Roman soldier now served year after year on any remote frontier in Europe, Asia, or Africa, where Rome might be carrying on war. He had no prospect of returning home, and his only hope lay in getting an allotment of land in some distant province, at the end of twenty or thirty years, incessant service. No portion of the old military law could, with safety, be relaxed among these formidable masses, whose only home was the camp, whose only bond of union was community of discipline, whose only joint feeling was the superstitious worship which they paid to the golden eagles, the Bellorum Dei, that were their standards. The centurion's power of punishing summarily with blows seems to have been more frequently and severely exercised over them than formerly was the case with the Commonwealth's legions. These officers were proportionally hated by the men, and always fell the first victims to every outbreak of military violence. Still, not even the ringleaders of any mutiny ever required the abolition of this punishment. By soldier as well as by general it seems to have been looked on as an instrument, often, indeed, of cruelty and oppression, but as an instrument without which no army could be held together.

I would, in conclusion, briefly indicate, that in drawing inferences from what was done in the Roman armies as to what ought to be done in our own, we should bear in mind the fact, that punishment by blows did not in these times involve the permanent degradation which we associate with the idea of it. To adopt also, in part, the words of Napier and Arnold, "The modern soldier is not necessarily the stern bloody-handed man the ancient soldier was; he preserves his original feelings of gentleness and humanity, his discipline has its root in patriotism, and it would be wise and far from difficult to graft moderation and humanity upon such a noble stock."

I venture here no positive opinions of my own as to the necessity of corporal punishments in such an army as the British is or might be made; but perhaps the materials for induction which I have thrown together may not be without value to those who are more qualified and more called on to speak decisively on this painfully interesting topic.

DONCASTER: ITS SPORTS AND SATURNALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS."

"Sed mihi fas visa loqui."
What I have seen permit me to relate.

THE beautiful autumnal month of September, for such it may be considered in its proximity to the period

"When Libra weighs in equal scales the year,"

rich in earth's golden produce, and abundant with healthful sports and recreative English pastimes, may be taken as the crowning month of turf amusements, the last grand event of the racing year; for, although the Newmarket October meetings follow later in order of time, they are, in character and consequence, of comparatively trifling interest to the public, with the exception of the Cæsarawitch and Cambridgeshire stakes. The Newmarket meetings, at the best of times, attract only the real amateurs of racing, patrons of the turf, and the business professors of the ring; betting-men and book-makers, who study pedigree, and note the yearly performances, and record the capabilities of horses, as they graduate from yearlings until they enter the lists, as three-year-olds, for the great stakes at Epsom. Newmarket Heath does not, like the courses of Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool, Chester, and Doncaster, present to the view a large assemblage of elegant company, and a multitudinous concourse of persons collected from all parts of the kingdom to witness the scene; nor does it offer the gay and animated appearance which ordinarily distinguishes provincial race-meetings, that usually command the patronage and presence of the nobility and gentry, resident in the immediate and surrounding localities, and at the same time invite to holiday and recreative enjoyment the industrious and operative classes of the respective towns and their vicinities. Newmarket is a place for the *business* of racing, as distinct in its character from the sporting localities named, as is the Royal Exchange in its sombre and exclusive commercial transactions from the gay, diversified, and pleasurable appearance of Hyde Park in its zenith of fashionable season and display; no town-division of police is necessary to keep in awe and order the pressing and over-anxious multitude, nor is any constabulary aid required to clear, and keep free from intrusion, the arena of sport and speed. Conventional order and well understood arrangement characterize the whole proceedings on the heath. With the exception of two or three private carriages, a dozen hired post-chaises, as many vehicles of the denominations of gigs and taxed carts, a few sprigs of aristocracy on their thorough-breds, half-a-dozen stray Cantabs, and a score or two of the miscellaneous class known as betting-men, mounted on lean and sorry hacks, on which they make their hurried way from betting-post to betting-post, as business calls, all is pedestrian movement—the visitors consist chiefly of townsfolk, *quorum magna pars* may be said to be trainers, jockeys, stable-men, touts, and others connected with the numerous racing establishments. The scene, to any other than real amateurs of the sport, or to those trading in its

speculative results, is altogether dull and monotonous; not a petticoat or pretty face is to be seen, not a booth or stall of accommodation at which to refresh the inward man, nor a mountebank or merry-andrew to enliven the intervals of racing and astonish the gaping rustic. All is *business*, and that of the most exclusive character. The routine of a day for a visitor on Newmarket Heath is, in good truth, to watch the locomotive machine of the judge in its various journeyings and chnages from course to course (for Newmarket has some twenty different distances, so denominated), and to follow in its track; a determination to witness a full day's entertainment will not unfrequently subject the party, under the diversified arrangements of the day, to a somewhat lengthy and fatiguing journey, by reason of this necessary attendance on Lord-Chief-Justice Clerk, as he proceeds on his judicial circuit. The town of Newmarket is equally dull and unattractive; its chief characteristic feature is the betting-room. Beyond this, it contains in the main street a few shops only, several large but irregularly built houses, with two inns of extensive character: the chief of the two is "The Rutland Arms," which usually affords accommodation to the nobility and first class of visitors; the other, "The White Hart," is resorted to by the more general class—farmers, travellers, tradesmen, betting-men, and others. Newmarket contains, as may be imagined, many public-houses and drinking dens; and the town is literally overrun by that Lilliputian tribe of mischievous men in miniature, ycleped jockey-boys, who matriculate at this racing university, and graduate until they qualify and take degrees for the great stakes.

For the reasons assigned, Doncaster may be fairly, and by no means incorrectly, termed the crowning racing event of the year, as it is, without question, the last of any importance to which general attention is drawn, and in which the public exhibit anything like pleasurable interest.

The ides of September in modern times, like the ides of March in the Roman æra, are of portentous result; and although they threaten not in their advent the destruction of men and downfall of empires, yet is their dawn sometimes overcast to the bringing on of a heavy day, big with the fate of many a turf Cæsar. Doncaster is the great scene of action; the *St. Leger*, the all-absorbing and all-exciting event. At this racing period of the year the town is frightened from its ordinary quiet and propriety, and revolutionized into a scene of high carnival and revelry.

In relation to the great Doncaster meeting, and the interesting and important events connected therewith, the spirit of speculation can scarcely be said to be perfectly abroad until after the Epsom settlement, and the subsequent attractive and important meetings of Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool, &c. These past, the great St. Leger becomes the immediate subject of business at "The Corner," and, as a matter of course, in all places of sporting notoriety throughout the kingdom, and particularly so in northern localities. The great London exchange does not at such time, owing to the far advanced state of the London season, and other causes operating to the same end, exhibit a very full attendance of the aristocracy of the turf; but these high and mighty ones are nevertheless actively engaged in the business of the approaching event, through the agency of Messrs. Hill, Clowes, and other safe and experienced members of the betting fraternity—persons who are as influential in raising or depressing the market by their operations, as is that mysterious personage, the government-broker, by his wholesale purchases or sales of funded

securities. At this period, the quotations of the market, or odds of the day, come under regular report, and emanate with great accuracy from the pen of Mr. Ruff, (author of the annual publication known as the "Turf Guide,") a gentleman most competentin the department, and who, besides possessing all the requisite knowledge and experience to fit him for the duty, has the intrinsic merit of honour and integrity in its discharge,—and is, moreover, politely accessible and honestly obliging to all persons seeking information within the fair and reasonable scope of inquiry. Mr. Ruff reports the racing intelligence for all the leading journals. The weekly papers are under other arrangements; "Bell's Life" has its clever and respected reporter, Mr. Dowling; the "Sunday Times," the "Æra," "Observer," &c., have also their own special and very able *employés*, who sometimes indulge in more extensive comment and observation and go more minutely into the physiology of the sport,—their cue, however, on the actual state of business is taken from the authority of Mr. Ruff, who is, without question, *de jure et de facto*, the regular and acknowledged reporter of turf affairs, and derives therefrom a handsome and well-deserved income.

Doncaster, the immediate locality of the subject-matter of this paper, is a town of some magnitude, and of much interesting historical importance. Its situation is in the West Riding of the county of York; in the Saxon annals it is written *Dona Cescen*, and in the first charter granted to the town by King Richard the First, it is called *Dane Castre*. All authorities agree that it was, as its name imports, a Roman station; and a Roman votive altar of exquisite workmanship, discovered in 1781, proves by its sculpture and inscription the truth of the assertion. This altar, which was found in digging a cellar in St. Sepulchre's Gate, is recorded as being the third of the kind ever discovered in any part of the world; one of the others was found at Binchester, in Durham, and the other at Ribchester, in Lancashire. Doncaster was destroyed by lightning about the year 759, and, as related by the historian Camden, completely buried in its ruins. In the wars of the Roses, the battle of Toughton Field was fought between the contending armies of York and Lancaster, when nearly 40,000 were left dead on the field; and in Aske's rebellion of 1536, the town and its neighbourhood were the principal scenes of tumult and riot. Doncaster has obtained numerous charters in succession, from the time of Richard the First to that of James the Second. The corporation is composed of a mayor, recorder, town-clerk, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four common-councilmen. The town is not what can be correctly termed, in common acceptation, a trading town, beyond its mere retail traffic; it had formerly some note for knitted stockings, but is now undistinguished by any peculiar trade or manufacture; the main dependence of the shopkeepers and mechanics is upon persons of fortune resident in the neighbourhood, and on the custom (which is extensive) arising from a constant succession of travellers and visitors on their route to Edinburgh, and other northern localities. Doncaster has much to recommend it to the notice of the tourist; its general appearance is attractive, and it is most healthily situated; the houses are for the most part well and conveniently built; the High Street in particular, which is nearly a mile in extent, and for length, breadth, and beauty, may compete with most northern towns, presents to view some first-rate mansions of modern structure. The ancient church stands on the area of the old castle, and is a large

handsome structure, which, with the lordship, was in the possession of Nigell de Fossard, at the time of the Conquest: the precise period of its erection is unknown, but in the repair of the church, many years ago, a stone was taken out of the wall at the east end, on which was the date of 1071; whence it has been inferred that the eastern part was built at that period, and the several joinings in the stone appear to denote that one part was built at a different time from the other. The present elegant tower of the church is of later date; its style of architecture would seem to stamp it of the time of Henry the Third, a period from which many of our churches derive their origin; the baptismal font is of freestone, and was made in the reign of Edward the Confessor, it being dated 1061. Within these few years Doncaster has received the addition of another church, a very handsome and elegant structure, raised in the fine open space at the northern end of the town, affording great convenience to the increased population, and adding very materially to the beauty of the place. The principal public buildings are the Mansion House, the Town Hall, Grammar School, St. Thomas's Hospital, erected and endowed by Thomas Ellis, in 1588; a dispensary, a workhouse, a theatre, and divers meeting-houses, or chapels, of different sectarian denominations: to these may be added, as having immediate connexion with the subject, the *Subscription Betting-rooms*, in the High Street, near the Mansion House, and an establishment of somewhat similar character, in its nocturnal entertainments, situate immediately opposite to the rooms, and known as *The Berkley Club*. The town has greatly advanced in importance within the last twenty years; by the census of 1841 it was reported to contain between 11,000 and 12,000 inhabitants. The surrounding country, to a great extent, is picturesque in the extreme, and exceedingly diversified; and there is associated with the view much interesting incident of historical reminiscence. At a distance of only five miles from the town, on the high road to Sheffield, is the pretty and retired village of Coningsburgh, and the ruins of its ancient castle, which Sir Walter Scott has made the scene of stirring events at the period embraced in his celebrated novel of "Ivanhoe." It is there spoken of as the castle of the Saxon Athelstane; and a peculiar interest necessarily attaches to it from the notoriety it has thus obtained from the descriptive pen of the Scotch novelist, who could at once beautify and immortalize all that came within his unrivalled power of delineation. Of Coningsburgh's famed castle, the donjon, or outward keep, is all that now remains to greet the view of the curious and inquiring traveller. This relic of past ages stands on an eminence, surrounded, and in the summer season almost entirely hidden, by fine old trees of large and luxuriant growth. The summit of the round tower is attainable only by ascending a flight of stone stairs, until you arrive at a kind of inner ridge, or parapet of barely sufficient breadth for one person to pass along, with the aid of a slight hand-hold put up for the special safety and convenience of visitors. Midway in the ascent are several small stone recesses or chambers, having exceedingly narrow apertures or loop-holes, adapted to the purposes of the times, and from which the bowmen were wont to commit havoc on their besieging foes. Again ascending, you proceed to the top of the tower, where divers inlets or apartments are still extant, one evidently bearing the stamp of having been a kitchen or buttery. From the height of the ruin a most magnificent view is obtained of the surrounding country in all its rich,

extensive, and variegated scenery, the river Don wending its beautiful course in the tranquil valley beneath. Some ten years ago the writer of this paper passed a day of indescribable pleasure, in a visit to Conings-burgh and its castellated ruins. He was accompanied by several friends, all of whom, save one, ascended to the topmost height of the tower, to take a view of the extensive scenery. The excepted one, from a peculiar nervous dread of ascending heights, and which, with all his most strenuous endeavour, he could not overcome, mounted only mid-way, and there placed himself in one of the narrow inlets before described, to await the descent of his more aspiring friends. While thus situated, his mind became suddenly influenced by the scene, and acting on the immediate impulse of the feeling, he broke out with good voice and expression into Moore's beautiful and appropriate melody of "*The harp that once through Tara's halls.*" The effect was most impressive and simultaneously felt by the whole party above, who listened with silent and profound attention until he had finished the verse, when they unanimously called for a repetition; he complied with the call, and reproduced the exquisite feeling his first effort had created. Conings-burgh and its castle are the property of the Duke of Leeds. There is a fine old church in the village, within the chancel of which rest the mortal remains of many a belted and valorous knight, as indicated by the half obliterated sculpture on divers tombs, bearing both effigy and inscription. The key of the castle is possessed by the landlord of a public-house in the village, bearing the sign of "*The Eagle and Child,*" where it is due to mine host to say that the author and friends, on their visit to the ruins, partook of a most excellent dinner of some variety, and at an almost incredibly moderate charge.

The facilities of steam, as applicable to the locomotive purposes and convenience of railway travelling, have, as regards both time and expense, worked a wonderful revolution in the social state of things; and the repeated reduction of fares by railway companies has opened increased easy means of visitation and personal communication between parties resident at the most distant localities; while the great and judicious accommodation of day or excursion tickets has been effective in tempting thousands from the smoky atmosphere of towns, to healthful and pleasurable change of air and clime, thereby recruiting the system, and promoting taste for nature's fairest scenes.

Owing to such popular and general cause, Doncaster is now brought within the reasonable scope of accessibility to visitors of almost every grade. Formerly, even by what was considered the rapid progress of the Royal Mail, there was no getting over 160 miles of ground (the distance from London to Doncaster) in less than twenty-four hours, while the time occupied in the same journey by the ordinary stage drags was of much greater length; the tediousness, too, of stopping to change horses, the cold night travelling, and frequent exposure to inclement weather, the expenses of taverns, and the imposing demands of coachmen, guards, &c. in their continual change throughout a long journey, rendered the journey most fatiguing and objectionable. Now, "no longer stiffened and wearied by long travel," one is speeded over the distance by rail in six hours ordinary time, at considerably less than half the fare by coach, and this, too, under exemption from all the annoyances and inconvenience of the old system. There are now no intruders in the shape of mercenary and dissatisfied Jehus to disturb your half slumber-

ing state by the demand of a remembrance fee for the arduous labour of having conducted you over twenty miles of ground without breaking your neck by an upset; protection too is afforded against the warring elements, and the traveller may now comfortably ensconce himself within the snug and protective recess of a railway carriage, tuck himself into an easy corner for a few hours' nap, and discover, on waking, that he has unconsciously reached his destination.

It is not surprising that Doncaster, so celebrated for its sports, should have felt the benefit of this great social change. Railway conveyance has greatly increased its trade, and generally benefitted the town; but the influence of the locomotive power of steam is more immediately and extensively felt in the race week, when an enormous influx of visitors takes place, all or most of whom are prepared with means of expenditure and outlay sufficient to enhance pleasure and perfect enjoyment, and, as a consequence, to command hearty welcome. The system of Derby and St. Leger lotteries or sweepstakes, as they are termed in sporting phraseology, has had much influence on the general effect. These thousand and one streams (as they have been termed by a contemporary), which are continually flowing into the great river of speculation, have enlisted, upon reasonable computation, every tenth member of the community, male and female, into the sporting ranks, by inviting them, in the first instance, to a little quiet risk as to the winning horse for any great and particular event. Such events are continually succeeding each other throughout the racing season; and the interest thus excited leads, in due time, to a desire in the parties to witness the events in which they are immediately concerned. The desire once created, its indulgence and gratification soon follow, and by frequency become habitual. The spirit of speculation increases therewith, and hence there is constant addition to the betting community, and a consequent increase of visitors to the principal race-courses of Epsom, Doncaster, Ascot, &c. London is the great mart for these sweep lotteries, as may be ascertained by reference to the advertising columns of almost every daily and weekly metropolitan newspaper throughout the year. There are at the least five thousand public-houses in London and the suburbs, and supposing a tithe of them only to countenance and afford accommodation for such a system of sporting lottery and venture, it would give five hundred as the result. Next must be considered the number of persons, speculators; and a pretty correct estimate may be made from the fact, that for the Derby, Oaks, and Doncaster St. Leger (exclusive of other great and interesting events), there are usually from one hundred and fifty to two hundred entries,—that is to say, so many horses named, all of which, whether dead or alive, cracks or cripples, are included in the drawing lists for the particular event. Taking the entry then for any one of these races at the moderate computation of one hundred and twenty, and making that number the multiplier of five hundred, it will appear that in such one event alone an interest is created in sixty thousand persons. It may be urged against this estimate, that many persons take two, three, and four chances each in such lotteries, a fact which, in its admission, will not reduce the positive actual general number of adventurers in sweep lotteries, regard being had to the material fact, that this calculation is made on a single race, and that every reduction in the number, by reason of double or treble venture in one person, would be

more than made up, perhaps doubled, by additional names inrolled for other events. This, it will be recollected too, has reference to London lotteries only; and a corresponding system and spirit of venture prevails throughout the provinces, and adds largely to the number of persons really interested in turf results. Publicans are greatly, and almost exclusively, benefitted by these sweeps. Independently of a certain degree of favourable notoriety which houses acquire by the arrangement, they become regularly and numerously frequented for many weeks prior to the drawing, and a very considerable sum of money is spent in the consumption of liquors. Dinners on the days of drawing, and certain contributions levied on the prize owners, to be expended amongst the unsuccessful speculators after the great event has come off, all tend to bring grist to the mill of the sporting landlords, who, in the meantime, have also the benefit of the interest of the money deposited with them. One or two of these Boniface trustees have been *non-content* with these advantages, and made free with the principal entrusted to them; but it is just to remark, that such examples of dishonesty have been very few, and that, generally speaking, landlords have proved worthy the trust reposed in them.

The Birmingham station, for a week at least prior to the racing at Doncaster, exhibits a scene of unusual bustle and business; hundreds are daily on the move from London on preparatory business. Amongst the earliest in their locomotive transit from the metropolis, may be noted that most restless and heterogeneous class of enterprising, but mischievous spirits, the gambling fraternity of London, with their corps of Bonnets, workmen, and confederates in their dark and dexterous practices: their name is legion, and they are ever on the *qui vive* to take time by the forelock (the only lock, by the way, which the old gentleman is said to possess on his antiquated pate), and to turn scarcity of brains and superfluity of cash in others to their own particular and immediate account. The smaller fry of betting-men are also birds of early passage to the north; their mission is *in pursuit of useful knowledge under difficulties,* their object being to possess themselves on the spot (and, if possible, from persons directly or indirectly connected with Scott's and other celebrated racing stables) of information in respect to the northern *Cracks,* which may be turned to profitable account in the market. These gentry pour into the town from all quarters, put up at taverns and public-houses, cultivate general acquaintance, and are extensively patronized and employed on commission by weighty and influential principals of the betting ring. The swell mob and family men are visitors of early recognition to the town and neighbourhood, on the look-out for business, and, like celebrated engineering surveyors, marking out their line for subsequent active practical operation. A division of this class of industrious operatives attaches itself to almost every train quitting the metropolitan station. The season is one of glorious hope to their energies and enterprize, inasmuch as their fellow travellers are, one and all, supposed to be possessed of a fair amount of the material or viaticum, some portion of which, they reasonably calculate, will come within the scope and estimate of professional transfer. Next comes a numerous class of persons, of little or no means beyond a bare sufficiency for the journey, but who are full of flattering hope that "something will turn up" to defray expenses,—men who have grown into the regularity of attendance at Doncas-

ter, and who look forward to the return of the races with as much impatience and anxiety as a school-boy does to the advent of his holidays,—men who, it is believed, would pledge the very shirts from their backs to raise the means, and literally crawl on all fours if no other mode of conveyance offered to bear them to the bewitching scene. Trainers, jockeys, and others immediately connected with racing establishments, with the whole ragged but enterprising troop of touters and tricksters from Newmarket and elsewhere, are of the early influx. Lastly, and by no means least in enterprizing object, are those important and ubiquitous personages, male and female, who are to be met with on every race-course of any note throughout the kingdom, the vendors of racing cards and sheet-lists, *diffusers of useful knowledge*, who enlighten equally the sporting gentleman and the unsophisticated visitor with each day's account of the running horses, with the names, weights, and coloured jackets of the respective riders. At the head of this industrious class (for industrious they are, and honourably so, as compared with hundreds whose pursuits are of most questionable character) is that fellow of infinite merriment, the illustrious and, as Cobbett would have termed him, entertaining vagabond, the notorious *Jerry*, a man whom nature has, most happily for him, stamped with an indescribably comic phiz, and who appears to be a most happy, and, as such, an enviable person in his mode of life; the very representative and personification of a wight, with the essentials of a light heart and a thin pair of unmentionables, proverbially said to be necessary to a perfect progress through the world; though, by the way, Jerry is occasionally togged, as the term is, in the most substantial and elaborate style, varying his costume, like a true courtier, to the occasion and the company. Some twenty-five years back Jerry patronized the *loose* and *ragged*, and sported nature's stockings without any accompaniment of the cordwainer's art, under a pair of *pious* trowsers; a napless coat graced his athletic back, and a hat, whose original jet the sun had enviously bronzed, decked his well-shaped head; from his shoulders was suspended, by a black ribbon, the neck of a quart bottle, the substitute for an eye-glass, with which, *à la Jones*, he satirically and cleverly aped the fashionable and affected gaze or quiz of the dandy of the day. Jerry's inheritance appears to have been an accumulated stock of that inestimable worldly compound metal called Brass, which he has rung through life to profitable account; he possesses the gift of gab too, with some aptitude and capability for song and dance, which, in concert with his more general qualifications, have told well for him in his vagabond pilgrimage. Latterly, this king of erratic spirits has become genteel in habiliment, and now, by turns, patronizes the plain suit, or the military or naval costume of rank, as whim, interest, or object to be attained suggests, but under either mode he is, in identity, to all who recollect his early exhibitions, the Jerry of bygone days,—*il vagabondo* of the race-course! Jerry does not yet patronize railway locomotion: his mode of transit from place to place (and he has over and over again visited every race-course in the kingdom) is the original pedestrian method of the primitive age, and in more recent days adopted by Dr. Johnson. When on his travels, Jerry is usually accompanied by a faithful companion of the canine species, whose services are made available to the conveyance of his master's wardrobe by means of a small cart, to which the animal is attached. Jerry is an im-

portant personage with, and exercises great moral influence over, his tribe (amongst whom are some very elaborate samples of Egyptian mould), and is deservedly held in their fair esteem. He is the Rothschild of the community, and practises acts of kindness towards the less fortunate of the card-trading fraternity, frequently starting them with capital to commence the day's business, exacting from them, however, the punctual observance of repayment, excepting under the absolute inability of non-success in their speculations. Jerry has thus, it appears, learned "the luxury of doing good;" and though humble his pursuits, and limited his sphere of action, he is to be honoured for his practical indulgence of the acquirement. Several attempts have been made of late years to personate Jerry in his original character, costume, and vagaries, but all have failed, and Jerry may yet pride himself in the idea, that "none but himself can be his parallel."

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

BY W. H. C. W.

INTRODUCTION.

Under the merry merry greenwood tree
With me who likes may roam;
And there, although we shall *be out*,
We'll make ourselves "*at home*;"
And, by your leave, beneath its leaves
Will we con o'er again
The quips and cranks, and merry pranks,
Of Robin Hood and merry men.

I.

To Sherwood Forest Robin Hood,
Real Earl of Huntingdon,
An outlaw fled, and there, 'tis said,
Was join'd by *Little* John,
Who was a *great* man, as they say,
At drawing well the strong bow;
And as his shaft went a *long* way,
No doubt he drew the "*long bow!*"

II.

Bold Robin Hood was so beloved,
His *band* increased in haste,
As also Friar Tuck's, the fat,
Who never would *see waste*
In any thing that he conceived
The inner man might succour:
He *bib'd* the wine, and if 'twas wrong,
'Twas but a *bib* and *Tuck-er*(r).

III.

A useful member to the band
Was Tuck at feast or fire;
The deer they took 'twas wrong to cook,
So in conscience kept a *friar*.
Though *ven'son* then, as now, was *dear*,
This 'vantage they could reap—
Just like their means the game was *near*,
And so they got it *cheap*.

IV.

The chieftain as the chief of darts
Contentedly down sat him;
But couldn't 'scape sly Cupid's arts,
Or shafts he levell'd at him.
Maid Marian was made Rob's queen,
Queen of the greenwood shade,
And kindly kept his *cave* well swept,
Because he 'd no *house made*.

V.

That *Robin* was a *robber* bold
May well be understood;
In every *joke* you *saw* he told
That he was *Rob(b)in(g) Hood*.
We're told Tell was a telling shot,
(Nice even to a hair,)
And because he shot the *apple*,
Tell and Hood are deem'd a *pair*.

VI.

Let this opinion *current* go,
From monarch to the pedlar;
Who 'd spoil them of their sweet deserts,
A most obnoxious *meddler!*
Long may the fame of Robin Hood,
And all his merry men,
As merry make all merry hearts,
Who 'd merry make again!

SCENES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

BY A RESIDENT.

THE "MISSIONE."

It was eight o'clock as I set out upon my expedition, accompanied only by a servant; for no one had the courage to dare the heat, and other *désagrémens* which had been enumerated to us, except myself.

The church was at the upper end of the Chiaja, just in that part which is inhabited by rather a low population; and as I approached it, I was dismayed by the numbers of *lazzari* in their picturesque rags; fishermen, and their wives and daughters; and troops of dirty children, who were pouring out of the *vicos* and *vicoli* of the neighbourhood. But I was predetermined to persevere.

At the summit of the long flight of steps which led up to the church, two of the priests were seated *al fresco* under the portico, whence they had evidently been enjoying the *corso;* and the great curtain of the entrance was drawn up to admit the fresh air.

On entering I was agreeably surprised to find the church not so much crowded as I had feared, though all the benches were already filled by women. As I stood for some moments irresolute, two of them made room for me at the end of the form, compassionating, with the good nature which pervades all classes in Italy, the stranger, who, but for them, perhaps might have stood all night.

But the alternative was embarrassing: as I gazed at my neighbours,—their long matted black locks, looking as if a comb had not approached them for the last six months, and the rest of their costume any thing but irreproachable,—I recoiled from the contact. While I hesitated, a priest, who saw my dilemma, beckoned to the servant, and sent him back with a chair. Charmed at being *quitte pour la peur*, and at the same time escaping the imputation of uncourteous and misplaced pride, so often cast upon the English, especially abroad, I chose my position, —not too far to hear, nor too near to see.

Had I been in a mind to enjoy the picturesque, I should have been gratified; for nothing could be more characteristic than the different groups that kept pouring in incessantly. The most striking figures of all were the fishermen of the Mergellina; dark as Moors, their glittering black eyes and handsome features shewn off to the best advantage by their peculiar costume, they would have been each studies for an artist. I wished for a pencil, to sketch one who stood leaning against a pillar at a little distance from me. Singularly handsome; his coal-black hair swept negligently across his forehead, and curling in glossy locks all over his head; his long scarlet cap poised coquettishly on one side, and drooping on his shoulder; the clean blue-striped shirt, open from the throat; the crimson scarf bound round the waist, its fringed end falling on the hip; and the brown fisherman's jacket, with its pointed Arab hood; slung carelessly at his back—he formed the picture of a dandy *lazzaro*.

Others there were, who, with their shaggy black brows, and fierce glances, wanted nothing but the turban to have been transformed into

the most complete Algerine pirates. But if the men justified their reputation for being the handsomest of all in the land of beauty *par excellence,* neither did the women belie theirs. *Brutta come una Napolitana* is the most offensive epithet that insult can apply, from the Lago Maggiore to the Straits, and the assemblage around only served to confirm its truth.

Amidst the hundreds that surrounded me, I could not discover more than one or two faces that might have been good-looking, had they been washed, and had the tangled locks that floated round them been smoothed and combed.

It is strange that while the women of Venice, of Milan, and of Rome are so remarkable for the glossy beauty of their gloomy tresses, surpassed only by their singular profusion, and the classic elegance with which they wreath them round their heads; the Neapolitan alone, who, less favoured by nature, might with still more reason have recourse to art, is the only one who, totally regardless of appearances, suffers her hair to fly loose in utter neglect, or confines it in the hideous green net, *la rezzola.*

But, on the other hand, if a *Napolitana* escapes the national reproach, she is splendid. Even amongst the parched and sunburnt wives and daughters of the *marinari,* I have seen some superb girls. And amidst the nobility the exceptions are still more striking: Temoin, the lovely princess Angri, the supremely beautiful *principessa* Torlonia, the pretty and *spirituelles* daughters of Prince Policastro, and many others.

By this time the church was beginning to fill so densely, that my speculations turned to the probabilities of being smothered; as a living stream continued to pour in, of a *canaille* that went far to prove that a Neapolitan mob, like its macaroni, are unique on the face of the earth. But I was wrong to fear them, for though the human mass around was wedged together as closely as the sand on the shore, they forbore to press on me; and I could hear the men, and even the women, telling each other not to *incommodare* the stranger.

At last the lighting of a solitary lamp, that just sufficed to make "darkness visible," announced the commencement of the service. The priest entered the pulpit, and as he looked around on his congregation, I saw him fix his scrutinizing glance on me, evidently with anything but satisfaction.

A *missione* is a peculiar service, never destined for "ears polite," and wholly dedicated to the very lowest class; rarely, if ever, is there any Neapolitan of a better order present at it; and then only once, out of curiosity. Much less then, foreigners, who never even hear of it. The subjects treated of are what are called in Italy "*i quattro novissimi,*" *morte, giudizio, inferno, e paradiso;* and every method that can impress the feelings, or excite the fears of the ignorant auditory, is unhesitatingly resorted to.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the unusual appearance of a stranger at an exhibition, which is burlesque even to the higher ranks of Roman Catholics themselves, should be exceedingly unwelcome to a priesthood so tenacious of placing their religion in its best light before the eyes of heretics; so much so, that the relatives of the Marchese S——, whose animated recital had excited my curioity so as to induce me to go and judge

for myself, blamed him for having disclosed to the glance of the profane so little creditable a page in the *fasti* of Catholicity.

But the *predica* began, and with the first deep tones of the preacher's voice, a hushed and breathless silence fell on all the chattering and noisy crowd.

The priest commenced by a forcible appeal to his hearers, calling on them, as they valued their *anime immortale*, and their hopes of redemption, to hearken with a proper reverence and awe to the revelations of the night.

"Listen to me, *figliuoli miei, uditemi!*" he said; "on the past evening you beheld the terrors of the *Giudizio;* you saw *Gesù nostro Signore*"—and here the priest took off his black *calotte*, while the whole congregation bowed and crossed themselves reverentially—"crowned with the *Spirito Santo;*—all glittering with gold and gems, the *beatissima Madre* seated beside him, and the *Padre eterno* covering him with glory. You saw the *anime beate* basking in his smile, and ascending to heaven midst hosts of angels and saints. And you saw, *O vista tremenda!* the *spiriti dannati* precipitated headlong into the abyss!"

Thus the preacher recapitulated, in his figurative and impassioned language, a complete description of Buonarotti's Last Judgment. Then, all at once sinking from his lofty style into the familiar locution of the people, he continued, "But to-night,—to-night you shall see things infinitely more terrible; *Auto che chillo!* Hell itself shall open its *voragine* before you; the spirits of the damned shall pass beneath your glances; the groans of the lost shall resound in your ears! *Guai a voi, figliuoli!* woe to you! woe to all who take not warning in time."

The whole of this exordium, as also all that followed, was in the *pretto Napoletano*, the dialect of the city, and would, therefore, have been quite unintelligible to any one who did not understand the *patois*, which, fortunately, I spoke.

After a moment's pause, the preacher recommenced.

"Think you, *belle figliuoli*,—you who go about singing '*La Chiajese*' and '*Lu Guarracino*,'* or strolling up and down the Mergellina and Posilipo, *con chisto e chillo*,†—think you that *accusi* you will go to Paradise; or do you fancy, perhaps, that it is as easy to *saovare l'anime* ‡ as to *sputar in terra?*" §

If the metaphor was not very elegant, it was, to say the least, very appropriate; for there was nothing else to be heard in the intervals of the *predica*. "No, no! *figliuoli miei;* it is a serious affair, *nun se tratta de pignoli e nocelle;* ‖ it is no trifle. If you want to see *la faccia di Gesù in cielo*, instead of *fare all' amore*,—making love with every *ragazzo* that you meet, and spending whole days and nights at Puzzuoli, dancing the Tarantella and beating the *tamburro*, like so many *pazzi da catena* ¶—instead of such follies, go to mass—go to confession. You spend every *grano* in gewgaws and *ornaments*, while the Madonna is neglected and forgotten. Are you not ashamed"—and here the preacher fixed his eyes on a group of girls whose large gold ear-rings and coral

* Two popular canzonets.

† Neapolitan for *questo e quello*, this one and that

‡ *Salvare l'anima*—save one's soul.

§ Spit on the ground.

‖ The pine-cones and nuts, of which the Neapolitans are very fond. The literal meaning is, "It is not a question of nonsense."

¶ Furious mad people.

necklaces were particularly conspicuous —" to be decked out in *scinguaglie d' oro*, and *lazzietti*,* and *coralli*, while the Madonna is left in darkness and desertion? How can you expect her to love you, to intercede for you, when you neither bring her a candle for her altar, nor a drop of oil for her lamp, nor even a fresh flower for her shrine? *Figliuoli miei*, pray to *Maria santissima;* implore her to accept your repentance, to hear your supplications." And as the preacher poured forth the *Ave Maria grazia plena*, the whole assemblage sank down on their knees, and repeated that popular prayer after him with the greatest fervour.

"And all these *giovinetti*," resumed the priest; "all these *sciascioni*,† who do nothing from morning till night but swallow *macaroni* and *gran Turco*, ‡ or *inzallanie* the *zetelle*, § and dance, and drink, and sing, how many years of purgatory will be remitted to them for every game they win at *pallone* or *scopa?* or do they think to get absolution for their riots and *coltellate*, and to open the gates of Paradise playing on the *mandolino*. No, no, *figliuoli miei;* those who live without *Gesù nostro Signore*, and his *Santa Chiesa*, are dogs; and those who live like dogs will die like dogs; and those who die like dogs will go to hell. *O, poveretti loro!* better they had never been born! Who may tell their despair? —despair which knows no hope,—anguish which can never cease." And here the preacher rose into one of those bursts of impassioned eloquence, whose wild imagery and startling power, carrying everything before them like a mountain torrent, thrill the heart of the most cold-blooded and prejudiced listener, and act on the excitable feelings of an Italian assemblage like an electric shock.

As the orator alternately anathematized the guilt and described the punishment; as he painted, with all the vividness and force of a scene passing before his eyes, the miseries of retrospection, the unavailing repentance, the bitterness of separation from all those who were loved in life, the agonies unspeakable of an eternity of woe,—sighs and sobs resounded from all parts of the church. The women wept, the men groaned. One girl beside me kept incessantly repeating "*Libera nos, Domine*," while the tears ran down her cheeks; others beat their breasts, and ejaculated every moment "*Mea culpa! Mea culpa!*" Every one seemed more or less affected;—even the handsome young fisherman, whose Figaro look had made me set him down for somewhat of a free-thinker, crossed himself half a dozen times, and muttered a "*Gesù! Gesù!*" Nothing could exceed the vehemence of the speaker's language, except, perhaps, the animation of his gestures, and the varying expression of his countenance. At last, when the excitement had reached its climax, he again sank upon his knees and repeated the *Pater noster* and the litany, the whole people chorusing in with the solemn chaunt of the "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis! Sancta Maria Maddalena, ora pro nobis!*" and all that follows.

It was not the first time I had witnessed the overwhelming effect produced by a popular preacher in Italy. I had heard the celebrated Padre Ventura in Rome, the famous Capuchin Friar of Pisa, and many others

* Neapolitan for earrings and necklaces, or chains.

† A most expressive and untranslatable word. A man who enjoys life without thought or care.

‡ Indian corn—maize.

§ Humbug the girls.

of equal or minor note in the various cities where I had resided, and everywhere I had been struck by the *predicatore's* deep and rich-toned voice, his rapid, yet singularly impressive delivery, the poetical *estro*, and the daring energy of his conceptions and expressions,—all so highly calculated to work upon the feelings of a people essentially imaginative and impassioned. Nor is this surprising, for as in Italy it is not incumbent on the priesthood to preach, unless they possess the talents and requisites that may enable them to shine in the pulpit, no one attempts it who does not feel that it is his peculiar vocation, or that he is at least adequate to the task.

An Italian *predicatore* is always, therefore, a *picked* man,—often a poet and a genius by nature,—rarely, if ever, a common-place one.

What then must be the power of a language, all poetry, on the lips of men like these, flashing with the enthusiasm of their country, and with whom, moreover, elocution is a science, studied as profoundly as ever was that of Cicero or Demosthenes, and spontaneous as well as studied?

I remember seeing a bare-footed Franciscan preaching in the Colosseum, whose eloquent declamation and pathetic appeals to the crucifix he held in one hand,—rude and untaught as they were,—were most striking, and seemed to make quite as great an impression on the *contadini* and *confraternità* who knelt around him, as the loftiest harangue that ever echoed through the Forum. He would have been an *improvisatore* had he not been a friar.

The *predica* lasted another hour, for it was not actually a sermon but rather an *istruzione* or discourse, otherwise it would not have been so prolonged, though it was too original and characteristic to be tedious, to me at least. But the best was to come. The preacher concluded at last, and it was time, for no lungs, except Italian ones, could have supported the rack and tear that his had undergone during the two preceding hours. He was replaced by another, and now came the *crême de la crême* of the night.

Pour le coup! I could scarcely believe my ears. The *remplaçant* began in a long monotonous sort of *cantilena;* every sentence concluding in a drawling, lingering note, that sank into the lowest *baso,*—a something between the howling of the wind on a gusty night, and the last tone of the *voga, voga, ritournelle* of a fisherman's song in the distance. But the song or chaunt of the priest—for literally it could be called by no other name—was far more peculiar and strange than anything I had ever before heard. I was at a loss to decide whether the effect produced was more burlesque than solemn, or *vice versâ.* As the preacher continued, however, I ceased to think of the singularity of the manner, in the still greater curiosity of the subject.

It was neither more nor less than an account of hell,—*bonâ fide,* hell! —given with all the graphic detail and luxuriating *broderie* of an eye-witness. Never surely was mortal—always excepting the divine *Alighieri*—so profoundly initiated into the mysteries of *Cocito.* I doubt that he was half as well acquainted with the ins and outs of that most puzzling of labyrinths, the old city of Naples, so minute were his description of the streets and alleys of the infernal regions.

And it must be confessed that the picture was by no means a flattering one. After depicting in *glowing* terms the fiery furnaces in which the *anime dannate* were to fiz and fry,—ever consuming and never con-

sumed,—lest the contingency of being broiled should not be sufficiently terrific to the *habitués* of a Neapolitan sun, he added,—

"But, *figliuoli miei*, do not fancy that you can open a window to cool yourselves, and let in the *brezza marina*. There are no windows in *lo inferno*;—there are no *ventolini* to refresh you;—there is no sea to jump in and out of all day, and swim about *come tanti pesci*. No!—there is not even a *bicchierino d' acqua fresca* to moisten your lips, were they ever so parched. The air is burning as the breath of Vesuvius and the Mongibello. The rivers are all liquid flame. The ground is all paved with red-hot lava that never cools, in which the *dannati* shall lie, while showers of red-hot *pomice* shall fall on them incessantly: and do not imagine that they can twist and turn from side to side to *scansare* the shower, or to repose in a cooler position; as they fall so they must remain, *fitti* to all eternity,—some with their heads upwards, and some their heels,—*chi col capo all' ingiù, e chi 'n coppa*,—some on their backs, and some *faccia 'n terra*, to all eternity, as the Calabrese brigands do with the *viandanti*."

At this point of his discourse I was half inclined to interrupt the preacher by a bravo, so just did it seem to me that the *birboni* should be victimized in kind, though, to my shame be it spoken, the *tout ensemble* had several times brought to my mind the ignoble comparison of red herrings in a barrel. But it was infinitely more terrific than absurd, to the rest of the auditory.

Nothing but exclamations of "*Gesù! Gesù!*" "*Domine!*" appeals to *San Gennaro* and the whole community of saints, mingling with cries of "*Madonna mia!*" and "*O, Maria Santissima, aggiate pieta di noi poveretti*," and every other imaginable exclamation of terror and distress, was to be heard around,—certainly not a concert of sweet sounds at all events. But as the *padre* went on heightening the picture, describing the howling of the demons, and their gambols with pitchforks, prongs, and *uncini*, in the most approved style of *Danteschi* horrors; the whole scene became "confusion worse confounded:" sobs were converted into shrieks; where before they had beat their breasts, they now tore their hair; two or three women fainted, or appeared to do so; some of the men roared, and others almost yelled. It was a perfect representation of the "weeping and gnashing of teeth, in the outer darkness;" or rather it was Pandemonium broke loose.

I began to feel a little nervous; though I could not resist smiling at the ludicrous sight of two bronze-hued, weather-beaten *lazzari*, who had fallen on their knees beside me, and were alternately wiping their eyes with their shirt-sleeves, and blubbering like a couple of over-grown infants.

"You had better come away, there is nothing more to be seen; it will be very soon over, and then you will find it exceedingly disagreeable to be jostled about in such a *canaille*."

The speaker was Don Raffaele L——, who had forced his way through the crowd, in order to assist me out of it. As I had just been thinking of the expediency of a retreat, I gladly accepted his escort; and, thanks to his and the servant's exertions, we at last emerged into the open air.

It was delicious to breathe freely once more, though I regretted ex-

ceedingly that I had not been able to see it out; for I had been told that the grand finale was the most curious of all.

At the conclusion of the *funzione*, the Marchese L—— had witnessed the priest, suiting the action to the word, dip his fingers into a bowl of phosphorus, scattering its blue flames about in every direction, like the *eau bénite* from a *goupillon*, on the people, on the pulpit, where they lighted like *ignes fatui*, casting such a ghastly hue on the preacher, and every one in his vicinity, as to make them resemble very much the demons he pourtrayed; while a fearful rattling of chains resounded from beneath his feet.

Such at least was the account, word for word, given to me; and which many persons assured me, so far from being either imaginary or exaggerated, was by no means unusual. Nor should I in the least doubt it, even had I heard it on more questionable authority, as I have myself seen many things quite as extraordinary.

Nothing could be more refreshing than our walk homewards, along the gay and glittering Chiaja. As we threaded our way in and out of the various groups of servants, *guarda portoni, facchini*, and idlers of every description, who, in this less aristocratic part of the Riviera, were taking the *fresco*, either seated outside their doors, or lounging, chattering, singing, and laughing amongst themselves, and impeding, if not exactly the *trottoir*, at least that which ought to be, if anything so plebeian as pedestrians had ever been calculated for on the elegant Riviera di Chiaja, — the breeze sultry as it was, seemed quite cool, after the mephitic vapour I had been inhaling for the last three hours.

Yet on the whole, *canaille*, suffocation and all, I would have undergone that martyrdom again, sooner than not have heard "the *missione*," which, in singularity and characteristicness, had far surpassed my utmost expectation; for the Marchese S—— had rather softened than heightened the colouring of the picture.

It was one of the most curious episodes of the manners and nationality of the most original and picturesque people in Europe.

"Well, what did you think of it?" said Don Raffaele at last.

"Why, I thought it very amusing."

"And very absurd?"

"*Un pochino*, I confess."

"Of course, I knew it must be even more *choquant* to you than to us. Pepino should not have persuaded you to go. It was no place for you, *oltre* its casting a ridicule on us all. But remember, that in this, as in all things, *il faut faire la part du peuple*. The discourse you heard to-night was intended for the very dregs of the people; and however much we, and all enlightened Catholics, and you know that *il n'en manque pas*, either in Naples or in any other part of Italy, may deplore the means used as a check upon them, we are forced to admit their expediency. Nothing but the material terrors inspired by their confessors, and by such *prediche* as you heard to-night, would have the least influence on their furious passions and brute ignorance; anything of a better order would be unintelligible to them. You will say perhaps that the mob in your country do not require such a curb; but it is absurd to attempt a comparison between English and Italians. You cannot judge us by yourselves. The English are a cold-blooded nation, *e noi altri abbiamo zolfo nelle vene*."

"I am not afraid of trusting our character in the hands of the *signorina*," interrupted the Marchese. "She is half Italian herself, and can therefore judge us impartially and correctly. But what arouses my indignation are the libels of the ignorant and insolent tourists, who come upon us every winter like a swarm of locusts; and after spending a few months amongst a people, of whose language they do not understand twenty words, nor speak ten, and that little imperfectly, presume to criticise our manners, morals, and minds; of which they know about as much as they can see—without comprehending—in the street; *par extraordinaire*, at some ambassador's ball perhaps, or pick up from the *laquais de place*."

The Marchese's accusations were only too just. Can anything be more ludicrous than the descriptions of travellers, like the late one, who talks of the "instruments striking up the moment the Pope entered the Sistina chapel?"—a thing against all rule and precedent, no instrument being ever permitted in it, the "human voice divine" performing all the music! Equally good are this gentleman's observations on seeing! the busts of "celebrated men" in the Pantheon, whence they have been removed these last fifty years to the Pinacoteca of the Capitol, where he might have seen them on any day!

Nor are such gross errors as these by any means uncommon. What can we think, for example, of the fair writer, who, in one of her late novels, actually transports to Rome, by a stroke of her pen, the Toledo! from Naples, and the Palazzo Strozzi from Florence? displays her knowledge of Italian by christening the "maggior domo," "maggior *d'uomo!*" through three volumes? and has the cruelty, or the courage, to lodge an English ducal family in the Via Tordenona—the street in question being the narrowest, dirtiest, and darkest of Roman thoroughfares; and one of the few, moreover, which has not a single *palazzo* in its whole length, and scarcely even a house that is not inhabited by the very lowest orders, as every one knows who has ever traversed it on his way to St. Peter's. So much for the lady's *savoir* of the language and topography of the "eternal city."

> "'Tis a pity when charming women
> Talk of things which they don't understand."

Of what value then must be the observations or *critiques* of such "*voyageurs autour de ma chambre*," when they *print* such inconceivable blunders, as the most ignorant *laquais de place*, or the most trifling of guide-books, might have taught them to avoid? LIONI.

WOMAN'S LOVELINESS.

She was too lovely far for earth,
  A flower too fragile to be planted here,
Too beautiful for one of mortal birth,
  She seemed a creature of a brighter sphere!
Angelic sweetness beam'd in ev'ry smile,
  Smiles that we view in dreamings of the blest,
An angel's form and look was her's, the while
  A woman's heart of love beat in her breast!

University College, Durham.

A PEEP AT SOCIETY

TAKEN BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Society, according to Johnson, means fraternity; refer to the letter F for fraternity, and you will find that it means society; so that strictly speaking society means nothing more nor less than that best of all compacts, a brotherly one. Look for society in the world, and you soon discover that it means anything but fraternity, and that poor human nature has chosen an inappropriate word to designate its mixings and political minglings with the every-day world.

Good society, in fashionable parlance, does not strictly mean a moral and instructive companionship with the highly gifted or good, but a clique surrounded by a barrier of titles or riches, deeply learned in escutcheons and the "Court Guide," and very particular about knowing only particular people; for none, according to the existing codes of good society, can by any possibility be admitted into the charmed circle, without having the hall-mark of the fashionable few. This rule is rarely departed from except in the case of a Lion; here the creature, either from fear or love, although plebeian, is admitted for a season to be stared at or stare, that he may lay a soft paw on his flatterers if he be literary, or autograph and sketch in the avalanche of albums if he be a painter.

Good or fashionable society admits of very little fraternity, as the word is understood by lexicographers, for the youth even of this society are never permitted to what is termed "come out," before they have by the aid of experienced tutors been fully instructed in the manners and habits of their seniors as to how to salute, smile, &c., in fact, come out little ready-made men and women; this freezing up of all the channels to the heart is called etiquette, which also teaches them to look upon the world as a show-room, through which they have to walk and talk according to the prescribed rules of their order, and above all never to allow this highly-polished mask to be disarranged before the multitude.

The lady of ton (ton means a certain number of people where there is no society) goes through with charming nonchalance the warmths of her friendship, which calls for a very little exertion of those vulgar things called feelings; a scented billet invites her to some dear friend's *soirée;* her amanuensis answers in acceptation, and she goes as late as she can on the appointed evening, when she crawls up a crowded staircase into a mobbed saloon, where she smiles most bewitchingly on her dear friend the hostess, who returns another equally charming smile as she receives her, quite delighted to see her so crushed and crowded, as it adds to the *éclat* of her party. New arrivals thrust them asunder, and the lady guest departs with the determination to outshine her friend at her own approaching party by the number of her invitations, in hopes that they may not be able to get into her house, though they are sure all to get into the "Morning Post," where she would really rather see them than in her house, the fact being that they are only in the one that they

may be in the other; with this amiable intention of rivalry she flits and smiles through a few more parties during the night, with exactly the same results, until, overcome with *ennui*, she seeks her pillow, delighted with the number of her invitations, meaning nothing.

The man of ton lives in nearly the same routine, slightly varied by unmeaning dinners, where he is invited to come as late as he can, to go away as soon as he can, that he may attend the Opera and a few slight engagements where he really must just show himself, which gives his tiger time to turn his cab round and take him up again, that he may show himself somewhere else.

In the most serious, as well as the most trifling things, does the society of ton commit extraordinary acts of folly, with the air of sincerity; for a kind of tacit understanding seems to exist, that they shall appear to receive all as real which they know to be false. A female tonnist, for instance, is expected to be fully conversant with all the tricks of card depositing and morning calls, invented for the sole purpose of getting rid of the surplus time of the fair unemployed. She accordingly ensconces herself in her carriage if she intends to make personal calls, and bowls round to the doors of her intimates, for it is not her intention to go farther, at an hour when they are not visible, "or not at home," as the fashionable lie goes: here her show footman knocks insane knocks, which is the principal thing in his education, makes sweet inquiries, receives the expected answer, leaves a card, mounts his perch and passes on to another and another, where he goes through the same forms, during which his mistress reads quietly the last new novel, as if perfectly unconscious of what the man was about. This game at "cards complimentary" is one of vital importance to the well-being of this kind of society; any lapse by any of its members, of the proper distribution at the proper time, would embroil them in some bitter feud, or, in some cases, the expulsion from the much envied ranks of ton.

When a death occurs in this high and delightful society, the distressed members, to flatter the dear defunct as long as he or she remains above ground, send most punctiliously their servants, carriages, and horses, to mourn with becoming decorum in the procession to the grave. Everybody sees that this is an empty compliment in every sense, yet it is done that this world may see what a many carriages the body knew.

Notwithstanding the emptiness of all this, we find the next grade in the scale, "the little great people," waste their lives and sometimes their fortunes, in imitating it; the word "society" being constantly in their mouths, which means precisely all the foregoing. Not being so well defended from the approach of the mixed, they are dreadfully tenacious in their invitations, and indignant at a "one-horse person' claiming acquaintance with their "pair-horse" eminence: you must be out of business, or you are never in their lists, unless indeed you call yourself merchant, and no one ever saw your counting-house. They are troubled with a curious monomania, which makes them believe "that the middling class" is the one just below them. This number 2 ton apes in every way, much to the annoyance of number 1, its bowings and card leavings, ceremonious parties and coldnesses, and, in its struggles to reach the society

above, passes a life of continued heart-burnings and disappointments.

The great mischief of all this ambition as to station in society falls most injuriously upon that class who, owning themselves the middling class,—men of business, &c.,—still strive vainly to place, as it were, one foot upon the step above them, and in the struggle often meet with a total overthrow, ruining themselves by attempting too much, and when done deceiving nobody; looking at the same time with a smile of derision upon their neighbours, for doing the very same thing in which they themselves so signally fail.

How many do we see who sacrifice all their domestic comfort, and eventually their prospects, in the foolish pursuit of society, believing most fondly that they are making hosts of friends, and that all the shaking of hands and after-dinner speeches are beautiful and affecting traits of friendship, and that the crowds who come and eat their dinners, and dance their wax-lights to a snuff, are their staunch friends? No such thing; friendship is not made to music; dining opens the mouth, not the heart; after-dinner affection is only a voice from the cellar; the people who swear eternal friendship over the dinner-table must not be called upon the next day to fulfil their promises. As long as people give good dinners and grand *soriées*, so long will they find a host of diners and dancers, who will have a great esteem for their feeding and their music, but, as to any personal esteem, they have no more than the pastry-cook who brings the supper, or the man who plays on the cornopean.

"I weeded my friends," said an old eccentric friend, "by hanging a piece of stair carpet out of my first floor window, with a broker's announcement affixed. 'Gad! it had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near a pigeon-house; they all forsook the building at the first report, and I have not had occasion to use the extra flaps of my dining-table since."

The ambition to outvie runs just as high in this grade as it does in the higher, and endless ill-nature is produced by the constant collision of little petty rivalries. If the giver of a feast could only hear the remarks of the complimentary throng after they have left his roof, he would sell off his spoons, and never give another party; for, after all his struggles for effect, which have been highly satisfactory to himself, the snarling spirit of criticism will seize upon his dear friends, as they discuss the evening's entertainment, in which they tear to pieces the whole concern. One kind friend, whose eyes glisten under the influence of escorting three consecutive young ladies down to supper, and gallantly hobnobbing with the same, or anybody else whose eye he could catch, declares that "The thing was pretty well, but slow, very slow; and the champagne was decidedly not A 1: people should not give champagne without it was the best." He then, with exceeding drollery, descants upon the timidity of the servant when the corks flew out; but he excuses her, as he dares say she had never seen such a thing in the house before.

One old lady, who has been profuse in her thanks and her expressions of delight at the pleasantness of the evening, nods her head and shakes her flaxen false wig, as she whispers her convictions to another old tabby who goes shares with her in the fly for the evening, that "she saw spoons and forks with the Tomkins's initials, and

some with the Wilkins's, which fully accounted for the quantity of plate, which puzzled her sadly at first, until she looked about a bit, and convinced herself; and that, by the merest accident in the world, she happened to lift the table cloth, when she discovered that they were obliged to eke out the length of the table with two, and yet she was sure they gave themselves the airs of nobility."

Young ladies, who have no time to lose in society, and who India-rubber their kid gloves from sheer necessity and continual parties, do their little spiteful things in the like amiable strain; wondering at the host pushing his daughter so forward, and making her sing such horrid Italian, scrambling over the keys as she does. These young ladies will be found to be clutching a roll of music *untied*, which had been deposited in the passage, and doomed never to make its appearance in the drawing-room! yet they smiled until the cabman shut the door, and, before they left, kissed the host's daughter twice in their enthusiasm.

In this grade we often meet with an individual, who, with the cunning of a fox, billets himself upon his friends, in all imaginable ways, during the preceding twelvemonths, and then asks all his victims to one unsupportable crush, where half his dear friends are in the passage or mixed up with the fiddlers, or crammed into a corner from which it would be folly to move, as twenty are watching for a chance to occupy it, even under the penalty of being stunned by its close approximation to a vigorous cornopean.

The fox squeezes himself blandly about amidst the throng, smiling with unmixed happiness, for he looks upon the half-stifled assemblage as so many good dinners, *soirées*, and quadrille parties, all to be settled, in the same unpleasant manner, in another twelvemonths, and the same people will be foolish enough to go through the precise thing again, and believe it is society.

There is a certain class of young gentlemen in society who are not unlike charwomen, who go out to help at parties,—that is, they are invited without being personally known, by being included in the invitations of those who are. Thus a person who wishes to astonish everybody, by letting them see what a host of good society he is intimate with, and having more than he can accommodate, sends an invitation to a dancing friend, which is an individual supposed only to do that kind of work, and never invited to the more substantial dinner parties, but is perfectly content to come in smiling with the coffee and the muffins. At the bottom of the aforesaid note he writes —" Bring a quadrilling friend or two with you," which is accordingly done, who upon their entrance are introduced to their friend's friend, the host, who smiles, &c., &c., but without the slightest wish to become more intimately acquainted with them, and indeed he never remembers one from the other of those borrowed friends: this may perhaps be excuseable, as nothing is more difficult, as they are a most extraordinary stereotyped set,—all wear polished boots, white waistcoats, white handkerchiefs, and very oily hair, without anything to say about anything, and nothing without dancing. These kind of automata make, upon an average, about one-third of all evening parties; they are very easily detected by the initiated, for directly they are unmixed with a quadrille or a polka, they all run together in a lump like quicksilver, and are about as heavy.

Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, they have their little ambition, consisting of relations of how few nights they spend in bed during the dancing season, and their intimate knowledge of the best cornopeans in town; but if one can get a corroborated account of Jullien having actually spoken to him, he becomes paramount. They have also occasional glimpses of intellect, though of a perfectly personal nature, such as finding out who goes home their way, and if they have a fly, they take wine with them. If it should be a lady, old or ugly, they dance with her; this saves coach hire. To servants they seem known instinctively, for they never give any vails, therefore they treat them with neglect; this does not much affect them, as they never have more than a pair of goloshes, rolled up in a large worsted comforter, which they throw down in the passage anywhere, and a Highland cap in their pockets to keep the latch-key company: even this is called going a great deal into society. This specimen, in its old age, must be exceedingly curious, for I have never yet found out what it turns into. Many people feel flattered if by any chance they are invited into society above them; their hearts flutter, and they talk loudly of their great friends, taking great care to blow the dust from the invitation card, which invariably floats like oil to the top of the less aristocratic ones in the card basket; they do indeed flatter themselves, for in nine cases out of ten they are invited because they are so efficient in a glee, or play quadrilles untiringly, or take a hand at cards on the shortest notice, and are victimised accordingly; they are put down in the family consultation with the musicians, waiters, and wax-lights, being in the same ratio necessary; in fact, like supernumeraries in a tableau at a theatre, they add to the crowd and effect.

Some poor victims, bitten, and labouring under the mania of party-giving and society-seeking, turn their houses, as it is not inappropriately called, out of doors: their little boxes being much too small for large parties, they have recourse to every contrivance to delude the people into the idea that the insides are mansions, although the outsides are only watch-boxes: this is done by marching the best bed-rooms into the garrets, and making the lumber-room into a little *café*. After the glorious evening is past, and their loving friends have departed, they have a week of decided uncomfortableness to get things into their legitimate situations; at the same time not having deluded one single individual of their many friends, who, with all their pretended blindness and admiration, knew that they were taking coffee and ices in the lumber-room beautified, and supping in the bed-rooms transmogrified. Then what avails all this self-deception? do they get one friend more, or do they spend a pleasant evening? Quite the reverse, the trouble is much, and the pleasure is little; and how strange but true is it, that in after-life, when all these dancing days are over, we find so few around our hearths, that we have selected and who have selected us, who seek us for ourselves alone, and do not take their hearts with their hats when the *fête* is over. The first is only like the effervescence of the wine that evaporates, and leaves behind the noble spirit to cheer our hearts when we need it.

Society, or what is called so, is unreal. As with the old shepherd who found a magic reed upon one of his sheep-paths, and fashioned it

into a simple pipe, and who, upon playing it, found himself surrounded by the good people or fairies, who rushed hither and thither with delight as he drew forth his lively strains from the magic instrument, and greeted him with every show of love and affection: the simple shepherd flattered himself that his fortune was now made for certain, and that his little powerful acquaintance would continually throw the lucky penny in his path; so he made bold, and drew his pipe from his mouth to tell them his wants; but lo! the moment the instrument left his lips they all became invisible. He accordingly resumed his tune with fresh vigour, and instantly they were all dancing before him as if they had never left off: he endeavoured again and again, but unavailingly, to get in one word for himself, but the moment he did so, and ceased his exertions in their favour, they were no longer to be seen.

So it is with the world of great as well as little people in society, they vanish when you cease to play.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

It is a lone, unnoticed spot,
The poor man's place of rest;
No stone records his humble lot,
Few tears the turf have bless'd.
The stunted heather rears its head
Beside the long-forgotten dead;
While fragrant flow'rs are taught to bloom
Where Art hath wrought the gorgeous tomb!

Around,—the stately marble tells
How wealth hath pass'd away;
The herald's boast triumphant swells,
But awes not, stern Decay!
The noble slumbers with the hind;
The gifted and the witless mind
Pass hence;—one common lot for all,—
One yielding to the Spoiler's call!

Nor strange the sympathy that keeps
My watch beside that mound;
For, where the lowly peasant sleeps
To me is saintly ground!
More precious than the grandest dome
That hides Corruption's narrow home;
More touching than the plaint of woe
That mourns the mould'ring dust below!

Recal a life of gilded state—
How valueless it were!
But virtues heirless to the great,
And suff'ring worth lie here.
Unbare the tomb,—reveal the pains
With which he earn'd his scanty gains;
To honest poverty allied,—
How hard he lived,—how calm he died!

The sun rose not in time for him
When forth to toil he went;
And twilight's close would waft his hymn
Of praise, when homewards bent!
The crust his scanty wallet spared
The faithful dog hath often shared;
And yet his eyes could tranquil close,
For angels shielded their repose!

Poor lab'rer! little couldst thou deem
What ministers of grace
Were near, when sweetly thou wouldst dream
Of some familiar face!
Of wand'ring where the sinless are,
In regions sorrowless and fair;
And list'ning—ah! no mortal sound
Could hallow thus thy trance profound!

Poor lab'rer! little couldst thou know,
Recording ones on high
Were noting all thy cause for woe,
And ev'ry heartfelt sigh!
Forsaken? Ay, the world forgot
Thy hard and solitary lot;
But thou wert richer, sad and lone,
Than monarch on his gilded throne!

The poor man's grave! Why call it poor,
That nameless, moss-clad heap?
Scorner, away! their lov'd watch o'er
Heav'n's messengers do keep!
This is no place for *thee* to rest,
Beside that pure and stricken breast;
Hence to the tombs apart from *this*,
Nor longer mock a soul in bliss!

Hans Christian Anderson.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is only since the commencement of the present century that Denmark has gained a name in European literature and art; yet there are few countries that seem to have better claims to be deemed "meet nurse for a poetic child." Its clustering islands, its indented bays, its great varieties of coast-line, its hills, and its lakes, offer a wild and romantic scenery, which, if a little savage, may be regarded as even more impressive than localities which bear the impress of artificial cultivation. Furthermore, no land is more rich in poetic traditions; the songs of the Skalds and Bards are familiar to every peasant in the Baltic islands; the narratives of the exploits of the sea-kings, who kept the whole of western Europe in alarm, furnish entertainment during the long nights of a northern winter; and the adventures of these bandits and pirates are interwoven with anecdotes of barbarous murders and savage revenge, accompanied by strange tales of ghosts, and omens, and superstitious warnings, and demoniacal agencies. It is a little surprising that such a land should as yet have produced only two original writers, Oelenschläger and Andersen, whose works have acquired European reputation. But Denmark is as completely subjected to the scholastic rule of classicality as France was before the Revolution; and it is only those who have escaped from the rigid training of the schools, and have been left free to follow their own impulsive influences, that have been able freely to develope the native suggestions of genius.

Hans Christian Andersen was born of poor parents, at the little town of Odensee, April 2, 1805. His father was a shoemaker, and, like many of the gentle craft, had a great love of literature and music; but the waywardness of his disposition and his excitable temper prevented him from improving himself by regular study. Such was his poverty, and such his imprudence, that when he married he had not the means of purchasing a bedstead, and for this piece of furniture he substituted the bier which had supported the coffin of a noble count, and which, of course, he bought as a bargain. His temper did not improve as he grew older. Quitting his wife and child, he enlisted as a soldier, near the close of the continental war, and when discharged at the peace, died in a state of lunacy.

Young Andersen was indebted chiefly to his grandmother for the care of his infancy, and the tender superintendence which moulds the disposition in childhood. She had been handsome, she was kind to everybody, and she was scrupulously neat in her poor clothing. A little pride helped her to support poverty. She used to relate that her grandmother had been the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and that she had eloped with a strolling player, with whom she spent the rest of her life in sadness and suffering. The old lady superintended the garden of a lunatic asylum, and with her, amid the gay flowers, Andersen spent the afternoons of his early childhood. The nurses of the establishment took notice of the boy, and brought him to their spinning-room, where

he loved to listen to the wild tales and ghost-stories with which the old women relieved the monotony of their employment.

The little education which Andersen received was at a charity-school. More than usual pains appear to have been taken with his reading, because he had so very musical a voice that it was a pleasure to listen to him. This qualification introduced him to the notice of the widow of Pastor Bunkeflod, a lyrical poet of some reputation: she employed the boy to read aloud to her and her sister-in-law. As was natural, she frequently spoke of her deceased husband, and thus led Andersen to appreciate the love and estimation gained by a poet. He wrote some rude tragedies and comedies, which he read to his neighbours. They were at first admired as prodigies, and then ridiculed as absurdities. Even the schoolmaster discouraged his literary efforts, and severely rebuked him when he addressed him in some few complimentary stanzas.

His mother's affairs gradually grew worse and worse. She was forced to send Hans to work in a manufactory, where he at first rendered himself popular by singing Danish songs, and reciting scenes from Holberg's comedies, but was soon compelled to abandon his employment, in consequence of the rough treatment he received from the workmen. Some few books fell in his way, especially a prose translation of Shakspeare, which he devoured with great avidity; and he cut out little figures of pasteboard, with which he performed the whole of King Lear and the Merchant of Venice.

Andersen's passion for reading and his beautiful voice soon excited the attention of some of the higher families in Odensee, and he was frequently invited to their houses. But, his mother having married a second time, it was not long possible for him to live a life of idleness; and, having narrowly escaped apprenticeship to a tailor, he extorted from his mother permission to go to Copenhagen and seek employment in the Royal Theatre. His entire stock of money consisted of thirteen rix-dollars, about thirty shillings English, and three of these were spent before he reached the capital. He had but one letter of introduction, and that proved useless; the director of the theatre refused to give him any employment; he endeavoured to become apprentice to a joiner, but, as at the manufactory, was unable to bear the ridicule of the other workmen; his stock of money was exhausted, and he was brought to the very verge of despair.

While meditating on his forlorn condition, it suddenly occurred to him that no one had yet heard his fine voice, and he went immediately to the house of Professor Siboni, the director of the Royal Conservatorium, where a large party was that day at dinner, including Baggesen, the poet, and Professor Weyse, the celebrated composer. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a lively housemaid, to whom he told his simple story, which she good-naturedly retailed to the company. They felt some curiosity to see the little adventurer; he was invited in, and after he had sung and declaimed, Professor Siboni promised to cultivate his voice, and introduce him at the Theatre Royal. Six months were passed in elementary instruction, but Andersen's voice was in its transition state, and appearing at length to be entirely gone, Siboni was forced to dismiss him. He, however, obtained the friendship of Guldborg, the poet, who gave him lessons in German and Danish, while Weyse and some other generous benefactors supplied him with the means of subsistence. Deficient food and clothing delayed the restor-

ation of his voice; he lost all hope of becoming an actor, and some dramatic pieces he produced, though rich in promise, did not possess sufficient merit to be brought on the stage. Fortunately, the directorship of the theatre was given about this time to the eminent Collin: he discovered Andersen's merits, and obtained permission from the King that he should be educated at the charge of the government in one of the provincial colleges. Here he spent two years miserably enough, being disliked by the principal and teased by the scholars; but Collin, having heard of his situation, brought him back to Copenhagen, where, in 1828, he was admitted to the rank of academical citizen. About the same time he published his first work, "A Journey on Foot to Amack," a small island on which part of Copenhagen is built; it was a humorous piece, and met with such success that in a few weeks it went through three editions. A vaudeville, which he furnished to the theatre, also gained great popularity; and two volumes of poems, which he subsequently published, spread his fame not only throughout Denmark, but Germany, where several of his pieces were translated.

He led, for some time, the precarious life of a literary man, and being morbidly sensitive, he felt very keenly the lash of criticism, which some of his cotemporaries administered with no sparing hand. Fortunately, some of his patrons obtained for him a royal stipend to enable him to visit Germany, France, and Italy. During his travels he published a dramatic poem which failed of success, and had the misfortune to lose his mother, to whom he was fondly attached. But all his sufferings were forgotten when he reached Italy—a land for which his love soon amounted to a passion. He entered deeply into the spirit of Italian life, and has reflected it all back to us with the most beautiful colouring in his "Improvisatore," one of the finest examples of poetic and artistic romance to be found in any language.

At Rome he formed a friendship with Thorwaldsen, who gratified him by expressing a warm admiration of his unfortunate dramatic poem, and raised new hopes within him by telling him how poor he had himself been, how hard he had to struggle against envy, and how long it was before his works were appreciated and understood. In Rome also he met Herz, who had been one of the most severe of his critics, perhaps we should say, the most bitter of his detractors. No sooner, however, did they come together, than they became fast friends. They travelled together to Naples, and ascended Mount Vesuvius during a splendid eruption.

Shortly after his return to Denmark, in 1835, he completed and published the "Improvisatore," which had unrivalled success. Not only his friends, but all who had formerly been his detractors, joined in the universal applause which it received. Even the old school-rector came forward to confess his erroneous estimate of the youth whose talents he had endeavoured to crush, but from whom he now supplicated forgiveness.

His "Tales and Stories" were scarcely less applauded, but they did not equal the popularity of "O. T., or Life in Denmark," a most graphic description of national manners, and "Only a Fiddler," a humorous discourse, but highly remarkable for its vigorous delineation of character. The drama, however, continued, and still continues to be his favourite pursuit, but though his pieces have been eminently successful on the Danish stage, we do not know of their having been translated. In

1840 he visited Sweden, where, in spite of the old national jealousies, he was received with the highest honours. At Lund he was invited to a public dinner, and was serenaded by the students of the college, who were proud of being the first to pay him such a mark of public honour.

On his return to Denmark, he published his "Picture Book without Pictures," a series of poetical imaginings, which met with great and deserved success. In the close of the same year he set out on a tour through Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, and has given a vivid transcript of the impressions he received in his visit to these classic lands in his "Poet's Bazaar," published in 1841.

Since that time he has published several tales and dramatic pieces, and is said to meditate a collection of the National Traditions of Denmark. He enjoys the personal friendship of his own sovereign, and of several German princes; his countrymen are proud of his fame, and the youth of Denmark regard him with intense affection. In England his "Improvisatore," and his "O. T., or Life in Denmark," have taken a high rank among standard fictions, and the author is known to be as much gratified by his British reputation as by the more solid proofs of approbation he has received in his own land.

ADVENTURES IN NEW ZEALAND IN 1845.

Bay of Islands, New Zealand, August 6th, 1845.

As I have no doubt the proceedings in this part of the globe will much interest all parties in England, and more especially those connected with the press, I will endeavour to give you all the particulars. We remained at Auckland two days, during which time I went on shore with the officers of the 99th (who, by the by, were a most pleasant set of fellows), to see all that I could. Auckland is quite an infant colony, and, with the exception of the church, entirely built of wood, painted white, forming a very beautiful contrast to the brilliant verdure of the surrounding country. Everything appeared perfectly tranquil; and the natives of both sexes, and of all ages, were lounging about, with an air of great independence. The greater portion of them had their own costume, consisting solely of a large mat made of flax, and feathers stuck in their hair; some few had blankets. They were all tattooed more or less; some very beautifully. The men are really a very fine specimen of the genus *homo*. The women, though infinitely superior to those of New South Wales, are, nevertheless, very inferior to the men. They are a very intelligent people, and very friendly and kind-hearted, notwithstanding they have many barbarous customs, and carry on their wars in a most sanguinary manner, sparing neither man, woman, nor child, and frequently even eating the chiefs of the tribe against whom they are fighting. They are particularly fond of, and kind to their children; they never think of striking them, more especially the boys, whom they indulge in every possible way, to make them bold, as they say, and become good warriors; and they are inspired from their very infancy with a deadly hatred towards opposite tribes.

We left Auckland with a fair wind, and steered our course to Cararacki, the scene of the previous outrages. We found the ship, Staines Castle, at anchor, with two companies of the 58th regiment; also the Government brig, Victoria, H.M.S. Hazard, and the Velocity schooner, at anchor, awaiting our arrival. I went on shore at this place, desirous of ascertaining the devastation committed by the hostile natives. The place was completely sacked; the greatest portion of the houses either burnt or pulled down. The only building which appeared to have escaped the fury of the natives was the Catholic church, which, like all the other buildings, is built of wood. This circumstance appears rather suspicious, especially as the priest is a Frenchman, and has been strongly suspected of intriguing with the natives; and this suspicion was increased by his remaining there unmolested when the place was abandoned.

The position of the town is quite military, and might have been, with common caution, defended by very few soldiers against a very superior number. The town is situated in a valley close to the sea-side, and surrounded by hills, on the two highest of which is a block-house, the flagstaff being on the highest. Had these positions been properly defended, the town would never have been taken; and it is for the neglect of this important duty that Lieutenants Barclay and Campbell were placed under arrest, and brought to a court-martial.

The natives displayed great generalship in the mode of their attack on the place. They were in ambush the whole of the night in some brushwood, on the slope of the very hill on which the block-house was built. At break of day they sent a party to the left to open a fire, to divert the attention of the troops from the block-house. This movement had the desired effect; the greater portion of the soldiers rushed from the position towards the firing. The consequence was, those natives that were hid under the hill rushed on the block-house, killed the four soldiers who refused to surrender, and immediately took possession of it. No effort was made to retake it, consequently the natives soon had possession of the whole place, which was now abandoned to its fate.

Colonel Despard having minutely surveyed the place, and finding it completely abandoned by the natives, the portion of the 96th regiment which had been staying here for some time was ordered to embark on board the Staines Castle, and the whole of the ships were directed to sail at daylight the following morning to the Kitty Kitty River, to disembark the troops as near as possible to the enemy's pah, which was situated in a strong position, fifteen miles from the head, or source, of the above river. A pah is a native fortification, formed of trees cut down, and formed into a square, the spaces filled up with flax-leaf, bound with *koraddi*. The trees are generally two or three rows deep, with ditches between each. Their huts, of flax, are inside the square, which is perfectly bullet-proof.

The ship, British Sovereign, was the first to weigh anchor; and it was scarcely daylight when she had all her sails set, and walked away with a fine breeze. The other vessels followed at some distance. I was, as were all the officers also, in my berth, half asleep, half awake, when suddenly we were fully awoke by the vessel giving a tremendous bump,—then another—and another. Cabin doors flew open; out rushed all, some with one leg in their trowsers, others with both legs out. A rush was made on deck; there the scene was still worse. The vessel had struck on the Brampton reef; she was rolling and bumping tre-

mendously. The decks were crowded with troops and sailors. The sails were flapping about in all directions. Nothing could be done. The other vessels were out of sight, from the thickness of the weather. We only had three boats; and one of these was stove. There was not the slightest chance of getting the vessel off, as the wind was freshening, and blowing right on the reef. We had no big gun on deck to make signal. Muskets were fired, and the ensign pulled up and down. She was now breaking up fast. The rudder parted; the quarter-deck was forced up into pieces with terrific crashes; the windlass gone. At length the Hazard's boats arrived, and those of the other vessels. A general rush was about to be made to them by the troops, which would have caused great loss of life, had it not been prevented. At length, with great difficulty, and great coolness, all the troops were got off. The next thing to think of was to save what we could before she went down. I went down to get a few trifles I had in the cabin. My trunk was in the hold; but there was no getting at that. The cabin was in confusion; wine-bottles and brandy kicking about; sailors grabbing everything they could lay their hands on. Things were thrown one after the other into the boats. The chronometers were saved, and sent on board the Hazard. I lost many things, as did also several others. When all hopes of saving the vessel had ceased, the wind suddenly chopped round; we now let go everything, and she went screaming off the reef, a sad spectacle. A few hours previous everything on board appeared comfortable, but now everything looked wretched, as also everybody; the pumps were kept constantly going until she was hove down in the mud, at a place called Wapoo. As there appeared to be no chance of anything like comfort, I determined to leave her for the time, and accompany the troops on their expedition against Hone Heki. The whole of the officers, as well as the Colonel indeed, particularly requested me to accompany them; I therefore gladly accepted the offer, though there was great risk attending it. I took nothing with me but a blanket and a double-barrelled piece, lent to me by Captain Snodgrass, of the 96th regiment. The first night we stopped at a small missionary station, occupied by a Mr. Kemp, a missionary; that night I slept in a boat, with my blanket over me. We staid two days at this place to get the big guns, such as they were, put in order, as they intended to try the effect of these on Mr. Heki's pah, as Colonel Hulm failed in taking it before.

I had not much opinion of them myself, as I thought them too small, and not properly mounted. The guns were all manned by volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Willmott, son of the Governor of Van Diemen's Land. At length, all being in readiness, we advanced; we had ten miles to go that day, through scrubb and mud, to a place called Wymatta, and, short as the distance was, it occupied sixteen hours, and then was only accomplished with great difficulty. Sometimes a cart would break down with all the stores in it; another time a gun would get upset; then there were streams to pass, holes, and a deep wood at one part to go through. Towards night it came on to rain very heavily; we were only four miles from Wymatta, and we might be six hours before we would reach it, as we were then at a dead halt. Another waggon, drawn by eight bullocks, having broken down, I determined to chance the ducks and push on, as I was drenched; I therefore went ahead, got

into Wymatta five hours before the advanced guard, and found myself in comfortable quarters.

The next day I paid for my night's entertainment, and then took up my quarters with Lieutenant Phillpotts, of H.M. ship Hazard. We used to mess one day with the 99th, and another with the 58th. We had a very merry time of it at Wymatta. We staid there nearly a week—much longer than we expected to remain. During our stay I went up with some natives to Tometi Walker's pah, to bleed a chief, who was badly wounded. The ball had entered by the side of the right eye, forcing it completely out, and went out by the left; which eye it also deprived of sight. The pah was about four miles from Wymatta, and only two from Hone Heki's.

I was very much delighted with the country about Wymatta,—all thick woodland, beautifully undulating. On my return I met or rather fell in with about three hundred natives, all armed with different weapons, but the greater portion with double-barrelled guns, many with long tomahawks, spears, &c. Some had old-fashioned swords, some soldiers' caps belonging to those that had been killed in the previous skirmish; a great many had feathers stuck in their heads. They were a savage-looking set, being nearly naked, with the exception of a mat or blanket. The greater portion of these people were Heki's men, and though they knew I was with the troops who were now about to attack them, they never offered to molest me. One old chief, indeed, told me, with a grin, to get off the horse, which demand I was about to comply with, when the guide I had with me said something to him, (I supposed, explained the errand I had been on,) when he made signs for me to continue my journey, which, I assure you, I was too glad to do, nor indeed did I feel myself secure until I was within our own lines again.

When I arrived at Wymatta again, all expressed surprise that I should have ventured so far beyond the lines, and that I was not either butchered or taken prisoner. The rain still continued to fall very heavy, and detained the troops from advancing; but it was determined they should move forward the following morning, let the weather be as it might. At daylight, therefore, the following morning, the troops were all under arms, and in about an hour afterwards they were on the march to Heki's pah, which was only six miles off, but in consequence of the difficult approach to it, it took the whole day to accomplish.

After a tedious day's march, but without meeting with any opposition from the enemy, (which rather surprized us all, as we fully expected to have had a brush with them,) we arrived in front of Heki's pah, and took up a position in a shallow valley, in order not to be too much exposed to the fire from the pah, which would have been the case had we taken a higher one. On our right was a high hill covered with wood; it commanded a full view of the pah, and parties on it could fire into it, as it was within half-musket shot. Accordingly a body of friendly natives, with about thirty soldiers, were stationed on this hill, so as to flank our position, and prevent Heki's men from taking it, which, however, they did. The tents were pitched in a circle, fires lighted, and pickets stationed all round to prevent any surprise by the enemy, which was fully expected.

The guns, after a great deal of labour and trouble, were placed in battery; they were under the command of Lieut. Willmott, aide-de-camp to Sir —— Willmot, Governor of Van Diemen's Land. Captain

Marlow, of the Engineers, superintended the forming of the batteries; both these officers had very hard work of it, which was very much augmented by the want of proper materials and persons to carry on the work. As soon as they were ready, the whole of them were fired at once against the pah, with little or no effect, though it was reported it killed a woman and a pig; the noise they made was enough to do this. Three of the guns capsized as soon as they were fired, for the want of recoil. The volley was answered from the pah with "O you humbugs!" in good English. Thus ended the operations on our side for the night. Not a shot was fired from the pah, but they kept up speeching and ringing a bell the whole night: this bell they brought from Cararacki. The Colonel's interpreter was told to listen to the nature of the speeches, for we could hear them as plainly as if they were in the camp; they have tremendous voices. The interpreter, Mr. Clark, son of a missionary, said the chiefs were telling their men to be brave and fight to the last. They had a war-dance and song also that night. I have seen both these performances, and they are really most fiendish, especially the songs; I think they are even worse than those of New South Wales. It is needless to recount the occurrences that took place every day, as they were generally much the same, consisting of firing on both sides, and partial sorties on the part of the natives. They fired occasionally two big guns they had, but they did little mischief, as they could not elevate or depress them. I must not omit to mention that our big guns had very little effect on the pah; a breach seemed out of the question, and it would have been perfect madness to attempt to storm before one was made. We had now been a week in front of the pah, constantly firing on it with big guns with very little effect; we had already lost twenty-one men killed and wounded by skirmishes, without having gained any advantage. The troops were suffering dreadfully from the rain and severe duty. In this state of affairs Col. Despard was rather at a loss how to act: at one time he made up his mind to take it by escalade, (a mad scheme;) the scaling-ladders were made, and the storming-party told off; the morning on which it was to take place turned out dreadfully rainy, so the project was abandoned for the time. It was next proposed to sap it, but this was found impracticable. Lieut. Phillpotts, son of the Bishop of Exeter, a gallant young fellow, (though many had tried to make him out the reverse,) volunteered to fasten a bag of powder to the pah and so blow it open: this was also abandoned.

It was now proposed to send down to the Hazard for one of her guns, a thirty-two-pounder, to try if that would make a breach. The Commissary, Mr. Turner, was accordingly despatched for it. It would scarcely be believed, however, that before Colonel Despard's order for the gun had time to reach its destination, he wanted to attack the pah by assault, and was only dissuaded from it by some of the officers, who very justly thought it was better to wait for the big gun now it was sent for. The next day the Commissary arrived with the news that the gun had reached Wymatta: he ordered the Commissary to write a letter to countermand it. The letter was written and about to be sent, when he changed his mind again, and let it come on. Every one was now looking out anxiously for the arrival of the gun. I went on the hill overlooking the pah, which commanded also an extensive view of the country, and about noon I saw it wending its way, slowly drawn by eight bullocks, one of which received a ball through the neck as soon as it came within reach of the

pah. I hastened down to the Colonel's tent to inform him of the circumstance; the balls were flying in all directions from the pah. Just as I was about to enter the tent, a grape-shot went right through it, and another struck a musket that was piled outside, and broke the stock to pieces.

Preparations were immediately made to get the gun in position, and by noon the following day a breach (as was supposed) was effected, and it was resolved to storm. When the storming-party was drawn up, and about to advance, the attention of every man was attracted by the natives running down the hill as fast as they could. The fact was, Heki's people had attacked it in the rear unexpectedly; they had crept through the wood. The 58th company was ordered to rush up the hill, which they did in fine style, under Major Bridge, and soon dislodged them; but not until they had taken the greater portion of ammunition and muskets belonging to Walker's natives: it struck me as being a piece of treachery. The most melancholy part of my narrative remains to be told. The attack was made by the troops and a few sailors, under Lieutenant Phillpotts; the result was, as I expected, most disastrous and sanguinary. The greatest courage and gallantry was displayed by both men and officers; in vain did they try to make an entrance; there was no opening. The soldiers fired through the aperture; one or two sailors climbed up, but were immediately shot dead. Lieutenant Phillpotts fell dead, pierced with three balls: Captain Grant was killed at the same time and place; he commanded the grenadiers of the 58th. Major M'Pherson, of the 99th, was severely wounded: a particular friend of mine, Lieutenant Beaty, was also shot through the lungs, and only survived two days. He was a very fine young fellow and very much esteemed; he also belonged to the grenadier company of the 99th. Lieutenant O'Riely, of the same regiment, was also severely wounded in the arm. Lieutenant Johnson received a ball through the peak of his cap, which blackened his eyes only.

About one hundred and twenty men had now fallen, killed and wounded, without the slightest advantage being obtained. The Colonel now ordered the retreat to be sounded, and the troops retired in good order under a very heavy fire from the pah. The friendly natives, as they are called, did not render the slightest assistance on this occasion, but merely looked on quietly from the hill. They said the soldiers were very brave, but great fools to attempt to force an entrance without an opening having been made. I cannot conclude this description of the attack on the pah without adverting to the gallant conduct of Lieut. Phillpotts, of the Hazard, and his brave men. He divested himself of everything but his shirt and drawers, and was the first to rush on the pah with six soldiers and two marines. He was like a maniac, thrusting his sword through the flax, and endeavouring with his men to pull down the trees with their hands. Of course he was soon riddled, as also most of those with him. As the troops were obliged to retreat to the camp, as a matter of course, they were obliged to leave all their dead, as well as all the wounded that could not scramble away, behind them. The enemy put the whole of the latter to death, and some of them in the most cruel manner, by placing them across the fire, and dancing round them. They also cut off many of the fleshy parts of their bodies while alive, and devoured them. The dead they mutilated in a most disgusting manner. They then sent word that we might send for the dead: they

were sent for, and they were all given up excepting Captain Grant. Lieut. Phillpotts cut a shocking figure: his head was scalped, and he was otherwise mutilated. He used to wear an eye-glass: they hung it on a tree outside the pah. Many of the soldiers had the flesh burnt off their backs. It was strongly suspected that Captain Grant had been eaten entirely, as they would not give him up. The force was now considerably reduced, one-fourth of the number being *hors de combat.* To attempt another attack was out of the question: all they could do now was to act upon the defensive, and annoy the enemy as much as possible with their big guns; so a fire was constantly kept up on them. They must have lost a considerable number, but nothing equal to ours.

On the fourth day after the attack, that is, on the 5th of July, the pah was forsaken by the enemy; they left it in the night, without our having the slightest knowledge of it; and it was not discovered till late the following day, and after it had been fired on for some time; and it was then discovered by Walker's people. Thus they completely slipped through our fingers.

The soldiers were then ordered down to it, and it was entered: the only person found in it was an old woman fast asleep by the side of the bell. The natives wanted to kill her, but they were prevented. They could get nothing out of her, only that she had been forced to remain there. All the muskets belonging to the soldiers were left behind, three barrels of powder, a great quantity of potatoes, and many other things. A scramble took place among the natives for a few things left behind, and two young women were grappling for a double-barrelled gun, when it went off, and killed one of them. We were all rather surprized that they should have left so many muskets and so much powder behind them; but it was said by an Englishman who was well acquainted with the manners and customs of the Mauries, that it was left in payment for the soldiers they had killed. The body of Captain Grant was searched for, and found a few feet under the ground. It was very much mutilated: the whole of the buttocks were cut away. The old woman said they had feasted on it.

The troops now returned to Wymatta within two days after, some wounded being sent to the ships. I accompanied them, too glad of the opportunity; for I had been now fifteen days sleeping on the ground, and had never had my clothes off. The screams of the poor soldiers as they were jolted on the bullock-carts were shocking. I saw them all on board of the Staines Castle, on board of which I remained three days to dress their wounds, until a surgeon was sent down from the Hazard. I then returned to the British Sovereign, and found her still on her beam ends, and half full of water. I was obliged to take up my quarters on board of an old hulk, as were all the rest of the crew. It was very damp, and I got violent pains in my head and limbs. In a few days the vessel was patched up, and declared ready for sea. We were ordered up to Sydney with despatches, but could not sail for some time after, in consequence of foul winds: at last we made a start. I could say a great deal more on this interesting country and people, and the cause and nature of the war; but I will waive it at present.

Your most affectionate brother,

C. Kean.

The Abduction.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XVII.

The Doctor's story continued.

"'It was late in the evening when I reached the lonely residence of Daniel O'Devereux, a dwelling which, as I believed, contained all that was dear to me on earth, Emily, and her infant boy. In the wife I idolized, and a child who had cemented a union based on love, what holy associations were united! and I pressed the lazy Fleming to urge his horse forward, that I might hold to my heart the double object of its adoration. At last I reached the villa; admitted myself by a pass-key to the garden, and approached the remote wing which its hospitable proprietor had allotted to the separate accommodation of Mrs. Devereux and her servants. It was within an hour of bedtime, and yet not a light twinkled from a window, nor was there a sound heard from within, to indicate that that portion of the building was inhabited. I tried the door; but it was carefully secured. Some change in domestic arrangements might have been probably made in my absence; and I walked round to the principal entrance of the house to ascertain the present state of O'Devereux's establishment. To the gloom of the rear, the exuberant lighting of the front formed a singular contrast, for lamps flashed from every apartment. Were they the pendants upon revelry and feasting? No; they were hurriedly borne through the chambers and corridor, and betokened alarm or confusion. I knocked; and a very pretty Flemish girl, who had been poor Emily's personal attendant, opened the door. When she recognised me, a cry of horror burst from her lips; the lamp she carried fell,—she hid her face in her hands, and, like a person blasted by some unearthly sight, flew down the corridor like a maniac.

"In God's name!" I exclaimed, "what means all this?"

"'The knock, the girl's shriek, and my excited inquiry, had been overheard by an Irish priest; and the worthy man rushed out of an adjacent chamber, and in a tone of voice neither calculated to relieve alarm, nor restore confidence, he begged me to be patient.—'The Lord gives and he takes away. Great trials are given for great ends,' he muttered.—"Monk!" I exclaimed contemptuously, breaking from his feeble hold, "stay me not. There—to that chamber—I see the servants hurry. By heaven! I'll know the worst at once. Nay, do not stop me. Before half a minute I'll ascertain the extent of my calamity, and find out what that apartment contains.'

"'A feeble old man could ill restrain a man excited by vague and horrible apprehensions almost to madness; and, bursting from his grasp, I sprang into the apartment, and there lay the mortal remains of the fat and hospitable Irishman, laid out with all the ceremonial

of lights and refreshments, which mark the obsequies of the better classes in the land that gave him birth.

"'But all this to me was mystery. Mr. O'Devereux was dead; but where was Emily and my child? The hackneyed and emphatic line would have given the best response, 'Where are they?' and echo answered, 'Where?' I prayed, commanded, threatened,—but none could or would give me any intelligence; and to my repeated inquiries the only answer was a renewal of womanly lamentations. My brain was on fire. I felt I should go distracted,—when a middle-aged man, who proved to be a physician, expatriated in Ninety-eight, and since that period a practitioner in Flushing, entered the chamber of death, and requested me to follow him into the next room.

"'My dear sir,' he said, as he kindly took my hand, 'you are a man and a soldier, and must nerve yourself to hear with as much calmness as you can command, the sad and painful disclosures which I am about to make.'

"'I could not speak; but I pressed his hand in mine, to assure him that I should tax my fortitude to the utmost.

"'Three nights since, your lost lady was sitting with her baby in her private apartments. She was alone, with the exception of the young girl, whose deep distress your unexpected appearance this evening so wildly recalled. One of the female attendants of this household had been married in the morning—and the servants had consequently obtained permission to go to the bridal supper, and remain out till morning. He who lies in the next apartment a corpse had some time supped, and was preparing to retire for the night, when a shriek was heard in the corridor, and the attendant of Mrs. Devereux burst into the chamber where the old gentleman was sitting, exclaiming,—"Help! help! the lady! the dear lady!'—and fell in convulsions on the carpet. The effect upon your departed friend and benefactor was fatal and instantaneous; he dropped in apoplexy on the floor, and never spoke again. An hour is supposed to have elapsed, during which time he who sleeps on the bed of death, and the girl, who happily survived the shock, lay upon the ground in total insensibility. Accident alone prevented them from remaining undiscovered until the morning. A female servant, who was at the bridal feast, suddenly became indisposed, and was obliged to quit the festal party, and return to the villa. She raised an alarm instantly; but, alas! too late to restore the dead, or recover the living. When Agatha's recollection returned, she thus detailed all she knew of this mysterious and diabolical transaction. She was sitting in the parlour with her mistress, in the assurance of perfect safety, and unconscious that danger was impending. The private side-door, which opens from the garden on the high-road, was heard to close softly; but it was naturally supposed that one of the bridal company had been delayed later than the rest, and was hastening from the villa to join the revellers. The glass-door, which leads from the parlour on the grass-plot, was unfastened; suddenly it was pushed open, and three men entered the room. Two were dressed in the garb of sailors, with blackened faces; the third, who seemed to direct the movements of the others,—a man evidently of superior order, was wrapped in a horseman's cloak, which concealed his figure, and hooded his features effectually. The lady fainted,—the

nursemaid shrieked, and rushed through another door—the stranger in the cloak vainly attempting to arrest her flight. When the alarm was given, and assistance was procured, it was found that the lady and the infant had been carried off; and traces corresponding to those left on the garden flower-beds were found on the pathway leading towards a neighbouring canal. But there all clue that could lead to any elucidation of this act of violence was lost.—'Oh, God!' I exclaimed, as the fearful suspicion crossed my mind,—'my wife, my child,—drowned — murdered' — 'Certainly not,' returned the physician. 'The canal was carefully dragged, and nothing was found which could lead to any supposition that a murderous deed had been committed there. But the object for which the lady and child were carried off, as well as the place of their concealment, remain equally wrapped in mystery. The city authorities and officers of justice have exhausted all their ingenuity to trace the villains, or obtain any clue to discover the principal delinquent; for it is the universal opinion that the man in the cloak was the employer, and the ruffians in sailor's attire merely agents to effect the abduction.'

"'Had death struck the dear objects of my love to the dust, I might have borne up against the blow; but there was a terrible uncertainty as to what misery Emily had already endured, and—if she yet lived—for what future sufferings she was reserved, that nearly unsettled reason. I saw myself acknowledged heir to my departed namesake, without any to question my right of succession. I found myself master of ten thousand pounds, and felt a Stoic indifference, that shewed my withered heart was dead to all that forms the chief end of human ambition. For six months I expended money, employed agents, devised schemes, exhausted every expedient which the mind can devise, or the purse carry out, and all proved unavailing. At last I sank into despair; the mystery that involved my double bereavement, so far from clearing, became every day deeper and more impenetrable—hope, too long deferred, abandoned me altogether,—reason gave way,—and I sank into melancholy madness.

"'For a year I continued in this wretched state; but mine was insanity of that character which neither required restraint or coercion, and I resided in the villa left me by my kinsman, and which had been the unhappy scene of a terrible visitation, which no mortal means could alleviate. Suddenly I awoke, as from a gloomy dream. The Continent was in arms,—a military impulse urged me on,—my intellects resumed their healthy tone, — and, after a rapid arrangement of my property, I joined the eagles of Napoleon.

"'When men look to death as a deliverance, war offers many an opportunity for display. For burning courage, my recklessness of life was mistaken; and, seizing every occasion—which only those desperate of future happiness would court—I rose rapidly in professional reputation, and honours and promotion followed fast. I passed through the Russian invasion and the Leipsic campaign unscathed, — saw the star of the mighty one lose its ascendancy by degrees, and sink to rise no more on the bloody field of Waterloo.

"'Peace came,—and Europe breathed once more; but what was an isolated wretch like me to do? 'With war's red honours on my crest,' and ample fortune at my command, how was I, after a turmoil of ten years, to find aught in existence to make life endurable? Some business — but, stranger still, a secret impulse induced me to

revisit Flushing; and once more I returned to a house which, in my person had witnessed so much happiness, and so much misery.

"'I soon, however, tired of a place too well calculated to recall the bitterest recollections, and had issued orders to my servant to prepare for a speedy departure, when late on the evening before I was to leave, it was announced that a stranger urgently desired to see me, without a moment's delay. I ordered him to be shewn in; and when the attendant had left us to ourselves, demanded who he was, and what the business might be which had brought him to the villa? —'Have you forgotten me, sir?' he returned. 'Ah! ten years make sad differences in men's looks, and, 'faith! if I met you casually I might have passed you as a stranger; and yet I pride myself on never forgetting a face I have once seen. It is a useful gift, that of identification, to people in my profession.'—'May I ask who it is that I address?'—'Jansen Scloss, keeper of the rasp-house,' was the reply.—'And have you and I been formerly acquainted, Mr. Scloss? If we have, the circumstance has escaped my recollection.'—'Yes, Colonel. If you remember, I was one of the unsuccessful agents you employed to trace out a lost lady, and discover the villains who had perpetrated the outrage.'—'I crave your pardon. I now recollect you perfectly. You were zealous, and unfortunate. I know your exertions were unwearied; and for six months you endeavoured in vain to find a clue.'—'Which, at the end of ten years, accident has discovered.'—'Can it be possible?' I inquired eagerly.—'It is true, *mon Colonel*,' returned the keeper.—'For God's sake, proceed.'—'The story 's brief,' returned the jailer of the rasp-house. 'A criminal, who has been under my charge a dozen times, and had already undergone every punishment but capital, was sent to me a month ago for theft and violence. He seemed in bad health when he was brought in; and since his confinement he has declined rapidly. Three days since, the medical attendant of the prison told him plainly that his case was one beyond the chance of recovery; and from that moment a change seems to have come over a spirit impenitent before, and brutalized far beyond the hope of being touched by contrition for past crime. He says that much and varied villainous deeds press heavily on his conscience; but that which pains him deepest was his being a party in carrying off a lady and her child. I followed the admissions he made from time to time with caution; and I have not a shadow of doubt but this guilty and unhappy man was one of those engaged in the outrage which you have too much reason to remember with never-ending pain. Come with me—the criminal himself desires it —and you shall hear from his own lips the dying revelations—so far as they concern you—of a man who admits himself a criminal from infancy.'

"'I sprang up, took my hat, there was a carriage standing at the gate, we got in, and within ten minutes were at the rasp-house, and beside the bed of an expiring malefactor.

"'What a change within an hour,' said the keeper, as he felt the sick man's pulse.—'Sinking rapidly—an hour or two, and all will be over.'—The last sentence was spoken apart and in a whisper.—'Jan! here is the gentleman you wished to see.'—'Is his name Devereux?' asked the criminal.—The keeper nodded an affirmative.—'Then no doubt he will heap curses on a dying man, who deserves his heaviest maledictions, for I aided in robbing him of both a wife and child.'

"'I started in horror from the pallet on which the dying wretch was stretched, and a furious anathema was bursting from my lips, when the keeper caught my arm, and whispered—

"'For God's sake contain yourself, his sand is ebbing fast, his hours are come to moments. If you do not listen patiently he 'll carry his secret to the grave.'

"'There was evident truth in the keeper's remark, and I determined to put a constraint upon my feelings, although even in the presence of a wretch, who avowed that he had been an accessory in blighting my happiness for ever. Feebly, and interrupted by a teasing cough, the criminal thus proceeded—

"'I was hiding from the officers of justice, who were endeavouring to apprehend me for a street robbery, when a man, whose name I never knew, but whom we all called Black Frank, entered the cellar where I had concealed myself, and told me he was come on business. He produced a flask of schnaaps, and over this bottle we sat down on an old fish-barrel to discuss the matter quietly. He told me there was a job to be done that night, for which an Englishman would come down handsomely—and there would be no great trouble in it, for it was only the removal of a woman. He said further, that things were properly arranged, and for an hour's work I should receive a dozen napoleons. I had not at the moment a second stiver; I was already denounced for a grave offence against the laws; and at once I agreed to assist in the business, no matter what it was. Frank told down half the money on the spot, assured me that when our task was executed the other moiety should be immediately forthcoming, and that our employer would in person accompany us, and direct, aid, and assist. We had only to carry a lady and her child from the house they resided in to the adjacent canal, and there our duty would terminate, for a boat would be in waiting, and others, previously engaged, would take the lady off our hands. No violence was intended, no insult should be offered to the abducted one; all we had to do was to carry her to the water-side, and, were it required, merely employ sufficient force to prevent her from making an outcry and raising an alarm. Not the slightest opposition was to be apprehended, for on this particular evening, the servants were merry-making at a wedding, and save a helpless old man and the lady in question, the house would be untenanted till morning.—I have neither strength nor time to tell you more than that all we were led to expect was easily realized. We gained the house without difficulty, by a picklock key with which Black Frank opened the garden wicket. The lady spared us all necessity to be rough with her, for on our sudden appearance she fell into a fit, and continued in total insensibility until we placed her in the hands of the boatmen whom we found punctually in waiting. Whoever our employer was, he was able and cautious in all his arrangements,—and by the use of different agents, he no doubt intended to break any chain of evidence that might connect him with the act, and thus involve the whole of the foul transaction in mystery. To us who carried the lady and infant, those who received her were unknown—and the stranger in the cloak prohibited a sentence to be interchanged. The boatmen to whom the kidnapped person was delivered, knew not where she came from, nor were we who carried her away enabled even to guess what was the intent of the act of violence, or whither

was the lady's destination. But mark how the best laid schemes will sometimes prove abortive! Black Frank was merely a land-robber, a foot-pad, burglar, coiner; the boatmen were robbers on the sea; now, in my own person, I united the double profession—and by the light of the lantern, as the lady was lifted over the boat's thafts, and extended in the stern sheets, I recognized two old acquaintances, Dangerfield, who was gibetted for piracy and murder in some place abroad, and Hans Wildman who brought the old adage to shame, in allowing himself to be drowned on the Doggerbank in a gale of wind, instead of stretching hemp, as every one who knew him from a boy, asserted must be his inevitable destiny.'

"'The criminal made a pause through exhaustion, but a little wine rallied him, and he renewed his revelations, but in a slower and feebler tone of voice, which told that his strength was gradually sinking.

"'I said nothing to my companion of the discovery I had made; but, when the stranger handed us the other moiety of the promised gold, while Frank repaired to a favourite haunt to spend his money, I went to a house with which I was well acquainted, and one that was frequented principally by smugglers. There I calculated I might glean some information, and as it turned out, hit the mark to a nicety. The sailing of two luggers and a cutter formed the topic of the smugglers' conversation. Two of the contraband traders were bound for the English coast; the third, Dangerfield's vessel, had been detained a week waiting for a Clare Island pilot, and her destination was no secret—the western coast of Ireland was the place where she hoped to land her cargo.'—'Then,' said the keeper, 'you infer that the lady and her infant were carried there?'—'Of course, I do,' replied the dying man.—'Know ye aught, or can ye guess any thing of who your employer was? Have you any recollection, Jan, no matter how vague, of his person, age, face, figure, voice?'—'Why, nothing in particular, save that he was a tall, dark-browed, care-worn man; then I should say of thirty-five. He was so closely muffled, and so carefully concealed his face, that it was impossible to describe either that or his figure with anything like accuracy. There is one mark, however, by which I would swear to him among a thousand. As he counted the gold into his left hand, after the boat had pulled from the bank, Black Frank held a pocket lantern to see that the tale was accurate—and I distinctly observed that the hand into which the guineas fell, was divided by a deep scar that traversed its whole surface from the root of the first finger to the wrist.'—'By the true Lord! exclaimed the keeper, a marvellous good token to trace him by—a scar inside the hand is one of rare occurrence. Deep and well-marked, say ye, Jan?'—'An uglier cut I never laid my eyes on,' returned the criminal, 'and you know, Jansen Scloss, that in my day I have seen the cutlass busy.'—'Ay and the knife too,' said the keeper in a whisper.—'But we 'll leave you to the doctor, Jan,' he added—as the prison surgeon entered the culprit's cell, and I accompanied the jail commander to his private apartment.

"'There we talked the evening disclosures of the ruffian over; and Scloss undertook to have his confession reduced to writing, and verified by the dying man in the presence of a legal authority to perpetuate an important piece of evidence, should ever the lost lady or her boy be found.

"'Trifles light as air will sometimes excite the jealous—and to one in my perturbed state of mind, little would be required to rouse suspicion. Immediately after my interview with Jan in the rasp-house,—who, by the way, expired the same evening on which his deposition was taken before the notary—I quitted Flushing, and repaired to England. That was, indubitably, the country of the destroyer of my happiness—and I determined to put myself in the way of some accidental meeting with the miscreant. Journeying slowly hither to renew my acquaintance secretly with you, doctor, and apprize you that the wretched husband of Emily Hunsgate still burthened the ground, I stopped at a village inn for the night, some twenty miles from this. I was shewn by the waiter into the public room, was placed at the other side of the fire, where two travellers, who, like myself, had made the hostelry their halting place, were seated at their supper. The waiter spread a cloth for me. The evening was uncommonly cold, and the tables were placed near the hearth for comfort, and quite contiguous to each other. The simple fare I ordered was speedily produced, my supper as quickly despatched, and according to our respective tastes, the travellers and I ordered the liquors which we fancied.

"'It was quite evident that both the strangers had been indulging; for, although not to say tipsy, they were excited, and inclined to be social and communicative. We approached our chairs still closer to the fire; for the night changed for the worse, the wind rose, and heavy rain smote the casements, as sudden squalls drove it against the closed shutters.—'On with more wood, Jack. Here we are, snug till morning; and, though we have a grinding landlord, we can still clear up scores at rent-day, without being obliged by a consumption of the purse to quit the Lion and Lamb in a storm like this, and ride ten long miles homeward in the dark.'—'Nor fear the dark, Tom, as they say other folks do. Dost thee guess my meaning, lad?'—'Ay, to be sure I do. Well, I'll give thee a toast, under favour of this honourable gentleman, who, by the hair upon his lip, and the slash over his eye, I take to be a trooper. No offence meant, sir.' — 'Nor any taken, my good friend,' I answered; 'and, as a proof, I'll drink your toast with pleasure.'—'Well, that's hearty. We're farmers, sir, and so much taken up in grubbing money from the ground, that we haven't made out time to learn manners yet. You're a stranger in these parts?' — 'I am indeed,' I replied.— 'And from foreign countries, I suppose?'—I nodded an affirmative.— 'What, Tom!' exclaimed the second traveller, 'hast thee no manners, man? — questioning the gentleman about where he's from. Why, the next thing you'll do will be to ask him where he's going. Give us thy toast, lad, and pry not into other men's affairs.'

"'Again the farmer made me a rude apology, and filling his glass from a jug of smoking punch at his elbow, he passed it across the table.—'I'll give thee, then,' he said, 'a farmer's curse on an upstart landlord, and knavish attorney."

"'The toast was duly drunk, and I observed, with a smile, that he had united two of the greatest nuisances in society: and either would have been sufficient.—'Ay, but they're both the same,' returned the stranger passionately. 'What was Richard Hunsgate, the village lawyer, but a legal harpy, who devoured the substance of the widow and the fatherless? What is the same Richard, now lord

of Holmesdale, but the most unfeeling brute that ever oppressed a tenant?'—'Bah! stop thee, man. The punch is uppermost, and thou 'rt saying too much,' said his cooler companion, interrupting him.—'I may,' returned the excited farmer, 'be saying too much, but, unfortunately, I am speaking too true. You are, sir, a stranger in these parts, know nobody, and care for nobody; and let me tell you a short story, and say whether I have a right to ban or bless Richard Hunsgate?'—'Oh! Tom, thy tongue is set a-wagging, and it would be idle to stop it,' said his friend.—'If thy heart was full as mine, Jack, thy tongue would run as glibly. I 'll not detain the Captain. I beg pardon if I 've miscalled you, sir.'—'Why, Colonel would come closer to the mark; but Captain will serve the turn,' I replied.—'Well, Colonel, for centuries my family have lived under the Hunsgates—and in the farm-house which I occupy my fathers have been born and have died. We prospered; for when, in course of time, our leases ran out, in consideration of old relations, they were always renewed at such small advances in the rent, that we never ventured to complain. I married some dozen years ago, just before the awful misfortune happened at the hall, when Miss Emily ran away with a dragoon officer. Alas! it was a sorry day for everybody, and, I fear, a sorrier one for herself.'

"'I groaned involuntarily,—the strangers started, and looked at me suspiciously; but I placed my hand upon my cheek, and took a turn or two across the room, like one afflicted with sudden toothache.—''Tis but a passing sting,' I said. 'I shall be better in a minute.—Presently I resumed my seat, and begged that the speaker would proceed.—'Well, I got in Mrs. Clinton a good wife, and also a good bit of money with her. The mill upon the farm was old, the steadings wanted much repair, some of the land required fencing and draining; and as I had plenty of stock already, I thought the best way I could turn my wife's fortune to account would be by improving the farm, and building a new mill. I called on Mr. Danvers, the old steward,—and an upright man he was between lady and tenant,—told him my intention, and mentioned that, in return for the outlay of my money, I should expect the lady to grant me a new lease, as the old one had but seven years to run before it would expire. He spoke to her ladyship; and the next time I went to his office, the steward told me the result of the application. 'Go,' she said, 'and tell him that I agree to his proposal, with one exception. I shall double the tenure of his lease, and, instead of thirty years, let it be made sixty.' It was just the sort of thing the lady would do; for though, unfortunately for herself, as proud as Lucifer, to her tenants she was affable and generous. Well, before my improvements were completed, poor Miss Emily ran away. None dared approach the lady on business; but the steward desired me to proceed, for his lady's word was sacred, and when she calmed down a little, my promised lease should be prepared and executed. I did so, to my sorrow. In pique against her daughter, the lady, in a fit of rage, brought Richard Hunsgate to the hall—and from the moment his accursed foot was laid upon its threshold, misfortune followed. By some wondrous acts—faith! there 's people in the country will tell you it was what they call 'glammery'—he got a complete ascendancy over the proud lady, removed all the old people in doors and out of doors; and persuaded the dame that Mr. Danvers was

nearly doting, had him pensioned off, and became manager and director of everything. My mill was built, the steadings well repaired, the land drained, and more than I promised to do was completed, and the very morning the old steward was turned off, he was carrying the new lease to the hall to receive his lady's signature. Although thunder-struck at his dismissal, he went with me to Richard Hunsgate, his successor, told him the compact between the lady and myself, and, at his own request, handed him over the lease, which he promised should be executed. Matters at the hall went on from bad to worse; and whenever I applied for my lease, some excuse was made, and from week to week, and month to month, I was plausibly put off. At last I ventured to write to her ladyship; but then it was too late; for, as it was afterwards well known, not a line reached her but such as Richard Hunsgate approved, and the rest were flung into the fire. I must shorten my story. Mrs. Hunsgate died; and there are queer stories through the country about that business. The present man succeeded to all; and, of course, I applied to him to do himself the act of common justice he had neglected to have done by another. He affected surprise, and inquired what I alluded to?—'Surely, sir, you need no information on the point; for you know the terms on which I expended my wife's fortune in improvements.'—'Ye-es; he did recollect something had been talked of by the old steward; but really he could not tax his memory with particulars. Of course, had Mrs. Hunsgate felt any inclination, no doubt she would have signed the lease.'—'I have her promise to execute it,' I replied sharply.—'A written one, of course?' —'No, sir. The lady's word was never doubted, and the channel it was conveyed through will guarantee its truth. It came through him who held the confidence of the Hunsgate family for fifty years, and never by a single act allowed its safe reposal in him to be doubted.'—'I believe Mr. Danvers to be a very worthy man; but do you imagine I have nothing else to do but fulfil what people expected from Mrs. Hunsgate?'—We parted in anger. My lease expired, and I had, after many an appeal to him, to submit to the alternative of quitting the old roof-tree of my fathers, or consent to have the rent of my farm nearly doubled. 'Twas done. Well, a day may come round yet. Let him, the false villain, revel in his wealth. Thank God! I can sleep in my bed after my day's toil, and walk through my house without a candle.'—'May I inquire what these allusions about candles and the want of sleep mean?' I asked. —'I 'll just step out to the stable to see that the nags are snug, and my friend Jack will give you full information about it.'

"'He said, rose, and left his companion and I alone.—'If the country report be true,' said the second farmer, "there is more connected with Mr. Hunsgate's history than the world exactly knows. A hundred rumours have been in circulation, and his gloomy and secluded habits have gone far to give them confirmation. It is said that the approach of night brings to the lord of Holmesdale Priory terrors not to be imagined or accounted for. He won't remain in a room alone even for a moment, nor move a step without a light. Well, this might arise from nervous feelings; but the strangest part of the story is to come. He married a beautiful girl; lived with her most unhappily; no children blessed the marriage-bed; and in a couple of years she eloped with a former lover. Mr. Hunsgate

sought for a divorce; and the lady, by threats of certain disclosures, not only obliged her husband to withdraw the suit, but actually to give her a separate maintenance. She declared that it was impossible for any woman to cohabit with him. His night-ravings were terrific; and, when he did sink into a feverish slumber, he would start madly from his bed, and assert that a lady and a child were grinning at him through the curtains. More, and of a more damnatory character, had come, as it is reported, to the frail one's knowledge, partly disclosed in sleepy mutterings, but, as others have it, obtained by the accidental perusal of some secret papers, which she managed to secure. Certain it is, however, that Richard Hunsgate is not the man to overlook the insult a faithless wife inflicted, far less to relinquish legal redress, and even supply a regular income to a woman living openly with her paramour, and annually the mother of an adulterous offspring.'

"'His companion returned from the stable.—'Well, Jack, hast thou told the Colonel these queer stories?'—'Yes, and he appears to hear them with much astonishment.—Would to God the sweet young lady had not acted so rashly as she did, and we would not have been cursed with this oppressor,' observed the farmer.—'Was the gentleman with whom this unfortunate alliance was contracted a native of these parts?' I indifferently demanded.—'Oh, no; he was an Irishman, they say.'—'What induced the young lady to select a husband, to whom her haughty mother was so much opposed?' I asked.—'What leads many a lass into trouble?' returned the farmer; 'what but to please the eye and pain the heart.'—'Was he handsome?'—'I never saw him, but Jack did,' was the reply.—'I met him one evening when I stopped to feed at the Chequers returning from a neighbouring fair, and a finer young man a woman's eye was never laid upon. He looked somewhat haughty and overbearing; but they said at the inn, it was only his manner after all, and that he was lively and condescending. Like yourself, he looked every inch a soldier; and when you stood up a few minutes since, on my soul I could have fancied that I saw him, only that his hair was coal-black while yours is grizzled, and he was young enough to have been your son.'

"'It was now growing late; the travellers announced their intention of being in the saddle at cock-crow; and we all retired for the night; they with light hearts to sleep—I with a loaded breast, and fresh suspicion to disturb it, to wear the hours away in fevered dreams, or still more painful wakings.

"'Had I not previously determined to see you, this accidental information would have decided me on coming hither, for I wanted your assistance to enable me to identify the suspected murderer. One material point would have been in determining whether the singular scar upon the hand of the employer of the Flushing criminal, marked that of Mr. Hunsgate; the other object would be, to ascertain correctly whether any of his absences from the Priory corresponded with the time when Emily and her infant were abducted.'

"On the former point I told the Colonel I could give no information whatever, as I had never been with Mr. Hunsgate on terms of private friendship, nor had I ever professionally attended him; on the latter point, however, I could be more serviceable. From the day I commenced business, I had kept a regular diary, and noted down the occurrences of the hamlet and the hall in all their varied cha-

racters ;—'whether some nymph had broke Diana's law,' a clod-hopper were drawn for the militia, or Mrs. Hunsgate had gone in state to the county-town to witness the entry of the judges.

"'Can you guess the precise period when this sad affair occurred?'

"'Guess,' exclaimed the Colonel. 'No, not say guess, doctor. The fatal transaction is marked upon my heart in burning characters; its memory is indelible, everlasting. The fatal night that made me a widowed and a childless man, was that of the thirteenth day of February, 1805.'

"'Now, let us see what says our record of that month,' I replied, as I rose, unlocked the desk in which I keep my private papers, and took out the diary of that year—'*Die Martis, 1st Feb.* Rev. Richard Roundabout died of pulmon—no matter about the Rev. Richard.—2*d.* Richard Hunsgate left the hall suddenly—business that brought him away uncertain.'

"I ran my eye," continued the Doctor, "down the occurrences of the month. No notice of any movement at the hall appeared until I came to the 25th, and there was an important entry. '*Die Veneris, 25th.*—Mr. Hunsgate returned, after an absence of more than three weeks. Public opinion divided this evening, during a lengthened discussion in the private parlour of the Chequers, as to the object of the mission which delayed him so long from home—general belief prevailed, that the lady of the Priory has made pacific overtures to the runaways—universal prayer that such may be the case, and that the dear girl will be forgiven and restored to us.'

"'By Heaven!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'the evidence is complete. All that I suspected is true as holy writ—and Richard Hunsgate is the murderer!'

"'Nay, my dear Colonel, you must not jump at conclusions too rapidly. At the time when the desperate deed we all deplore was committed, it is quite certain that Mr. Hunsgate was absent from the Priory, and none knew where. But the world is wide you know, and does it follow that he was then at Flushing?'

"'Doctor,' returned the Colonel, 'you have filled the only blank left wanting. Now listen to what I have to disclose. This evening I wandered into the park, to catch even a distant look of the chamber of my angel wife, and gaze upon the trees her eyes had so often looked upon. My heart melted, I felt a moment of tender recollection return—and for the first time in ten years, a tear stole down my cheek. The moment of weakness was short. A footstep roused me. A man appeared, and he took the path I stood on. He seemed gloomy and miserable as myself; his step was slow; his eyes bent upon the earth, and to judge from appearances, never in a more unhappy revery was 'an uneasy mind' indulging. A hind crossed him from another avenue, pulled off his hat reverentially, a civility which was not returned by the melancholy man. On he came. Who could he be? none other than Mr. Hunsgate. A thought, with lightning's quickness, flashed across my brain. I had an opportunity to ascertain whether he bore the damning mark upon his hand. We were in a remote alley; the woodmen had gone to their cottages for the night; and the chances were that none save myself and the gloomy lord of Holmesdale were now abroad. I chose an angle in the path as the spot where I should best confront him—and on he

came, unconscious that the deadliest enemy mortal ever had was waiting to accost him. He was within three paces of me before he raised his eyes, and then he started back in momentary alarm.—'Who are you?' he exclaimed. Strangers are not permitted to enter this domain in daylight. 'What brings you here now?'—'To speak with Mr. Hunsgate, I answered.—'Whatever your business may be, convey it through my steward. Off! that avenue leads to the park-gate. Beware how you make a second trespass.'—'No second will be necessary,' I said, and as I passed him, as if to take the avenue he had indicated with his finger as that which would lead me to the gate of the domain, I grasped his hands with mine. This sudden and unexpected assault alarmed, as much as it astonished, the lord of the Priory; and he made a vain effort to shake me off. I know that mine is no ordinary strength; and, excited as I was, I felt I could have grappled safely with a giant. For one who looks 'a man of thews and sinews' I never met so feeble an opponent.—'What would you have? my money is yours! Use no unnecessary violence.'—'May curses light upon your ill-gained dross!'—and I wrung his left arm round as easily as I would have done that of a schoolboy, and, from wrist to finger, deep-gaping, and discoloured, by heaven! there was the scar the dying criminal had so accurately described!'

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'you did him no mischief, I trust?'

"'None. That would not jump with my present purpose. I flung the murderer's hand away,—hurried down the avenue,—and left him rooted to the spot, like some living thing suddenly converted into stone by the touch of an enchanter. And now, my dear friend, fare thee well. I go, as that great man, Napoleon, used to say, "to fulfil my destinies." Within three months expect me back, or when that period passes, conclude that I am no more. And when I return—if return I shall,—then let the murderer tremble! God bless you! time presses—once more farewell.'

"He said, wrung my hand with a pressure, that made my fingers tingle for an hour,—took his departure,—and I never saw or heard aught of him again!"

"It is a marvellous and a mysterious story," muttered the young Irishman, in an under voice."

"And, thank God! it 's finished," added Doctor Faunce, "for here comes another call. 'Per orbem opiferque dicor.' The people of Holmesdale must fancy that the mantle of Apollo had dropped upon my shoulders, or they would not so eternally put me in requisition as they do. Well, whose tooth aches now?"

Leaving the black-eyed assistant to mention to the descendant of Galen what the particular duty was which summoned him from the sanctum he loved so much, Brian took his leave, with a strong invitation on the Doctor's part to repeat his visit whenever he felt inclined to hear further and most interesting extracts from his diary, and indulge in a philosophic *symposium*.

But it was dcreed that Brian, for a time, was not to profit by Faunce's revelations. The hand of Fate was urging on the crisis of his fortunes; and he who would have closed the history of a young career in the same obscurity that marked its opening, became the unconscious agent in undoing the tangled web in which the destinies of the orphan were involved.

THE CORSO OF NAPLES.

BY A RESIDENT.

This evening the Corso was, if possible, more crowded and brilliant than usual. The oftener one sees it the more amusing it becomes: now especially that I am beginning to know every one by sight and by name. Decidedly it is the most animated and showy spectacle of every-day life that any capital in this prosaic and levelling nineteenth century can display.

Grand and imposing as are the marble palaces of Milan, and the handsome equipages of its *noblesse*, the Corso of Naples excels even that which itself surpasses all others. Not that the impoverished Neapolitans can vie with the *lusso* of the proud and wealthy Milanese. But if the carriages are less elegant, and the horses less *pur sang,—en révanche* the *locale* in that, as in everything, is for them; and the *locale* in such matters is "half the battle."

Therefore it is that the pre-eminence to which the English lay claim for their own fashionable drive in Hyde Park is as absurd as it is unfounded.

But the Corso of Naples is only seen to advantage in the height of summer. From about the middle of June till the middle of September is its season *par excellence.* Both before and after those epochs every one is *in Villeggiatura;* the nobility generally at Portici; so that a poor imitation of the Corso is transferred there in October. And in the winter, as every one dines at a different time, and drives at any hour from two to six, the innovators and *lioni* having adopted English lateness with other bad habits, the Corso is such a desultory, straggling affair as scarcely to deserve the name.

Thus no one can form an idea of it who does not see it during one of the three hot summer months, when, as there are no foreigners remaining to comment on the barbarism, the most dashing aspirants to the honours of "*La jeune France,*" are satisfied to return to the primitive and convenient habits of their forefathers;—to dine at two or three; take their refreshing siesta afterwards, and drive out from seven till nine.

Few and rare therefore are the strangers who ever behold the Neapolitan Corso in its glory; as its reign lasts only during the four proscribed months, when all novices, more especially the English, fly the city as if it were plague-smitten.

And yet it is in summer that Naples should be seen to be appreciated; in summer that, beautiful as it is at all times, it is incomparably more beautiful than at any other period of the year.

It is in summer too, that the genius of the country, and the people, shine forth in the thousand little *traits* and scenes of their *al fresco* life; more picturesque, more lively, than that of any other nation.

But there are travellers who see nothing but old bricks and paving-stones, in the stupendous remains of the "*Terme di Caracalla,*" or the relics of the Via Appia. I have often met with such. I remember one young gentleman declaring the Libanus to have been "the greatest take in he had ever experienced;"—he had actually

been reduced for fifteen days to dine upon nothing but fowl! And of such, *O tempora, O mores*, are two thirds at least of English travellers composed.

Let not any of this genus try a summer excursion to Naples. The thousand pleasures which more than compensated us for the oppressive heat of the day, would be *caviare* to them. They would discern no beauty in the bright sun-rise, and the gorgeous *tramonto*. The myriads of barks, darting over the glittering bay, the translucent splendour of the moonlit nights for them would have no charm. Their eyes were not made to discover any greater beauty than they can view between Hyde Park and St. James's; nor their ears to receive any more harmonious tones than those of the parish children, in their parish church.

I was roused from my waking *siesta* by the chaunting of priests and the tinkling of bells on the Chiaja. I hastened to the window. It was a procession, as I already knew by the sounds, and I was just in time to see the difficult operation performed, of turning the corner of a street with a gigantic standard, displaying the Assumption of the Virgin, and who, notwithstanding the reputed *l'egèreté* of the fair sex, seemed irresistibly top heavy.

No restive horse was ever more unmanageable. In vain the standard-bearer clasped his pole tighter and tighter, with all the energy of despair, and kept gazing upwards at his merciless mistress, as if imploring "*pace e misericordia;*" in vain the four *frati* who held the long string attached to each of the corners, tried to re-establish their equilibrium; whichever way they tugged, on that side directly the *Madonna* seemed determined to capsize. The whole procession was brought to a dead stop, while every one turned to see how the contest would terminate.

I pitied the *frati du fond de l'âme;* theirs was indeed an unfortunate predicament; they could neither move on nor stand still. For though the Madonna was decidedly opposed to any attempt at progression, she seemed to have a Neapolitan's aversion for quiet of any sort. I began to think the case was hopeless, when suddenly the lady changed her mind, and the persecuted *frati* seized the moment to advance. But though no new misfortune occurred to impede their march, it was so slow that I had full leisure to examine the procession in all its details, ere it passed before the balcony.

The cross-bearer came first, flanked by a couple of large, gilt, ornamental lanterns; borne by two of the white-robed *confraternità*, whose companions followed two and two, their pointed hoods flung back, and their heads bare beneath the burning rays of the sun; a roasting which nothing but a Neapolitan cranium could withstand. A statue of Sant Ambrogio, large as life, followed next, borne on poles, resting on the shoulders of four men; the drapery, face, and all painted *à la nature*. Then came a long line of penitents, with their pointed hoods, and the holes cut for their eyes, making them look quite as terrific and mysterious as when I first saw them. A large crucifix now made its appearance, with a blue silk sash fringed with silver, fastened round the waist of the image. Again came a saint, and another and another; tottering along on their poles, just like decrepid old men. The effect was so much to the life that it was perfectly absurd.

At every second or third house the procession was arrested to receive the offerings of the inhabitants, who presented their contributions of wax-lights and *bouquets* of fresh flowers to lay at the feet of the Madonna, who brought up the rear *in propria persona* at the end of a long line of *frati*. Her costume, in the extreme of the *rococo* fashion, was well worthy of description. A dress of the richest sky-blue brocade, open in front on a *jupe de dessous* of white satin, covered with the most massive gold embroidery, which, though a little dimmed by exposure to the sun and air, looked very dashing *à la distance;* while the circular *ampleur* of the skirt put *crinolines* and *canne* to the blush, and combined with the tapering length of the *corsage* and jewelled stomacher, were enough to drive all the *élégantes* of Florence and Naples into despair. A crown on her head completed her *toilette*, and gave her very much the air of Queen Elizabeth, but for the luxuriant flaxen wig, whose curling locks flowed down to her heels, and the exquisitely embroidered pocket-handkerchief, edged with a splendid *valenciennes*, which she held in her hand; the expiatory offering no doubt of some *lionne* who had been faithless to to her *cavaliere*.

By the time the Madonna passed beneath the windows, such was the profusion of flowers at her feet that they had risen almost to a pyramid, and their fragrance embalmed the air; while the candles, some of them richly ornamented, and all decked with different coloured ribands, were piled up in baskets, and carried after her by priests. Two or three little angels in white tunics, with chaplets of roses and gauze wings, concluded the pageant.

It was past six,—too late to resume my interrupted *siesta*; so after a hasty toilette, (N. B. half-past six is the usual time for dressing in an Italian summer, as no one dreams of encumbering himself with any superfluities of costume before that hour), I took my station at the window a little before seven.

It was earlier than usual, and as yet only two or three carriages ventured to brave the rays of the sun, which still glared fiercely on the white pavement, and the clouds of dust, scattered right and left by the carts that were watering the Chiaja.

The heat however was on the wane; and the atmosphere was already sensibly cooler, when one of the royal carriages with four horses and an outrider dashed past the windows; it was the *Regina Madre* and her husband, as usual the first of the *beau monde* on the drive. Decidedly her majesty has a very good taste, for *Monsieur del Balzo* was one of the handsomest, and most *à la mode*, of the Neapolitan *Lioni*, and is still a very *distingué*, noble-looking man; though I am told, that within these last four or five years, he is so much altered for the worse as to be scarcely recognizable. Whether he made a good exchange, in giving up the pleasant freedom of an officer of *Cavalleria leggiera*, the favourite of all the ladies for his *beaux yeux*, and the envy of his comrades for his hundred crowns a month to spend *à volonté*, (no *bagatelle* in Naples) for the satisfaction of marrying a queen,—a poor compensation in these march-of-intellect days—and that queen too jealous, and a Spaniard,—is a question I leave to the discussion of those who are interested in it; one thing only is certain, that the premature grey hairs which are beginning to cast their shade over

M. del B—'s jet black *chevelure*, would appear to justify the Neapolitan proverb, which says, "*Vecchiaja s'attacca.*"

Al solito the Queen Dowager was the precursor of a concourse of the *élite*, who now began to pour down in rapid succession, from the *Strada di Chiaja*, the *Chiata mone* the *Pizzo Falcone*, &c. In less than a quarter of an hour the *Chiaja*, but a few minutes before so deserted, was all gaiety and animation. Two files of carriages already lined it, and a third was rapidly forming.

One after another the different stars of the fashionable world, passed beneath my eyes. The Marchesa Statella with her *distinguée*-looking daughter; Prince Policastro, his handsome-looking son, and the pretty sparkling looking *principessine*, smiling and talking, and saluting all their friends, and looking all brilliancy and animation: while as if expressly to be contrasted with their vivacity, immediately after their carriage followed that of the Princess Torlonia, who as she reclined on the cushions of as handsome and faultless "a turn out," as the most supercilious of London "exquisites" would select, appeared as languid and weary, as they were gay. Yet then, as always, with her pensive and magnificent eyes, her marble brow, on which her coal-black hair was parted in classic bands, her colourless cheek, and the exquisitely Grecian *contour* of her face, looking incomparably more beautiful, more poetic, than every one else.

The next dashing equipage that attracted my attention, was that of the Princess St. Antimo; as conspicuous on account of the tall *chasseur* who stood behind it, as for the splendid costume of the *balia* who sat within; her crimson satin skirt, and the green jacket, stiff and glittering with the richest gold embroidery, presenting as great a contrast to the simple dress of her mistress, as her handsome but strongly marked countenance to the small features, fair hair, and blue eyes of the English *belle*.

The Prince was not with her to night. He is "*un homme d'un certain age*," but his family ranks with the noblest and the most ancient of Sicily; and his fortune is said to exceed that of any other nobleman in Naples, since the disastrous epoch, when the ever memorable "Santa Fede," and the French reduced the majority of the Neapolitan noblesse to the brink of ruin. It is said that his rent roll is about fourteen thousand a year, and that on that he lives "*en prince*," keeps up an almost royal establishment, opens his *salons* every Friday evening to all the *haute volée*, foreign and Neapolitan, and fills his magnificent palaces with the works of the most distinguished or promising Sicilian and Neapolitan artists; to whom he continually gives orders on the largest scale, and who all look up to him as their most liberal and generous patron. It is a pity some of our earls and marquises do not come and learn what may be done where *taste* and liberality are united on an income they would despise.

Another royal carriage drove down the centre. This time it was the Prince and Princess of Salerno, and their daughter, the Princess Maria Carolina, talking and laughing with her father as usual; the white plume of her *paille de riz* bonnet waving in the air, as she returned all the salutations from the passing carriages, with the little short familiar nod peculiar to every branch of the royal family of Naples.

It is really no sinecure to bow to almost every carriage passing and repassing during a Corso of two hours' duration. I actually pity them, as I see the unfortunate Princesses nodding alternately to the right and to the left, just like Chinese mandarins: though the Prince is still worse off, having the additional exertion of raising his hand to his hat every instant; till, between his own dimensions and the heat, he seems almost melted. Yet it cannot be as disagreeable to them as one would suppose, for they are the most constant *habitués* of the Corso. Never do they omit it, or vary it on any one evening of the week, the day, the month. Even on the rare occasions of a storm or a wet day, the only alteration in the indispensable drive is the substitution of a close carriage for the ordinary britschka.

Perhaps it may be that even the variety of the Corso is charming after the monotony of their court life; for it is impossible to lead a more humdrum existence than do all the members of the royal family. With the exception of a visit to the San Carlo, or some other theatre, once or twice a week, they neither receive any one nor go anywhere; except *de tems en tems*, they exchange a dull family visit, *en petit comité*, in their own private circle.

By this time the four files had spread out into five, and numbers of the *lioni* had begun to display their graces, curvetting, and caracolling; and galloping *ventre à terre* along the gravel *trottoir*, which stretches beside the *grille* of the Villa, expressly to ensure their lives and limbs from any uncomfortable contact with the chariot-wheels of the fair enemies, whose bright eyes they are so anxious to attract. Signor Giovannino del Balzo, a *lione* of the first water, and the Principino di San Severo, as yet only a *lioncino*, but of the highest promise—his languid *air-aristocrat* and his fair hair forming an admirable foil to the handsome dark countenance and *tant soit peu* Don Juan style of his companion—were among the first of the cavaliers on whom my glance lighted: Prince Zuolo, a miniature but handsome hero, the Principe della Torella, and the Principino Tricase, were the next.

As I looked they suddenly took it into their heads to run a race, and dashed off *di carriera*, scattering horses, men, and everything before them, and disappearing in a cloud of dust.

As I watched their evolutions, I had nearly overlooked the carriages of the Princess Centola, and of the General Gaetani; the first filled with a whole bevy of young daughters — a complete English family coach; the second containing only two persons, Madame G—— and her daughter, but that one alone was a host in herself.

It is singular how beauty or ugliness run in some families. That of the General took the fortunate side; for his three daughters are each handsomer the one than the other, though in perfectly different styles. The Marchesa Nunziante is an exquisite pocket Venus; Madame M——, the wife of the intendente of Bari, as fascinating in her own *genre;* and Mademoiselle Gaetani, the only unmarried one, is the handsomest of all: and hers is that noble style of Italian beauty, the calm dignity of which elevates it so highly above the *minauderie* of a French *élégante*, or the affectation and *prétention* of an English belle.

There is nothing trifling about an Italian woman; if she is beautiful, it is the classic beauty of form and feature,—the Greek profile,

the flashing eye; not the adventitious charms of "*la beauté du diable,*" the pink cheek or the white skin, or the chilly blue eyes *qui ne disent rien.* The Italian is energetic, fiery, impassioned, statue-like, and cold, unless her feelings or her passions are roused. Hers is not "*l'esprit de la conversation,*" nor "*l'éloquence du billet;*" she is either too proud or too indifferent to resort to the transparent stratagems and *ruses de guerre* of other women. An enthusiast in all things, inspire her, and she becomes either a muse, or a sibyl, or a devotee; but she has neither inclination nor aptitude for *badinage* of any kind, even could she condescend to it. *Par conséquent,* an Italian woman never flirts: she is too much in earnest; even the evanescent *amourettes* of the *cavalieri* are not flirtations; they are love episodes, sudden, scorching, ungovernable, and fleeting, as the storms of their sky.

As an *apropos* to my meditations, just at that moment the elegant tilbury of the Prince of Syracuse shot down the Corso. The whole "turn out," a late English importation, from the spirited horse to the diminutive tiger, beside whom, driving *à l'Anglaise,* sat,—I had almost said stood, so perpendicular was his *pose,*—the prince himself, looking quite as dashing as I had expected to see, the *crocmitaine* of all the *mariti* of the two Sicilies, and the *point de mire* of all their wives and daughters,—on whose innocent conscience are charged all the sins of every unsigned *billet doux* and mysterious *bouquet,* for which Neapolitan heroines puzzle themselves in vain to discover authors or owners.

The adventures of his Royal Highness would fill volumes, and cast those of a "younger son" into the shade. *Ma bisogna tacere,* for I am one of the few who think the private histories of even public personages, much more royal ones, should be sacred to the strangers they receive so graciously in their courts and country, whatever they may be on the lips of their own loving subjects.

Again, the royal liveries: this time it is the Infante Don Sebastian of Spain, the Infanta, and her sister, now the only unmarried sister of the King; since the Princess Teresa, the youngest and the prettiest, has just departed, and very unwillingly, *on dit,* to be Empress of the Brazils.

The Princess who remains, though not handsome, is very much liked by the Neapolitan *noblesse,* and said to have "*molto spirito,*" and to be extremely amiable. Don Sebastian, too, is most highly spoken of; he is a passionate lover of the arts, a first-rate artist himself; he spends his whole time painting, and his pictures are said to be splendid, worthy of the land of Velasquez and Murillo. The Infanta, who within the last few years has grown immensely fat, looks the image of good-humour and good-nature. But the royal carriage passed as rapidly as the rest.

Nothing could present a more animated scene than did the Chiaja at this hour, covered with a thickly serried mass of carriages, six files abreast, filled with *beau monde,*—all wearing the light gauzes, and bright colours of summer; the Villa crowded with promenaders, whose pink and blue draperies glimmered through the slender boles of the trees, and the *grille* lined by many a fair *amateur* of horsemanship, admiring through the rails the countless handsome *cavalieri* and *lioni,* who rode along it in groups of twos and threes: the whole *coup d'œil,* taken *en masse,* had very much the appearance of a parterre of the most brilliant and variegated flowers.

Such a concourse of people, horses, and carriages! the crowd and the noise were almost bewildering. Some of our party declared the sound was stunning, and that the descending and returning of so many files made one giddy; but to me, nothing could be more amusing, as in rapid succession all the *élite* of Neapolitan society,—every one worth seeing, and every one we knew,—passed beneath our windows.

Princes, ambassadors, grandees of Spain, *lioni*, *monsignori*, *élégantes*, and *altezze reali;* there was *de quoi choisir* for the most *difficile*, and amongst them such noble figures, such brilliant eyes, such super-exquisite *baffi!* A single glance at any one of them would have been enough to have scorched all the novel-reading young ladies in England to cinders, or to exterminate them in galloping consumptions, in the course of a week.

The current of my musings was interrupted by the carriage of Count Potocki, the Russian ambassador, followed by a whole train of *la crême;* amongst whom I observed the young Principessa di Morra, the family of the Duca d' Avalos, the Marchese del Vasto and his family, whose magnificent palace I have so often admired, the Principe di San Giorgio, and his fine-looking daughter, and last, not least, Prince Colonna Pagliani and his bride. Theirs was that "*rara avis*" abroad, and indeed everywhere, a *mariage d'amour;* for the daughter of General T——o, though equal in rank and ancestry, even to the Colonna themselves, was not their equal in *dote;* and nothing but the unswerving determination of the lover, during several years, would have vanquished the opposition of his family.

As I bent forward to obtain a better view of the countenance of the *sposa*, the Duca di R—— drove past, with his mother. In an instant he had sprung out of the carriage and was at my side.

"It was no use, you see, hiding yourself behind that *persienne;* we Neapolitans can see through stone walls, when we choose it; and as for *jalousies*, you know they form an especial part of our vocation!"

"*Ah, par exemple!* just when I happened to look out. But *n'importe*, you come very *apropos;* I see numbers of new faces, and was just wishing for a master of the ceremonies, to name all the *incogniti*. Ah, there! who is that pretty girl in the *capote rose?*"

"Oh! the daughter of the Duca di Laurito, one of our most promising *belles*, though as yet only in the bud."

"And that handsome, fashionable-looking young man, in that elegant tilbury; a *lione* no doubt?"

Gesù, Gesù! why that is Persico. *Ma foi*, it is fortunate that I am here to prevent your being *inamorata à prima vista*. Conceive what your feelings would have been, if to-morrow morning you had entered the *magazin*, and found your *heros de roman* seated behind the counter, or measuring a *canna* of silk."

"*Pas possible!*"

"*Vangelo!* you may see him there, any time from eleven till six, when his carriage and *laquais* drive up to the shop-door, and he is whirled off here to play the *élégant* on the Corso, as you see."

I had scarcely recovered from my surprise, when I was still more startled, by the approach of a carriage in which, strange to say, appeared two young nuns, in the dark habit of the "*Sagramentate*,"

and two *uffiziali della guardia,* whose brilliant uniforms formed a singular contrast to the gloomy dress of the *suore,* with whom they kept up an animated conversation.

"*Caspiti! scandalizzata* for such a trifle! Those are the fruits of your Roman education — you may see that once a week here: we Neapolitans are too wise to scruple at such *bagatelles.*"

"So I perceive, for no one seems to stare at them except myself; yet, whoever heard of such a thing, except in this city of *stravaganza.* Two nuns, and two young officers, in uniform too, to make it still better, actually parading on the Corso! I can scarcely believe my own eyes! one would think all Naples was mad."

"Why, what can be more natural? the *uffiziali della guardia* are the merriest fellows in the world, and no doubt they have been sent to escort the *monacelle,* just on purpose to enliven the poor creatures, who lead rather a dull life. It is a work of charity on the part of the *cavalieri,* for nuns are not the most attractive companions to us; they are rarely worth looking at, and *never* worth talking to. Though these for once, *non c' è male,*" continued R——, gazing at the recluses through his *lorgnon.*

"Ah! is not that the Marchese Gi—ia?" I exclaimed, pointing out a fashionable-looking man who drove rapidly past us in a little light carriage."

"How, in the name of wonder, do you know him? he is only arrived to-day from his *feudo,* where he has spent the last month, and you have not been here three weeks. Is it possible Del V—— has presented him to you already?"

"No, nor have I seen him before; but that hat drawn down on the brows, the *lorgnon* stuck in the eye, and the whole *tournure* are unmistakable. Li——a drew his caricature for me the other night, and a dozen or two others of your principal *lioni.*"

"Oh, those are invaluable! The Prince of Syracuse has made him fill an album for him, with the whole set, in which, *comme de raison,* all his most intimate friends figure in the first pages; and when his *altesse* is seized with a fit of malice, his favourite amusement, in his gay *soirées de jeunes gens,* is to bring out that terrible album, and request some of his guests to look for the caricature of some one he names; when, of course, the first the unconscious victims alight upon are their own. I had the pleasure of finding myself there, full-length, the night before last. Never shall I forget the rage I was in: can anything be more provoking than to be immortalized in such a way? So ridiculously like, that every one must recognize you, and at the same time so grotesque, that one is forced to laugh at one's self. Nay, the very graces one prides one's self most on, metamorphosed into absurdities; so wickedly clever is Li——a's pencil."

"*Per Bacco!* there go the ministers following each other. *C'est comique!*" continued R—— as two handsome carriages with rich liveries passed.

"*Monte Sant 'Angelo* and *del Carreto? n'est-ce pas?*" I inquired "the latter no favourite of yours, I believe."

"No, nor any one's. But he, and Monsignor Cocchi, the King's confessor, are omnipotent in Naples at present; so one must speak of them *con rispetto.*"

A carriage filled with four *distingué*-looking young men, two of whom were very handsome, caught my eyes.

"Who are those? Oh! nobodies; *quibuses* of course," I added, as a second glance showed me that they were seated in a very shabby *fiâcre.*

"Nobodies! *Bagatelle!* Four of our most dashing *lioni,*—*crême de la crême,*—Griffeo, Young Acton, cousin to the Cardinal, Baron Tschiudi, and Pignatelli."

"What, in that shabby vehicle? You jest."

"Not in the least, we all go in them *quand la fantasie nous prend.* You might have seen San Severo and me in a much less elegant *fiâcre* than that last night. It is the most common custom."

The enigma was solved. For night after night, I had seen the most fashionable men in Naples, driving up and down the Corso in the shabbiest of all shabby *fiâcres,* and still hesitated to believe the evidence of my eyes; taking it for granted that they must be mistaken, or that I was deceived by some extraordinary resemblance.

As I explained how contrary to our notions of *etiquette* would be such liberties in the land of freedom, and hinted, that to condemn one of our "exquisites" to appear in the Park in a "shady turn out," would be little less than despatching him with a "*stilettata,*" the Duca di R—— was very much amused.

"*Grazie al cielo,* we are above such nonsense," he said, when at last he drew breath. "I happen to be out walking, and take a fancy to drive on the Corso; do you think I would be *cosi bestia* as to take a two miles' walk to my palace, to order the carriage, when I have only to step into a *carrozza di piazza* at the instant? Or do you think I should not prefer going in a *calessino,* even, with a pleasant party, to a dull drive in the state coach, with my honoured *babbo?* We know every one, and every one knows us. *Caspiti!* our rank is attached to ourselves, not to the coronets on our equipages; we might as well wear badges on our arms at once, like your postillions. What would be the use of our position, if it did not place us above the observations of the mass? It is the best privilege of our exclusiveness, to do whatever we like; always excepting the pleasures of wrenching off knockers, or passing the night "*ivre mort*" in the guard-house,—the pastimes which we hear are the especial favourites of your young *noblesse,* but in which we Neapolitans, with all our foreign mania, are too dull as yet to discover any wit."

As I had no defence to offer in favour of those aristocratic amusements, I continued gazing in silence on the ever-changing scene of the Corso, which now, at eight o'clock, had reached its zenith.

"There, again, are two illustrious prototypes of our independent system," said the Duke, as he pointed out to me two young men, stretched out full length in another *fiâcre,* their feet reposing luxuriously on the opposite seat; "the first, a scion of one of our noblest families, the other a grandee of Spain, whose pedigree dates from the Flood, I believe,—Roccaromana and D' Avalos."

How splendid are those ancient Italian and Spanish names! what thrilling times, what lofty associations, do they recall! How the romantic figure of Fernando d' Avalos, Marchese di Pescara, and his peerless wife, the heroic and beautiful Vittoria Colonna, rise before one's mental eyes: the chivalric Francis, and the colossal form of

the great emperor towering in the background of the picture, at the magic sound of one small word. Who shall say, "What is in a name?" when those of Colonna, Toledo, Orsini, Piccolomini, Bentivoglio, *è mille altre*, ring on their ears; names, the mere utterance of which casts a halo of romantic interest around their possessors.

But the Corso leaves one no time to moralize or turn sentimental. My momentary soliloquy was cut short by a small, open, nondescript carriage, in which sat a Falstaff, whose extraordinary superfluity of size, quite out-Heroded Herod, even in Naples, where elderly gentlemen and ladies attain such a wonderful developement of obesity, in consequence of their inordinate consumption of maccaroni, the most fattening of all known substances.

Every evening my curiosity was excited to ascertain who and what was the individual marked out by the unenviable distinction of owning the largest *pancia* in all Naples; and *pour le coup*, I was determined not to let slip so favourable an opportunity of settling the point.

"Oh, don't you know," said R——, in answer to my question. "That is Prince N——, the brother of your fat friend, with whom I found you playing chess the other evening. His size is quite one of our *célébrités*."

"I am all astonishment, for though Prince N—— said to me in his quiet way, 'I dare say you think me very fat, but if you were to see my brother, I am nothing to him,' I was quite unprepared for the reality."

"And yet that man is on the look-out for a wife!"

"Oh! *c'est trop fort*."

"*Davvero!* he has been seeking for one these three years. Only, for once, honour to the sex, they will have nothing to say to him."

"I suppose they cannot *stomach* it, or, rather, they find him *stomachevole*."

"*Brava! bravissima! davvero!* But what do you thing of his actually falling in love last year, and still, more preposterous, making love, to a pretty girl of nineteen? His *corte*, however, was very unfortunate, for it ended in a *fiasco* which sent all Naples into convulsions for a month; as it happened, unluckily for him, and luckily for us, to be the *stagione morta*, when there was nothing else to talk of."

"The story is worth relating. One evening as the prince was driving, disconsolately as usual, on the Chiaja, he saw a very pretty face, which struck him instantaneously. To order his coachman to follow, *selon* our Neapolitan custom in such cases, was of course his first thought. Accordingly, after tracking her carriage up and down, during the whole Corso, he followed it finally through the Toledo. But what were his horror and amaze to see it at last drive up the *Infrascata!* The poor prince had not attempted such a monstrous *salità* for the last ten years. Yet if he turned back, all his labour was lost, and the lady besides. The die was cast. The prince, rendered desperate by love, ordered the astounded coachman to advance, *coûte qui coûte*. Away they went, up that steepest of all steep hills — the horses not panting more furiously than their unfortunate master; and on they went, till, *alla fine delle fine*, he had

the satisfaction of seeing his *bella* enter a pretty *casino*, on the very summit of the Vomero."

"He certainly must have been very much smitten to have made such a tremendous exertion, and in a summer evening too; yet how could Cupid's darts penetrate through so much fat?"

"Oh, that was nothing to what followed. Every evening for six weeks the prince repeated the exploit, till he seemed almost diminishing, from the daily melting he endured. The *ragazza* thought it most exquisite sport to martyrize her ardent adorer; and every day, when the tenderest, if not the most brilliant of *billets doux*, was sent with its accompanying *bouquet*, the *cameriera* had orders to say, as an especial favour, at what hour the *signorina* would be at home in the evening, and at the window. The malicious girl delighted in bringing him up all that toilsome way, for the small compensation of peeping at her behind the *jalousie*. But at last even the poor prince, humble and devoted as he was, began to think it was time he should get something more for all his self-immolation, than a glance or a smile, and he began to urge the *cameriera* for a written answer to his "*poulets;*" and as the young lady's *fidanzato* thought the jest had been carried quite far enough, and little formidable as was his rival, began to grow so very unruly with his national jealousy, that he swore he would certainly send the prince rolling down the hill some evening much more rapidly than he came up, the *signorina* was forced to *brusquer l'éclaircissement*. But she was determined the *dénouement* should be the cream of the jest. One evening, when the morning supplications and remonstrances of the prince had been more than usually energetic, his *bella* came to the window, with the sweetest of smiles saluted her unwieldy *vagheggino*, and threw him a small *bouquet*. His footman picked it up, and presented it to him. There was a tulip in the centre, and a delicate sprig of myrtle at the side, which would have been invisible to all eyes, but those of love. The prince was enraptured; he thought the day was won; he raised the precious *mazzettino* to his lips, but ere he could press it to his heart, his mistress had vanished, with a brow as black as a thunder-cloud, and the *persienne* was violently shut in his face. The lady was evidently offended, but in what his crime consisted, the Prince was at a loss to discover.

"The next evening the windows remained hermetically closed, and he had his drive for nothing. This was not to be borne, and the confidential *valet* was despatched next morning with *carte blanche* to negotiate a peace. Thanks to his adroitness, and the liberal *mancia* bestowed on the *cameriera*, he succeeded not only in making her promise to prevail on her young mistress to appear that evening as usual, but he elicited also the cause of the offence: 'Could anything be more natural than the *padroncina's* indignation? To see him suffer her *bouquet* to be picked up by a servant, before her face — the first token of love she had ever favoured him with! To treat her with so little respect, so little affection, and to expose her to such a risk! If there had been any *biglietto* in it, how terribly should the *signorina* have been compromised. The *gaucherie* and the *trascuranza* were unpardonable. Nothing but the vehement *passione* the *signorina* felt for the Prince could induce her to overlook it for that once, but the repetition of such a fault would be the *coup de grace*. Then, too, how could the Prince hope for anything, when

he came attended by two strange servants, who acted no part in the affair, except that of spies? If it was one *confidant* like him, indeed! But who would trust the tongues of domestics, neither interested in discretion, nor bribed to silence?' The argument was unanswerable, and the plenipotentiary promised that he himself would drive the prince that evening, and that the footman should be dispensed with.

"The prince was exact to the *rendezvous*, the lady smiled, all graciousness at the window, and flung him a second *bouquet*, within whose leaves glittered the corner of a gilt-edged envelope. Fired with rapture and impatience, the prince almost fell head foremost in his haste to alight. But when he tried to stoop, and pick up the *bouquet*, then came the 'tug of war.' By no earthly means could he bend sufficiently to reach it, without upsetting his equilibrium *in toto*. After all sorts of ineffectual efforts, maddened at last by such a ridiculous display in the presence of his mistress, he could think of nothing better than dropping down on his knees: but that was the worst hit of all; once down, he got the *bouquet* indeed, but he could not get himself up again. In vain he struggled, and rolled from side to side in agony, and, to complete his torture, just at that moment the windows of the *casino* were thrown wide open, and a party of young men, with three or four ladies, amongst whom appeared conspicuously his love leaning on the arm of her betrothed, came forward on the balcony; the whole group convulsed, and shrieking with laughter, the peals of which might have been heard at Sant' Elmo. For once there was no mistaking the trick that had been played him. The unfortunate Prince saw that he had been *joué*, and that he had fallen blindfold into the snare; but furious as he was, he could not get up. After one more ineffectual attempt he roared to his servant, to get off the coach-box and assist him. But the valet, who had the quick sense of the ludicrous, natural to all our *lazzari*, was scarcely able to stand from excess of laughter, much less lift up his master: he might as well have tugged at a mountain, while he kept alternately laughing in the Prince's face and begging his pardon, exclaiming between each fresh burst, '*Mi scusi, ma è troppo buffo in verità.*'

"At last, when the party had satiated their mirth, one of the servants was sent out to the rescue, from pure compassion; and to complete his ignominy, the unlucky lover was forced to avail himself of his assistance to regain his legs. Never was there so ridiculous a scene; I shall remember it for ever."

"You were one of the admiring public then?"

"Yes, *per Bacco!* I was a spectator on the balcony, and the heroine was Mademoiselle D——, whom you will meet to-morrow evening, at the Marchesa L——'s *conversazione*. A very agreeable *spirituelle* girl, as you may guess from the ingenious method of demonstration she took to prove to Prince N—— his unfitness for a bridegroom."

"But the *biglietto;* what did it contain?"

"Oh! only a caricature of himself in the act of picking up the *bouquet*, and a few impertinent *couplets*, which I scribbled for the occasion."

We were still laughing at the mystification of the unhappy Prince, when the horse of one of the cavaliers, in a group of riders, who

were cantering along just opposite to our windows, took fright, and suddenly began to rear and kick most furiously. The cavalier was very tall, finely made, with coal-black hair, and eyes whose brilliancy almost sparkled through the *jumelles* which I turned on him; altogether, a superb figure, strikingly handsome, and singularly noble-looking. Of course, all our feminine sympathies were enlisted for him at once. It was impossible, too, not to admire the grace and ease with which he sat his horse, and the fearless dexterity with which he curbed him in, as at each frightful plunge it seemed impossible that he should not be thrown. But the Duca only smiled at our exclamations of terror.

"It would require something more than an ordinary horse, I had almost said more than mortal, to unseat that *cavaliero*; that man is the first rider in Naples."

"Ah, really! that gives a double interest to the strife between him and his *monture*."

"But what do you think of the hero himself, *à part* his heroism?"

"Why! what every one who has eyes must think, of course; the query is superfluous; that he is singularly handsome and *distingué*. *Il più bel personale, ed il più bel volto, che ho veduto finora in Napoli.*"

"Which only proves what I knew before, that you have a very superfine taste; for that is the man recognized by common consent to be the handsomest, the most dashing, and the most irresistible of all our *lioni*; the best swimmer, the best rider, the best fencer, the best dancer, the most invincible of duelists, and the most fatal of rivals, in all Naples; the man who has broken more heads, and more hearts, than any one, I will venture to say, not here alone, but in any capital of the present day."

"Oh! Del Bosco; *cela va sans dire*."

"You have guessed."

"There was not much difficulty; — when you spoke of the Don Juan *par excellence*, of course it could be no one else."

I had almost imagined it at the Duca's preamble, for whenever one hears of the first of anything in Naples, it is sure to be coupled with Del Bosco's name.

In a city where all the more noble and ambitious paths to distinction are closed to the aspiring, and where personal beauty, and all the graceful and manly accomplishments which shine in society, are so general as in Naples, to attain such a pre-eminence in them, as he has done, is to raise one's self into a personage almost as *marquant* as a great statesman or general, in other countries. Were there either a war or a senate in Naples, probably Signor del Bosco would have risen to be the great orator, or the generalissimo; as it is, he is only *le premier lion*, the hero of the men, and the idol of the women. But even that is a pinnacle to be reached only by one in a thousand, and not to be looked down upon even by the sober English, however barren it may seem to them. I had had no previous opportunity of seeing him, as he had spent the preceding month at Castellamare; but I had heard so much of Monsieur del Bosco from the first moment of our arrival, that I was delighted to obtain even this transient glimpse of a man, the object of so much admiration and so much envy. But alas! ere we had half completed our sur-

vey, he had conquered his restive horse, spurred him on full gallop, and was out of sight in an instant.

At the sound of the opening door, I turned to see the Marchese L—— enter with a stranger.

"*Oime!*" muttered R——, "a new presentation; *al solito* your *levée* is beginning. *E addio le chiacchere a quattr' occhi.*"

As the Marchese introduced his friend to the rest of the party, the Duca whispered "L—— has brought you this evening the owner of the sweetest name, and the sweetest voice, in all Naples; what do you think of a man, with those fierce eyes, and that determined look, being announced as a turtle-dove?"

The idea was so absurd, that when L—— brought up, and presented *il Barone* T——a, I tried in vain to look serious. Perhaps he detected the lurking smile I could not repress, for there are no people so fiery and so easily piqued as the Neapolitans, especially at the least shade of ridicule; at all events, whatever the cause, the *Barone* just then looked anything but dove-like. *Décidément*, the Corso was more attractive, *pour le moment.* In the crowd, too, I recognized such numbers of the "old familiar faces" of the Roman Corso, that I might have fancied myself in Rome again, but for the striking difference of the wide and brilliant Chiaja.

It is very much the custom for the Roman nobility to spend the three hot months in Naples, enjoying the sea-baths, and the sea-breeze, and the pleasures of the city itself, at that season, which, always excepting the short period of the Carnival, is the most agreeable and the most animated of the year, and the most liked by Italians. Amongst the many new arrivals, I remarked the Duchessa di Bracciano, Don Marino, and their two sons; the Neapolitan ambassadress, Madame Ludolf, and her fair-haired gentle-looking daughter, who is as amiable as she is accomplished, *on dit.* Also the then Russian ambassador at Rome, Monsieur Potemkin, and his wife. I was quite *en pays de connaissance.*

It was singular, too, to reckon the numbers of our fair countrywomen, who have been transplanted to this foreign soil. The Duchessa Valentina, now so thoroughly Italianized by the long lapse of years, as to be scarcely English in anything but birth; the Baroness D——, and her German spouse; the pretty *Duchessa di* Calabrita, as yet only a bride, and her handsome *sposo;* the Princess St. Antimo; the Countess Bel——; amidst them, two ambassadresses, Madame Potemkin and the Duchessa di Montebello; and last, not least, Madame Salsa, (Lady Strachan,) with her dashing equipage and still more dashing *chasseur.*

"There," said the Marchese L——," interrupting my list, "is the man who was the origin of a tragedy of real life, the most melancholy that has occurred here for several years. Monsieur del B——, within the last week, has returned from Paris, but we scarcely expected that he would re-appear on the Chiaja so soon; he has good courage and stout nerves."

"What! another Del B——," I exclaimed, as I gazed at the rider L—— designated.

"Yes, there are many branches of the same family, but this is the most celebrated one *de toute la boutique;* an unfortunate celebrity, for no doubt it was to his fame for captivation he owed the unfortunate *succès* I alluded to. Two years ago he fell in love with one of

the prettiest girls in Naples, Mademoiselle Ottavia B——; he pursued her in all places, at all hours; at mass, in the Toledo, on the Corso, at the theatres; wherever she went, the first person her eyes met was Del B——; he was her shadow. He persecuted her with notes, with flowers, with messages, with supplications; he walked up and down before her windows half the day, and three parts of the night. No one who has not experienced it, can conceive the devotion, the indefatigable perseverance, the *espionnage*, which nothing, however trivial, can escape, the ingenuity which no obstacle, no opposition can baffle, of a Neapolitan lover.

"In this instance Del B—— met with more difficulties than usual; his love was an only daughter, and the parents, devotedly attached to her, dreaded his *roué* reputation, though in all other respects he was a '*bon parti*,' and did all in their power to preserve her from him; even the *ragazza* herself gave him no encouragement. But all their efforts were foiled,—in vain they altered their promenades, their hours,—in vain they went to a different church every Sunday, and gave up their box at San Carlo. Every domestic in their house was in his pay, every person who entered it was marked, and every step they took out of it was followed.

"The unexpected resistance, which would have wearied out another, only inflamed Del B——'s *capriccio* into a passion; his feelings and his pride became equally interested in the result, and he would have died before he would have given up the game without vanquishing. For four months he continued the siege, without relaxing one day, in a vigilance and pertinacity rare even in Naples, till his unsuccessful suit became a matter of public notoriety and ridicule. But the dissuasions of his friends and the sneers of his enemies found him equally impenetrable; he was *plus fin calculateur* than they were; he knew his card. The parents grew weary and indifferent, while the daughter grew tender. It was impossible that a devotion so all-absorbing, so indefatigable, on the part of a man, handsome, fashionable, and distinguished, whose reputation for conquest was as well established as his fame for inconstancy, should fail to make a powerful impression at last on any young girl, however insensible. What but love, unquenchable, passionate, irresistible, could induce '*un homme à bonnes fortunes*,' who had only to enter a *salon*, and to smile at the first woman who pleased him, to have her almost at his feet, to sacrifice his time, his pleasures, his opportunities, nay, that very reputation on which he prided himself most, for the sake of one who gave him nothing in return but the most chilling repulses? Again, if the capricious Lothario, whose most ardent *passioni* had seldom outlived three weeks, could be constant for four months to a mistress as freezing as the Venere Medicea, why not for ever, if his love were reciprocated? The conclusion was clear.

"In *somma* the day was half gained; you know that, with very few exceptions, our young girls are not allowed to enter society till they are married, unless it be an occasional *soirée*, at the house of some relative. Mademoiselle B—— was kept even more scrupulously secluded than ever during the four months' persecution of her *innamorato*. But at last she was suffered to go to a ball at the house of a cousin; of course Del B——, though unexpected, contrived to be there, danced with her, talked to her, and saw no one else the whole evening.

"*La bella* found his lips even more eloquent than his eyes; from that night the victory was won. His *biglietti* were no longer unanswered; his flowers no longer rejected. They saw each other every day, every hour. The parents, hopeless at last of eluding him, broke through their system, and sought to counteract his influence by surrounding her with variety and amusement. To keep her in solitude was only so leave her nothing else to think of than the one she saw wherever they went. She was taken to all the theatres, the *conversazioni*, the most brilliant balls; but there again they were foiled. Del B——, no more a rejected lover, took upon him all the rights of a favoured one. He began the usual system of prohibitions. He would not suffer her to speak, to dance, to look at any one but himself. If she glanced twice at the most indifferent person, if she received the most trifling civility with common politeness, if she thanked the stranger who picked up her fan, or her pocket-handkerchief, Del B—— made her the most furious '*scena*,' till at last she scarcely dared raise her eyes, or address one word to any other person."

"What an intolerable *esclavage!*" I exclaimed in indignation; "how could any one be so tame-spirited as to submit to it?"

"Oh! that was nothing *hors du commun;* any Neapolitan *innamorato* would have exacted as much. We are all despots in love: you must admit, that, as we are so infinitely more *devoué* than all other nations, we have a right to be more *exigéants*. Mademoiselle B—— was not worse treated in that respect than any of her companions. Every Neapolitan girl knows that an accepted lover is a tyrant, to whom Argus was a fool in comparison. So customary is that jealous guardianship, that it would be impossible to persuade any *ragazza* that one was in love with her, unless she were watched with the eyes of a lynx, and a strict account exacted of every word and glance.

"But Del B——, fiery and extreme in all things, exceeded the usual bounds. Every day he demanded some new sacrifice, and every day l' Ottavia became still more and more in love, and still more submissive and enslaved. She was not to waltz except with him; she was not to sing; she was not to take any one's arm, in short every evening was a new triumph to her lover. His conquest became as notorious as his pursuit had been.

"At last the friends on both sides came forward. They interceded with the parents, who on their part saw that the case was *oramai* desperate. Del B—— was not more likely to relinquish his suit, now that it was successful, than he had been when it seemed utterly hopeless. Their daughter's attachment to him had become too public to be either concealed or forgotten; in despair they gave their consent, and the marriage was fixed to take place at the end of six months. Everything went on smoothly; l' Ottavia was as much in love, and her *fidanzato* as assiduous as ever; the two families met on the friendly footing of relatives. Del B——'s eldest brother became a constant *habitué* of their family circle. He too became violently *invaghito*.

"As the period approached, his passion became more vehement, while that of the *sposo* cooled at the gloomy prospect of matrimony. A few days before the marriage was to take place, his brother offered him a large sum of money to spend in Paris, if he would

depart instantly and renounce his bride. You know that Paris is the *El Dorado* of all our *lioni*, and a journey thither the '*grande ambition*' of their lives. The temptation therefore was a strong one — too strong to be resisted by the worn out fetters of a '*passione*' already twelve months old, or by the weakening charms of an *innamorata* who was on the point of being metamorphosed into a wife. Del B—— took the night to consider of it, accepted the bribe the next day, and was *en route* the following morning.

"When the whole transaction and Del B——'s conduct transpired, nothing could exceed the general surprise and indignation. Mademoiselle B—— for a long while refused to believe in the voluntary desertion of her betrothed. But she had as much spirit and feeling as she had beauty; when at last she could no longer resist conviction, she would not hear his name, much less see his brother or any of his relations; she became ill; they retired to the country; on their return we were all shocked to see her so much altered; in the course of a year she died—died literally of a broken heart. She neither wept nor complained, she had no declared malady, but she faded gradually and gently and calmly away, till she died. Her parents are still more to be pitied; their sorrow is as deep as their loss is irreparable. Now do not imagine," continued the Marchese, "that I have availed myself of the privilege of a narrator, and coloured my story with any deeper tints than its own. Every incident I have recounted to you is historically true. I have merely given you the simple facts, which are so publicly known that you have only to mention the names of the parties, to hear the same tale repeated, word for word, by every lip."

The story was indeed melancholy, almost enough to sadden one; even when I was gazing on the Corso, and surrounded by the atmosphere of gaiety which Neapolitan *élégants* transport with them wherever they go.

"And yet," said the Marchese, in reply to my comments, "although it was supposed that Del B—— would be universally excluded, no sooner has he returned, than he is as well received as ever by all except the immediate friends and relatives of his victim. '*Ainsi va le monde!*'"

The fading light, and the bells which now began to toll the *Ave Maria*, warned us that it was already *un'ora di notte*, and that the Corso was waning to its close. But I did not regret the change. The deepening shades of night were more in harmony with the feeling the melancholy story had awakened, than the brilliant display of the preceding two hours.

We stood in the balcony. Groups of the lower orders were pouring into the neighbouring church. It was already crowded to overflowing; the great curtain was soon drawn up; all those who could not force their way in gathered round the entrance, and in a few minutes the steps were covered with a kneeling throng.

It was a singular *mélange;* a perfect picture *en miniature* of the manners and character of the people: religion and pleasure side by side; the votaries of both too much absorbed in their separate avocations, to heed each other. For while the devotees prayed with as much fervour as if they had been kneeling at the foot of the altar, the only notice taken of them by the *beau monde*, was, that,

as each successive carriage passed the open doors of the church, every head was bowed and every hat taken off.

Though it was only the repetition of the scene I had beheld every evening for the last four months in Rome, it seemed more strange than ever in Naples. Everything in the Eternal City is so solemn; its people, its pleasures are so grave, that religion scarcely ever seems out of place there, not even in its Corso. But amidst the *bruyante* gaiety of Naples it appeared quite incongruous. The loud chaunting of the people, too, mingling with the tones of the organ, rose on the air. Had we been nearer it would probably have been far less pleasing, but from whence we heard it, it sounded solemn and melodious. There is a natural depth and body of tone in all Italian voices, even amidst the lowest class, which renders their combination always rich and harmonious, when heard at a distance, however harsh or untutored they may be in reality. A moment more and the music ceased; all was hushed. It was the "*benedizione.*" The kneelers almost prostrated themselves on the ground; even the carriages stopped motionless before the church, while the ladies knelt, and the gentlemen rose, and every one crossed himself and muttered a prayer. In an instant it was over, and all the stream of animation flowed on as carelessly as if it had never been interrupted. The crowd poured rapidly out of the church; the carriages vanished *à vue d'œil,* as the tide of gaiety rolled off to the Toledo; and in half an hour more the Chiaja was left to the solitary splendour of its glittering lamps and shadowy trees, while we might have fancied ourselves transported to a city of the dead—so silent and deserted was all around.

LIONI.

CHOLERA-MORBUS CLASSICUS.

BY CHARLES DE LA PRYME.

MAGNUS ventre dolor,
Nullus in ore color,
  Dum languescit vultus;
Sanguis triste fluit,
Dum sine more ruit,
  Sudor passim multus.

Cor torpore dolet,
Spiritus asper olet,
  Angor torquet dorsum;
Dentes usque fremunt,
Pallida labra tremunt,
  Et detrectant morsum.

Noctes atque dies
Est tibi nulla quies,
  Duram luges sortem;
Dicit morbus ibi,
Tempus abire tibi,
  Nunc arcesso mortem.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

LITERARY RETROSPECT OF THE DEPARTED.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

I was leaving the reading-room of the British Museum, in the olden times, when the door of that revered sanctuary opened on a narrow staircase, and led into a dark alley, when a soft elderly voice said, behind me,

"Pray sir, does it rain?"

"In torrents," I replied, beginning, *à l'Anglaise*, to unfold a new silk umbrella, without in the least regarding the wants and woes of the speaker behind me. We stood, nevertheless, for some moments side by side at the door, which opened on a little platform whence you descended to the dark narrow steps or alley below, partitioned off from the great court to the right. I think I see, even now, our very position. She, a lone, low-statured, elderly woman, dressed in the approved dowdy style adopted by lady authoresses in the reading-room; I, that nondescript creature, a literary soldier, a kind of Tadpole creature, just shaping into a distinct existence of my own, just feeling that I could stretch out my legs, and swim about on my own account, instead of being always at the mercy of my commanding officer, a mere machine, an insect, a very drudge in existence.

Well, the rain still fell in torrents, pelting the grey coat of the melancholy animal of a sentinel, who was pacing to and fro in the alley below, in a sort of mockery of the perfect tranquillity and ignoble safety of the British Museum; for it was then an institution almost forgotten by the London public, except when one's country cousins came to town, and some old aunt "made a day" to go and see it, and one was dragged by the minerals, and paraded through rows of shells, wishing one's legs were off, rather than they should have to perform such an office. Dim, stately, always in a fog, grand in its dirty exclusiveness, surrounded by its nestlings, the officers of the Museum, who enjoyed their dusty sinecures unmolested by a thinking and busy public, the Museum was at that time much upon the same footing as Miss Linwood's exhibition now. Its fame and importance had survived in the provinces, but were extinct in the memories of Londoners. My companion had an eye to my umbrella, I am certain of it,—indeed, I know it; not that she had an item on her back worth preservation. Her bonnet was a dusky black, poking over a very dingy, withered, blear-eyed visage, on which, such was the force of her perseverance, I bent after some time to look. There was a sort of quiet good breeding in the *incognita*, which led her to answer my look with a ready conversation.

"I think," she said, in a ready easy way, "I see you sometimes in the reading-room. I seldom," she added, shivering, and drawing around her a thin, shaggy fur tippet, the produce of some consumptive bear, "I seldom go there in the winter. It's such a remarkably uncomfortable place for getting a coach, and I do'nt like carrying an umbrella."

"No—it is—incovenient," replied I, embarrassed. Another pause ensued; still dripped the rain, and still, for it was four o'clock, out poured the dark contents of the reading-room, the melancholy company of "hacks," ghostly, unwashed, unshaven creatures, all with

great-coats, I observed, most of them having good umbrellas, their stock in trade, their carriage and horses, the great support of that dim gentility which one might trace amid the havoc of poverty and work; of poverty with sensibility and ambition to say grace over its scanty meals, with work uncheered by companionship, unalleviated by the encouragement of fame.

I knew this dreary company well, for already were my bachelor habits leading me to a hobby, the pursuit of — but hold, not until I am dead, shall the critic feast on my faults, grind my bones to make his bread, or shall compassionate friends say mournfully, "I wish he had not published!"

To return to my gentle, lowly companion. She was old; I think I have said that before. Now, what is being old? not, in truth, remembering so many years, nor having a particular date upon your baptismal register, when, in a hapless moment, it is called for. No! *old* is a relative term, it speaks of strength gone by, of impaired digestion, gray and scattered hair, teeth that have gone astray, a withered, nay, puckered skin. These are the attributes of age, come when it will. Come, if it may, to the man in his prime, broken by care or by dissipation. Come, if it may, to the matron in her prime, the effect of a wearing anxious life, or may be of a fretful and uncertain temper. This is age.

But the lady who stood beside me was then apparently about fifty-six or fifty-seven years of age; so I should have guessed. She was so slight and so decrepid as to be old of her age. If I remember aright, there was not a good feature in her face; yet the face on the whole pleased. The eye was pleasant, and there was an infinite good-nature in her smile.

The rain was abating, and numbers of the literate crew, who had been putting on their great-coats, now rushed past us; hastening by the automaton sentinel, and passing into the court, hurried to their homes. Where? ah, where indeed! To garrets perchance, or cellars in which the dark rooms of the Museum might seem, by contrast, to be a palace. Some to a scanty dinner, others to coffee-houses; some, perhaps, to wander through the streets, or pick up a few brief hours of comfort where they could, having only a night's lodging to call their own.

There were then but few ladies among the readers, my friend of the shaggy tippet being one of the few: we were almost left alone, and the door was closed behind us, before I said,

"You may as well accept half of my umbrella, ma'am, as you have not one."

"Thank you" was her ready reply, and we descended the steps into the dark alley beneath. We passed under a sort of archway, and stood in the paved court, whence rose a noble flight of steps to the stately old building, Montague House; I say *rose*, for even as I pen these lines, some fragment of those venerable stairs is carried piecemeal from the place it so long has occupied. Montague House, with its pointed, turreted tops, its Anglo-French aspect, its whole air recalling the nobleman's house of old, is levelled with the ignoble dust of Montague Place; the last specimen of the town residence of our former nobility is gone, the abode of Halifax is gone—gone is the court air, which you trod with a conscious gentility, as you paced along it, and tried to fancy yourself some guest about to be ushered by lacqueys into the great hall of Montague House; going, or gone, is the screen which separated the

court from the street, which severed the lettered from the throng, the studious from the busy. We reached that very screen. A hugely fat porter, in the royal livery then guarded the entrance, now the notice man, a much civiller fellow, looks at you, and lets you pass. In those days, there was the remnant of a reception, an introduction by courtesy, and I can remember the day when I thought, that same porter a very fine gentleman indeed. We reached the entrance, and here were stopped. A row of hackney-coaches, large enough to hold ten such people as my companion, stretched in front.

"Thank you, sir," again said the lady cheerfully, "and good morning. Now, I dare say," she added, "I shall have to introduce myself to you, though we have met so often in the reading-room. Miss Benger."

"Indeed! is it possible!" were the words I was about to proffer, but I checked myself, and said,

"I felt assured I had the honour of conducting a lady of no common merit," bowed, handed her into a coach, and walked away.

Such was my first introduction to the pleasing writer on "Anne Boleyn," and "Elizabeth of Bohemia." Has she dabbled in Mary Queen of Scots too? Miss Benger was the most fortunate of authoresses, her fame, in her own day, so far exceeded her merits as a writer. She held a high place among the literary women of her time, and she would in this have obtained no place at all.

It was afterwards my fortune to see her in society. She lived in a street east of Tottenham-court-road; I am fain to say, it was Doughty street. Here she entertained her friends with intellectual Bohea, weak as their wits who drank it, with innocent finger-biscuits, and gentle negus. Yet these meetings were pleasant enough, cheered by the ease and good humour of the hostess. Here have I met Dr. Kitchener, Harvey, the author of the "Convict Ship," Miss Spence, who, with Lady Bulwer Lytton, years ago, concocted a novel, entitled, "Dame Rebecca Berry, or the days of Charles the Second. Poor Miss Spence looked little as if she had anything to do with Charles the Second. She might have been maid of honour to Queen Anne; just that sort of safe person one might have trusted near a young heir apparent in a court. Her chief celebrity rested, if I remember aright, on some Romance, which no one "had even been able to meet with," and which she generally wrote down the title for the enquiring, twice or thrice in the course of the evening. She was also related to a Lady Isabella Spence, and somehow or other to Fordyces's sermons. I am sure I know not how, but she is always associated with them in my mind. At Miss Benger's too, I met with that singular ill-starred being, Lady C——e L——b. She was a gentle, lady-like little woman, with slight remains of comeliness, yet pleasing from the delicacy of her appearance. The neatness and finish of her attire was striking, where all others seemed to have dressed extempore; a streamer there, a feather here. Miss Benger, it is true, retained the proprieties of age, but Miss S——e sported yellow turbans with blue muslin dresses, and there were still more remarkable figures even than she was, in the room. But to return to Lady C——e L——b. There was nothing in her aspect of that passion which breathes in every line of Glenarvon, that most remarkable and powerful book, which passion could alone have dictated. There was none of that impatience and daring self-will to be detected in her passive manner and soft voice, which be-

trayed her into the madness of stabbing herself for Byron's love. All was lady-like, correct, somewhat uninteresting, perhaps a little sad; but who, that could write Glenarvon, would not be sad? It is a book which banishes smiles, and is yet too mournful and appalling, from the view it gives of the naked human heart, for tears.

Beside her stood two young fair beings, since, well-known to fame, —then intent only on each other. The one in the dawn of his far-famed manhood, with the light hair curling on his fair high brow, his eyes sparkling with that genius which has left undying trophies of his powers. The other, was a creature, matured in form, yet young, exquisite in figure, and comely, rather than beautiful in countenance, for the features wanted elevation. She stood bending over Lady C——e, her dark hair braided back over a brow of ivory, her neck and arms much bared, for her dress was classical. It was a simple frock of dark hue, the sleeves short, and confined by a band, a band decorated with some antique pattern running round the waist and bosom. Her complexion was matchless. Yet upon her, and upon him who then woo'd her to smiles and conversation, the hand of fate rested. Their destiny, half spun out, has been tangled and knotty, never shall their yarn mingle again.

One day I missed Miss Benger at the reading-room of the Museum. She had been, in fact, almost the only lady there, except the late Miss Emma Roberts, who was then composing her "Wars of the Roses." The labour necessary for that work seemed to be sorely against her natural disposition, which was to observe,—to narrate common matters distinctly,—to analyse the characters of society. She was not born for an historian; and her steady eye often wandered from the old chronicler's page to other objects. She was then a fat, short woman, about thirty, with a kind, easy address; and the best describer of places that I ever knew. A person of infinite common sense,—of little talent; yet she has written the best book on India extant, — one which puts you in perfect possession of the mode of daily life there; which shews you how your piano-forte will split in two, and your scissors rust; how large bats and foul insects will fly about your chamber, and even establish themselves on the ceiling, if the housemaid-man (I know no other term for him) be not vigilant. It is the best antidote to the emigration-marriage-propensities of civilian-hunting young ladies, to read Miss Roberts on India. Alas! she fell a victim to that climate which she so well describes; and sank under the fatal disease which it engenders, during her last visit to those shores. Her friends had in vain warned and entreated her not to go. Her authorship, agreeable, though slight, is said to have been more profitable than that of most literary ladies. It was her sole resource as a maintenance; yet she had saved money enough to support herself when the power of writing failed. Kind, cheerful, and estimable, Emma Roberts is still justly regretted. Let me take one lingering look at the reading-room in which she, and others less fortunate than she, have passed so many hours. I think I enter it now, — the door slamming behind me. I stand, and look on countless heads bowed down upon thick tomes. No one even looks up, save (I speak of bygone years) one aged man, with long white locks, who used to come there every day, to read the newspapers. This was Jeremy Bentham. I think I see his venerable head close by the fire-place now; or catch a glimpse of his face, and quick eye. He vanished, and his place is empty; and who misses him?

Wonderful, one thinks, must that necessary knowledge be which is accumulated within these walls. I was never student enough not closely to observe my neighbours. Among them there came day after day to the same place, a dusky-looking gentleman, with a lack-lustre eye and lack-polish boot. His regularity was exemplary. Day after day some old-looking books were handed down to him, and day after day he read them through—straight through, as my curiosity enabled me to decide. At the same hour each day he looked at his watch, and disappeared. One day I had the curiosity to look at his studies. He was reading the "Gentleman's Magazine" straight through, paper after paper. Shade of Mr. Urban! where does thy sainted spirit rest?—look down upon thy votary, whose mental digestion can compass thy dry-as-dust papers upon Clumber in Cornwall, or subterranean passages in Wales, — thy head-cracking researches, and dull jocularities. Look upon him who has rescued from their obscurity thy recondite jokes and thy unpalatable descriptions.

Why is it that the name of Mr. Urban always has an association in my mind with the late much-to-be-lamented Mr. Upcott? They were (for I suppose Mr. Urban to have had a sensible existence under some less pleasing name,—I dare say he was a pompous, bow-wow, dogmatic sort of old bugbear, who made his poor contributors tremble,)—they were—peace to the shade of Mr. Upcott!—congenial spirits; I should say, fed from their birth upon the curiosities of literature; delighting, not in her broad paths, but in her little byways; curious in the contents of her waste-paper baskets; true lovers of those scraps and fragments which appear, even when united, so disjointed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (it should be the "Old Gentleman's Magazine,") and which one always felt, in looking over Mr. Upcott's repository, wanted some connexion, some annotations, some running commentary, to present them truly to the mind with interest.

I do not suppose there was any actual resemblance really between these two great men. Mr. Urban I can picture to myself in a single-breasted coat, one hand in his bosom, the other grasping a manuscript; a round wig on; a pair of spectacles, of course; a sort of a bull-dog face, with grey eyes, that looked at you imperiously, — and read you your destiny, or the destiny of your manuscript, in proper colours. He was thin, too, Mr. Urban, I would almost undertake to swear; with long shanks, square toes, a most insulting propriety of manner, and a decided air of superiority down to his very shoe-ties. He took the name of Urban (or I 'm belied) to conceal his natural arrogance and antiquarian pride.

Now, in Mr. Upcott's countenance, air, figure, good-nature spoke out involuntarily. If you walked behind him, and looked at his broad back, and round shoulders, you would say he was a very benevolent fellow. He was less than the middle size, and more than thick; his face was broad; and his homely features were incessantly distended with a merry laugh. The only time that I ever saw him ruffled was after an interview with a certain great political lord, not famed for courtesy, to whom Mr. Upcott had an introduction, for the purpose of shewing his autographs. This nobleman, fitful in his kindness, either did not understand the merits of Mr. Upcott's researches, for they were opposed to his utilitarian notions, or he had not time to enter into the question which the antiquary wished to propose. I fancy I hear the short colloquy between them. Mr. Upcott had been waiting

in B——y Square some time. He had sent in his letter of introduction. No reply. At last, with his mouth full of the sandwich which he was eating post haste, previous to going to the House of Lords, in came the great man; the shadow of his tall, gaunt figure adumbrated the shorter proportions of the antiquary, as he stood demurely, for once in his life, before him. What a contrast they presented! — the one yellow, lean, restless, impetuous, as if the spirit could scarce be contained within its earthly bounds,—his large features in perpetual movement,—his quick eye speaking ere yet his lips articulated a sound; the other, his deep-red complexion proclaiming, in plain terms, "I am apoplectic," — his clear blue eyes laughing involuntarily, — his figure so set and stable seemed like the representative of the *Belles Lettres*, under their more placid and vegetative aspect, — the philosophy that eats and drinks, as well as reads and writes; the philosophy of the bottle and of the fireside. But, to resume,—the two, who met thus for the first and last time, gazed at each other for an instant.

"Upcott! Upcott!" repeated the nobleman, — "your name is Upcott. I don't remember anything about you, sir. You must call again, if you please, for I am too late now,—I've been detained."

"And I, sir, too, have been detained," replied the antiquary, with a touch of his native humour; but he spoke to the walls, — the great man had turned round, and disappeared.

"I have known many noblemen in my day," said Upcott, as he came back to me, glowing as if just half-baked in a furnace; "but I never met with such insolence as this. *He* was too late for his appointment; *I* am too late for all mine. I was to have called on Lady L., who is making a collection of franks; but I am too late. I ought to have met some American gentlemen, touching my autographs, today; but I am too late. I have been talking to those dusty chairs and tables for these two hours."

His face was positively reddened with anger; but his nature was not prone to that sentiment. He soon forgot, he never forgave the rudeness which the professed lover of literature had shewn to one of the most industrious of her servants. He hastened back to the solace of his own comfortable home in Islington, there to overcome, in the contemplation of his treasures, the indignity he had suffered. He had put on his best black coat, too, and his newest of hats, with a touch of the broad brim of the olden time about it. He never could look the gentleman; but he had always a touch about him above the common herd of men. He walked like a sensible man. So he went back to his home—a home, I will venture to say, by far the greatest curiosity in London.

It was situated in Middle Street, Islington, where its owner had resided some thirty or forty years, always, I believe, talking of moving, and lamenting that he was so out of the way, and saying that if the British Museum would buy his autographs, he would take a house in the Regent's Park; but more he never did, save, I suppose, to be buried within the precincts of that great tall church which gives a dignity even to Islington. From the garret to the ground-floor the house was filled,—it was stuffed with autographs and old newspapers. There was not a room that was not lined with the epistles of the great departed,—that was not furnished by the expressions of their will, by the outpourings of their sorrows, or by the effusions of their joys. The

more precious of these documents were locked up in cases; many, however, were simply laid upon shelves. The house was old-fashioned, and full of small comfortable rooms, in every one of which a fire was always lighted, in order to preserve these documents from damp. The autographs amounted to many thousands: the largest collection in Europe, —I was going to say, in the world; but one never can answer for what China may have in her possession. How good Mr. Upcott acquired this mass of papers I never exactly knew,—how he first betook himself to the task of collecting, I know not,—it was, I suppose, his destiny—certainly, his delight, but a delight alloyed with disappointment. The hope, the end of his being, was the desire to see his beloved autographs established in the British Museum. They were offered to the trustees of the Museum for ten thousand pounds, and refused. At one time the Americans, impertinently enough, were in treaty for them.

"It will break my heart," said the enthusiastic collector to me, "if they go to America; yet I fear they must."

I know not how the treaty ended,—but end it did. Neither am I prepared to say what has really become of this unrivalled collection, nor whether the public is ever to possess it. One sunny morning I called on Mr. Upcott. He was smart and trim, and his house looked the very picture of comfort; for a certain degree of arrangement, a stamp of order pervaded the house. The laugh of the light-hearted collector was heard as he opened the door, and said,

"Welcome to Dryasdust's abode. I am in a very remote corner here," he added. "Islington is not what it was. Do you know, sir, it was the residence of various celebrated persons? Gay," I think he said, "once lived in Islington. Pope, also. The neighbourhood is much altered of late," he continued; "I used to have a neighbour or two, but I stand here alone now. But, there's something handsome about our church, sir; don't you think so?—a good spire, sir; and a spire's not what you see every day."

He then hastened to shew me his autographs. He had letters from every crowned head of every state, from the Emperor of Russia down to an Elector, or a Palgrave. But that which he most loved to dwell upon was a letter in doggrel verse from the poet Cowper to one of his friends; less rare, but more pleasing, than the scrawl of Queen Elizabeth, or the mandate of some Plantagenet monarch. He had the original letter found in Felton, the assassin's hat, when he shot the Duke of Buckingham. This Mr. Upcott lithographed; and he was wont to give to favoured friends a copy of it. He opened drawer after drawer; taking out such papers as made you conversant with the mighty, and the guilty dead, as caused you to think they were still alive, perhaps among the number of your correspondents. You seemed to dive into their thoughts, and to know their ways; and the easy, familiar, everyday sort of way in which our friend Dryasdust spoke of them, confirmed the delusion. You lived, in idea, with potentates and kings; with Edward the Confessor, and Edward the Black Prince. I don't know but that you might even have a touch at Rufus. The smallest of your acquaintance was Napoleon; you luxuriated for a time in these delusions, and then, looking round, found yourself in a small room at Islington, with a bright modern fire, a canary-bird singing in the window, your good host looking at you through his spectacles, and a cab waiting for you at the door.

He is gone; the centre of one of those numerous literary cliques

which are dissolved by the death of one or two of its chief supports, the main props of its perishable tenement. Of these how many, and how great variety have I witnessed. I have seen the circle around Mackintosh's dinner-table. I have enjoyed the amiable conversation of Sismondi; and have smiled at the polished wit of Conversation Sharpe. I have been dazzled by the brilliancy of L. E. L. I have listened to Coleridge. I have been dogmatized by Parr. I have mingled with Birmingham Dissenters; and held converse with Dr. Rees, the learned editor of the "Cyclopædia." I have encountered the Antiburgher, Dr. Jamieson. I have worshipped Ramohun Roy, as circled in shawls, and with ladies, he sat in what I might have called stately stupidity, had I dared to do so, amid the saloons of the opulent and lettered. I have watched the enfeebled, but brightly glimmering intellect of Campbell. I have fluttered among the motley crew who gathered around Miss Benger. I have seen literature in its half-dress, and in its full dress; and I have beheld it mingled with science.

Among the most pleasing of those aspects in which science looks down upon us from its elevation, was the celebrated Cuvier. I met him in a small, well-selected party, late in the summer, when every one was flying away from London, and but a scattered few of the *élite* was arrested by an invitation to meet Cuvier. I was introduced to him. He spoke no English; and I spoke French *modestly*, that is to say, badly; yet, such were the suavity and polish of his manners, that I soon began to feel—what one rarely feels with a foreigner,—as if I were really in conversation with him. He was about the middle size; singularly fair for a Frenchman; with hair hanging loosely on his forehead; and lightly powdered. He wore a blue coat, I remember; and there was something very dressy in his appearance. His features were aquiline, somewhat large, certainly handsome; and breathing a great placidity and benevolence of temper. An air of soft dejection pervaded his demeanour, for he had then, only a year previously, lost by consumption his only daughter. The young lady who accompanied him was his step-daughter. She had the most remarkable countenance, for expression that I ever saw; thin, delicate, with bright laughing eyes, and a bloom that spoke not of health; never did a face sparkle with such genius. Her conversation was full of spirit and intelligence; and she suggested to your mind the conviction that, living always among the intellectual, each faculty had been matured, and brought to the utmost limit of perfection of which the human mind is capable. Cuvier loved her fondly, for the great naturalist's heart was tender, and his afflicted spirit had not then, and perhaps never, recovered the loss of his own daughter. He referred to her continually; and she hung upon every accent of his, and looked apprehensively towards him, when, in a moment's silence, the soft melancholy of his fine face returned. I am afraid to say—so little did I see of the philosopher and of the child of his adoption,—I may be incorrect, but I fear I am not, when I state that she too, his solace, his companion, the congenial friend, was taken from him by the same dire disease which had carried his daughter to the tomb. Am I right, or not? Say, ye initiated. The imaginative have their sorrows; and philosophy, it seems, does not exempt its votaries from pangs which rend the heart, and direct them, whether they will or not, to joys less transient than the fame of the world, or even the luxuries of affection and sympathy.

THE PONY CLUB.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOOD SETTLEMENTS OF GEORGIA.

In the midst of a dense pine-forest, on the western side of the wretched road which formerly led from Clarkesville to the Falloola Falls, about three miles from the above-named village, there stood, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a sheale-log dwelling. This building, which has long since disappeared, was even then in a ruinous condition. The clay chimney, through the cracks of which smoke was issuing in all directions, seemed scarcely able to stand upright, and the hut itself, from the rottenness of many of its under-timbers, leaned considerably to one side. A worm-eaten shutter, suspended on one hinge, swung lazily in the breeze, ever and anon maliciously creaking at the door, which, having no hinge at all, was reclining indolently against the side of the house. A new shingle roof, however, (which, by the by, gave the hut the appearance of a seedy old gentleman in a new flaxen periwig,) and the bright red clay which had been inserted into the chinks, evidently within a week or two, indicated not only that the cabin was used as a place of residence, but that its proprietor or tenant was taking measures to defend himself from the winds of the coming winter.

In front of this cabin, towards the sunset of a bright November day, were three persons, seemingly very intent on their different occupations. Of these, the elder was a man, who, though decidedly past the prime of life, displayed the iron frame and muscular limbs of one whom a forest residence had inured to hardship and fatigue. Attired in the common blue homespun of the country, with an old broad-brimmed low-crowned white felt hat stuck sideways on his head, and the stump of a pipe that long use had blackened and polished projecting from his mouth, he was putting together the parts of a rifle, which he had disjointed in order to clean it.

At a little distance from him a fine looking lad, of sixteen or seventeen years of age, was sharpening an axe, while a negro boy turned the grindstone. He had been some time busied in this occupation,—whistling, as he worked, in concert with the merry little black-faced urchin, some well known backwood air. Occasionally, however, as he raised the instrument from the stone, and passed his thumb along its edge, as if to ascertain the degree of keenness it had arrived at, he would glance his eye restlessly up and down the road, and then, peevishly replacing the axe, would whistle more vigorously than before.

For an hour or more these three beings, seemingly the sole occupants of this dreary-looking place, had toiled without the interchange of a single word. At length the elder rose from the bench on which he had been seated, leaned his rifle against the wall, and eyeing it with parental fondness, exclaimed, with a half sigh, "Ah! thou art a'most gone, Snap. Thy jints are gittin' crazy now, and rickety like. Yet I reckon thou 'lt last out my day. We are gittin' old together: I feel it, Snap,—I feel it in all my bones and sinews." For a moment after the utterance of these sentences, he stood gazing at this well tried friend, evidently saddened by the thoughts it had suggested; then

looking up at the sun, the declining position of which in the heavens seemed to surprise him, he turned to the lad and said—

"Why, what on airth kin keep the Squire so long? I railly doubt he ain't comin'. The shadows are a stretchin' themselves out for the night. Did he say he had anything particklar to do, Frank?"

"No, uncle," replied the lad. "He was splittin' wood in the orchard when I seed him. At first he said he wouldn't come. 'You may tell Daly,' says he, 'that I ain't a goin' on any more sich Tom Fool errands.' But arterwards he said he'd changed his mind, and 'ud be over as soon as I was."

"Darn the crittur. This is always the way with him," said Daly, speaking slowly, and with the whine so peculiar to the backwoodsmen of America. "He is the quarest animal to manage that ever I did see. He's jist like a heavy stone on a quarry side; it takes a mortal power of men to move him. And he's jist like that rock agin, for when once he gits goin', nothin' on airth kin stop him.

"Why not let him be?" asked the boy. "We've quite hands enough to do the job without him."

"We harn't," replied the uncle with some irritation of manner, "so there 's no use talkin' about it. Tom Cooley is worth any three of the gang. If he don't come we'll git neither horse, nor mare, nor money this night. In fact, I'll not go."

"But I will," said the boy. "I'll go along with Mop, and Dove, and the others, and we'll see whether we can't do without the Squire for once. In all my life I never seed sich a loiterin' old brute. "Here, Abel" (to the Negro boy), "put the grindstone away, and throw some wood on the fire. Sometimes he will, and sometimes he won't; but he don't seem to know all the time whether he will or won't. He 's worse than a mule in the studs, for coaxin' or beatin' will make that go; and he 's more contrary than a young gall that don't know her own mind; that gits ugly at a joke, and kisses you for a threshin'. He ain't no good, uncle; there 's no two ways about it."

"Who is that you're a white-washin' so, Frank?" asked a short, thickset, brawny-limbed individual, who, unperceived, had joined the party. Dressed in clothes of a dingy clay colour, his long red hair partially concealed by a racoon-skin cap, to which was appended, by way of ornament, the bushy tail of a black squirrel, his face nearly covered by a thick sandy beard of a fortnight's growth, he presented the appearance of an angry satyr, as he stood before the somewhat startled lad, and bent his eye, for he had but one, frowningly on him. "Harn't you shortened that tongue o' your'n since the mornin'?" continued he. "Your teeth's younger than your tongue, my lad, but they are wiser; they keep within your mouth."

"I was speakin' of you, Squire," said the lad, undauntedly. "It 's a God's blessin' all the Pony Club ain't like you. 'Twould take a twelvemonth to git them together if they was."

At these words the blood rushed violently to the Squire's face, and for a moment he stood as if hesitating whether to reply by word or blow; but it was only for a moment, for, with a smile of contempt, he turned to Daly and extended him his hand, saying, "The worthless cur makes the most noise at a hunt."

With a laugh at this sarcasm, Daly warmly shook the hand that was offered him, and said, "Well, Tom, I am right glad to see you, though, 'tis true, your comin' ain't none of the quickest."

"Why, what 's in the wind now?" asked the Squire, as he leaned his rifle against the house, alongside of Daly's.

"You don't seem to think there 's much," replied Daly, drily. "I send for you in the mornin', and you come over in the evenin', a draggin' yourself along like an old hound arter a weary day's chace."

"I feel like one, Ned," said the Squire, dejectedly. "The fact is, I ain't quite well to-day; for dreamin' of one thing and another,—and I ain't much of a hand at dreamin' neither,—I couldn't sleep all night, and somehow I feel plaguy down in the mouth to-day. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am a'most sick of this Pony Club. If all the fellows were like you and me, you'd never find me loiterin' nor laggin' by the way; but the game they strike at don't suit me. It don't, Daly; it don't."

"There 's game enough to-night, Tom Cooley," said Daly. "There 's lots of horses, and some of them uncommon fine ones, to be had for the seekin'; but its neither horses nor mules that I am arter; I've got something better in view, so come with me and I'll tell you all about it. Frank, if Shattlin or Dove or any of the men drop in, tell them I'll be back in a minit or so."

Thus saying, he moved towards the forest, and the Squire, having taken up his rifle, followed him. They had not proceeded far through the thick underwood, before they entered a narrow path, along which they walked in silence, until they reached a small but rapid stream. Here Daly stopped, and after looking cautiously around in every direction, said in a low voice,—

"If you'll join me to-night, Tom, we may make our fortunes."

"How so?" asked the Squire.

"Jist you locate yourself on that stone," said Daly, as he seated himself on one of the many rocks that strewed the spot, "and I'll tell you. Do you remember a Kintucky chap that passed through Clarkesville last fall a sellin' horses and mules? If I ain't wrong you bought a crittur of him that didn't turn out so well."

"I just do remember him," replied the Squire. "He was a smooth-talkin', round-faced, blue-eyed, sandy-haired sort of a man. I gin him a hundred and twenty dollars for that beast, and she warn't worth fifty. He ain't comin' back this way, is he?"

"You shall hear," replied Daly. "A week ago I passed through Augusta. 'Twas court day, or parade, or election, or something of the sort, and the town was uncommon full of folks. Arter strolling about a bit,—for I had nothin' to do, and didn't know nobody,—I turned into the Phenix to git a glass, and there I seed this very man. He was doin' nothin' but signing receipts and takin' money, and his hat, that he had fixed between his knees, was actually crammed full of notes."

"'Who 's that?' says I, a steppin' up to the landlord a techin' my hat. 'He 's pickin' up money like a bank. Some thunderin' big cotton speckilator, I guess.'

"'No,' says he, 'it ain't. Its John Boon, the Kentucky dealer in horses and mules and critturs of that sort; and sometimes he drives over a lot of swine.'

"'He 's made a good trip of it this time,' says I. 'If he always pulls in money like that, he' ll soon make a fortune.'

"'He don't git that every time, or anything like it,' says the landlord, 'though he does do a thrivin' business. You see, last year was

an uncommon bad year for money. The people were hard-up, the crops pesty short, and the banks wouldn't accommodate; so Boon, he couldn't sell anything, until he agreed to take all 'sponsible notes, payable in twelvemonth's time. In a day or two he had sold the best of his critturs, and now he 's gittin' paid for them, and for what he brought this year too. He 's pickin' up a double lot.'

"'Ah, I see,' says I; 'I see how it is. He's gittin' cash for the past and the present. Do you know, landlord, I think he 's lucky to do that; for I find that when once I take a note from a man I never kin git cash from him arterwards. But has he got many brutes with him now? If he has any rail good horses and mules he may do uncommon well in our parts.'

"'Where may that be?' axes the landlord.

"'Why, up in Habersham, to be sure. Up and about Clarkesville and the Naukissee Valley. You've heerd tell of old Thompson, the Naukissee planter, harn't you?'

"'I never seed him,' says the landlord, 'but I've heerd tell of him many a time. They do say there's no end to his money.'

"'You see him now, landlord,' says I. 'I am old Thompson, that has the finest bottom in all Naukissee. There 's more acres in it than you has bricks in your house, and the whole of the airth under them is pretty much about one solid gold mine.'

"'Most uncommon glad to see you,' says the landlord, a shakin' me by the hand. 'I 'll make you known to the trader. Boon,' says he, 'jist step this way a minnit?'

"'Wait a bit,' says Boon, 'till I put these papers away snug.'

"Well, the landlord and I, we kept talkin' on while Boon was a pickin' up his money. I kept my eye on him all the while, howsomedever, and I seed him a smoothin' out hundreds of notes, and rollin' them up and puttin' them in a old case. As soon as he had done this, he tied up his book, and shovin' it into his pocket, he came up to where the landlord and I was standin. 'Boon,' says he, 'I want to make you known to Squire Thompson of Naukissee; the richest man in all Georgia. You havn't been down in his parts, I reckon.'"

"'No,' says Boon, 'I've never been so far into the new settlement as that. I've been to Clarkesville, and I'll be there again in ten days or so.'

"'Have you any good critturs, Mr. Boon?' axes I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'I has. I don't think I ever had a finer lot both of horses and mules. You'd better go and see them, Squire.'

"'No,' says I, 'I can't stop to-day. I'm most positively obligated to ride in half an hour or less; but if you 'll come down to Naukissee, you 'll find money plenty, and horses and critturs scarce.'

"'I 'll be there, Squire,' says he, 'as sure as my name 's Boon. You may expect me in a fortnight, or, perhaps, a little sooner.'

"'I will,' says I; and so we shook hands and parted.

"Yesterday, Frank and I was squarin' timber, jist the other side of the village, on the Augusta road, when who should come by but the same chap, with a whole string of horses and mules. So I sets Frank arter him. He follared him to Clarkesville, and larn't all about the crittur's movements in no time. He 's on his way to Naukissee to meet me. He 's bargained to put up his cattle at old Rowell's pens. There 's only two fellers with him. Rowell is too old to be worth much, and his son is too young for anything but hollarin'; so there

ar'n't but three and a half to manage arter all. Do you think we can do it, Tom?"

"There's you, and I, and Jim Cooley, Dove and Shatlin, Mop, and that spindle-shanked lad of your'n, seven of us. There ain't a doubt of it. But are you sure, Ned, that he has that money about him?"

"Frank says that if he has one dollar in his pocket he has fifteen thousand in good bank notes," replied Daly.

"Fifteen thousand!" exclaimed the Squire. "That'll be something more than two thousand a piece."

"Accordin' to my reckonin', there's six thousand a piece for you and I, and three for Frank," replied Daly. "The others needn't know that he has so much money. They needn't know that he has any, for these traders don't often tole their cash about with them."

"How the devil will you keep it from them?" asked the Squire. "By G—d 'twill be an awkward job for all three of us, if ever they get wind of it."

"I'll manage all that," replied Daly. "I'll tell the boys that you and I owe this feller a grudge. They'll never interfere; and while they content themselves with a few horses, we'll pocket the cash."

"You shall do it your own way, Ned," said the Squire. "'Tis worth riskin' somethin' for. But I suppose you are sure of the boys?"

"They all promised to be at my house to-night," replied Daly. "Dove and Shattlin said they'd come up this afternoon. Now I don't want them to know that we've had any talk together, and therefore you'd better move on. Peter Flap is at home, and 'll give you a glass of brandy and a seat."

"It's most likely I'll go over to the village," said the Squire; "but anyhow, I'll be with you before midnight.'

Some twenty years ago there existed, in the upper part of Georgia, on the borders of the Indian territories, a small band of desperadoes, whose wild deeds and daring robberies rendered them the terror of the early settlers. This fraternity, which bore the appellation of "The Pony Club,"—probably because they confined themselves to the stealing of horses and cattle, consisted of seven members, whose names were so scrupulously concealed, whose meetings were so secret, and whose robberies so skilfully conducted, that the borderers could never discover by whom they had been deprived of their property. Possessed of large and fertile tracts * of land, quietly "located" in the midst of their neighbours, they seemed to be wholly absorbed by their agricultural or mining pursuits. At a distance rumour reported them as rich; and in their immediate neighbourhood, in spite of the rudeness of their houses and attire, they bore the character of respectable men and thriving farmers; and not unfrequently were they solicited to aid in searching for the horses which they themselves had stolen, and the cattle that they had driven away and sold.

It is true, however, that in spite of their precautions from time to time, suspicion fell, now on this and now on that member of the club;

* Some of these men possessed as many as three and four thousand acres of land, worth at that time about six hundred pounds sterling.

and occasionally it was whispered that Mr. This, or Squire That, had sold ten times as many horses, or twenty times as much cattle as he could possibly have reared. But it invariably happened also, that within a week after the circulation of any such scandal, the suspected party himself became a victim of the Pony Club. His fences were pulled down, his domains entered, his cattle missing, and his good name, to the confusion of the malicious, was instantly restored.

Lest, however, it may occasion surprise that men of property * should be engaged in such transactions, it may be remarked, that such exploits not only suited the wild dispositions of the borderers, but that, having no market for the sale of their maize, and other products of the soil, these animals, which they drove to a distance and sold cheaply, supplied them with ready money. With this brief explanation I will proceed with my narrative.

It was near midnight. A huge wood-fire roared and crackled in the chimney, in front of which were seated some half dozen men and the boy Frank. Daly, who was the acknowledged leader of the gang, had told his tale—(for the first time a false one,)—unfolded his plans, and issued his orders, and the party were only waiting for the appointed time to start. Within reach of most of the men was a pine table, on which stood sundry drinking cups, a jug of peach brandy, a large roll of Maryland tobacco, and an unsnuffed tallow candle, that was making vain efforts to force its way through the clouds of smoke which issued unceasingly from seven pipes in full operation.

The silence, which for some time had been disturbed only by the whiffs and puffs of the smokers, was at length broken by the Squire, who suddenly exclaimed, in allusion probably to something that had been said before—

"No, Dove, the Pony Club, as it is carried on now, don't suit me. It brings us in neither fun nor money."

"Whose fault 's that?" asked Dove. "Why, Squire, it takes more time and trouble to git you out than to collect all the rest of the gang."

At this remark, which accorded so much with his own opinions, Frank laughed boisterously and said,

"That 's a mortal fact, Dove, if the devil spoke it."

With the quickness of thought the Squire aimed a blow at the boy, which, luckily for him, he evaded; for Cooley's arm was none of the lightest.

"Darn you, you long-legged, wiry saplin," cried the enraged Squire, as he sprang to his feet. "I 'll put a stop to your talking this night."

"I aint afeerd of you, Squire," said the boy sneeringly. "You are stronger than me, that 's a fact, but there 's many things will equal a boy to a man, if he 's only got the pluck to use them."

Thus insolently defied, the angry Squire was moving towards the boy with the full purpose of chastising him, when Daly seized him by the arm and said, "You sha'n't strike him, Tom. He 's but a child yet, and no match for you."

"Why the hell, then, don't you thrash his impudence out of him?" asked the Squire, as he turned furiously to Daly, from whose powerful grasp he had vainly attempted to free himself. "This is the third

* They may be called men of property, for they were wealthier than the great mass of their neighbours.

time to-day that he has insulted me to my face. Let me go, I say; I 'll thrash him in spite of you."

"You won't," said Daly firmly. "If he 's to be struck, I 'll do it, but no man else shall. He 's all I 've got of kith or kin, Tom. You must kill me before you beat him."

"No quarrelling—no quarrelling!" shouted several men at once.

"I aint a quarrellin'," said Daly, who nevertheless maintained his hold; "but he sha'n't beat the boy."

With a sudden and unexpected jerk, the Squire shook Daly off, and, before any one could interfere, he felled the lad to the ground by a single blow. With the spring of a tiger the infuriated Daly leaped on the Squire, and seizing him by the collar and throat, hurled him violently across the chamber. The two men were now thoroughly roused, and a deadly fray would without doubt have ensued, had not the other members of the club thrown themselves between the combatants with cries of "Shame! shame! Be quiet, Daly.—I 'm astonished at you, Squire."

"Shall a boy's tongue separate tried friends?" asked one. "Or spile our night's work?" asked another.

For a moment the men stood gazing sternly at each other, and then their passions seemed to subside as rapidly as they had risen, and the Squire stretched out his hand to Daly, saying,

"They 're right, Ned; we 've known each other too long to become strangers at a boy's bidding."

Without a word Daly accepted the proffered hand, and a sincere reconciliation took place. It was evident, however, that the lookers-on did not think that either of the men could forget what had passed; and a constrained silence, interrupted only by an occasional whisper, succeeded. The lad, who was slightly bruised, sat sulkily by the fire.

A half hour or so had been spent in this uncomfortable way, when Daly arose and left the room. In a few moments he returned, and, taking up his cup, he emptied it, turned it upside down, and said, "I guess, we might as well be off." At this remark the men sprang briskly to their feet, and taking possession of their rifles, stood waiting for such further orders as their leader might see fit to issue.

"Dove," said he, "I want you and Shattlin, and Jim Cooley, to go by the road. You kin ride through the village and see if there 's anything astir there. As the moon is uncommon shiny, you 'd better stop at the bridge, and put them woollen shoes on the horses. Tom and I, and Frank, and Mop, will go through the forest, and wait for you at the blasted pine."

The moon was shining brilliantly as the party left the hut.

"Whatever we do must be done in silence," said the Squire. "I 'd amost as soon steal horses in the daytime as by such a moon as this. Somehow, horse-liftin' is like courtin', the darker the night the better."

At this remark from the Squire, who had a reputation for gallantry, the men laughed, and then, dividing into two bodies, as Daly had proposed, they started on their expedition, three on horseback and four on foot.

It was nearly half past one when Daly and his party reached the blasted pine. The riders had not yet arrived. Taking the Squire aside, Daly said a few words to him in a whisper, and then proceeded by himself to the cabin to reconnoitre. Creeping on his hands and

knees by the pens in which forty or fifty horses and mules were moving at large, he cautiously approached the hut, through the chinks of which light was shining. Drawing near, he perceived that this light proceeded from the fire which was still burning in the chimney, and which enabled him to obtain a full view of the party within. It consisted of only three men, who were sleeping, two on benches and one on the clay-floor. Neither Rowell nor his son were there. On a table in a corner of the room were four pistols and a dirk.

On returning to the pine he found the whole gang assembled, and, briefly stating what he had seen, he developed his plans, and began to prepare for action. Ordering the Squire to take up a good handful of pine-straw, — with which the forests are everywhere strewed, — he drew a tinder-box from his pocket, and quietly struck a light. This operation performed, he moved with his men to the hut, and stationed them at different distances from the door. "Wait," said he in a whisper, "until they are a little scattered, and then spring on them." With this remark he returned with the Squire to the pens, which were distant from the house some thirty yards, and having leapt the fence, — one of the zigzag rail fences, so often noticed by tourists,— they seized the first horse that they could quietly lay their hands on.

As soon as the Squire had wrapt the pine-straw around the tail of the passive animal, Daly handed him the tinder-box, and telling him to wait until he had given a signal, he caught another horse, led it close along-side of the fence, and selecting a large heavy rail, he gave a low whistle.

Blowing the tinder into a flame, the Squire applied it to the straw, which being of a highly inflammable nature, instantly took fire and blazed fiercely. For a moment the animal stood still, but no sooner had it felt the scorching flames than it began to rear and plunge furiously. At this moment Daly lifted the rail to a great height in the air, and then brought it down heavily on the spine of the horse that stood near him. With a scream of agony (one of those shrieks which are rarely heard, but when once heard are never forgotten) the broken-backed creature fell to the ground, writhing. The *ruse* was successful. Starting from his sleep, and exclaiming, "By G—d, that damned stallion has broken loose again, and got among the critturs," Boon rushed from the hut, followed by his men. In a moment they were surrounded and secured.

"Take those two men into the cabin," said Daly, "while Cooley and I settle our accounts with this chap."

Firmly convinced that the Squire and this man had quarrelled, the men, who made it a rule never to interfere in a matter of this sort, conveyed the two assistants into the hut, leaving Boon in the hands of the ruffians.

"Come, Boon, give us your money," said Daly in a whisper to the trader, who was extended on his back on the ground while the Squire sat astride his breast, with his knees upon Boon's arms.

"I harn't a dollar about me," said the man, "I left it all at Clarkesville."

"None of your lies," said the Squire, gruffly, "if you don't shell out on the minute I'll wipe your throat with my bowy-knife," and he quietly drew the cravat from the man's neck.

"If he wont give it up quietly," said Daly, "kill him, Tom."

"Kill me—no, no, for God's sake, don't kill me. The money is in

my side coat-pocket; take it all, 'tis a large sum, take it all, but don't kill me."

Drawing the case from the pocket of the trader, Daly shoved it into his own, and saying to Cooley, "make sure work of it," stepped back to the fence and seized his rifle.

"Do you remember me, trader," asked the Squire of the terrified wretch, "is the moon bright enough for you to know me again?"

"I don't know you," replied the trader as he fixed his eyes wildly on the Squire.

"You don't, and I suppose you can't remember a man named Cooley, that you sold an infernal worthless crittur to, last fall."

"You've got my money," groaned Boon, "what more do you want? you kin pay yourself for many such critturs out of it; and I'll say nothing about it, so help me God, I won't."

"I don't intend you shall," said the Squire, as he placed his left hand on the forehead of the trader, and sought for his knife with the right.

"Oh, don't kill me!" prayed the wretch, "my blood will hang heavy on you—don't kill me. I have a wife and little ones—don't, don't."

His pleadings were vain. For an instant the knife gleamed in the moonlight, and then was drawn rapidly across his throat, and his breath rushed out with the gurgling blood. There was one convulsive struggle, and all was over. But the Squire's triumph was of short duration; for at this moment the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and he rolled, by his victim, a corpse.

Startled by the sound of the rifle, and the fall of his companion, Daly threw a quick glance around him, and caught a glimpse of the person of young Rowell, as he dashed into the forest. Ignorant of the death of Boon, conscious of his own treachery to his companions, and fearful of detection, Daly lost the presence of mind, and cool courage, for which he was remarkable, and, shouting to his companions, rapidly and thoughtlessly retreated homewards.

The report of the rifle had also attracted the attention of the party in the hut, and at Daly's shout they came bounding to the pens. As soon as they had leaped the fence, they caught sight of the two bodies. A fine looking horse stood over them with dilated eyes; but when the men approached he snorted the steam of the warm blood from his nostrils, and dashed wildly among his fellows. For a moment the stricken party stood speechless. At length they shouted to Daly, but he had already got beyond the reach of their voices. Then, one by one, they stooped down and examined the dead bodies.

The silence was broken by Dove, who exclaimed, "By Heaven the Squire has killed the trader, and Daly has shot the Squire."

"He harn't done no sich thing," said the boy quickly, "'twarn't Snap that made that sound."

"He has killed him in cold blood for what passed in anger," said Shattlin. "I did not think that of Daly, I kin hardly credit it now."

"Who else but he could have done it?" asked Jim Cooley, the Squire's brother. "He has killed him and run off."

Again they shouted wildly to Daly; there was no answer but the echoes of their own voices.

Having lifted the bodies from the ground they bore them into the hut, into the presence of the two assistants, who were seated on a long bench, bound hand and foot. Horror-struck at the sight, the younger

of the two cried out, "Oh, my God, John, they've cut his throat for his money."

"Money!" shouted Jim Cooley, "what money had the master, my lad?"

"Nigh upon thirty thousand dollars, in his side-pocket."

"With the speed of lightning, Dove pounced upon the corpse, and commenced searching for the money. It was nowhere to be found.

"It may be in the pens," said Frank. "It might have dropped out in the scuffle."

In an instant the four men were in the pens, but they sought in vain for money or pocket-book.

"I see it all now," said Shatlin, "Daly has killed the Squire and got the money. He has broke the rules. Where is he? We'll after him, and make him answer for this."

While they were thus debating, the boy Frank, who knew that a part of this was the truth, and who feared that all might be correct, started off, unseen by the party, and followed in a sort of trot, the steps of his uncle. Reaching the cabin almost at the same time that Daly did, the boy cried out "Save yourself, Ned Daly. They have found out all. They are swearin' revenge at you for killin' the Squire."

"I am a goin', Frank, but I did n't kill the Squire," replied Daly, sadly. "That little Rowell did it as Cooley sat upon the trader. A mere boy to kill such a man."

"I knowed you did n't," said the boy, "I knowed 'twas n't Snap that cried then. But you must cut for it. They'll kill you if they meet you here. They know you have money, and that you've broke the rules."

Seeing in a moment how foolishly he had acted in not staying until the others came up, Daly prepared to fly the temporary storm, and hastily seizing a piece of dried venison, and filling a small flasket with peach brandy, he said,

"I'll go to the cave at Falloola. They won't find me unless you tell them where I am. To night, if all is quiet, saddle the horses, take some brandy and venison, and meet me there. We'll go to the west together. All depends on you."

"There ain't no fear of me," said the boy, and they parted.

In the meantime the party, whose suspicions had been increased by the flight of the lad, after some consultation, determined to proceed as quickly as possible to Daly's house. They freed the assistants from their cords, and obtained from them a couple of bridles, a saddle, and some rope; and having caught two horses, they tied the Squire's body on one, while Moss saddled and mounted the other. As soon as the rest of the party had got on their beasts the four men started with their dead companion, and, riding at full speed, reached the cabin without interruption. Some time, however, had been lost in making their arrangements, so that Daly had left his house at least twenty minutes before they came up.

On their arrival at Daly's they dismounted, and, having entered the hut, called loudly for him. No answer was returned; and, on looking closely, for the room was nearly in darkness, they saw that, with the exception of the lad who was sitting by the half-smothered fire, with his face buried in his hands, and of the negro boy, who was snoring loudly in the chimney corner, the cabin was empty.

"Where 's Daly?" abruptly asked Dove.

"I don't know," replied the boy sullenly. "I haven't seen him."

"Doubtless you are speaking the truth," said Dove, with a sneer.

"I tell you again I don't know where he is."

"But you do know," said Jim Cooley fiercely.

"Uncle did not kill the Squire," said the boy, who was somewhat alarmed at the angry appearance of the men. "He told me he didn't, 'twas young Rowell killed him as he sat on the trader's body.

"If you tell me such an infernal lie again, I'll dash your brains out," said Dove furiously, "a minute agone you said you hadn't seen him, and now it seems you have. If your story be true, why didn't Daly stop and face us? why didn't he tell us the feller had money? he's a traitor. He has broken the rules of the club, he has pocketed the money, he has fooled us, he has done more, he has killed Tom Cooley."

"He did not kill the Squire," said the boy firmly, "when I came here I axed uncle all about it, and he swore that he hadn't lifted a finger against Tom Cooley."

"Where is your uncle?"

"I cannot say," replied the boy, "and if I could I would not."

For a moment the men consulted together in whispers; and then, springing suddenly on the boy, they bore him out, and, in spite of his struggles and threats of vengeance, bound him securely on a horse. They then mounted again, and after riding briskly for about half a mile through the forest, arrived at the hut in which the deceased Squire had resided.

AN INVALID'S REVERIE.

Short-leased, frail, tottering, and full of flaws,
Is oft the house wherein man's soul is lodged!
There, every wind of heav'n is felt a blast,
And brightest suns look kindly down in vain!
It is a dreary dwelling for a soul,
That sordid house, that without age decays!
The fiery tenant, chafing much within,
As one who scorns a lurking-place so vile,
Against the fleshly walls dilated strives,
Until they heave and tremble at the shock,
And threaten quick prostration. Yet they stand—
The clay cohesion stands—the ruin lives—
To mock the scorner, and defy repair;—
Proving itself, with all its rifts and wants,
A prison which that scorner may not break!

Then, after these mad struggles, the vex'd soul,
Th' inhabiting spirit, the essential man,
Tir'd of resistance that insures defeat,
Or that could triumph only by a crime,
Learns late a lesson hard, the will's restraint;
Learns patience, for a philosophic truth,
Stern, cold conclusion of the *Stoic's* creed;
Or, happier issue far, if heav'n instruct,
Learns that the *prison-lodge* was well designed,
A wholesome region for a gracious end;
Learns that to suffer *rightly*, is to *hope*;
Draws from the bitter, earnest of the sweet;
Sees *mercy* on rough *discipline* uprais'd;
Aspires, from present pain, to future bliss;
And, through a finer sense, the *tact* of *faith*,
Knows, by the thorns below, the flow'r that blooms above!

G. D.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES AT THE SPA OF PYRMONT.

After having made a tour through the north of Germany, I was on my way back to England when I arrived, in the month of August, in the little town of Pyrmont, a watering place in the principality of Waldeck, formerly in great repute for its mineral waters, and baths, to say nothing of its other attractions, which made it towards the latter end of last, and the beginning of the present century, the rendezvous of half the princes of Germany and Russia, besides crowds from other parts of the continent. Although now fallen from its high estate, and eclipsed by the various other baths that have since come into fashion, it is still much visited, and I know of no more agreeable place to spend three weeks or a month in, during the height of its season, which is from the middle of July to the end of August.

In Berlin I had made the acquaintance of a young officer of the Prussian Guards, who I shall here call Von Aspen, and who had induced me to make this slight *détour*, instead of returning straight to England, viâ Hamburgh, which was my original intention.

Von Aspen having visited Pyrmont the summer before, was quite *au fait* at all that was necessary to be done, and therefore I placed myself entirely in his hands, and determined to amuse myself, and enter into the spirit of the thing as far as I was able.

He was young, good-looking, and possessed of that treasure, a good temper, and the most boisterous spirits; and he assured me that we should amuse ourselves, provided only that I would do as others did, and avoid that class of my countrymen, (should any of them be there,) who think it a national duty to separate themselves from the natives, herd together, and in every way in their power, make themselves as disagreeable as possible,—a class which I grieve to say, is represented in nearly every continental town I have been in, and who thus give us anything but a creditable reputation.

This is unfortunately so true, that "verrückt wie ein Ungländer," has become a German proverb.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, when having arrived at the summit of one of the high hills which surround Pyrmont, that the horn of our postillion announced that we were drawing near the end of our journey.

Nothing could have been more tranquil or beautiful than the scene that now burst upon our view; the high hills that surrounded us covered with foliage from top to bottom, and the rich and fertile valley beneath, with the little town nestling in a grove of fine old elm-trees, were all bathed in the moonlight; the air was warm, and soft as milk, and a sort of dreaminess pervaded the whole scene, which makes me long for Washington Irving's pen to describe it. As soon as our noisy "Schwager" had ceased his ta, te, tera, ra, the startled nightingale once more resumed her plaintive song, and we rolled along the white and well kept road, until at last we arrived at the door of the Logier Haus. Having alighted, gone through the usual routine of paying for post-horses, and at length securing rooms, we ordered supper, and then strolled out for half an hour to enjoy the cool and delicious air, and stretch our legs after so many hours' hard travelling. The first object that attracted our notice, was the broad and beautiful *allée* of old

elms, which is the rendezvous of the water-drinkers, and pleasure-hunters of the place, and which, next morning, I discovered to be the finest avenue I had ever seen.

We had sauntered about half-way down, when my attention was attracted to a large and brilliantly lighted room on the right of the *allée*, the door and windows of which were open, but through the rich silk curtains we could perceive a handsome chandelier which threw its light on a long table covered with green cloth, round which a number of people were seated; the most breathless silence pervaded the whole room, which was only broken at stated intervals by a little sharp rattling noise, and the business-like tone of a man's voice proclaiming "rouge gagne" "impair et passe," or words to that effect, then again, "faites vos jeux," and the little rattling noise was once more the only sound that fell upon the ear.

"Seprement," exclaimed Von Aspen, twirling his long fair moustache. "Mon cher Egerton, the Saal is still open, we must enter and try our luck;—absolutely necessary, no excuses, you must be *en règle* my good friend; don't be alarmed, I am no gambler, but not to throw away a few dollars the day of one's arrival at Pyrmont, is a thing unheard of:" so dragging me on much against my will, he thus brought me to the door of the room, and there overcame my lingering scruples, by saying, "Come, you have put yourself into my hands to form your German education, during the three weeks we remain here, and this, let me tell you, must be your A, B, C."

By this time we had entered the Saal, a large and very handsome room, brilliantly lighted, with folding glass doors at either end, which communicated with the other apartments belonging to the establishment. At the time we entered, however, it was quite deserted, except by a knot of about twenty people, some of whom were playing at roulette, but the greater part anxiously watching the play of a middle-aged sallow-looking man, seated at one end of the table, entirely absorbed in the occupation, and who had been playing very high, but whom fortune did not appear to favour. He staked handfuls of Louis, invariably playing on either of the colours, and at the same time backing either "pair," or "impair," as the case might be, and losing the said chances with the greatest possible nonchalance. We afterwards learnt that this man was a Spaniard, named O——za, who from his extraordinary luck, and thorough knowledge of the game, had become the terror of all the Banquiers of the numerous watering-places in Germany, and who, as I shall hereafter mention, sustained his formidable reputation even at the very table where he was now losing large sums. However, on the present occasion, luck was against him, and he appeared to go on playing merely for the sake of the occupation, as he proved far too old a hand to lose his head, or become impatient at his losses. His features interested me greatly, for they were remarkable, and owing to the utter want of change in expression, contrasted strangely with the deep lines in his forehead and face, which told of many a stormy change having come o'er the spirit of his dream.

The other members of the group round the table were in nowise interesting, with the exception of a pretty little Frenchwoman, with sparkling eyes and pearly teeth, who was begging her husband for another dollar, to put only once more on the "25;" at the same time flirting with a good-looking young man, with black moustache, and white kid gloves,

leaning over the back of her chair, who was trying to persuade her to back "12," at the same time that he was looking all sorts of unutterable things. By this time we had each changed a couple of Louis into dollars, and were going through the usual routine of placing them upon different numbers, and then seeing them raked into the Banquier's safe keeping, who still repeated in a nasal tone the oft repeated "faites vos jeux," and sent the ball spinning round again its usual course. Von Aspen had by this time lost his dollars. I had done the same, and was trying to catch his eye, that we might quietly move off, and return to our supper, which my appetite told me by this time must be ready. I was just going to turn on my heel and move off, when the Spaniard next to whom I had been standing, and who had ceased playing for the last five or ten minutes, gently turned towards me, and without moving his eyes from the green cloth, said in a low voice, "Try 14, it may change your luck." Although somewhat surprised by being thus addressed by an utter stranger, I instinctively put my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, and taking out a Louis d'or followed the advice by placing it on the number 14. "Tout va," said the croupier, and round went the little ball with the same twirling noise, which was almost immediately succeeded by the same monotonous voice proclaiming, "quatorze rouge pair et passe," and the next moment thirty-six Louis were pushed towards 14 as my property. I was still doubting whether they were mine, when the Spaniard taking his short rake, pushed thirty-four Louis on the red, leaving two on the same number as before, and at the same time whispered to me still without raising his eyes, "Encore une fois et forcez le rouge:" round went the ball, and to my amazement "14 rouge," was again announced as the winning number. This brought me in seventy-two Louis on the number, and sixty-eight on the colour. "Faites vos jeux," said the man once more, but deigning this time to cast a glance at your humble servant, who thus suddenly found himself in possession of more than sufficed to pay for his continental trip during the last three months; I was on the point of scraping it all in, and walking off, when the Spaniard again whispered as before, his advice, *sotto voce,* which I followed to the letter, and I found myself, in ten minutes, the possessor of about four hundred Louis, and decidedly the lion of the room for the time being. The other *pointeurs* had ceased playing, and all eyes were fixed on my movements; the most breathless silence pervaded the room, and the *croupiers* themselves began to look less phlegmatic, and to cast frequent glances towards the clock, which pointed to within a few minutes of twelve. O——za still continued his whispered advice, and Von Aspen was flushed, and mutttering between his teeth, "Diable, quel bonheur, il fera sauter la banque ce scelerat d'Egerton," and I verily believe I should have done so, so great was my run of luck, when the clock struck twelve, and the croupier drawing a long breath exclaimed, "à demain, Monsieur, pour ce soir le jeu cesse." The Spaniard muttered something that sounded very like a Spanish oath, and by the time I had raked together my golden spoils, and turned round to offer him my acknowledgements, I found that he had risen from his seat, and was just emerging into the dark *allée,* where the end of his burning cigar was soon all that was visible of him.

I was now entirely occupied in collecting my spoils, which having deposited in my own pockets, and in those of Von Aspen, we sallied forth towards our quarters in high spirits, and determined to do ample justice

to our supper after an evening so profitably spent. I need not detail the quality of our dishes, or the many good things uttered by us on the occasion; suffice it to say, that at one we both retired to our rooms, agreeing to meet at six next morning, and sally forth into the *allée* to see who was and was not in the place.

On opening my eyes the next morning I found the sun shining brightly into my windows, the trees looking green and fresh as their branches waved gently in the morning air; the birds singing; and my ear caught the last bars of one of Strauss's waltzes, played as only a German band can play them. All this was very pleasant, and I began to rub my eyes to ascertain whether certain golden recollections of "Quatorze," and "rouge," formed part perhaps of a pleasing dream which I might have been indulging in, when my attention was caught by some hasty foosteps coming along the corridor leading to my room; and the next moment the good-natured, smiling face of Aspen appeared in the aperture. He wore a little Austrian cap placed very much on one side of his head, which, with its turn-up peak, became him, and gave him that devil-may-care look which we all admire so much in the Hungarian hussars, and which makes them seem so unlike all other troops of the same denomination; a check shirt, green shooting-jacket, and summer trousers, with shoes and gaiters, completed the costume. "What the deuce," said I, looking at him from head too foot, "are you going to a *partie de chasse?*" "Not an idea of it," returned he, "but nobody thinks of dressing in any other way for the *allée* in the morning, and the women are in the same sort of *negligée*, therefore reserve your Stultz coat and English fashions for the afternoon, when you can turn out as great a dandy as you please." On went a tweed shooting-jacket and my foraging cap therefore, and thus accoutred we started for the scene of action, which was not twenty yards from the door of our hotel. Immediately on leaving the house we found ourselves amongst, as it appeared, the whole population of the little place, walking up and down the *allée*, which, as I before said, is one of the broadest and finest in Europe; it slopes gradually down from the Brunnen, and is terminated by a large piece of water, with a fountain throwing the clear and sparkling water about thirty or forty feet high into the air, which falls again with a refreshing sound into the basin. Beyond this you see the rich and finely cultivated country stretching for miles, terminated by a blue range of hills in the distance, and these views seen from the top of the *allée*, framed by the branches of the old elms, looks like a beautiful picture placed there for the especial edification of the loungers, as they walk up and down and drink their waters, swallowing a glass every time they again reach the Brunnen. About the centre of the *allée*, close to the Saal, is a raised platform on which were seated twenty-eight or thirty Bohemians, playing alternately Strauss's waltzes, and the favourite airs from the different operas, and playing them with that tact and feeling which made their performances an exquisite treat to anybody really fond of music. Amongst the water drinkers we noticed as we strolled down arm-in-arm, Princess Al——cht of Prussia and her ladies, the Princess of Waldeck, Prince Hermann and his wife, as well as Duke William of Brunswick, and the Prince of Lippe, besides several of the other notabilities whom I need not enumerate; bowing as we passed, we at length reached the end of the promenade, and there met Countess Erimstadt and her daughter, and four or five others of

our Berlin friends. "Ah," said the Countess, "enchantée de vous voir, Captain Egerton, and vous aussi, Baron," turning to Aspen, "how long have you been here? when did you arrive? are you going to make any stay?" &c., &c. "In the first place, Countess, let me express the sincere pleasure I feel in meeting you again, and then I will proceed to inform you that we arrived late last night, that we remain here three weeks, and that we are already enchanted with the place, and doubly so since we have found both yourself and the Countess Adèle here," said I, turning to her daughter, a tall and very handsome girl with a beautiful complexion, bright blue eyes, and a quantity of light hair falling in ringlets round her lovely face.

"Aimable comme toujours," said the old lady, whom I really was delighted to meet again, "and I trust," continued she, "that as we only arrived the day before yesterday, that you will be our neighbours at the *table d'hôte*, for you must know that here everybody dines at the same hour, and that you are placed at table according to the date of your arrival, which sometimes is very tiresome; but as we had nobody below us yesterday I trust that you will both be our neighbours."

By this time Aspen and Adèle were in close conversation, and by their looks they appeared to meet with equal pleasure; this coupled with my recollection of their always having been partners at our Berlin balls, accounted for his extreme impatience to leave the Prussian capital at the time he did, and make the best of our way to the gay little watering-place where we now found ourselves so pleasantly located. Having arrived by this time at the Brunnen, we were told that we must at all events taste the waters, which we accordingly did; Aspen assuring us that this year he had come to Pyrmont solely with a view of drinking them, but by the wry face I saw him make after swallowing his glass, I felt convinced he bitterly regretted the assertion. I laughed heartily at him, saying that I pitied him from the bottom of my soul, as I found the taste abominable and would not go through the process for worlds; it was in point of fact like swallowing a tumbler full of ink, which I thought beyond a joke, and therefore abjured them for ever.

It being now near eight o'clock we all separated to go to breakfast, agreeing to meet again at the hour and place appointed, and then to settle upon some place to be visited in the cool of the evening by the whole party on donkeys; the beautiful environs being admirably calculated for such excursions.

After leaving the ladies we proceeded to discuss a thoroughly Germanic (and, as I thought, a most uncomfortable) breakfast, consisting of a small cup of coffee, some rusks, a roll of sour bread, and half a dozen hard boiled eggs, thrown on a heap of very coarse bad-coloured salt, the whole placed in a common white plate. This was the first check to the delights of Pyrmont, and I bitterly complained to Aspen of the coarseness and the discomfort of a meal which in Old England is so different, and which enables one to begin one's day with comfort and a good starting point. He laughed heartily and said that it depended entirely upon myself, for that if I had ordered the eggs to be placed in egg-cups, the butter in fresh water, and the coffee in large cups that all would have been as I desired, but that having omitted to do so the fault rested with me and not with our host. Wishing to put

this forthwith to the test, I instantly dispatched a waiter to summon the "Wirth" to our presence, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, with a long pipe in his mouth, from which he continued to inhale his Hungarian tobacco with the greatest *sang froid*, during my complaints at the misery I felt in beginning the day upon so unsatisfactory a meal; and having grunted out "Sie haben mir zu befehlen, Herr Hauptmann," turned upon his heel, and waddled out of the room. I felt rather indignant at what I considered his want of attention and respect to my just grievances, but it subsequently turned out that he had perfectly understood me, for next morning, and during the whole period of our stay in his house, the breakfast was served up according to the directions I had given; although I afterwards learnt that he had declared every Englishman to be mad upon one point or another, and that my insanity appeared to be in making a great fuss about a meal, which was after all only intended to prepare the stomach for the first pipe!! Acting upon this Teutonic tradition, we lighted our cigars, and I trotted down to the shooting-ground, where we found eight or ten of the *allée* loungers, who were placing their pistol balls either in the centre of the bull's eye (at twelve paces) or so near it as to inspire me with considerable respect for their unerring aim. Indeed I never remember to have seen better shooting than I did on this occasion, when it so happened that the *élite* of the pistol heroes of the place happened to be present. The best shot present was a Pole, a Baron Brasinski, who after various other feats placed a claret-bottle horizontally on a table at the distance above named, and drove the cork and his ball right through the bottom of the bottle, without either splintering or in any way damaging the neck of the bottle. Having thus killed time for an hour or an hour and a half, the party broke up to meet again at the *table d'hôte* at a quarter to four o'clock.

"And now, my dear fellow," said Von Aspen, "we must set to work; to-morrow there is a ball at the chateau, and therefore we must forthwith proceed to my worthy old friend Baron Von Spielen who unites the functions in this vast principality of Prime Minister, *Maitre de la Cour*, Minister of Finance, and the Lord knows what besides; to him I must first of all present you, and he will take the necessary steps for procuring you an invitation from His Serene Highness the reigning Prince of Waldeck. Remember, by-the-bye, to give him the title of Excellency, of which he is not a little proud, for the very reason perhaps that in point of fact he has no right to it." Thus saying, he led the way to the great man's residence, which consisted of a modest little house in the middle of a garden, about five hundred yards beyond the chateau. We found the minister seated under a willow tree, writing at a table covered with papers; and on the ground lay scattered about three or four official-looking boxes, which doubtless contained all the political and state secrets of the principality.

He was a good-natured looking red-faced old gentleman, dressed in a blouse, with a shooting-cap on the back of his head, large spectacles on his nose, and the never-failing pipe in his mouth. He was so occupied with his dispatches that he did not perceive us until we were close upon him, when the noise of our footsteps attracted his attention, and looking up and recognizing Aspen he cordially held out his hand.

"Pray be seated," said the Baron, bowing to us and pointing to a garden-bench near him.

"Allow me," said Von Aspen, "to present to your Excellency my friend Captain Egerton, an officer in the service of her Britannic Majesty, who has accompanied me here from Berlin, and whom I trust you will be kind enough to present to his Serene Highness. "Charmé de vous voir, monsieur," said his Excellency, "and allow me to send you an invitation for the ball to-morrow evening at the castle, where I shall have the honour of presenting you." Having asked me how I liked Germany, how long a stay I had made on the Continent, and gone through the usual routine of civilities, as well as talked to Von Aspen of the last season, and several families who had been there last year, but were now scattered over different parts of Europe, at their respective residences, the conversation was interrupted by the clock striking twelve, and the simultaneous appearance of the *chef de cuisine*, with his cotton night-cap, and *couteau* in his apron-string, bearing the bill of fare for the Prince's dinner that day; the serjeant of the guard with the list of prisoners in the black hole of the fortress; the agent of police with the list of arrivals; and several other important functionaries of the government. We now became aware that our presence must be *de trop*, and therefore bowing our excuses to his Excellency for having so long trespassed on his valuable time, we rose and took leave of the old minister, who accompanied us to the gate, and cordially bidding us adieu returned to his willow tree once more, to carry on the government of his little country.

By this time we had got *vis à vis* to the chateau, a solid old house with four loop-holed turrets at either angle, situated on the top of a high embankment, containing about three or four acres of ground, and with a sloping glacis running gradually down into a very fine broad ditch, filled with clear water, over which a long drawbridge was thrown, and formed the only communication with the main land, the ditch being about thirty yards broad: a walled archway cut through the embankment at the other end of the bridge, on either side of which were situated the guard-house, and the state prison, originally intended for political offenders, but now merely used as a lock-up house for any disorderly persons, who might have infringed on the police regulations of the place.

Just as we came opposite to the bridge, the sentry, who had been lazily watching the carp swimming about, and occasionally just rising to the surface to pounce upon some incautious fancy fly skimming too near the water, suddenly came to attention, and shouted with all his might, "Guard, turn out;" in an instant the sergeant and his guard of seven men dressed in dark green with red facings, and who really looked very soldierlike and well, were under arms, and instantly afterwards presented, as the Prince, with his Master of the Horse, and a groom behind him, emerged from the dark archway, trotted across the bridge, and was past us before we had time to take our hats off and salute him. Although only catching a passing glimpse of him, I am not likely to forget the impression his first appearance made upon me, and I had considerable difficulty in keeping my countenance, so truly ridiculous did he appear to me. He was a very short and exceedingly fat little man, with a large round red face, like the sun in a London fog; he rejoiced in three or four double chins, and as to any neck that he might once have been possessed of, that had entirely disappeared, so that the head was placed immediately on the top of his shoulders, and the chins fell in graceful

festoons half way down his chest; he wore a high green cloth cap with an immense peak, the same sort of white linen blouse that old Baron Spielen rejoiced in, and which appeared therefore here to be a sort of Windsor uniform, and, to complete the costume, very light yellow leather breeches and high Jack-boots with enormous spurs. He was mounted on an old-fashioned sort of Spanish horse with very high action, and a long tail nearly sweeping the ground. How the deuce such a weight of man and horse, (to say nothing of the attendant, and the groom,) ever got over the bridge at the pace they went without breaking down the rickety old concern, and going plump into the ditch beneath, is a mystery to me, and has remained so ever since.

Von Aspen, who was equally amused at this sudden apparition, hurried me on, out of sight of the sentries, that we might enjoy our hearty laugh without indiscretion, and having got round the corner of the road, I fairly leant against a tree and roared with laughter, and the more so when Aspen explained to me that the precipitate charge the Prince had made across the water, was solely owing to his having seen us, as his shyness was so great, that it amounted to a perfect mania, and caused him to do the most out of the way things to avoid seeing or speaking to strangers. Indeed, I afterwards heard the most amusing anecdotes of the means employed by the Princess and those about him, to induce his Serene Highness to appear at his Wednesday balls, to which all the society of the place, who had any claims to be presented, were always invited. They generally succeeded in making him appear for half an hour, during which time he would remain in one corner of the room, with his hands behind his back, bobbing his head to everybody who came into the room; a gymnastic exhibition that was always terminated by a sudden bolt for the evening, and then no power on earth could ever get him back. He has the reputation of being the most amiable and benevolent man, however, and is adored in the principality; indeed, I believe he has but one fault, and that is his extreme, unconquerable shyness. We laughed all the way home, and it being past two when we reached the house, an hour or two's rest after so much walking, was by no means unacceptable and the more so as we dined at four, and heaven only knew what was before us for the evening's amusement; for I learnt that at six, or thereabouts, the whole population of Pyrmont seemed to think it a religious duty to vacate the place, *en masse*, and to sally forth on donkeys, or in carriages, to visit the different beautiful spots in the neighbourhood.

Having dressed for dinner, we proceeded at the appointed time to the *table d'hôte* which was held in a long room in a building in the *allée* to which all the visitors in the place daily adjourned, and, as I before mentioned, were placed according to the date of their arrival. We were fortunate enough to find ourselves placed next to the Eisenstadts, as the Countess had predicted; I taking my seat next to hers, and Von Aspen next to Adèle: an arrangement which suited all parties, for the old lady appeared in no way averse to the marked attentions of Von Aspen to her daughter. His father, who held a high legal appointment in the town of Magdburg, and was possessed of considerable property in that part of the country, was besides the head of one of the oldest families in the north of Germany. Thus in point of birth and prospects, my friend was fully entitled to urge his suit with the fair Adèle, which by the animated conversation going on between them, her sparkling eyes, and his merry laugh, he was doing apparently with every sign of

success. Immediately opposite to us were seated old Princess Tubekykoë, with her son and daughter, Brazinski the Pole, Monsieur de Platow, and a long line of others to whom I had not yet been presented. The band was playing the favourite waltzes and pieces of Bellini's music in the next room, the dinner was neither better nor worse than is generally found at the German *table d'hôtes*, the conversation was lively, and everything went off agreeably for the hour that we remained at table; at the end of which time we all rose *en masse*, the society breaking into little knots and coteries, and then sallying forth to take their coffee in the *allée*.

My little party, comprising those immediately around us at table, and some friends of Countess Eisentadt who joined us in the *allée*, and to whom she presented me, soon congregated at the spot marked by Von Aspen, and a very pleasant hour we spent, talking over the news of the day, looking forward with considerable amusement to the Court ball of the morrow, and debating what spot we should turn our steps, (or rather our donkeys) to, in the evening. The whole party looked vastly different from what they had done in the morning, for instead of the *negligée* then worn, the ladies were all elegantly dressed, and the men with their kid gloves, gold-headed canes, and polished boots, looked very much like what they really were, gentlemen and men of fashion.

No woman present was seen to greater advantage than Adèle, who wore a dark blue satin dress *rayée*, her pretty little foot fitted to perfection in a bronzed shoe, and a white transparent hat with blue flowers: she looked really lovely; her complexion was brilliant, her features regular and good, and her teeth the most beautiful that I have ever seen; she had a profusion of golden hair, and her blue eyes were shaded by very long black eyelashes, which gave them that half-closed and sleepy look which I have always considered perfection. She was neither tall nor short, but of that indescribable height, which, by being in such perfect proportion to her features and limbs, added a new charm to her whole appearance. In two words, she was a woman sure to command admiration wherever she appeared, and in the present instance, although she had been only three days in the place, she had the *élite* of the Pyrmont *élégants* already in her train. Knowing Von Aspen's admiration for her I heartily wished him success, and was not a little amused by the various efforts of his rivals to supplant him. The most dangerous amongst the latter appeared to me to be Monsieur de Brazinski, the Pole whom I have already mentioned. He was a man of about forty-five, and would have been decidedly called good-looking, were it not for the expression of his eyes, which, with the blandest of smiles for ever playing about the corners of his mouth, gave the whole countenance an expression of falseness, I have never seen equalled in human face. He appeared fully aware of this himself, and evidently used every effort to counteract it. His manner was perfect, and was that of a finished gentleman and man of the world, and his voice was so silvery in its tones, and altogether so fascinating, that it was impossible to listen to him without pleasure, and, indeed, great interest, for he had travelled much, and was a man of more general information than is often met with. Unlike most of his countrymen, he appeared to be very well off, for he had arrived in a handsome travelling-carriage, with his valet seated on the box, and whatever ornament he wore in his evening toilet, was as valuable as it was seen to be in good taste.

This man was decidedly struck with Adèle, and my knowledge of

physiognomy convinced me that that he would not stick at trifles to get rid of a rival, or carry his point. There was a cruelty in his cold blue eye, and a sharpness about the corners of his mouth when in repose, that convinced me I was not far wrong in thinking that such a man had both energy and devil enough in him to be a dangerous enemy.

After great debating it was at length settled that we should trace our steps towards the old town of Lenda for our evening expedition, situated about two miles from Pyrmont; its chief attraction consisting in its having been ages ago the residence of Charlemagne; and the old church still standing, and which is one of the most ancient and best preserved in Germany, was built and endowed by that sovereign. Accordingly, at six o'clock, a whole army of donkeys for the ladies, and the small ponies of the country for the gentlemen were provided, and we sallied forth in a long line through the narrow lanes and beautiful country leading to the old town. The place has long since fallen from its high estate, and presents now merely one long street of wretched hovels, filled with dirty and smoke-dried peasants, whose chief support seems to consist in smoking and preparing the Westphalian hams; and living pell mell, men, women, and children, in the same room with the poor pigs, who are doomed sooner or later to be slaughtered and hung up in the rafters, there to be smoked and dried with the remains of their brother pigs, who had gone through exactly the same process as themselves; first living "frère et cochon" with the family, and afterwards tending to their support by the sale of their smoke-dried quarters. The old church lies about a quarter of a mile beyond the town, on the left side of the road, and is still used as a place of worship by the inhabitants of the town, or, more properly speaking, wretched village, for it is now nothing more.

The building contains some curious monuments of departed crusaders and by-gone warriors, whose very names are now almost lost in the lapse of time since they flourished and were renowned. The most striking thing appeared to me to be the quantities of human bones lying scattered about the old church-yard, where everything is going to ruin. The old wall is partly fallen down, and the tombstones piled in some places in moss-covered heaps one above the other.

Ere we reached Pyrmont the shades of evening had set in, a glorious moon had risen, and the cool fresh air was scented by a thousand shrubs and flowers as we rode past the numerous gardens that lined the road. I never remember a more cool or delicious evening, making a happy termination to a day so pleasantly spent. By the time we reached home the ladies were fatigued, and separated to retire early to rest; we therefore bowed our adieu, and took leave until we should again meet them on the morrow in the *allée*.

"One day telleth another," and therefore having described my first twenty-four hours in Pyrmont, I will only briefly state that for the following three weeks we spent our time much in the same way as during the first day I have already described. We danced, flirted, occasionally played, rode donkey-races, and made pic-nics. During this time Von Aspen had been constant in his attentions to the fair Adèle, and she on her part seemed really to return the sincere affection which he confessed to me he felt for her. Brazinski had held out longer than any of his rivals, and now seeing that he had no chance with the object of his admiration, (I must not omit to mention that Adèle brought to the for-

tunate man on whom she bestowed her hand the sum of 100,000 dollars, which in Germany is considered a very pretty fortune), bent all his efforts to annoy Von Aspen, in which he had succeeded so effectually that a decided coolness, not to say hostility, had sprung up between them, and which I foresaw, should they remain long in the same place, would give rise to some serious quarrel. I had been on the watch for some time past to prevent anything of the sort occurring; for from the Pole's character I saw that he was burning to be revenged *coute qui coute* on his more fortunate rival. Adèle, quick-sighted as a woman always is in such affairs, foresaw the danger, and although she entertained a decided aversion to the man, did everything in her power to conciliate him, and often danced with and talked to him with this view, which she would not otherwise have done.

Things were in this posture when a few days before my departure from the place, the usual Wednesday ball, and which was to be the last at the *chateau* for that season, took place.

Von Aspen and myself having made our toilet, proceeded as usual together, and arrived there at about ten, when dancing had already commenced; the evening was cool and delicious, and the folding doors of the ball room opening on to a terrace lined with orange trees, and abounding with flowers, formed a delightful retreat from the heat and glare of the brilliantly lighted rooms. From this terrace by day-light a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, which lay stretched for miles beneath it like a carpet, was obtained; and now with this charming prospect still seen dimly in the starlight, the cool air scented by the fragrance of the orange trees, and ottomans and seats scattered about, it formed one of the most charming retreats I ever remember to have seen.

The ball was brilliantly attended, and the amiable Princess and her sister-in-law, the Princess Herman, both contributed to enchant their guests by their amiable and condescending affability. The Prince as usual stood in his corner, and bobbed his head at us in return to our salutation as we entered the room. The ladies were all freshly and prettily dressed, some of them glittering with diamonds; and the Princess Wattickoff, who had for the value of her jewels obtained the soubriquet of "Diamentine," had on that evening a *parure* of diamonds and emeralds which were really magnificent, and completely eclipsed the reigning Princess and all the other ladies present. Officers of high rank in the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian services were there with their decorations and many-coloured ribands in their button-holes, and young *élégants* and pretty women from nearly every country in Europe were flirting and dancing: the *tout ensemble* forming as pretty a scene as can well be imagined. From having strained my ankle in the morning, I did not as usual join in the dance, but contented myself by leaning against a door-post leading into an adjoining boudoir.

A moment afterwards Brazinski made his appearance, and claiming Adèle's hand for the Polka led her off to that fascinating dance, which was just then making its first appearance in that part of Germany, and which some years later was destined to turn the heads of all London, although at the time I am now speaking of we knew not even of its existence.

Von Aspen also joined the dance, having for his partner a very pretty little woman, the wife of General Carloff, a great favourite of the Em-

peror's. Although she often told me she had no ear for music, she, strange to say, danced to perfection, and particularly the dance just mentioned, in which Von Aspen was also an adept; so that when they danced it together, they generally caused a sensation, and all eyes were fixed on their graceful movements.

I retained my post at the glass door, looking into the ball-room, and found myself immediately behind Brazinski and Adèle. Von Aspen and the Countess Carloff were immediately opposite, and he, in the highest spirits, was going through all the difficult intricacies of the dance with his usual success, when, as he passed before Brazinski, and was executing the back step, so that he was half turned the other way, I observed the perfidious Pole advance his foot a few inches, so as to come exactly between Aspen's, at the same time that he was apparently engaged in the most interesting conversation with Adèle.

Aspen, who was at the moment going at a Derby pace, stumbled, and then fell headlong at Princess Herman's feet, upsetting the chair on which little Prince Otto, a boy of about six years old, was seated, between his mother and aunt.

All this passed as quick as thought, and in a much shorter space of time than I have taken to describe it, and the malicious smile on Brazinski's lip had passed away before Aspen had regained his feet.

Burning with vexation, he bowed his excuses to the Princess, picked the little boy up, who was fortunately not hurt, and like a man of the world, and with great tact immediately placed his arm once more round his partner's waist, and laughing, renewed his polka as if nothing had happened; steering, however, this time clear of the Pole, which, coupled with his look at the latter, convinced me that he was fully aware of the cause of his fall. Poor Adèle had turned deadly pale, but not having an idea of the little by-play of which I had been a witness, thought that his foot had merely slipped, and seeing him so gaily continue the dance, soon thought nothing more of it. Knowing the ill-blood that already existed I foresaw something serious would happen between the principal actors in this little scene, and therefore watched for the termination of the dance, to see what would ensue. Brazinski having led Adèle to her seat, passed me and leaned over the balustrade of the terrace, as if there awaiting the arrival of Von Aspen. As I had anticipated, the latter soon passed me, his brow flushed with anger, and striding up to where the Pole was standing, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and whispered into his ear in a hissing voice, which betrayed his rage, "Monsieur vous êtes un insolent, je ne sais pas si je m'explique?"

"Parfaitement, Mal-adroit," replied the other, "et vous me renderez raison pour la phrase."

Von Aspen's reply was so impetuous that in an instant things were uttered on one side and the other that rendered a meeting unavoidable between men of honour. We were fortunately alone on the terrace, but that had passed already which rendered my interference as a peacemaker totally hopeless.

Aspen turning towards me, exclaimed, "My dear Egerton, I am sure that I may rely on you in the present affair, and therefore," said he, turning to the Pole, "I beg that you will, with as little delay as possible, put your friend in communication with Captain Egerton, that our differences may be settled at once. Brazinski bowed, and turning into

the ball-room was soon engaged in conversation, and when I passed him was proposing a pic-nic to the Countess Carloff and Princess Herman, for the day after at Fruden-Thal.

That which I had all along dreaded had now taken place, and from what had passed between them, I saw not the most distant chance of an arrangement being possible. On my return from the ball I found Von Aspen coolly smoking his cigar and leaning out of the window, joking and talking to a little Frenchman, whom he was quizzing about some village conquest, which he laughingly assured me had prevented him from coming to the ball that evening.

Aspen, having bid good night to his boasting friend, turned towards me and exclaimed, "Well, thank heaven, I have got that scoundrel into a corner at last, and if I let him out of it may I ——"

"Stop my good friend," said I, "is it possible that you, with your prospects, and with everything smiling on you in this world, should thus lightly wish to sacrifice all to gratify a momentary resentment, and thus stake your existence against that of a man whose history nobody knows, and whom a great many people suppose to be at best an adventurer?"

"My good fellow," replied he, "all that may be very true, but you must remember that that has passed between us which can never be forgiven, and therefore you will prove your friendship towards me, not by reminding me of what I may lose, (and here his voice faltered) but by speedily arranging a meeting, for this sort of thing is not agreeable as long as it is hanging over one, and therefore the sooner it is terminated the better for all parties. And now," continued he, holding out his hand towards me, "I have some papers to look over and destroy, in case of accident, therefore good night; I put my head upon my pillow with full confidence that my honour will remain unsullied in such keeping as yours, I therefore give you *carte blanche*, and do not let me hear about it again until the time and place is named, where," added he, with a smile, "you shall be satisfied with your principal."

I pressed him cordially by the hand, and feeling the force of what he had said, left him with a heavy heart to retire for the night.

Next morning I was still dressing when the *garçon* brought a card in with the name of "Baron de Platow," and said that the gentleman was waiting outside, and wished to speak to me: hurriedly slipping on a dressing-gown, I desired him to be admitted.

I need not detail the conversation which lasted about a quarter of an hour; suffice it to say, therefore, that not having been able to effect anything like a reconciliation which I believe he desired as much as I did, but which Brazinski's obstinacy totally prevented, we finally separated, having appointed the meeting to take place that evening, at seven o'clock, at the corner of a little wood near the "Saline," and at about half a mile from the town.

The day passed over as usual, and as the sun declined, I could not help reflecting that soon, within a few hours, I might lose a friend whose high-spirited and generous character had endeared him to me more than I had an idea of before this event, which brought one's feelings, as it were, to a focus.

I had been fortunate enough to win the toss with De Platow for choice of weapons, and named small swords, for had it been pistols, as Brazinski wished, my poor friend would have stood but a sorry chance of surviving the rencontre.

At the hour named, we repaired to the chosen spot, and there found Brazinski and his second already awaiting us; Labord, the Frenchman, and one or two others were also there as spectators, as the affair, in spite of our efforts to the contrary, had to a certain degree got wind.

Our principals having stripped their coats and waistcoats, and the Pole having rolled up his shirt sleeve to the shoulder, exposing a long sinewy arm, with a good deal of nerve and hard muscle, we delivered to each his weapon, and having placed them side-ways to the setting-sun so as to give a fair distribution of light to each, we crossed their swords, and I, retiring a few paces to the right, gave the signal to begin.

Both parties were cool and determined, and there was that malignant look about Brazinski, which I have before noticed, and which proved that he was now bent on mischief. Von Aspen was perhaps a shade paler than usual, but by his compressed lips, firm hand, and resolute eye, I perceived in an instant that he was all right, and he would not lose the day from want of nerve at all events.

Their guards were totally different, one belonging to the French, and the other evidently to the Italian school of fencing. Aspen was graceful, and upright as a dart, firmly placed on his legs, with the left hand aloft, as if he was engaged in a common assault in a fencing-master's room.

Brazinski sunk much lower than his adversary, and crouching forward with the upper part of his body, evidently meant to attack *en seconde*, a far more dangerous mode in the hands of an experienced fencer than the other.

In an instant after the signal their swords clashed, and thrust and parry followed each other in quick succession. Von Aspen's attack was so impetuous that I trembled for his safety, but his very imprudence saved him, for it so completely occupied his adversary that he had not time to employ those dangerous thrusts *en seconde*, which I foresaw, and so much dreaded. The combat had lasted now nearly five minutes; Von Aspen began to show symptoms of loss of breath, and I then knew that soon all must be up with him, for he was in the hands of one who knew no generosity; but at this period of the rencontre they began to change places in attacking, and the Pole taking now the lead, swift as lightning came the lunge *en seconde*. Through his very weakness, Aspen's life was saved, for at that instant, he faltered and swerved a little to the left, Brazinski's sword passing through his shirt, and grazing his right side, shewed its bloody point some inches behind his back. Had Von Aspen faltered at that very instant, he would have been run through and through the centre of his body; as it was, however, the smart of the flesh wound gave him fresh energy, and calling all his strength into one last effort, ere Brazinski could disentangle his weapon from the folds of his shirt, he plunged his sword up to the very hilt in the breast of the unfortunate Pole, who, with a deep groan of agony, sunk to the earth, and the instant afterwards was writhing on the ground covered with blood, and at his last gasp, his hand had clutched the turf convulsively, and his face pale as ashes, and sprinkled with blood from the bubbling wound, bore an expression of hatred and revenge which to this hour makes me shudder when I think of it. Raising himself slowly on one elbow he turned to Aspen, his lips moved but only to give utterance to the death-rattle that was in his throat, his eyes glazed as they still glared on us, and the next instant he fell heavily backwards, a bloody and disfigured corpse!

All this had passed in a much shorter space of time than it has taken me to describe, and seeing now the termination of the affair, I knew no time was to be lost; therefore hurrying Aspen from the ground ere he had yet recovered from the shock of thus so quickly sending a fellow-creature to his last account, we gained the opposite side of the little wood; there a couple of horses had been waiting for the survivor (for we knew that it was a case of life or death), and springing into the saddles, we put spurs to our steeds, and half an hour's sharp riding brought us over the Hanoverian frontier, from whence we pushed on and reached the town of Hamelen, where we knew we should be secure.

The day after the event I have described, and when everybody was still talking of it, Monsieur de Platow's brother reached Pyrmont, and on viewing the body of his brother's unfortunate principal, he at once recognized him as an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for nearly twenty years, but with whose history he was intimately acquainted.

It appeared that his real name was Ostroff, but that from some disgraceful gambling transaction, and a duel caused by it, in which he had killed a young officer of great promise in the most savage and cowardly way, he had been forced to leave his regiment, that from that hour he had become a wanderer and an outcast; and that, sinking step by step, he had at last been reduced to the greatest misery, and was living under an assumed name in Paris, when the minister of police in St. Petersburgh, thinking him, from his acknowledged talents and gentlemanlike exterior, a fit subject for a spy, had furnished him with the means and assumed name, which enabled him to carry on his disgraceful avocation.

In this he had but too well succeeded, as he had been the means of sending several of his unfortunate countrymen, who were obnoxious to the Russian government from their participation in the Polish rebellion, to the mines of Siberia, where they were now languishing in chains and slavery.

This account, together with the well-known fact that he had been the aggressor in the quarrel, completely exonerated poor Von Aspen, whose part now everybody took, and seemed to think that he had conferred a benefit upon society in thus ridding it of so dangerous a man.

Two months subsequent to the events I have detailed, and when I was shooting in the north of England, I received letters from Berlin, stating that Von Aspen had been pardoned, that the whole affair had blown over, and that he was shortly about to be united to the fair Adèle, his father having approved of the match, and settled one of his Magdbourg estates upon his happy son, from whom I shortly afterwards received a long and kind letter, detailing the said events, and pressing me to come over and be present at his wedding.

T. T.

NASIR-ED-DIN KHOJAH, THE TURKISH "JOE MILLER."

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WRITERS of the last century were accustomed to include Turks and Arabs under the general name of Saracens, an appellation proper only to the latter people, but the similarity between the two races is limited to their adoption of the same religion. The Turk, less imaginative, but not less bigoted than the Arab, has a sturdy sullenness in his disposition, which has been generally mistaken for gravity, but he can laugh in secret as heartily as the most mercurial European, and he has a store of jests provided for him by Nasir-ed-din Khojah, which produce as much merriment on the shores of the Bosphorus as those of Joe Miller on the banks of the Thames. It has been customary in all ages to set up some notorious or professional joker, to whom were assigned as waifs and strays all fatherless witticisms, unclaimed puns, and unappropriated jests; Howleglas held this office for centuries among all the divisions of the Teutonic race, the late Lord Norbury was advanced to this dignity in England, and the veteran Samuel Rogers holds the rank of what the Arabs would call "the grandfather of jokes," in the very limited portion of our country that deserves to retain the name of "merrie England."

Nasir-ed-din is the Turkish Howleglas, and he has therefore received the title of the Khojah, a name which both in sound and sense resembles the English word *codger*. Where he was born, where he lived, how long he continued upon earth, and at what time he departed to cross Al Sirát's arch into paradise are circumstances which no historian has recorded. He comes upon us quite unexpectedly as a candidate for a lectureship in one of the mosques of Constantinople, and according to the rules of the voluntary system there established is taken on trial by the congregation.

One day he ascended the pulpit of the mosque and thus addressed his audience. "O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," responded the congregation. "Well then, as you are so stupid," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit leaving the congregation without a sermon. Unaccustomed to be stinted in their spiritual food, the frequenters of the mosque resolved to catch him the next time. When he ascended the pulpit on the following Friday, and put his usual question, "O true believers do you know what I am going to say to you?" a unanimous "ay" was returned which might have been heard from the Golden Horn to the sea of Marmora. "Very well," said Nasir-ed-din, quitting the pulpit, "As you know all about it there is no use in my telling you." The congregation, though baffled, did not lose the hope of testing his powers; a third time the pulpit was opened to him, and a third time he inquired, "O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" They replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "Very well," said he, "let those who know tell those who do not know, and that will save us all some trouble."

Dismissed from the mosque, Nasir-ed-din became a candidate for the place of Astrologer to a Pacha, who had acquired some tincture of profane Nazarene knowledge. There were two other candidates, and the question was put to them "whether does the sun go round

the earth, or the earth round the sun;" the first candidate said, "the earth goes round the sun;"—the second said, "the sun goes round the earth;"—but Nasir-ed-din replied, "sometimes one, and sometimes the other." This ingenious compromise between the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems failed of success; the Khojah was without employment and without food. In his distress he entered a garden, and began to plunder it. He filled a sack with the turnips and carrots, and then began to thrust them into the breast of his robes,—for he lived in the days when Turks wore the flowing garments which gave them such an appearance of dignity now gone for ever, since they have been buttoned into light frocks by the late Sultan. In the midst of Nasir-ed-din's work he was surprised by the proprietor, who furiously ran up, and seizing him, exclaimed, "What do you want here?" The Khojah, at first a little confounded, soon recovered his self-possession, and replied, "A very violent blast of wind caught me up, whirled me through the air, and threw me down here." "Very well," said the gardener, "but (pointing to the vegetables) how came all my carrots and turnips to be pulled up?" "Why," replied the Khojah, "the wind was so exceedingly violent, that it tossed me about, and to steady myself, I grasped the vegetables in my hand, but so fierce was the storm, that they were all uprooted." "Good, again!" said the gardener; "but can you tell me how came this sack to be filled with my property?" "Pooh," replied Nasir-ed-din, "I was just meditating how I should answer that question when you came and interrupted me."

The ingenuity of these replies procured him a dinner, and he was invited to repeat his visits to the gardener, who resided at Sary-hissar, a village in the vicinity of Constantinople. One evening as he was returning from this place in company with a friend, he saw the Kazee, or religious and civil judge of the district, stretched at full length in his vineyard, sleeping off the fumes of a debauch. Nasir-ed-din, seeing the Kazee's condition, stole his gown, put it on his own shoulders, and spat upon the drunkard as a violator of the faith. When the Kazee awoke and missed his gown, he summoned his attendants, and sending them in different directions, commanded them to arrest the person with whom it should be discovered. Nasir-ed-din, who was strutting through the streets in his grand robes, not less proud than the jackdaw in the borrowed plumes of the peacock, was met by one of the officers, who recognized the gown, seized the Khojah and dragged him before the Mekkemeh or public tribunal. When the Kazee saw him he exclaimed in an angry voice, "Khojah Effendi, where didst thou find that gown?" The Khojah answered in a loud voice, so that all the spectators might hear him, "As I was walking last evening with a friend, we saw a Kazee so reckless of the holy law which he was appointed to administer, that he lay in an open field, dead drunk, and fast asleep. My companion, in indignation, spat upon him, kicked him, and taking off his cloak, put it upon me. If it be thy property, O Kazee, I am willing to resign it to thee." Alarmed for his reputation and his office, the Kazee exclaimed, "No, no, Khojah, it is none of mine! It is none of mine!"

He was some time afterwards invited to partake of a banquet at a house, where, when he had gone previously in his dirty, old, and tattered garments, he had been treated with great disrespect and

contumely. But now, when he appeared in the rich robes of the Kazee, and with new *shalwar*, for which, on the strength of the gown, a tailor had given him credit, he was received with honour at the door, saluted with a shower of compliments, and conducted to the highest seat. As the dishes were presented to him, he dipped the sleeve of his gown in each. "Khojah Effendi," exclaimed the astonished guests, "what in the name of wonder are you doing?" He very coolly replied, "Since all the respect you have shown to me is owing only to my garments, it is but fair that they should participate in the feast."

The title of Effendi, or gentleman, given to the Khojah by the Kazee and the guests, enabled him to obtain a wife who had some property. Soon after marriage she discovered that the state of his affairs was not so flourishing as he had represented, and she took various ways of annoying the gay deceiver. One day that the soup had been laid on the table boiling-hot, she took a large spoonful of it, which scalded her mouth, and forced the tears into her eyes. "What is the matter?" asked the Khojah, "is the soup so hot as to scald you?" "No, Effendi," she replied, "but my poor deceased mother was very fond of this soup, and I could not refrain from weeping when the taste of it brought her to my recollection." The Khojah thus assured, took also a spoonful, which scalded him in a similar way, and forced him to shed tears. "Effendi," said his wife, sneeringly, "what is the matter? why are you weeping?"—"Ah!" said he, "my tears proceed from just and deep-rooted sorrow; I grieve that so respectable a lady as your mother was, should, at her death, have left a daughter like you behind her."

Although Nasir-ed-din was really in great poverty, the appearance which he made in the Kazee's robes led to a general belief of his wealth. One night a robber broke into the house, and the wife hearing the noise, exclaimed, "Effendi! Effendi! there's a thief in the house!" The Khojah, lazily turning in his bed replied, "Tut, woman, never mind, I only hope that he may find something, for then we can take it from him."

In order to raise a little money, Nasir-ed-din took an old guitar, and frequented the roads about Constantinople as an itinerant musician. One day he met a wealthy traveller who asked him whither he was going. The Khojah answered that he was trying to pick up a little money by singing and music. "Sing me a song," said the traveller, and I will give you a couple of paras." Deeming such remuneration inadequate, the Khojah at first refused, but when the traveller threatened violence, he preluded a little on his guitar, and then sung the first line of the popular song

"I went and I stood by the shores of the sea."

This line he repeated several times without variation. "What!" exclaimed the traveller, "will you never make any further progress?" —"Hand out some more paras, my fine fellow," replied Nasir-ed-din, "and then perhaps I may be persuaded to go in and take a dip."

Itinerancy proved pretty profitable, the Khojah soon became sufficiently rich to buy a donkey and a slave. One day, a neighbour, whom he had no great wish to oblige, came running to him and said, "Khojah Effendi, I have great need of a donkey to bring home wood to-day, have the kindness to lend me yours."—"I have not my don-

key at home," said the Khojah. At this instant the animal brayed in the stable. "Ho!" exclaimed the neighbour, "do I not hear your ass braying in the stable?"—"Begone! you impertinent fellow," exclaimed the Khojah, "do you dare to take the word of an ass in preference to mine."

But though unwilling to lend, Nasir-ed-din was not reluctant to borrow. On one occasion he obtained the loan of a kettle from his neighbour, and when he returned it to the owner, placed a small kettle inside it. The owner on receiving the utensil looked with surprise at the contents, and asked, "What means this, Khojah?"—"Your kettle," replied Nasir-ed-din, "hath brought forth a young one!" The owner of the kettle did not scruple to take advantage of the apparent stupidity of his neighbour; he kept the two kettles, praised Nasir-ed-din for his honesty, and commended him for not separating mother and child. After the lapse of a few days, the Khojah borrowed the large kettle a second time, and detained it so long that the proprietor came in person to ask for it. In reply to his demand, the Khojah stated, with all due gravity, that the kettle was dead. "Come now, let us have none of your jokes, Khojah," said the owner; "how can a kettle die."—"Begone from my house, infidel!" cried Nasir-ed-din, "you believed me when I told you that the kettle had brought forth a young one, and you will not believe me when I tell you it is dead."

A kettle, however, is of no great use unless there be something to put in it. The Khojah went in search of some meat, but could obtain no credit. He then strolled out into the country, and came to a lake on which a flock of ducks was swimming. He ran towards them, and they immediately flew away. Taking out some bread, he sat down by the lake, and dipping some morsels in the water, began to eat. A generous rustic, who witnessed the proceeding, with astonishment, came up to him, and said, "What are you doing there, Khojah?" With a deep sigh, Nasir-ed-din replied, "I have almost forgotten the taste of flesh, and so I am trying the flavour of duck-soup!"—"Small is the flavour that the ducks have left in the water," said the countryman, "but I have just killed a hare, which if you will have dressed for me, we will share the feast." The offer was accepted; the Khojah and the clown returned to the city, where they had a merry feast to their mutual satisfaction.

Some time afterwards a party of men coming to Nasir-ed-din's house, demanded to be received as guests. "Who are you, and what are you?" asked the reluctant host. They replied, "We are the neighbours of the man who brought you the hare." He welcomed them heartily; and when they came into the house, set before them a bowl of water. In astonishment they called out, "Ho, what is this, Khojah Effendi?" He very coolly answered, "It is the water in which I boiled the hare!"

With no less ingenuity he parried an attack which his slave made on his generosity. On the day that his wife was confined, Nasir-ed-din was walking in the front of his house, waiting some intelligence of the interesting event. Suddenly his slave ran out, exclaiming, "Largesse! largesse; I bring you glad tidings; Providence has blessed you with a beautiful son!"—"Well!" said the Khojah, "I am very much obliged to Providence, but I cannot for the life of me discover what you had to do with the matter."

The son whose birth was thus coolly taken, manifested at an early

age much of his father's acuteness and ready wit, so that there were frequently keen encounters of ingenuity between them. On one occasion, the Khojah having purchased and cooked some fishes, set the larger aside, and brought only the small to table. The son who had discovered the father's proceedings, made no comment, but when they sat down, he took up one of the fishes, pretended to whisper to it, and then lifting it to his ear, seemed to listen very attentively. Nasir-ed-din asked for an explanation of this unusual proceeding. The boy replied, "I was asking this little fish whether he knew anything of the prophet Jonah (on whom be peace!) when in the whale's belly, and he answered me, 'None of us young ones know anything about the matter, but perhaps some of our elder brethren whom your father has hidden, could give you the information you require.'"

Goldsmith records of Theophilus Cibber, that "as he grew older, he grew never the better." Nasir-ed-din, it must be confessed, grew so much worse that his deeds and sayings cannot be related without offending our European notions of propriety. At length he sickened, and as he lay on his death-bed, he began to reflect with dread on the account he would have to render to Monker and Nekir, the two stern inquisitorial angels, who, according to the Mohammedan creed, visit the corpse as soon as it is laid in the grave, investigate every action of life, and punish the guilty with fearful tortures. He summoned his family and friends to be present at the making of his will, and required them to promise that he should be laid in an old grave. "What matters it," asked the astonished witnesses," whether you are laid in a new or an old grave?" After a short pause, he replied, "Oh, when Monkir and Nekir come to examine me, I will tell them that I have been dead these fifty years, and consequently that I have passed through their hands before; should they doubt my word, I will desire them to look at the grave, and thus I shall escape from their clutches.

AN ENGLISH HARVEST-HOME.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

THE harvest-homes of England
  In freedom have their birth,
And through past ages they have shed
  A glory o'er the earth!
The wanderer who quits our shores,
  Wherever he may roam,
Beholds no nobler triumph than
  An English Harvest-Home!

It lights the smile on Beauty's cheek,
  It fires the patriot brave,
And breathes the memory of the dead,
  Who slumber in the grave!
Oh! grand may be the gorgeous pomp
  Of palace, court, or dome,
But Nature's triumph in the heart's
  An English Harvest-Home!

The dastard slave, who spurns the soil,
  And bears the burning brand,
Is sworn to see his country fall,—
  And by a traitor's hand!
Oh, chain him in some dungeon deep,
  Where there can never come
The deathless triumph that attends
  An English Harvest-Home!

THE CITIES OF GLOUCESTER AND CIRENCESTER,

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

GLOUCESTER, "the Bright City," still called so by the Welsh, to whom it continues to be known as Caer Glocw, does not impress the stranger with its "transparent, shining, glorious" appearance at the present day, although it was formerly considered "one of the noblest cities in the kingdom." It is singularly dull and quiet, with but little commercial bustle; although its trade has a little revived of late years; new quays have been erected, and the Severn brings business and vessels to its port. This clear river has given the city another title, "The City of the Pure Stream," and it is called also "The Broad Region," lacking no boast to render it of importance.

Different is Gloucester now from the time when the Roman legions made it a terror to the country round, and in "King's Holm" rose the palace of the Saxon kings, who looked upon Gleau-cestre as the chief of their cities. It was from Gloucester that its gallant British earl, called Eldol, who was here a powerful ruler, set forth with Vortigern the demon-ridden, to the fatal banquet at Ambresbury, where the Saxon axes did their work. Eldol was almost the only British chief who escaped the slaughter of that day. When he found the Saxons had fallen, like the Thugs of India, on their unsuspecting guests, and each selected his victim, Eldol caught up a stake, and so valiantly defended himself, that he is said to have killed *seventy* of his enemies, and injured many more, and at length, rushing from the scene of carnage, reached his own city. Then followed battle after battle, till the star of Hengist failed, and he was made prisoner by Eldol, and brought in chains to Gloucester: there, without the walls, the spot may still be found where he expiated his treacherous cruelty.

The struggle between Canute and Edmund Ironside still lives in the memory of the peasants of Gloucestershire; although, like the dust of Alexander, degraded to servile purposes, the strong chief is kept in recollection by a name somewhat ignoble. A public-house now stands on the site of the battle-field, whose sign represents a ferocious-looking warrior, generally known as "Old Rattlebones," and this is supposed to be a portrait of Edmund Ironside himself!

The Conqueror William of Normandy loved to reside in this city, and great was the splendour he here displayed, surrounding himself with his knights and nobles, and all the gorgeous churchmen of his kingdom. From reign to reign Gloucester still kept its state and pomp, and its beautiful abbey flourished exceedingly. Henry the Third was crowned here with great ceremony, when he took an oath to reverence God and the Church, to administer justice, observe good laws and customs, and *above all* to pay a tribute of one thousand marks annually to the Pope.

The cathedral of Gloucester is one of the most perfect as to architecture in the kingdom; its cloisters are entire, and its ornaments less destroyed, than in most other ecclesiastical buildings; and there is a beauty and repose about it which is suited to the quiet of the town. It

afforded a resting place to the remains of the unfortunate Edward the Second, when they were rejected by all the abbeys round, for fear of irritating the "she-wolf's" party. The Abbot of Gloucester, however, disdained to shrink from the threatened danger, and the body of the murdered king was brought hither and interred with ceremonious care.

There might be some policy in this act of seeming disinterestedness; for the abbot knew how easily people's minds are excited by a tale of murder. If, at the present enlightened day, the relics of an ordinary felon cause so much interest, that sums of money are offered for the garments in which a murderer was executed, how much more would the subjects of a sacrificed king flock to the spot where his body lay, in times when superstition lent double awe to deeds of blood. The church of the abbey was in bad repair; the abbot considered that the money of the pious might rebuild it, and so it was: thousands flocked to the tomb of Edward, and none quitted it without an offering and a prayer. The greatest part of the present cathedral was rebuilt by these contributions, and those beautiful arches, and columns, and windows which we now admire, owed their birth to the shrieks of the unhappy king in the fatal turret of Berkeley castle.

The day I went to visit the fine feudal pile of Berkeley, which remains almost unchanged exteriorly, since the period of that dreadful deed, the "heavens were hung with black," and the clouds poured down torrents of rain on the towers and battlements of Berkeley Castle; which circumstance, though it prevented the beauty of the surrounding scenery from appearing, and deprived the castle of its fine views, perhaps added a more appropriate and deeper gloom to a spot celebrated for an immortal act of cruelty, The irregular courts and low circular doorways ornamented with zigzag patterns, the numerous turrets and frowning battlements have an air of mystery, not dispelled on entering; for there are more small chambers placed here and there in unexpected corners, more dark closets and dismal galleries, than in most feudal dwellings now to be found.

Two spots, however, are peculiarly fearful to approach, and in no castle in the kingdom can superior horrors be discovered. I was not prepared for one which particularly impressed me with shuddering terror, even though I had gazed down the yawning gulfs of many an *oubliette* in many a castle in France. The frightful dungeon which was shown me here is the more shocking from being placed where it is, just in the midst of modern bed-rooms and ordinary sitting-rooms. I entered a small square chamber, lighted only by a window which looked into another. All was dark and shadowy in the place, and a lantern handed to the guide served only to throw "a browner horror" everywhere. By the dim light I observed a bed hung with dingy red curtains, which being pushed aside, disclosed beneath it a grated trap-door, over what seemed a well. This was removed, and a huge black pit appeared:

"No eye its depths might view."

The lantern was slowly lowered into the "deep profound," and down and down its feeble ray flickered till it paused, exhibiting a lower gulf beneath, to the end of which it did not descend. Strange forms seemed to flit along the slimy walls of that horrible den as the light flashed on them, and fancy might easily conjure up shapes more than earthly clinging to their projecting stones. The lantern was drawn up, the

grated door replaced, the boards laid over, the bed drawn into its place, and the solemn secret hidden as before. I was assured that occasionally, in case of there being many visitors in the castle, this chamber was occupied; and the bed, prepared for accommodation, showed that such was the case. What must be the dreams of those who sleep in such a place!—what visions of pale spectres and clanking chains must flit across their minds, and what sighs and groans must reach their ears in the dead of night from the fearful depth over which they lie!

I eagerly listened to the frequently repeated legend related by the exhibitor, who is accustomed to enjoy the terror he excites, of an unfortunate servitor of one of the early lords of Berkeley, who, for some offence, was lowered into this *oubliette*, and as his feet touched the ground uttered such hideous shrieks, with entreaties to be drawn up, if but for a moment, that his executioners were induced to consent, and once more he returned to upper air, when, to the terror and amazement of all, it was found that, hanging to the culprit's legs, which it had grasped with its teeth, was a toad of such monstrous proportions that, in their startled eyes, it seemed as large as one of the bull-dogs, now the well known and cherished denizens of the castle.

Tradition does not say whether the vassal was thrown back into this dungeon, worthy of a monarch of Bokhara, who destined such for captive Englishmen in our own days! But the animal was killed on the spot, and for many years a certain skin was shewn in the great hall, of an appalling size, asserted to have belonged to the "fell beast," whose abode was in the *oubliette of Berkeley*.

The story is not now believed, probably because the skin has disappeared, and there is nothing tangible to prove the assertion of its existence, but no one who looks down the dark chasm beneath the bed can allow reason the upper hand, or would willingly by its exercise obliterate the credence of this legend.

The form of the castle is nearly circular, and a moat surrounds the buildings. As our exploring party entered the huge archway, leading to the inner court, we were startled by the apparition on each side of a fierce bull-dog whose growls gave anything but a welcome; and, emerging from another dark archway paced slowly on a cavalier in a buff jerkin, with carbine and heavy accoutrements, mounted on an enormous black charger which looked ponderous and commanding like himself, as its hoofs clashed on the stone pavement. We found this was the lord of the castle in person, and exchanged his somewhat haughty salutations in tremulous haste as we passed on, for though through his courtesy to strangers we were alone permitted to enter his abode, there was something in his appearance, in the gloomy light of a lowering rainy day that magnified to our minds the severity of his aspect, and transformed to our fancy his equipments for a simple expedition to shoot wild geese into the warrior habit of a feudal baron.

The spell was nearly broken as we heard behind us a cheerful voice and laugh from the grim chatelain as he greeted our companion who was known to him, and we hurried forward with the growl of the mastiff in our ears and the shade of his presence before us.

The great hall of the castle is of singular magnificence and extent. Its height is stupendous, and it is so huge and stately, that at once

fancy peoples it with a host of knights and vassals seated at the board, above and below the salt; such guests as might be expected to

"Drink the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

The gigantic chimney-place recalls the recollections of that in the hall of Gaston Phœbus de Foix, where a powerful knight brought in and cast on the hearth not only an ass's load of faggots but the animal itself, when the lord of the castle complained of being chilly at his meal, after a long day's hunting. The spoils of the chace too are not wanting here; antlers of monstrous size, horns of elk and deer, and wild cattle are hung round the walls, together with hunting implements and pieces of armour. The roof is raftered and very handsome, and the whole chamber is unique and grand. This is the largest room in the building though several are of good size; the library is a fine chamber, fitted up for modern comfort, but not departing in its decorations too much from the ancient style of the building.

There are many very fine pictures scattered throughout the castle. King James seems a great hero here, for portraits of his court abound: the most attractive is that of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, which is singularly conceived. She appears regally crowned, and in the back ground shines forth from an opening cloud a shadowy crown surrounded by rays, to which a hand points, and a scroll surmounts with these words, "*And then this.*"

Poor Elizabeth had but little enjoyment of her earthly crown, and if ambition be indeed

"The glorious fault of angels and of gods,"

she deserved the heavenly diadem promised her by the painter.

I was also struck with a full-length and very well preserved portrait of Mary of England. She is represented as by no means ugly, though her appearance in a remarkably short stiff robe, showing her little feet in Spanish high shoes, is peculiarly grotesque.

For seven hundred years Berkeley Castle has reared its haughty brow, scorning siege and time, and much has passed around and within its towers, which tradition loves to dwell upon with trembling interest. The tragedy of a September night in the early part of the fourteenth century, has most distinguished it.

"Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king."

So sang the last bard as he stood on the brow of that hill which overlooks the still proud towers of Conway, and denounced vengeance on the race of the destroyer.

To the honour of the line of Berkeley's barons, it is told that the lord of the castle could not be induced to listen to the murderous proposal of Queen Isabella and her minion Mortimer, and it was necessary for their purpose that he should be removed from his own abode to give place to Maltravers and Gournay, who conducted their royal victim from Kenilworth to make Berkeley his prison and his tomb.

Close to one of the gates of entrance to the keep is an isolated turret reached by a low door and winding stair, which leads to an open gallery along the wall and separated from the main building;

here is a small chamber called the dungeon-room, the walls of which are of immense thickness, and the light received from a narrow window where once were only arrow-slits. Into this dismal place was thrust the once luxurious and pleasure-loving Edward, and from this spot his cries were heard in spite of bolts, and bars, and moats, and walls, if old stories tell true.

"His crie did move many within the castell and towne of Birckelie to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a waileful noise as the tormentors were about to murder him; so that dyvers being awakened thereby (as they themselves confessed) prayed heartilie to God to receyve his soule, when they understood by his crie, what the matter ment."

In the centre of this chamber now stands a pedestal supporting a bust of Edward the Second, recorded to have been taken from a cast from his face after death, but in fact from the effigy on his tomb in the Cathedral of Gloucester, which probably offers a likeness to be depended on.

That tomb in Gloucester cathedral was erected by the son of Edward of Caernarvon, and is one of the finest specimens of the kind of sculpture remaining in England, although it is a good deal mutilated, and has been restored from time to time.

Edward lies recumbent in alabaster, crowned and robed,

> "With a countenance
> More in sorrow than in anger."

Two angels support his head. Where were those guardians when the ruffians entered his cell on that dismal night! His hands hold the sceptre and the globe he was so unable to wield or to control, and shields innumerable surround him, with all his royal arms delicately carved in stone; but the niches vainly gape for their statues, all of which have been removed.

On the capitals of some of the pillars appear white stags on a red painted ground, and for many years they were supposed to represent the identical animals, miraculous or otherwise, which drew the car that inclosed the body of the murdered king from Berkeley to Gloucester. The beauty of the sculpture of this tomb has caused it to be ascribed to Cavalini, who executed several in this country, where he came by invitation of Edward the First.

Another monument in the cathedral is to the memory of Robert Curtois, or the Courteous, eldest son of William the Conqueror, who was buried in the choir of this church, after having closed a life of imprisoned sorrow, for he was for twenty-six years captive in Cardiff castle. The figure is in armour, and the legs are crossed; it is carved in Irish oak, and is admirably executed. Whether to preserve it, or to express his prisoned state, the tomb is inclosed by a wire lattice, which gives it a remarkable effect.

Several knights of note were buried beneath this beautiful fane; but their tombs are gone, and a few inscriptions in black-letter on the walls, almost effaced, alone tell anything of them.

The splendid cloisters, unique in their preservation, form a square of one hundred and forty-eight feet by one hundred and forty-four; the breadth is nineteen feet, and height nearly one hundred and nineteen. Several of the lavatories remain, near what was once the refectory: they are placed beneath ornamented arcades, and the sudatory where

the napkins used by the *cleanly* monks were hung is opposite them. On one side of the cloisters are the remains of seats, where it is supposed the monks were accustomed to sit and write those wondrous manuscripts, which prove how much human patience will undertake in cases of necessity; and, as no printing apparatus was then thought of, the fingers of these plodding scribes must have been fully employed.

Beneath these arcades, probably, Robert, the monk of St. Peter's, sat many an hour composing his famous chronicle in verse, so dear to antiquarians,—a history which, beginning with the arrival of Brutus in Britain, carries on its fictions and embellishments till the reign of Henry the Third.

In the Deanery James the First resided during a visit he paid to Gloucester, and in the chapel of Our Lady he went through the farcical ceremony, in which, though he did not believe in its efficacy, he loved to be an actor, as it gave him consequence,—that of touching for the king's evil.

This chapel of Our Lady is the most exquisite building that can be imagined, and, together with the beautiful choir, is unrivalled for the grace and profusion of ornament which characterises it.

The nave of the cathedral is heavy and simple, and the sudden contrast of the richly-adorned choir is very striking. Flying arches span the vaulted roof, and the brackets are figures of angels, and the shields and escutcheons of the abbey and abbots, with those of Edward the Second. A fairy trellice-work, all studded with rich rosettes, of every possible form, like an embroidered veil, is thrown over the whole ceiling. Angels, who teach us

> "All that the blessed do above
> Is still to sing and still to love,"

are crowding over the altar, playing on all kinds of musical instruments, from which one expects every instant to hear

> "A melodious clang."

The oaken stalls are transparent with rich tabernacle work, the wood cut into lace-work as fine as the workers of antique point could devise, and of these there are thirty-one, all quite preserved.

The matting before the altar was removed to show us some painted bricks covered with devices, supposed to have been made in the monks' kilns; for these extraordinary personages possessed the secret of every art in its highest perfection. There is a good deal of this paving in the cathedral, and very tasteful it is.

This beautiful choir is hemmed in by strong circular Saxon pillars of amazing strength, and passages run along above, having windows looking into the choir, whence ladies of rank were allowed to gaze upon the ceremonies beneath. There is a famous whispering-gallery here.

The interior of the Lady Chapel is a continuation of the choir, and answers to it in every respect. It has a fine painted window of great brilliancy, and its roof is encrusted with the richest tracery of flowers, foliage scrolls, and angelic shapes. Its screen is all pierced with exquisite patterns, and the whole chapel is a maze of carved marvels.

Strange is the difference on descending to the crypt, which is as perfect as if the masons had just quitted their work. This part of the cathedral is of the second century, as its ponderous circular arches

and zigzag ornaments bespeak. Solemn and gloomy is the walk along these subterranean cloisters where, at intervals, here and there a stone effigy of some knight of old is placed in the shadow of the huge walls. No doubt some of these may formerly have rested on tombs in the upper church, and the destruction which time and warfare have effected has allowed them only this retreat, instead of the richly ornamented tombs on which they once reclined.

No vestige but the west gate remains of the once strong walls of Gloucester, which it was thought nothing but supernatural skill could have constructed. Merlin by his art caused them to rise from the ground, and he deserted not the city, which he protected with his magic, till after the Restoration, when they were completely demolished.

The Conqueror strengthened them; and the great Edward, third of that name, repaired them thoroughly: the gate now left is of the time of the Eighth Henry. But of the castle the site alone is to be traced, on which, as is usual in most towns where a castle has been, now stands the prison.

Of the eleven churches which adorned Gloucester six only are left, and those much changed. St. Michael has his temple, nor is St. Nicholas, St. John, or St. Aldate, forgotten, and the Virgin's shrines of de Lode and de Crypt still exist, at least in name.

In the parish of St. Mary de Crypt are even now some of the walls and foundations of a famous monastery of Black Friars, founded by Henry the Third in 1239.

The priory of Grey Friars is not all swept away; here and there along the streets of Gloucester, over-hanging houses and low stone archways indicate the site of a convent. In particular the carved doorway of the Crypt Grammar School is remarkable. We were invited into the school by one of the masters, who observed us regarding it, and were struck with the remains of dark panels and carved wood which adorn it. The school was founded in Henry the Eighth's time, by Dame Joan Cook, a faithful wife who followed the wishes of her husband expressed in his will, and several distinguished scholars have been sent from hence to Pembroke College Oxford.

What is now St. Bartholomew's Hospital was once a priory for *hermits* of both sexes, who resided there under the guidance of a priest, and subsisted on the charity of the pious. They were considered persons of singular sanctity, and the wife of Henry the Third, Queen Elinor, took them under her especial protection. The statue of this Queen, together with those of her husband and many other royal benefactors to Gloucester, once adorned the beautiful High Cross, taken down for the *improvement* of the city, with several venerable structures besides, about a century ago, at that period when all taste for grace and elegance in architecture seemed dormant in the country.

The present church of St John's is modern, but there existed one on the same spot which possessed the privilege of sanctuary, and here some of the fugitives from the field of Bosworth fled for temporary safety.

There were formerly several hospitals without the walls. King James continued the chantry of St. Mary Magdalen for lepers, and nineteen poor persons and a minister are now supported in the hospital which bears *his* name instead of that of the saint.

St. Oswald's priory, on the banks of the Severn, once famous for its precious relics, has a few stones remaining, built into humble tenements; and the White Carmelite Friars may probably be traced in the floors of some of the cottages in the parish; but instead of the palace of the Good Duke of Gloucester, or the convent of his *protegé*, the learned Cantelupe, the great pin manufactories famous throughout England, tower to the skies in triumph.

The chief hall of trade in Gloucester is called the Tolsey or Tholsey, probably from the toll formerly taken there at fairs and markets; and the hall where the assizes are held has ranges of wooden pillars within of the age of Elizabeth. There are but few old wooden houses remaining. A curious one belonging to the late singular miser, James Wood, whose will has been so long disputed, was being taken down when we were in Gloucester.

The Severn, just without the city of Gloucester, separates into two channels, and forms an island called the isle of Alney: this is the scene of the last battle fought between Edmund Ironside and Canute, the wily Dane. Ironside had retreated to Gloucester after the loss of one of his battles, and awaited the arrival of his foe in this place. Desirous to avoid unnecessary slaughter, says the chronicler—though when those heroes thought fighting unnecessary does not clearly appear,—he proposed to Canute to decide the war by single combat, which suggestion being agreed to, the champions met. After some hard blows Canute, fearing he should be worsted, affected to be suddenly struck with pity and affection, and exclaimed, "Oh noble youth why should we longer contend! Let us be brothers and share this beautiful kingdom between us." Renard the Fox had overreached the Wolf in this meeting. Edmond was induced to consent to reign in one portion of the country and allow his rival the other moiety, and in due time assassination procured all for the designing Dane, whose words were so bewitching.

On Robin Hood's hill are now public gardens and a well; the situation is beautiful, and the view delightful; there is no tradition of any monastic building or castle having occupied its summit, but there was a manor house here belonging to the powerful family of Bohun as early as Edward the Third.

There are great remains of Roman antiquities in the neighbourhood of Gloucester, and the county is celebrated for some of the most extraordinary in the kingdom. The tesselated pavements at Woodchester are the delight of antiquaries; they had remained quietly beneath the graves in the churchyard for age after age, and the coffins of the simple poor rested within a few inches of the gorgeous floors of a Roman palace, where Orpheus, Pan, and the Naiads were depicted in those glowing colours which once delighted the eyes of the luxurious conquerors of the world. It would seem that this fine villa was destroyed by fire from the vestiges which show its effects, but all is conjecture respecting it. By its magnitude it might have been the dwelling of some exalted character, the governor of a province, or, perhaps the Emperor himself. Fragments of statues, ornaments, and coins have been found scattered amongst the ruins, and all tells of splendour and magnificence passed away, and buried under heaps of the dust of ages.

Encampments and barrows occur continually in Gloucestershire, in which county the Romans seem greatly to have delighted. The

plough so frequently turns up coins of brass and silver that it would seem as if those luxurious people sowed the ground with metal and expected an increase.

Cirencester was formerly one of their seats; and vestiges of their dominion are here found without ceasing. The present town is built on the site of the ancient, and the Roman walls, and other defences, were entire until the time of Henry the Fourth. It is difficult now to trace their line, for from year to year, as the town improves, they gradually vanish. That tract of ground in Cirencester has long yielded carved stones, capitals, and pillars, time out of mind carried off to mend the highways, and to build cottages.

In a field called the "Querns," many treasures, as little heeded, were discovered when an aqueduct was being made for the supply of the Thames and Severn canal; and about sixty years since, in digging foundations, a Roman Hypocaust was hit upon, which has much engaged the attention of the curious and learned.

Tesselated pavements seem to lie in profusion beneath the streets of Cirencester, for they are constantly shining forth, and giving up their scattered urns, and idols, and coins, to the museums of the antiquary.

No wonder, as this is the case, that marvellous stories have been related of under-ground discoveries. A very romantic history was published in 1685, and at one time gained credit, of a subterranean dwelling, accompanied with circumstances not unlike those told of the statue of King Sebastian of Portugal.

Close to Cirencester is a large tumulus, named Tor-barrow Hill, which it is conjectured is the scene of the following account.

Two labourers were once engaged in Colton's Field digging a gravel-pit at the foot of a hill. They had not dug far when they came to an opening, which, on examining, they found led far into the bowels of the earth. They took their lantern, and resolved to explore. Presently they arrived at what seemed a hall, in which were benches and a table, which all crumbled on being touched. A passage led them from thence to a chamber, which seemed by its furniture of pots and pans, all rusted and decayed, to have been used as a kitchen. The next apartment they entered was one covered with carpets and furniture of rich materials; but, directly they attempted to remove any, it fell into dust. The ground had fallen in where there appeared to have been a staircase, and they could not pass this way. Another room led from the hall, which was adorned with carving; images still hung on the walls, and some urns, filled with coins of gold and silver, were placed at the upper end. They searched about, and discovered a door strongly plated with iron; but, as they endeavoured to force it, it fell to pieces, and disclosed beyond so great a marvel, that its asserted existence goes far to disprove the truth of all the rest of the story.

The figure of a man was discerned by these worthies, who stood erect, holding in his hand a truncheon, and before him, in a glass lamp, a light was burning steadily. Although they were much appalled by this appearance, and at first imagined it was some demon set there to guard a treasure, yet the very thought of a treasure existing gave them fresh courage, and one of them ventured to step into the charmed area. No sooner, however, had he done so, than the figure seemed to make a blow at him, and he started back in

dismay. This was too much for either of the adventurers, and they resolved to advance no further.

They returned, therefore, to the hall, and having, like Aladdin in the cave, filled their pockets with medals, they hurried away; and, anxious to improve their gains, but not daring to undertake more without advice, they waited on a certain antiquary to whom they were known, and imparted to him their secret.

What could be more congenial to the feelings of this "learned Theban" than the wild story they told? He consented at once to accompany them to the hill the next morning, and, accordingly, daybreak saw the three entering the chasm of the Tor-barrow. The antiquary visited all the chambers they had described, and at length reached the statue. He had no fears of supernatural guardians; perhaps he had profited by the revelations of the wizard Marquis of Worcester, and knew how much could be effected by machinery. He entered boldly; the figure struck as before, and at the third stroke his truncheon shivered the glass and extinguished the light.

They then examined the figure, which appeared to be Roman. Beside it lay two human heads embalmed; the flesh was shrivelled up, and the hair on each chin was long, one having red, the other black hair.

After this a series of chambers presented themselves to their view, and numerous passages, either belonging to that house or some others adjoining. Filled with wonder, they continued exploring for some time, and at length gave over from very fatigue. Scarcely had they arrived at the entrance when a hollow sound, like a deep groan, echoed throughout the space, and in an instant the whole hill sunk down with a tremendous crash, burying beneath it all the wonders they had beheld.

> "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
> And these are of them!"

Great was the excitement which their relation produced in the neighbourhood, and crowds hurried to the spot, but nothing could be seen. The coins which the adventurers had brought forth were eagerly purchased at high prices; but no one was ever again able to find the entrance to the hidden treasure.

Probably the numerous discoveries of Roman antiquities in the vicinity originated this strange legend, which it is not likely had any real foundation. It is, however, curious, as proving how strongly the minds of the people are impressed by all that has been found underground at the very doors of their dwellings.

The beautiful church of St. John at Cirencester is a gem of its kind. The richness of its architecture is peculiarly striking to a stranger who contrasts its gorgeous appearance with the mean buildings of which the town is in general composed; for very little of the ancient magnificence so boasted of is apparent in Cirencester. Its tower, and chapels, and porch, and window are all exquisite; its canopies, cornices, and open-worked battlements rarely equalled in beauty; and some of the features of its construction are almost unique. In particular there is, under one of the parapets, a range of sculptured figures, which at a distance puzzle the eye, and it is only on close examination that their meaning is discoverable. They offer to the view a number of persons habited as minstrels, playing on various instruments of music, common to the fifteenth century.

It seems these are intended to represent the characters in an entertainment, formerly habitual to the natives of this part of the country, called a *Whitsun ale.*

This fête is still kept up in Gloucestershire occasionally; at their meetings the peasants dress themselves in different characters as the lord, the lady, the steward, purse-bearer, fool, and minstrel; and festivity and dancing continue throughout the day.

Under another parapet of the church is a second range of figures, supposed to show some of the characters in the Mysteries and Moralities of the age when the building was erected. Here Death, a monk, an abbot, king, prize-fighter, angels, &c. appear in succession.

This fine fabric formerly belonged to a famous abbey, of which a few walls and arches only exist, and are built into a private dwelling.

The actors in the famous conspiracy against Henry the Fourth, suggested by the Lords Aumerle, Surrey, Exeter, and their friends, after the disclosure of their plot retreated to Cirencester, where the chiefs took up their quarters in the town, encamping their troops without the walls. The inhabitants of Cirencester, loyal to the powers that then were, attacked the traitor noblemen in their town, and after much confusion the scene ended by the public execution of the lords.

Cirencester was not *loyal* to King Charles; the Parliament considered the town the key of Gloucestershire from its strength, and took great pains to secure it. Prince Rupert invested it, and a severe contest ensued in which the royalists were victors, and the town being given up to plunder, friends and foes suffered in the *melée,* as more than once happened when that bold and wild son of the fair Queen of Bohemia commanded. The town was afterwards retaken by Lord Essex, and suffered not a little by thus frequently changing hands.

Gloucestershire shared the common fate of England, during the fatal civil wars between the King and Parliament, and scarcely one of its towns but was taken and retaken; every new seizure,

"brushing its brightest hues away."

The termination of the siege of Gloucester was fatal to the royal cause, which never afterwards revived. The Earl of Essex had literally fought his way from London to Gloucester, resolved to bring relief to the distressed town, which an army of thirty thousand men were besieging. He succeeded in raising the siege, and entered a town so ruined and dilapidated that time has never been able to restore its cheerful aspect.

Legends say that Gloucestershire once produced grapes of such richness that they yielded wine equal to any France could offer; but neither in the beautiful vale of Berkeley, or Evesham, or Gloucester, can those fabled vineyards now be found, rich and luxurious as the country is; but the fields in the neighbourhood of Gloucester are so abundantly productive that they require no intervening year's fallow, yielding for centuries the same crops unimpaired, for which reason they are called "Every Year's Land."

THE HEART'S MISGIVINGS.

LINES ON THE PICTURE BY FRANK STONE.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse:

. . . . . .

"Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be,
And naming thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make."

SHAKSPEARE'S *Sonnets.*

THERE 's a languor in the air,
And a stillness all around,
The landscape wide and fair
Is in dreamy silence drown'd
The sky is blue and bright,
And all is fair to see;
But the maiden sigheth sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

The royal sun goes down
Like a bridegroom to his bower,
Flash from his golden crown
Bright beams on tree and tower;
But that scene of summer splendour,
Though so beautiful to see,
She heeds not, but sighs sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

Like as snow her forehead white,
Dark her hair as raven's wing,
Bright her eyes as stars of light,
Sweet her lips as flowers of spring:
Quick her breathing heaves her bosom,
Like the throbbings of the sea,
And she sighs again more sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

Against the old stone wall
She leans with clasped hands,
Nought to her that castled hall,
Nought to her these wide-spread lands;
For on the youth that 's near her
She gazes fixedly;
But she sighs, and thinketh sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

He sits, while *she* doth stand,—
He laughs, *her* eyes grow dim,
He sees that only on his hand,
She sees but only him:—
A hawk is on his hand,
And a dog is at his knee,
And the maiden sigheth sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

"No! he careth not for me,
Though my heart is all his own;
Since I saw him ne'er 'twas free,
And 'tis his, and his alone!
'Tis no slight thing or unstable,
'Tis no trifle that I 've given;
For my *life* to him I 've trusted,
And he is now my heaven!

"Pure as that sky above,
With not a cloud to dim,
Is the pure and holy love
That I have shrined in him;
But he laughs whene'er I tell him
That like this my love can be."
And once more she sighed sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!

"Oh! he little thinks the anguish
His unconcern can bring,
Or deems the heart can languish
In life's first early spring,
But thinks that merry girlhood
Must *ever* thoughtless be."
And again she sighed sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

"When he speaks mine eyes do glisten,
And I feel a burning glow
Come o'er me as I listen
To the voice so well I know.
When he comes I know his footstep,
And I thrill with ecstacy!
But"—she paused, and sighed sadly,
"He careth not for me!"

"No! his hound, his steed, his bird,
To him are dearer far,
And no reproachful word
Shall his youthful pleasures mar.
Yes! these my heart's misgivings
Shall not damp his happy glee"—
But the maiden sighed sadly,
"Ah! *would* he 'd care for me!"

Down went the royal sun,
And the purple twilight came,
And the stars rose one by one,
Still the maiden gazed the same!
But unmoved by twilight hour,
That "hour of love", was he,
And the maiden sighed sadly,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

There 's a languor in the air,
All around 's in dreamy rest,
And love is everywhere
Save in *his* youthful breast:
More entranced with his hawk
Than that maiden fair is he,
And her heart's misgiving is,
"Ah! he careth not for me!"

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THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

"FLANEUR.—A busy lounger; an industrious idler; an observing street-tramper; a peripatetic philosopher of the *pavé;* a wisdom-seeking wanderer about the world."—*Dictionary of common usage, not of the French Academy.*

Carnival gaiety.—Observance of Lent.—Longchamps.

ONE of the finest opportunities of studying the Parisian people, in all the exercise of their much vaunted gaiety, is the Carnival—much vaunted, indeed, but as unlike the essence of true gaiety as it is possible to conceive! What a decrepitude there is in all their animation—what a cold-bloodedness in their fever—what a lifelessness in their uneasy movement! It is a pale, unnatural intoxication, it is not gaiety. Whether this vaunted gaiety ever did exist in a people, excitable, it is true, but excited only by strong doses, like an habitual opium-eater, is a question. The French have always told the whole world how gay a people they are, but have they not also boasted to the whole world of the charms of their *belle France,* until the whole world has adopted the epithet? And who has travelled throughout the country, who has not sought in vain those charms which should deserve this praise for excellency? Have they not dinned into the ears of the whole world that they are the politest people on the face of the earth? And who has lived among them, who has not sought in vain, in all ranks, the true courtesy of which they make so extravagant a boast? When we find so little of these loudly proclaimed qualities in the present, we are naturally led to doubt their existence in the past. The French were always, as they remain, the vainest and most conceited nation in Europe: and may we not reasonably suppose that, from generation to generation, they have trumpeted forth their gaiety as their politeness, with so loud "a clarion's bray" that they have stunned the civilized world into a belief of their pretensions, thus incessantly, thus noisily asserted? But be that as it may, their gaiety of the present, their gaiety of the Carnival in Paris, that season, if any there be, of their gayest gaiety, appears to the observer, who does not himself madly plump into the whirlpool with his eyes shut, like the galvanization of a corpse—a frightful, convulsive, spasmodic semblance of life.

The dancing season of the *beau monde* at Paris, is the dancing season of every capital. Balls are balls all the world over, saving that in Paris they glitter with a brighter radiance of light, and are adorned with a truer elegance of toilet. But the gaiety of which we speak is the gaiety of the whole city, the gaiety of the *bals masqués,* the gaiety of the *bal de l'Opera,* to say nothing of the hundred other abysses of dissipation, which yawn nightly for their food throughout the capital. Enter the vast and brilliant theatre of the French opera about an hour after midnight, on the occasion of a *bal masqué.* What a conglomeration of high and low is there assembled. Peers of France, rich young patricians, politicians, men of letters, men of business, students, and *employés,* are mixed with robbers, adventurers, prostitutes, women of the lowest degradation. What a scene in that vast "hall of light!"

what an awful scene of tumultuous madness! To describe it were impossible; it would be in vain to attempt to describe the indescribable. The wildest picture of "Hellfire," Brueghl must grow pale before such a chaos of extravagance. A temptation of St. Anthony, by Teniers, is not a tenth part so sublimely burlesque. An avalanche, a whirlwind, Mazeppa on his wild horse, Leonora's spectre-lover on his spectre-steed, are less overwhelming in their course, than are those torrents of dancers, frantic with the intoxication of their forced excitement, as they rush on, like noisy phantoms, in the *grand galop*. The stranger gazes with staring eyes and gaping mouth upon this shrieking Pandemonium, when he intrudes upon it for the first time. He is awe-struck; it is an apparition in a fever fit, a mad-house broke loose upon the world, a witches' sabbath, a demon's holiday. The thousand gas-lights in the *salle* grow pale with dust, and cast an unearthly, infernal, lurid glare: and the demons of folly pass him in endless whirl, pushing, driving, hurrying, turning, retreating, coming, going, dashing on—forwards—forwards, and never stopping; whilst the gong clashes, and the drum beats, and the trumpets blow, and the implacable orchestra hurries them on, quicker, and quicker, and quicker, leaving no time to breathe!

What are the costumes of this wild herd? Those of the females, for the chief part, are more or less fantastic transformations of male attire, emblems of their emancipation from the controul of all custom or morality. Those of the men hideous combinations of every most heterogeneous article of dress of every age or clime, if they be not composed merely of the filthiest rags, all tacked together without sense, meaning, or even humour; emblems again of the pell-mell confusion of principle, creed, and opinion in their wearers, if indeed they have any, or if, like the rags, whatever opinion, creed, or principle they may have once possessed be not worn down to the last rottenness of degradation. Shortly after the revolution of July, the free-spoken, cynical, unprincipled, deformed, voluptuary, the hunchback Mayeux, was the personification the French themselves created as the type of their own state of society. Then followed, hand in hand, the ruffian Robert Macaire, and his attendant imp, Bertrand, the owner of the galleys; the hideous illustrations of an age of the most flagrant effrontery in swindling speculation, and cheating Joint Stock Companies, and gambling upon 'Change, and all the thousand schemes for robbing with an honest face. But these personifications, odious as they were, had wit, and satire, and sense, and reason in them, when compared with the brawling, tossing, screaming, slang-shouting vulgar Chicard, or his brother Balochard, or whatever be their hundred names, drawn from the people's dregs, which barefacedly parade their rags, perfumed of the pot-house and the dung-heap, in the face of the public.

And what is their dance? The pantomime of animal passion in its most ignoble and decrepid form; the shuffling, shivering, dance of impotence, with all the indecency and none of the voluptuousness of the dances of the east. Controlled, perhaps, in its last out-break, by the vigilance of the agents of police, who are stationed for that especial purpose, and have to judge, if they can, where licence ends and cynical effrontery begins, but not the less hideous and terrible. And this is their gaiety!

But let us spare our eyes and ears, and hurry away from this pell-mell scene of confusion, and these shrieks of delirious clamour in the

salle. In the corridors, that surround the boxes of the theatre, and in the *Foyer* we shall find another compact crowd of men in every-day dress, and a legion of masked female dominos; the men, for the most part, seeking *piquantes aventures,* which they never find; the women, their interest, even if that interest be but a supper after the vain toils of the evening. Formerly, the masked balls of the French opera were closed to the more vulgar crowd, and were reserved to the higher classes as a stage on which they could engage in scenes of adventure and intrigue: but in this state of things there was, or was supposed to be, an opportunity for the display of cleverness and *piquant* conversation, which shed a false charm over the assembly. Even in the present day, it is true, a French lady, perhaps of the highest rank, will now and then still take advantage of the mystery of a piece of black velvet or satin over the face, and mix without blushing, among females of any or every class, in order to satisfy her curiosity, or to follow up the faintest semblance of an adventure, in tormenting a male acquaintance with any little secret, stolen—her *femme de Chambre,* or her *cicisbeo* best know how. But the scene, for the greater part, if not one of open debauchery, towards the end of the evening, is one of squeezing, suffocating, heel-treading, dawdling *ennui.* And this again is gaiety!

If gaiety be not there, in the gayest scene of all, let us seek it in the streets, and in the popular crowds that throng them on the Mardi-Gras. What shall we find there? The pavement of the Boulevards teems with the outscourings and overboilings of all ranks and classes who are pushing, jostling, and swearing along, probably thinking themselves of a necessity happy, because the day is a so-called day of pleasure. But the gaiety is not there. The principal streets are lined with long rows of carriages, regulated into rank and file by important municipal guards, and wearily and at foot's pace following each other's tails. But the gaiety is not there. This hurrying, flowing, bubbling, stream of men, and vehicles, and horses is relieved in its monotony by a few fancy flowers that float along it—here and there a few shouting masqueraders in tawdry dresses on foot, or on horseback, or in carriage or cart. Is the gaiety there? Whence come the chief part of these few clamorous demonstrators of a people's frank and careless gaiety? From the pay of the police. This is the comedy of a people's happiness, got up by superior order, in order to make the world believe in its reality—a petty police manœuvre—a miniature imitation of the vast theatricals, said to have been so neatly executed in Russia, where fancy cottages were knocked up as scenes, and pastoral peasants were decked out in gay attire, to play at the "make-believe" of a people's welfare and content. Government, it may be supposed, is government everywhere—police, police. But here it is the public that has to be duped, and not the autocrat. The system is as old as ancient Rome. The French recognise the principle of giving the people *panem et circenses* to keep them quiet. But however dear, tough, or scanty, the *pains* may be, certainly the *circenses,* those at least of the Mardi-Gras, are a most "flat, stale, and unprofitable" affair. But here we must leave the picture of true *Parisian gaiety,* without touching upon the hideous scene presented by the famous *Descentes de la Courtille,* the culminating point of a people's orgies—the scene of dirt, and slovenliness, and obscene blasphemy. There is no need to dip our pen into the gall and filth necessary to treat of it. Lent is now at hand: and to mark the observance of Lent in Paris we must turn our eyes to the upper classes of society, where,

almost exclusively, Lent is ostentatiously observed, if it be observed with any demonstration at all.

A foreigner, launched into the vortex of the "world" would, at first, find some difficulty in discovering any difference between the unrestricted pleasures of the season preceding Lent, and the supposed rigidities of that period of abstinence and penance. Let it be remembered ever, that we are perfectly aware how many true and pure consciences there also are that retire into their chambers, "not to be seen of men," and fulfil their duty of obedience to the church—one of their first duties; and that in what follows we speak only of the "world" in general. A nice discrimination would be, indeed, necessary to obtain an insight into the treaties of conscience, relative to matters of one waltz, more or less, established in the minds of your fashionable devotees, who vow not to dance above a certain quantity of dances at one ball, by way of mortification, and rigidly keep their vow; or in the capitulation made with their appetites, as to the hour, before or after midnight, when sandwiches may be eaten, and Champagne drank, with the required degree of abstinence, necessary to work out their salvation. These are the elegant worshippers in the shrines of St. Thomas d'Acquin, or Notre Dame de Lorette, who rack their brains to know how they may contrive to split the difference between heaven and a ball, and cheat the church of its due with easy conscience; and to follow them in all the mazes of their reasoning would be a wild-goose chase.

To a general observer, the Catholic Lent in Paris, except in as far as it be kept as a matter of party ostentation by the devout legitimists of the Faubourg St. Germain, appears to be considered as an utter anomaly in an age of worldly calculation, and indifference to matters of faith—an age in which men no longer dine according to their consciences, but according to their purses, and in which the rich, at most, will act the comedy of securing the salvation of their souls with ease to their bodies, and prove the triumph of the financial aristocracy of the age, by buying a dispensation. The *Abbé* of a former *régime*—a person in times past of so much fashionable importance, who, in the age of that strange mixture of religion and debauchery, the Eighteenth Century, when piety was first a matter of policy, and afterwards a matter of fashion, read his sermon on one day, and his new play the next, and borrowed his friend's carriages to form a crowd at the church-door, or posted *claqueurs* at the street-corners to vaunt his fame,—has now been forced to seek refuge in the *salons* of the great *soi-disant* religious world; and gleans his scanty honours from the select few of the *boudoir* of some sanctimonious old dowager, who gives a *matinée préchante.* Ancient Duchesses, who at last acknowledge that their time of retreat is come, and now proclaim the "vanity of vanities" in all sublunary things, are known to send out cards of invitation to their friends—for a sermon. On such and such a day Monsieur l'Abbé de * * * * —of course some noble name, will preach at such and such a house. The pious bill of the play is drawn up: the principal actor's name is put upon the bill; and fair frail sinning souls struggle for front boxes. At Notre Dame, or St. Sulpice, it is true, when some philosophical paradoxical preacher mounts the pulpit, the church will be crowded with young men, or even aspiring philosophers of the other sex, to hear strange metaphysical disquisitions and bold language. But this again is fashion. In the Faubourg St. Germain also a few popular preachers

obtain full congregations: but even there (and be it again remembered we speak not of the truly devout,) when party opposition is not the main-spring of this religious comedy, it may be found in pure earthly vanity. Young Countesses, in the newest fashions, with looks of piety well studied in the glass, collect alms in the church to show their white hands in presenting their velvet money-bag, all for "the love of *God* and charity to man:" and young heiress-hunters, turned saints upon speculation, let fall their charitable offering, at the same time that they beg for a waltz at the evening's ball, and have an opportunity of exchanging a last glance with the fair *Quêteuse*, as she continues her pious pilgrimage along the aisle, displaying her zeal and her new dress to the crowd around. Generally speaking, however, were the preacher to mount the pulpit in the most elegant, fantastic, and carpeted church in the quarter of the moneyed aristocracy of the day, the Chaussée d'Antin, he would find himself deserted for the Bois de Boulogne, or the last steeple-chase got up by the Jockey Club; and, were he even to find an audience, he would discover that to touch upon the veritable sore of the corruption of the age, he must not preach, as formerly, against the seductions of the world and too soft hearts, but against speculations and railway shares, and too soft shareholders.

Towards its latter half, the Catholic Lent of Paris assumes a somewhat more rigorous aspect. Good ladies no longer give balls at their own houses; but they will attend the gayest *soirées* of the heretic foreigner. Perchance they will not dance; but, of a surety, they will sit and display their own dresses, or criticise those of their dear friends, and listen to soft words, and give soft looks, and decorously observe the form of not moving their feet to the sound of music, however much their ears may drink in "the melting strains;" and concerts, morning and evening, are the order of the day.

How strange a contradiction also is the observance of the *Mi Carême*, the day of Mid-Lent. Formerly, a day set apart by the indulgence of the church, for some relaxation from a convenient exercise of the mortifications of fast and penance, which might affect the health of the devotee in too strong a degree, it has now become another opportunity for extra riot and debauchery among the people—and by the word "people" we do not mean the *plebs* alone: when the Carnival scene of the Mardi Gras is once more acted over in its tumult of crowded streets, dirty screaming masks, and strings of carriages, and all the other above numerated demonstrations of false gaiety; when the Parisian, as if unable to bear any longer even the seeming restraints of a make-believe Lent to the end, bursts out again into fresh saturnalia, stolen, as it were, by contraband licence.

At length the last days of Lent draw nigh—the days of mourning in the Catholic church—the anniversary of the sufferings and death upon the cross of the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD. And how are they observed in Catholic Paris? In a fresh display of vanity, ostentation, and, in latter years, money-getting speculation.

The Holy Week, the Passion Week of the Protestant Church, in all Christian communities the time of penance and prayer, is openly solemnized in Paris, in "good society," as in all society, by holiday drivings, and loungings about the streets for the sake of parading new carriages, new fashions, new wealth, new absurdities. The churches, it is true, deck themselves with dark mourning hangings, and invite the best singers from the theatres to sing mournful music in them.

The public concerts are performed—well or ill, as it may happen—the sacred compositions of the old masters; and even, *mirabile dictu*, the theatres are closed, for one day, if not for two. But it is impossible for the Parisian to support even this semblance of severity without striving to mitigate it, or to gild it over by the contrast of its worldly amusements. No tragedy of history, no horrors of revolution, no political convulsion, in past, present, or future, has ever been able to tear out from the Parisian soil, its deeply rooted thoughtlessness of folly: why then should religious observance? No! this time of religious mourning and woe must be celebrated as a profligate heir might be supposed to celebrate the anniversary of his father's death,—by spreading festive flowers and drinking Champagne over his grave.

The name of "Longchamps" given to this three-days' promenade, the principal and fashionable day of which is on Good Friday, has been derived from the performance of a pilgrimage in ancient days to a holy shrine, situated in a spot of that name, at the extremity of what is now the Bois de Boulogne. But the religious pilgrimage has now become a mere *corso* without a thought of religion—a mere congregation for idle habit, or the gratification of an ill-gratified curiosity—an occasion when the Parisian seems eager to proclaim his sense of enjoyment at the prospect of a speedy escape from the rigours of Lent, as if he really kept it! But these are times when the Sunday, for the greater portion of the great city, at least, is a holiday and not a Holy Day—when churches are built for the short-lived immortalization of men, not for the eternal praise of the Divinity; when service is attended from fashion, not from piety; when the sermon is a lecture on philosophy, not an exposition of doctrine or morality. Of what is holy, man has here made an object of amusement; the deep mysteries of Christianity are forgotten in thoughts of childish frivolity. In religion the halo of ancient reverence has vanished as it has vanished in monarchy. Devotion and majesty are alike but words; and people play like children with bells and consecrated tapers as they play with crown and throne.

The principal object of the present promenade of Longchamps is the display of the new fashions of the spring season; and if the skies do not permit themselves the malicious amusement of disturbing the pleasures of this new worldly pilgrimage, as if in token of heaven's displeasure, by wind and rain, Parisians of all ranks and classes may be found on Good Friday, thronging the Champs Elysées, in carriages and four, with or without outriders, in coaches, *fiâcres*, carts,—all joining pell-mell in the confusion of vehicles—all alike eager to see and to be seen, whilst the side promenades are no less filled with pedestrians, employed in the self-same laudable occupation. In the matter of carriages and horse-flesh, however, the brilliancy of Parisian display does not shine when in comparison with the Parks or Pratos of other great capitals. This is decidedly not the most brilliant side of Paris fashionable life; and the most striking equipages may be generally found to belong not to the Parisian, but to some wealthy Spanish or Hungarian nobleman. But it is not the great ones of the "world" who alone think themselves entitled thus to shew off. All classes of society who may have a few francs to dispose of, in their pockets, think themselves privileged to join in the honours of the show. *Fiâcres* crowded with families of *bourgeois*, and displaying some half-dozen faces at each window; strange vehicles, stranger than have been seen elsewhere

since the days of Noah's ark, full of laughing women of the lower classes, Sunday carts of the labouring classes, aye, and even skeletons of unbuilt new fashions of carriages for show, looking as much like what they are intended for as the first chalk sketch looks like the finished picture, or the ribs of a hulk in the docks like a sailing frigate—all follow hard upon the hind-wheels of the new-built carriage in all its glitter of fresh paint; the heavy coronetted coach of some old unmodernized noble family, the more modern Brougham, generally termed *demi-fortune*, the cabriolet of the "lion," or the open phaeton in which the richly dressed lady of easy virtue parades her temporary splendour and her shame. But all does not consist in the display of new dresses and new bonnets. Among the more pleasure-seeking vehicles, rolls the great advertising omnibus, its sides plastered over with placards, announcing new newspapers, larger and cheaper than heretofore ever known; and new shares in new companies, more advantageous than any schemer ever yet dreamt of, along with fresh cheese, or inimitable blacking. Trade and speculation must have their share of the parade of the day, in order to make the *ensemble* of the *tableau* complete. And why should they not? for they play the greatest share in the doings of today in grasping Paris. And in the midst of this confusion of ostentation, vanity, curiosity, and money-getting terminate the Parisian observances of the season of Lent.

The scenes of Paris in Lent ought not to be closed, however, without the remark that the different *Restaurants* of the capital are never so crowded as upon Good Friday. The mothers of families generally consider that on this great day of Catholic fast, at least, they cannot omit these observances of the religion which they themselves profess and inculcate upon their children. But the husband and father, however often he may have fasted from economical motives, is furious at the idea of eating a fast-dinner when ordained by religious dukes. Religion may be all very well, he thinks, for his wife or his children, or especially his servants, who are all the better for it; but such an obligation would weigh upon the conscience of the liberal and independent Parisian elector, who detests priestcraft in general, and the priests in particular. His Voltairian opinions, refined into the last degree of rottenness by the tirades of his favourite newspaper, tell him that he is performing a great act of philosophical courage in eating and drinking his full on a Good Friday. He goes to dine and get drunk at a *Restaurant*: and thus it is that, on this day of abstinence, all the eating-houses of Paris teem, more than any other day of the year, with coarseness and debauchery. And here I think we may drop the curtain.

DONCASTER: ITS SPORTS AND SATURNALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS."

THE Saturday, Sunday, and Monday immediately preceding the racing bring forth the multitudinous medley train following train (ordinary and special), in lengthy extent and constant succession, each bearing away its thousands. London at such time disgorges much of its immense mass of humanity. Its streets, particularly at the West-end, in their half-deserted state, silently and sensibly proclaim the change, and, like the quietude of ruined cities, tell that the great tide of life *was* once there. The trains, as they proceed on their rapid route, gather increasing multitudes at the respective stations along the line; the manufacturing towns and districts contributing largely to the mass. At the Wolverton station, fifty miles distant from the metropolis, a stay of ten minutes is allowed for refreshment; and here is afforded some opportunity to those who "read the mind's construction in the face" to speculate, though somewhat hastily, on character. The respective carriages suddenly disgorge a motley and miscellaneous group of bipeds, who rush to the *salon à manger*, and commence the work of demolition on all things substantial and condimental there displayed. Appetites appear to be at high steam pressure, and to work with most annihilating power. Extensive as is the refectory, it is usually crammed, to the impossibility of one half the number of persons getting within reach of the abundant fare provided. The party, as before observed, is of heterogeneous mixture; nobles and plebeians, gentle and simple, flat and sharp, are jumbled together in one indiscriminate mass, and in one general struggle. Could the plans, motives, and depth of design of each and all assembled be fathomed, there would be some curious disclosures as to conduct under particular forthcoming results. Betting and book-business is not lost sight of even at this interval of repast; and it is by no means unusual to hear some one or other of the indefatigable leg fraternity call out, through the half-stifled medium of a mouth pregnant with pork-pie, or other edible, for some particular wager, and as frequently to find the acceptance of the bet from a responding voice equally indistinct in sound, from the circumstance of the tongue of the respondent being at the moment under the scalding influence of hot coffee or soup. But time is up, and the crowd resume their seats, the engine again concentrates its vaporous power, and away fly the million on their destined way. Without noticing the most extensive and magnificent station at Derby, which alone is worth a journey northward, the reader may be at once introduced to the terminus at Swinton, the nearest point of approach to Doncaster. Here a most busy and interesting scene presents itself to an observer. The nobility and gentry have usually their own carriages or hired post vehicles waiting their arrival, to convey them to their place of destination; but the multitude depend on the ordinary mode of transit by public conveyance, and to some very inadequate extent they are so accommodated. On the arrival of each train, there are usually from twenty to thirty omnibusses and stages waiting for passengers; and no sooner are the doors of the train-carriages opened, than an over-

whelming rush is made for possession of a place, without choice or discrimination, in one or other of the said vehicles, the generality of which, it must be observed, are of most fearful appearance, and seem to promise the certainty of a smash in their progress to the town of Doncaster. Horses of all colours and kinds, and of every degree of capability, lame, blind, and vicious, are brought out for the occasion; while the harness appears to be the very refuse of a by-gone age,—chains, ropes, odd leather straps, and other materials, being the component parts of the whole, and put together in a fashion to defy description. But, reckless of life and limb, the hundreds hurry from the train to obtain seats; insides and outsides are crammed and overloaded to a most frightful extent; and boxes, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus are attached to the vehicles, in pendent position, from every available point, and after the most ingenious method of Yorkshire contrivance. It is no exaggeration of fact to say, that every coach leaving Swinton for Doncaster carries from twenty-five to thirty passengers, besides an alarming weight of luggage. Calmly to behold these mutilated specimens of the old locomotive conveyances on their departure from the station, the outlet from the yard of which to the main road is by a sharp turn and sudden declivity, would create terror and fright to any man whose nerves were of less stern and irresistible material than iron. Yet so strong is the ruling impulse on the occasion, that fear is absorbed in the general anxiety; and it is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the additional danger attaching to the circumstance of all sorts of coachmen being at such time in employ, and that the Yorkshire Jehus are accustomed to drive both up hill and down under the constant energy of the arm, and application of the whip, and with a total disregard for consequences, accidents have but rarely occurred. The risk of railway travelling is, however, security itself, as compared with the chances of evil threatened by these Yorkshire accommodations, the proprietors of which reap a fine harvest during the few days of ingress and egress to and from Doncaster. The charge from the station to the town is *3s. 6d.* outside, and *5s.* inside, and this fare the Yorkshire bites take especial care to draw before they budge one inch on their destined journey,—an arrangement of true conservative principle, and having strict regard to the main chance, since an upset on the road might, under a postponed settlement of accounts, leave the *solvendum ex futuro* a matter of somewhat doubtful result. Swinton affords another mode of conveyance by means of the canal, and a kind of Noah's Ark boat, of most narrow dimensions, designated by the title of an aquabus, and equal to the accommodation of about one hundred persons closely stowed therein, and on whom is imposed, for security's sake, the absolute necessity of becoming fixtures in their respective seats or positions. The slow, sure, and economical of the passengers by train, with some few of the disappointed candidates for coach transit, adopt this mode of conveyance. The charge is *1s.* for the distance (about fourteen miles). The boat is towed by horses; and, owing to the number of locks on the river, the passage is not usually accomplished under two hours (too tardy a voyage for the fast-going fraternity of the ring); but in fine autumnal weather the excursion is exceedingly agreeable, and the scenery on the banks of the river rich and beautiful. As may be imagined, the accommodations even by boat and coach are altogether insufficient to convey the thousands who are continually arriving; many hundreds are therefore obliged to make the journey on

foot. Some adopt the walk from choice. All contrive, however, by hook or crook, to reach the great sporting locality,—the renowned Doncaster.

On the afternoon of the Sunday preceding the races, the High Street of Doncaster has all the appearance of a fair, the different entrances to the town being literally choked with persons assembled to witness the fresh arrivals. The townspeople are all out in holiday suit, and regarding with interest the ingress of visitors, whose pockets are already in perspective open to the general benefit. From the Angel Inn at Baxter's Gate to Beale's (the White Hart), there is one vast concourse of persons, grouped and in motion, all intent upon the approaching business of the week. As evening approaches, the multitude move towards the Betting Rooms, situate in the centre of the town, in front of which they congregate, all eager to learn the news of the day and hour, to gape at the busy multitude assembled within the sporting Exchange, and to ascertain the state of betting on the great event; for Sunday, be it understood, though it be a forbidden day for the poor and hard-working mechanic to take recreation at variance with the orthodox and fastidious notions of aristocratic sanctity, is here recognised as a day of high change and open market for turf speculation. The day is presumed to sanctify the deed.

Monday arrives. At early dawn the town awakens to activity; about five o'clock groups of the vigilant and early-rising are seen wending their way to the exercising ground adjoining the course, in expectation to see some of the St. Leger horses taking their gallops,—an expectation which is sometimes realized, although, generally speaking, the cracks, or favourites, are kept as much as possible from public exhibition until the great day of trial.

The racing at Doncaster, until the last year, invariably commenced on the Monday, and continued throughout the week, not even exempting the Saturday in the arrangements. But the spirit of change and improvement which is in constant activity, and busy throughout all matter and space, has exercised its influence here. By the judicious arrangement of Lord George Bentinck and the Jockey Club with the corporate authorities, the racing is now most economically brought within the limit of four days in its continuance, commencing with the Champagne Stakes on the Tuesday, and ending on the Friday with the grand contest for the Cup. These alterations have taken place with due and politic regard both to the interests of the town and the convenience of visitors, and have in no way diminished the interest or importance of the sport, which has, on the contrary, assumed a more equable, decided, and substantial character, from the circumstance of the corporation having largely increased their contributions to the general racing fund, and by the fact also that additional stakes have been created, of very considerable amount in their subscriptions. The postponement of business on the course until the Tuesday was well conceived; for by it Monday becomes a *dies non*, and is open to visitors to perambulate the town, "to peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings," and expend superfluous cash, to the benefit of the industrious shopkeeper.

But the great and attractive feature of the Monday is the arrival of "*Scott's lot*," from his celebrated training establishment at Pigburn, which is said to be unrivalled throughout the kingdom. The whole town, inhabitants and visitors, are on the look-out for the advent of this

highly-favoured stud, whose approach is characterized by all the bustle and anxiety of a public pageant:

> "triumphant entries
> Of conquerors and coronation pomps
> In wonder scarce exceed."

A large concourse of curious and inquiring spectators are to be seen, at a very early hour of the forenoon, lingering about the extreme entrance of the town, on the *qui vive* to catch the first view. No sooner is their approach announced than the news spreads with electric rapidity; the Betting Rooms are suddenly emptied of the busy traffickers within, every casement is thrown open, and the multitude rush to have a peep at the northern bloods, who slowly make their way through the High Street under special escort, and through an avenue of human forms, all more or less interested in their appearance. This incident of the day affords subject for great and varied speculation, and frequently occasions very sudden change in the market; for opinion is much influenced by actual observation, and judgment so formed is frequently at variance with, and most decidedly opposed to, the notion previously entertained of a horse's power and capability from mere report, and from the false position he may have held in the betting. Favourites, under such opportunity for fair judgment, often make retrograde movement in the market, and *vice versâ;* hence the advantage of steadily and stedfastly backing a large field, uninfluenced by whisper, and unaffected by report.

On the Monday night business becomes generally brisk, and more particularly so at the Betting Rooms. These rooms are opened indiscriminately (save and except to persons of known objectionable notoriety, and to others under disqualification by non-compliance with the rules of the Jockey Club, in respect to bets and stakes), to all persons disposed to purchase admission for the week, at the subscription fee of one guinea.

The Rooms, on their first establishment, were opened by Mr. Goodared, of the Saloon, Piccadilly, in conjunction with old Harry Lee, of pugilistic renown, and a person named Black, one of the enterprising fraternity from the metropolis. The speculation turned out most favourably; so much so, that at the end of the second season it was found necessary to take more extensive and commodious premises for the accommodation of the numerous subscribers. The present establishment was the result of such necessitous arrangement. The proprietorship of the Rooms has for some years past, since the death of Black, been the subject of much litigation in the courts of law and equity. The management of the establishment is still, however, very judiciously continued in Mr. Goodared, whose long experience is unquestionably most essential to the proper conduct and success of the undertaking, and whose attention to the accommodation of his patrons is generally acknowledged to merit the support he has invariably received. The Rooms afford great accommodation, as well to sporting men as to visitors generally. They serve at once as a most convenient lounge and club resort for the week, and give great facility to the arrangement of all matters of business connected with the turf. It must be admitted that every encouragement and support is due to the enterprise of an establishment so essential to the business of the week, and generally beneficial to the town and its inhabitants; and it may be averred, without fear of contradiction, that the proprietors (one of whom, however, is said to be an undeserving

member, a notorious turf levanter, originally of the buckram and broad cloth trade, who feathered his nest pretty abundantly during a long and continuous course of successful betting, but was *non inveniendus* when the day of reverse came) realize, from the subscriptions alone, a very handsome and amply remunerating profit; the number of subscribers averaging from one thousand to twelve hundred yearly. Taking the lesser number as the probable estimate, the yearly receipt would be 1050*l.* The rent paid by the proprietory for the premises is said to be 500*l.* per annum; but this is reduced in its amount by the circumstance of the Rooms being let off for trading or warehouse purposes during ten months of the year; and, taking this reduction at the reasonable sum of 150*l.*, it would leave 350*l.* as the rent to be deducted from the subscriptions of 1050*l.*, which would give a clear surplus of 700*l.* per annum, which alone would be a large return of profit. But other sources of income and annual return are open to the proprietory, by the sale of wines, spirits, soda-water, and divers refreshments, which are in almost constant demand in the great room throughout each evening, and partially so in the day. The prices at which these articles are sold are by no means so moderate as they might be, even to secure a fair and liberal compensation for their outlay, and must, on the most moderate calculation, yield 100*l.* clear at least in the week.

But the *El Dorado*, or grand source of income and wealth to the proprietors, arises from the prolific revenue of the play or gaming-tables, of which there are usually six in constant nightly operation during the racing week. The proprietors of the Subscription Betting Rooms are not ostensibly connected in the copartnership of the banks, or in the business of the tables; but they are, nevertheless, largely interested in the successful issue of the week, as will be shown. In the first instance, it should be stated that the sum of 350*l.* or 400*l.* is *paid down* to them by the party contracting for the tables, and for the privilege of putting down the banks. This is all clear profit, paid in advance, and without any contingency; and, in addition to this apparently large sum so paid, for the mere privilege of finding capital, there is a stipulation also on the part of the proprietors of the rooms that they shall receive a considerable part or share of the whole clear profits or gains of the week accruing from the tables, and this without the risk of a single shilling by them, under any unlooked-for reverse of fortune.

Enormous and exorbitant as such terms may appear, they are eagerly embraced by the *cognoscenti* of the metropolitan gaming-house fraternity, who by experience are intimately and practically acquainted with the profitable results even of partial play, and who require no mathematical professor to demonstrate to them the absolute certainty of large beneficial proceeds where there is a constant equalization of considerable sums staked, and to which invariably attaches a regular and undeviating pull, or per centage, in their favour. For this plain and most convincing reason, the tables at the rooms never lack tenants or contractors; and, although a vast additional outlay attends the working of the tables by numerous efficient *employés* brought from town, whose travelling expenses and emoluments cannot be estimated at less than from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, a very abundant harvest is usually reaped by the party. The tables alluded to consist ordinarily of one for French hazard, one for English hazard, and three or four for roulette, all of which are usually in operation during six or eight hours each night on an average, and

yield an enormous result of certain profit in their working. The French hazard game is played as in London, but under greater degree of certainty in its successful issue, by reason that the players are, beyond all comparison, more numerous, and better provided with the *materiel.* They do not all speculate one way, but are more divided in their venture, so as nearly to equalize the amount of money opposed to the bank, by which equalized system of risk by the players the banker is secured his full estimated and constantly-occurring beneficial per centage, without any loss or gain resulting from the chance principle of play.

The English hazard table is provided for the accommodation of the old school and its modern disciples,—amateurs of the fine old royal game, as it is termed,—at which persons are indiscriminately opposed to each other, in preference to a general contest with the bank. Old and experienced calculators invariably patronise this game, not only because they can adopt a system of play evasive of all the pulls or disadvantages opposed to a player at French hazard, but because they can by such particular system of setting the caster, as it is called, secure to themselves that advantage (about fourpence in the pound) which is ceded by the player to the banker at the French game. These old stagers and practitioners (of whom the late Crockford was one of the most successful) never by any chance *take the box*, because such proceeding would neutralize the advantage otherwise obtained by setting the castor. They therefore observe one steady and unchangeable system of opposition to the box-hand,—that is to the operations of the person throwing the dice,—and, although it frequently happens that extraordinary chance events occur, to the temporary defeat of the calculated and certain advantage under which they play, yet the common ultimate result must be a vast increase of capital. The English hazard-table has usually a crowd of devotees at its shrine, not merely on account of the preference stated, but for the reason that it receives a great additional number of players from the surplus multitude vainly seeking place and accommodation at the French table.

The business of the English game is under the immediate management and direction of a person who is denominated "*The Groom-porter,*" who presides at the table, and whose legitimate duty is to regulate the bets and stakes made between the caster, or person throwing the dice, and the setter, or person directly opposed to him. The caster is, in fact, under his immediate and special protection for the time being. All by-bets or arrangements between other parties than the caster and setter do not come within the absolute decision or control of the groom-porter, nor is he bound in any way to interfere in respect to them. He is, however, frequently appealed to by the joint consent of disputing parties, and in such cases his decision is final. The profit resulting to the proprietors of this table arises not out of any calculated per centage in the working of the game, but from a contribution levied on every player (box-taker) who is fortunate enough to throw on three mains, or win three times consecutively. The sum so levied for every such successive occurrence at Doncaster is one sovereign, and in its aggregate produces a very considerable sum; for it is calculated, and that on estimates within the limit of actual occurrence, that the average result of such contributory events is eight per hour, which, taken through the continuous play of ten hours each night (and it is frequently of much longer duration), would yield a profit of 80*l.* per night, or nearly 500*l.* during

the week. This is clear profit to the proprietors of the rooms, because there is no risk of capital required; the mere use of the table is all the accommodation given for the heavy contributions levied; and the English hazard-table does not therefore come within the contract between the proprietors of the Subscription Rooms and the parties farming the tables.

The duty of the groom-porter is arduous, and requires a quick and ready head, as well to regulate the transactions between the parties as to detect and to defeat the frequent attempts at fraud by knaves and tricksters to stake less than their just proportion. For this protective vigilance he is customarily, and very deservingly, compensated by a gratuity, or fee, from every hand that has the good fortune to throw in six mains, or win six times in succession. The usual douceur is a guinea; but it sometimes happens that very large sums of money are risked by the players, and in these instances it is not unusual for the winning hand to give five or ten pounds to the groom-porter at the table. On the occasion of six mains being thrown, favours or fees are sometimes extended to the waiters who attend the table, and who are always ready with their technical refresher of "Six mains, your honour," under any apparent forgetfulness of the custom by the fortunate caster.

There is an immense difference between the quiet arrangements of the French hazard-table and the noise and uproar of the English. At the former, nothing is required of the player but to place his money in a particular position on the table, and wait the event of loss or gain without the necessity of a word. At the English game every man is heard at the top of his voice, in loud challenge for the particular bet he desires to make, as thus: "The caster 's in, for five pounds."—"Done."—"I 'll bet fifteen to ten."—"What 's the main and chance?" cries another.—"Seven to five," is the response. Then again: "I 'll take on doublets the caster throws the nine before the five for ten pounds,"—and divers other exclamations, all having reference to the events of the game, but perfectly unintelligible to a novice, and in the confusion of tongues resembling more the jargon of the news-boys in Catherine Street, when they meet to clear their respective surplus papers, than any other sounds to which it can find semblance. Disputes and wranglings, too, are constantly occurring between by-betters, or persons having no immediate recognition with the ring, but most frequently so from attempts made by sharpers to deny their engagements, or to shift and reverse their bets, so as to accommodate them to the result of the throw,—a practice too frequently resorted to with success by a host of evil spirits, who are constantly on the *qui vive* to impose on the inexperienced, and to bully them into submission to their knavish designs. These fellows now and then, however, catch a Tartar in the person of some determined gentleman, whose mild and quiet demeanour may have been no true index of his proper and determined spirit under insult and offence, or of some rough unceremonious Yorkshireman, who at once opens his mind on the attempt, and either inflicts summary punishment, or threatens no very mild consequences on any repetition of the attempt.

The roulette tables, of which there are ordinarily four in full work from the hour of eight in the evening until two or three on the following morning, yield a still higher rate of profit in the continually resulting per centage of the game to the banker. Roulette, as originally played, consists of thirty-six numbers, marked in respective order on a green

cloth which covers a long table. These numbers correspond with those marked in a cylinder, or wheel, which is divided into so many compartments, coloured alternately red and black, and separated by small intervening pieces of brass. Within the cylinder, or wheel, a small ivory ball is turned simultaneously with, but in opposite revolution to, the wheel itself, and the impetus given to the ball being exhausted, it falls into one or other of the compartments so numbered, and coloured as before described. The lodgement of this ball is at once decisive of the whole game, and determines all the various risks and speculations in relation thereto, that is to say, it is declaratory of the winning number and colour—the events of odd or even, under or over, and the many other diversified and interesting points which the game embraces. The game itself is one of great attraction to the speculating crowd; but its pull, or per centage against the player, is greater by a difference of above four per cent. than that which operates against him at hazard, the former being five and one-half, the latter one and one-fourth only. Such a power, certain in its occurrence, must be irresistible in its consequence; and when it is considered that its influence is constantly operating to the disadvantage of the player, and to the benefit of the banker, through eight or ten hours' play each night, and that on large amounts, disposed of by events continually succeeding each other, and occupying respectively no more than two or three minutes in decision, it is impossible to err in the conclusion that a very enormous profit must result to the gaming-table contractors, and thereout a large proportionate dish, or toll, to the proprietors of the Betting Rooms, by virtue and under the terms of the contract. Taking every remunerating source of revenue into fair estimate and consideration, the property of the Subscription Betting Rooms cannot, under present patronage and support, be worth less than 2500*l.* per annum clear income. The two past seasons have been particularly successful.

Resuming the subject of the racing preparations, the arrival of Tuesday is announced, and with it the commencement of sport. The race of the day in point of interest is the Champagne Stakes, and usually brings out several promising nags. The race-course at Doncaster is considered one of the first and most favoured in England: its fine open position and convenient range permit the spectator an almost uninterrupted view of the race from the starting-point to the winning-post. With the exception of a gentle rise and corresponding descent, at the distance of about half a mile from, and immediately opposite to the betting-stand, all is a perfect circular level, and kept in most excellent order and condition by the corporation of Doncaster, to whom the property belongs, and by whom was erected thereon the grand stand, a handsome and capacious building, equal to the accommodation of some thousands of persons, and producing yearly a very handsome return. The accommodation of the betting-stand is open to all visitors, (except as before excepted, as the lawyers say,) under payment of one guinea for a ticket to admit during the week; and the receipts are said to average 2000*l.* per annum. The last year (1845) considerably exceeded this amount. There are several stands of inferior note on the course, in the rear of the grand building, and which command a tolerably fair view of the race; and, in conjunction with them, a long range of booths and drinking-shops, affording good and extensive accommodation to the hungry and thirsty of the assembled visitors.

HENRY VIII.

THE DISSOLUTION OF MONASTERIES.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE four volumes of "Original Letters illustrative of English History," recently given to the world by Sir Henry Ellis, "contain much interesting information on a subject of daily increasing interest,—the dissolution or rather the destruction of the monastic edifices, the ruins of which are places of pilgrimage to the architect and the antiquary. Few indeed can wander amid the deserted and desecrated walls of our ruined abbeys, without doubting whether religious feeling, however perverted, or honest enthusiasm, however stimulated, could have prompted the wanton destruction of which the traces are visible around them. The trees that spring up from the mouldering masses, the weeds that wave as in mockery on the ruined walls, the toad sheltering under the broken altar, and the owl hooting through decayed galleries, are humiliating realities, when contrasted with the recollections of a time, when a dim religious light streamed through storied windows; when the cloisters echoed to the tread of pilgrims urged to pious reflection by every surrounding association; and when the pealing anthem or the voices of the monastic choir were heard through the dim mysterious aisle. Doubtless gross abuses had crept into the monastic system; there were no doubt crimes in the cloister and vices in the cell; vows of poverty were often forgotten in luxury; and the obligations to celibacy were slighted by those who had promised more than natural instinct allowed them to perform. Still it is hard to believe that all were bad, or that anything like universal depravity prevailed.

There are cases where wealth is a crime. "It is cause and quarrel enough to bring a sheep to the shambles that he be fat:" such is the judicious aphorism which old Fuller sets forth as an historical canon to guide the judgment when called to decide upon the accusations brought against any wealthy individual, order, or community. The Russians have a different form of the proverb, which says, that bears are never so keenly baited as when their skins bring a high price in the market. Whether we regard Henry VIII., the royal destroyer of English monasteries, as the butcher of fat sheep, or the hunter of valuable bears, we cannot avoid perceiving that mean and mercenary motives were largely mingled with his zeal for the suppression of abbeys and religious houses; and the volumes before us contain abundant evidence that his subordinate agents were chiefly actuated by sheer cupidity. It is not our purpose to enter into any general examination of the character of Henry VIII. or the policy of his reign, whether public or private; the spectacle of a profligate king, a servile nobility, and a quiescent people, is no pleasing object of contemplation; we could wish that the annals of the English Nero were blotted from our history, were it not desirable that those who have derived enormous wealth from the lavish grants of the tyrant should be reminded that they are bound to atone in some way to the country for the means by which that wealth was originally obtained.

Though Henry obtained from papal adulation the proud title of Defender of the Faith, yet long before Anne Boleyn's charms had raised conscientious scruples regarding the legality of his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, or the Pope's delay in granting him a divorce had

inclined him to listen to the less rigid connubial law of Luther and Cranmer, we find him making large demands on the clergy, and extorting from them heavy expenses, under the pretext of affording them some opportunity of exercising hospitality. In or about the year 1520, we have a letter from Archbishop Warham to Cardinal Wolsey, complaining that "a servant of the King's grace is come to Canterbury at the commandment of the King's council (as he saith) to have stabling for the King's horses to be kept at livery within the monastery of my church of Canterbury."* It would appear that the royal horses long continued to be the worst enemies of the monks, for just before the final dissolution, honest Bishop Latimer complained that it was a monstrous thing that abbeys which were ordained for the comfort of the poor should be kept as stables for the King's horses. "What hast thou to do with horses?" asked a noble courtier, possessing the proper zeal for the progress of reformed doctrines, "horses be the maintenance and part of a king's honour, and also of his realm, wherefore in speaking against them you are speaking against the King's honour."† Archbishop Warham was as much alarmed at the menaced visit of the royal horses as by the appearance of Lutheran doctrines in the University of Oxford, of which he was chancellor. Indeed, when his letters on these subjects are compared, there will be found greater eagerness to save oats in Canterbury than to preserve the faith at Oxford. On the former question he writes, "I trust verily that your Grace, for the great devotion that your Grace oweth to Christ's church and to the blessed martyr Saint Thomas (à Becket), will be contented of your goodness to put some remedy that no such charges be endured."‡ In the complaint of heresy he is anxious to throw the chief blame on the University of Cambridge, and to prevent any such public inquiry as would raise suspicion against the orthodoxy of Oxford.§ But Warham was no friend to the monks when they interfered with him and his clergy; he vehemently denounced the abuse of impropriate tithes, a subject to which public attention has of late been painfully directed, and in reply to the royal request for a loan from the clergy of Kent, wrote as follows:—"Please it your Grace to understand that I have assembled eleven deaneries next adjoining to Canterbury and to the sea-coasts, and perceive them very well minded to this loan, as it becometh the King's subjects to be. But the substances of their goods is not correspondent to their good mind. A more poor sort of so great a number in the clergy a man cannot lightly see; and as I can perceive, the cause is forasmuch as all the chief benefices be appropriated to religious houses, and to the exhibition of the vicars is so small a portion assigned that they can scantly live withal. And if there be any good vicarage, divers of the said religious houses obtain dispensation of the apostolic see, to keep them in their own hands, and be served by religious men (monks), and so they have almost all good parsonages and vicarages in their hands."‖ In conclusion, the archbishop recommends an examination of the value of the benefices possessed by the monasteries, that they should be assessed in their proper proportions to the loan.

The archbishop clearly felt no small portion of the jealousy which

* Ellis, i. 225.
† Latimer's Sermons.
‡ Ellis, i. 229.
§ Ellis, i. 239.
‖ *Ib.* ii. 31.

has always existed between the regular and secular clergy in the Latin church. In remitting to Wolsey an impostor monk, he speaks very calmly of the suppression of the monastery of Sutton (probably Sebton), in Suffolk, falsely attributed to the Cardinal, noting only that the neglect to make provision for the expelled monks had caused "an evil rumour and bruit in these parts."* But it is doubtful whether Warham would have escaped the fate of Fisher and More had he not died in 1532, for he was a firm believer in the revelations of Elizabeth Barton, "the maid of Kent," for whom he thus vouches in a letter to Wolsey: "Please it your Grace, so it is that Elizabeth Barton, being a religious woman (nun), professed in St. Sepulchre's of Courtopscet, a very well-disposed and virtuous woman, as I am informed by her sisters, is very desirous to speak with your Grace personally. What she hath to say, or whether it be good or ill, I do not know."† The archbishop must have committed himself more deeply to this imposture, for his memory is very severely treated in the act of attainder.

Anne Boleyn appears to have been patronized by the Cardinal in the early part of her career, for Heneage writes to Wolsey: "This day as the King was going to dinner, mistress Anne (Boleyn) spake to me and said she was feared your Grace had forgotten her, because you had sent her no token with Forest."‡ But she soon discovered that he was the great obstacle to her promotion, and therefore took an active part in effecting his ruin. From the letter of Richard Lyst, a lay brother of the Observants at Greenwich, it appears that his order strenuously resisted the King's divorce from Catherine, and Lyst appears to have acted as a spy for the Boleyns on the rest of his brethren. Writing to Anne, as yet only Marchioness of Pembroke, he says, "The prosperous grace, comfort, and consolation of the Holy Ghost be with your Grace now and ever for a meek salutation at this time. Most honourable, I wrote unto your Grace of a certain chance happened among us here, and since that time I have sent the King's grace and also my Lord your father word thereof, privily, by Dr. Goodryche, the effect of the foresaid matter, and so I understand now that your Grace hath knowledge of all the whole matter also. Howbeit I have great marvel that the matter is so slenderly looked upon as yet."§ He adds, "By the reason that I have some learning and intelligence, I have often times spoken and answered in the King's cause and yours, and by the reason thereof I have suffered oftentimes rebuke and some trouble, but all that I have suffered in that cause, and for your sake, has been rather comfort and pleasure to me than otherwise, and so it should be to every true lover in the cause of his friend.

From subsequent letters to Cromwell it appears that Lyst's secret was the obstinate perseverance of Forest and some other friars in preaching against the divorce: Forest appears to have been chaplain and confessor to Catherine, and, as she had always favoured the Observants, it is not surprising that he and most of his brethren were zealous in her cause. It is certain that this opposition was one of the causes of the visitation and subsequent secularization of the monasteries. The work once commenced proceeded rapidly, for the avarice of the nobles would not have allowed Cromwell to pause, even if he were so inclined. Take as a specimen of meanness and cupidity Lord Stafford's applica-

* Ellis, ii. 84.
† *Ib.* ii. 137.
‡ Ellis, ii. 133.
§ *Ib.* ii, 247.

tion to Cromwell for the little priory of Runton. "May it please your good Lordship to help me to the priory of Runton, for which I was the first suitor, as doth appear in the bills which I have delivered to your Lordship. Howbeit I understand Sir Simon Harcourt maketh great labour for it, and without your special favour is like to attain it, whereof our Lord knoweth he hath no need. My Lord, my trust hath been and is only in your Lordship, for else I would have made other friends to have sued for me; but the good comfort that I had always of your Lordship, and the letter that Master Richard Cromwell sent me, made me to put no doubt therein, as I well know I need not if it should please your Lordship to speak but one good word to the King's Highness for me. I have twelve poor children on my hand, and my living not as good by forty pounds a year as it hath been aforetime. And I will give as much to the King's Highness as will any man living, and your Lordship forty pounds for your favour to obtain it for me, and my service and prayer during my life."*

Sir Simon Harcourt's application was that the priory should be continued in its monastic condition, because it had been founded by his ancestors, many of whom lay buried in the priory chapel; and for this favour he offered to pay one hundred pounds to the King and one hundred pounds to Cromwell, with an annuity of twenty pounds per annum for life. But if the priory should be dissolved, he asked for a grant of it and its lands in fee farm, offering Cromwell one hundred marks for his assistance. Neither of the applicants succeeded; the site was granted to John Wiseman.

Cromwell's zeal for the suppression of idolatry was not a little quickened by his desire to possess the rich ornaments with which favourite images were adorned. Thus, when he sent for the image of our Lady of Ipswich, we find his servant lamenting that "there is nothing about her but two half shoes of silver and four stones of chrystal set in silver."† The same worthy, on receiving two other saints, complains, "There came nothing with them but the bare images;"‡ but in his next he reports richer prizes: "Sir, I have received of my fellow, William Lawson from Ipswich, our Lady's coat with two gorgets of gold to put about her neck; and an image of our Lady of gold, in a tabernacle of silver and gilt, with a feather in the top of it gold; and a little relic of gold and crystal, with our Lady's milk in it as they say. Also that came from St. Peter's a cross of silver and gilt with Mary and John, a pax of silver and gilt, a pix of silver and gilt, a chalice silver and gilt, a censer parcel-gilt, and a ship to the same parcel-gilt, two cruets of silver parcel-gilt. And thus the Holy Ghost have your Mastership in his merciful tuition."§

The reports of the Commissioners are full of scandalous details of crimes said to have been committed by friars and nuns; but wisely was it said by Peter Pindar,

> "A fox should not be of the jury
> Upon a goose's trial."

One specimen may serve to illustrate the loose evidence by which the interested calumnies of the Commissioners were supported. Dr. Legh

* Ellis, iii. 16.
† *Ib.* iii. 79.
‡ Ellis, iii. 101.
§ *Ib.* iii. 107.

writes, "Being at a nunnery here called Sopham, we found neither tolerable sort of living nor good administration there, but all far out of order. The lady there hath given a benefice, being impropriate to the house, of the yearly value of £30, to a friar, whom they say she loves well, the house not being able fully to expend £100 in all. The said friar is noted of the common rumour of all the country hereabouts, and also of all the sisters of the said house, to be naught with the prioress there. And to make you laugh, we send you a letter which is supposed, not without sure conjectures, to be sent unto her from the said friar, as in the name of a woman, although any man may soon perceive that it came from a lover. Whereby you may perceive her conversation." *

A letter from another Commissioner gives some curious particulars of his "razing" of the friars' houses. "At Reading I did only deface the church, all the windows being full of friars, and left the roof and walls whole to the King's use. I sold the ornaments and the seats in the dormitory, and certain utensils which else would have been stolen as divers were indeed. . . . . At Warwick the friars' house is without the town, an old ruinous house, and no lead but the gutters and the covering of the steeple. There I defaced the church windows and the furniture of the dormitories, as I did in every place, saving in Bedford and Aylesbury, where were few buyers. I pulled down no house thoroughly at none of the friars', but so defaced them as they should not lightly be made friaries again." † The mob, it appears, resolved in some places to have a share of the plunder. "The poor people," says the same authority, "be so greedy upon these houses when they be suppressed, that by night and day, not only of the towns but of the country, they do continually resort as long as any door, window, iron, or glass, or loose lead remaineth in any of them." ‡ Great complaints are made by the Commissioners of abbots and priors selling or conveying away the most precious part of their stores previously to being visited. Enough, however, remained to gratify cupidity, for we find that two monasteries in Canterbury, together with Coombe Abbey, yielded no less than eight hundred ounces of plate. § We were a little surprised to find that Battle Abbey was found in a most impoverished condition by the visitor: "So beggarly a house," he writes, "I never saw, nor such filthy furniture. I assure you, I would not give twenty shillings for all manner of hangings in this house, as the bearer can tell you. The vestry is the worst, and baldest, and poorest, that ever I saw. Here is one cope of crimson velvet, somewhat embroidered; one of green velvet, and two of blue, rusty and soiled. If you will have any of these, send me word. The best vestment complete that I can find you shall have, but I assure you so many evil I never saw, the stuff is like the persons."

Among the condemned images was a crucifix in South Wales, called by the common people David Darvell Gatheren. Elis Price, the Commissioner for this part of the kingdom, wrote to Cromwell respecting the image, "I have repaired to the place where Darvell Gatheren stood, and have taken the same down, according to the King's most honourable commandment and yours, which shall be carried to your Lordship with all diligence and expedition. The parson and the parishioners of the church wherein the said Darvell stood, proffered me forty pounds that the said image should not be conveyed to London; and because that I

* Ellis, iii. 118.
† *Ib.* iii. 132.
‡ Ellis, iii. 139.
§ *Ib.* iii. 185.

was nothing inclinable to these proffers and petitions, the said parson himself, and others, are coming to your Lordship, not only to make suit and labour in the premises, but also to make feigned surmise and complaint on me.* An ancient prophecy declared that this image would one day fire a whole forest. It happened that Forest, the friar of whom Lyst complained as a zealous adherent of Queen Catherine, had just at the time been sentenced to death for asserting the Pope's supremacy, and though it had previously been the custom to hang Romish recusants, Henry could not resist the temptation to act as a mighty engine of fate in the fulfilment of prophecy. The miraculous image was conveyed to Smithfield, to serve as fuel with fagots and other materials, and there, on the 22nd of May, 1539, the unfortunate monk was suspended by the armpits over the image, which being fired he was slowly burned to death; and thus the prophecy was fulfilled, that the image should consume a whole *forest*. This barbarous torture, inflicted for the sake of a miserable pun, gave great satisfaction to many of the reformers; it is lamentable to find that the venerable Bishop Latimer, who was requested by Cromwell to preach the condemned sermon, not only consented to Forest's cruel death, but even treated with flippant jesting the odious task imposed upon himself. "And, Sir," he says to Cromwell, "if it be your pleasure, as it is, *that I shall play the fool after my customable manner* when Forest shall suffer, I would wish that my stage stood near unto Forest, for I would endeavour myself so to content the people, that therewith also I might convert Forest, God so helping, or rather altogether working."† When Latimer treated with such levity the torture of a mortal body, and the salvation of an immortal soul, he little foresaw that he was sacrificing every claim to sympathy, when future changes would consign him to the same fate as the object of his unworthy derision.

Hall informs us that the following barbarous verses were set up in great letters on the stake to which the unfortunate Forest was bound:—

"David Darvell Gatheren,
As saith the Welshmen,
Fetched traitors out of hell;
Now is he come with spear and shield,
In harness to burn in Smithfield,
For in Wales he may not dwell.
And Forest the friar,
That obstinate liar,
That wilfully shall be dead,
In his contumacy
The Gospel doth deny,
The King to be Supreme Head."

The more we investigate the history of Thomas Cromwell, the clearer does it appear that he was a more rapacious, cruel, and unscrupulous minister than Wolsey himself. Layton, one of his Commissioners in the visitation of the monasteries, who had shewn little lenity in his treatment of the monastics, had made a more favourable report of the Abbot of Glastonbury than was acceptable to Cromwell, and we find him retracting his eulogy in a letter too characteristic of both parties to be omitted. "Pleaseth your Lordship to be advertised, that, whereas I understand by Mr. Pollard, you much marvel why I should so praise to the King's Majesty, at the time of the Visitation, the Abbot of Glas-

* Ellis, iii. 195. † *Ib.* iii. 203.

tonbury, who now appeareth neither then nor now to have known his prince, neither any part of a good Christian man's religion. So that my excessive and indiscreet praise that time made to my Sovereign Lord must needs redound to my great folly and untruth, and cannot be well refuted, but much diminish my credit towards his Majesty, and even so towards your Lordship, whom I most humbly beseech to consider that I am a man, and may err, and cannot be sure of any judgment to know the inward thought of a monk, being fair in worldly and outward appearance, and inwardly cankered, as now by your discreet inquisition appeareth. And although that they be all false, feigned, flattering, hypocrite knaves, as undoubtedly there is none other of that sort, I must therefore, now, at this my necessity, most humbly beseech your Lordship to pardon me for that my folly then committed, as you have done in many times heretofore; and of your goodness to mitigate the King's Highness Majesty in the premises; and from henceforth I shall be more circumspect, whom I shall commend either to his Grace or your Lordship. This shall be an experience for ever in such behalf, your Lordship therefore to continue my father in this commonwealth, as you have begun, I most humbly beseech; and that I may continue under your tuition as your most bounden and assured servant, who never had been but a basket-bearer, but only by your goodness." *

The spoliation of religious foundations had been recommended as a sure means of filling the royal exchequer, and supplying funds for the promotion of industry, education, and religion. But the property thus acquired was as lavishly squandered, as it had been iniquitously obtained, and the King had actually the conscience to ask the Parliament to grant him "a compensation for the expenses he had incurred in reforming the religion of the state;" and with this demand his servile and corrupt Parliament complied. Scarcely had this been done, when Whiting, the Abbot of Glastonbury, whom Layton had so injudiciously praised, was subjected to a second visitation, and Layton, whose wits had been sharpened by the former rebuke, "came to knowledge of divers and sundry treasons committed by the Abbot of Glastonbury," † and sent a book of charges, with the names of the accusers. Whiting was indicted for high treason, and being of course convicted, was executed with the usual barbarous formalities, in sight of his own abbey.

We may conclude this sketch with a brief notice of the fall of Cromwell himself. Henry, who, from the portrait accompanying this notice, one of the most authentic yet published, had become bloated by sensual indulgence, wished, or imagined that he wished, for a fat wife: Cromwell selected Anne of Cleves, as one who had combined good features and fair complexion with the requisite obesity; but the lady exceeded the royal standard, and Henry resolved to sacrifice his minister for his miscalculation. Cranmer mustered courage to write a letter in Cromwell's behalf, but finding the King inexorable, he turned round with the rest, and voted for the act of attainder which doomed his friend to death.

The letters collected by Sir Henry Ellis, and the valuable documents published in the great collection of the State Papers, tend greatly to lessen the character of many persons and things that have been heretofore deemed objects of national pride; we regret to be compelled to abandon those long regarded as heroes and martyrs, but ungracious truth is more valuable than pleasing error.

* Ellis, iii. 247. † State Papers.

THE TRADITION OF "THE FOLLY" AT CLIFTON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

We heard a story once of a respectable tradesman, somewhere in the country, who had an old horse that was accustomed to go round and round in a mill for the purpose of grinding some article or another used in his business; in fact, the animal never did anything else. But one day his master took it into his head to attend some neighbouring races with his family, and Dobbin was accordingly brought from the mill and promoted to the four-wheeled chaise, being his first appearance in that character for many years. But such was the habit he had acquired in the mill, that the minute his master gave the customary expression of a desire to start, the horse turned short round, and falling into his usual routine described a circle with the chaise, and then another, and another: just like one of Tourniaire's rapid act steeds, at Vauxhall, when the gentleman in flesh all-overs is making up his mind to jump over the piece of striped stair-drugget: until his owner finding that it was of no use trying to make him go in any other manner gave up the excursion in despair.

But you will say "What has all this to do with 'The Folly' at Clifton?" Just this: that the labours of a periodical writer may be in some measure compared to those of the mill-horse mentioned above; and that if he keeps going on too long without diversion, he will fall into the same jog-trot style, and never be able to get out of it. And so finding that our ideas were, so to speak, getting perfectly mouldy from want of change, we resolved upon making a rash start, and going, we scarcely knew whither, but with a determination not to leave our address in London. We invested sixpence in the purchase of a *Bradshaw;* and tried the ancient divining process of pricking the leaves with a pin. It opened at the *Great Western,* which has three pages all to itself; so cramming a few things into a curtailed carpet-bag of so miraculous a nature, that it is never so full but you can stow something else into it, we rose with the lark—or rather the ragged bird who hangs outside the second-floor window of the next house, and does duty for one—and started for Bristol.

We were somewhat early, and the terminus of a railway is not an entertaining lounge to wile away time in. When you have read the bye-laws, studied the acts appertaining to excess fares, and the lawful demands of cabs, looked at the clerks stamping the tickets in that odd apparatus that is something between a coffee-pot and a pair of nut-crackers, and seen the people get out of the omnibuses, there is not much to amuse. But at length the time came, as all time must do, if you will only have the patience to wait for it, and we took our places, in company with several passengers, who we found were obeying the common order of "Go to Bath," and proceeding there at once. By the way, can any ingenious reader inform us why Bath, Jericho, and Coventry, should be so often quoted for the involuntary transportation of disagreeable companions?

A bell—a squeal—and we are off. Deep London cuttings, and a distant view of Kensal Green; the Hanwell Viaduct, with its rich pastures below; the grey profile of Windsor Castle on the left, and then the Slough Station, where all the up-and-down lines appear to cross, and twist, and tie themselves into knots, and yet seldom bring about a col-

lision. On again! Maidenhead is passed, and the fair woods of Clifden, glorious in the noon-tide heat, and the Springs where the Windsor and Eton people have such pleasant pic-nics. Then a long, long cutting, where you see nothing for miles but a bank; then Reading—gaol, ruins, and churches, flying by, or rather, we are; rich plains and distant headlands, with the diminished Thames creeping through the green pastures here and there, until we are at Swindon, where the noble refreshment-rooms, and the pretty girls who attend them, are as much worth seeing as anything else upon the line, and well deserve the ten minutes grace allowed to hungry travellers. By the way, there were prettier girls once at Wolverton, but they have flown. We suppose they have been married off.

On arriving at the noble terminus at Bristol, which puts one in mind of Westminster Hall compressed, we climbed an attendant omnibus bound for Clifton. The flies attached to the railway form the most ludicrous collection of those vehicular insects ever known, being of all possible shapes and dimensions; but looking to the extraordinary hills they contrive to climb, they approach nearer to the common fly in their nature than any others; for we are convinced, if need were, they could go up the wall of a house. We wound through a lot of old streets, bounded by old houses, amongst which we will particularize the White Hart Inn: just such a house as you could fancy, flung back the sunlight from its lozenged casements in Chepe, in the olden time, whilst the prentices played at buckler below. Then we crossed a bridge over the Avon, which is here a dock, and got upon the quays. This part of the old city is exceedingly like an English translation of Havre; with the exception, that we miss the cockatoos, Java sparrows, shells, and monkeys, with which the latter place abounds.

After toiling up a succession of hills—dusty, shadowless, and baking—until we began to entertain doubts as to whether we were not at once going to the moon, we were deposited at an hotel at Clifton, and soon started off *à pied* to see the chief lion. This is St. Vincent's Rock—a cross-breed between the Drachenfels on the Rhine, and Windmill Hill at Gravesend, so renowned for their separate Barons, Siegfreid and Nathan. It is certainly very beautiful; but our first impressions of the Avon were not favourable, its appearance being that of dirty pea-soup. It was low water to be sure: when the tide is in there is a vast difference, but still the colour is the same. The scenery around is most lovely: it is a portion of the Rhine seen through the wrong end of a telescope, or rather a glass of very diminishing power. Far away over the hills you can trace the Severn, and beyond this the view is bounded by the blue Welsh mountains; whilst inland there are a number of equally charming prospects although of a different nature. On the opposite banks are beautiful woods, with cottages for making tea, which are always thronged with visitors, chiefly of the working classes, and a fine pure atmosphere it is for them to escape into, from the confined air of Bristol. Their great amusement is swinging—six or seven of these machines being always in motion—and the white dresses of the girls oscillating amongst the trees have a curious effect.

If you look towards the sea, you will perceive, high up on a hill, a round tower; and if you ask any native of the place what it is he will tell you it is called "The Folly." Why it is so named we are going to tell you, for of course there is a tradition attached to it. A tower without a tradition would be a public building without public discon-

tent at its design—a cab without a broken-kneed horse—a fancy ball without a King Charles or a Rochester—a burlesque without a joke upon "cut your stick"—a number of *Punch* without a funny portrait of Lord Brougham—a list of new books without one from Mr. James or Mrs. Gore; or any other unprobability. This then is the story.

In that romantic epoch which forms the middle ages between the periods of "Once upon a time," and "There was formerly a king"—the era of everything that was wonderful in the fairy chronicles—there was, one day in autumn, great feasting and revelry on a very fine estate, whose homestead rose where the tallest and oldest trees now cap the rocks opposite St. Vincent's—a leafy wig kindly furnished by nature to the bald limestone. They knew what revelry was in those days, when they really went in for it. The retainers were not bored with speeches about temperance and the wrongs of the poor man. They were all allowed to feast, and dance, and tipple, and get wonderfully drunk just as they pleased; and on this particular day they did so with a vengeance. For it was a very joyful occasion: the lady of the house had presented her liege lord with a little son and heir, after he had waited several years for the arrival of the small stranger; and so, in his joy, he presented all his household with a little sun and air as well, giving them a grand banquet on his lawn, and extending his invitations to everybody round about the country who chose to come. And a rare feast they made of it. They roasted a dozen oxen entire; and tapped more barrels of beer than all the horses of all the brewers in England could have drawn had they kindly lent them for the occasion: and after that they danced with the girls, and flustered them with such ringing kisses that the very woods echoed again; and pitched about the plates and drinking mugs so recklessly that had they been hired of a professed lender of rout glass and china, a whole year's income would not have covered the breakages. But luckily all the plates were wooden platters, and the mugs black leather jacks, so that they could have been kicked into the last quarter of the next moon without injury. In fact, the girls' hearts were the only things there that might have been ticketed "with care;" and several of these, the chronicles say, were broken outright that day.

People who are clever in legendary lore find out that many traditions have a wonderful analogy to one another. Arabia, Germany, France, and England, all lay claim to the same stories; and the Sultana Scheherazade, M. Grimm, the Countess d'Anois, and the Dowager Bunch were evidently originally all of one family, but were driven by circumstances to settle in different parts of the world. And so we do not wonder at the opening event in the present story being like a circumstance in the life of "The Sleeping Beauty"—the unfortunate omission of somebody who expected to have been invited to the birth-day festivities. This is, however, not so improbable, for we believe there never was a large party given yet but a similar mistake occurred.

However, although in the present case it was not a fairy, it was somebody equally wonderful — no less a person than an astrologer—one of those gentlemen who at the present time live in back garrets in Paternoster Row, and write almanacks, but who formerly poked about in caves and hovels and wore old dressing gowns covered with red tinsel copies of the signs on the show bottles of chemists and druggists, and cheap doctors; and studied enormous ledgers in a similar language, as difficult for common eyes to read as the writing over the door of the Chinese Collection. He was not asked because they knew

he was a wizard; and they thought that if any of them inadvertently offended him he would change the roast beef they were eating to crooked pins and tin-tacks, or carry them up on the stable brooms to indefinite heights above the level of the Avon, and then let them fall on the rocks. In fact they trusted to his not hearing anything about it.

But they forgot the party was in the country, and that in the country, then as now, everybody was sure to know what was taking place. The astrologer, who was known as the Wizard of the Sou-West, heard of it; and as he had not received an invitation, he came without. Nobody dared oppose him; he stalked through the lines of tables, and went to the end one, at which the lord of the estate, and a few exclusive friends who would have been allowed silver forks at the present day, were seated. And then, before the host could speak, he drew forth a scroll, and read as follows:—

"Twenty times shall Avon's tide
In chains of glist'ning ice be tied:
Twenty times the woods of Leigh
Shall wave their branches merrily;
In spring burst forth in mantle gay,
And dance in summer's scorching ray;
Twenty times shall autumn's frown
Wither all their green to brown
And still the child of yesterday
Shall laugh the happy hours away.
That period past, another sun
Shall not his annual circle run,
Before a *silent, secret* foe
Shall strike the boy a deadly blow.
Such—and sure—his fate shall be:
Seek not to change his destiny."

And having delivered himself of this prediction, he gave the scroll to the host, and made a bow, as though he had been presenting an address; but not waiting for any "gracious answer," stalked proudly back again to where he came from, the precise locality of which spot we cannot ascertain. The common people at the lower end of the table, thinking it was a speech, applauded lustily, without understanding it a bit, as is their wont. The lord looked very much put out, but it would not do to be "slow" on such a day before his guests; so he called for "Some more wine, ho!" and having drunk himself into utter forgetfulness of everything, determined, after the manner of many married gentlemen in similar domestic positions, to make a night of it, which process consisted in not allowing there to be any night at all.

But he thought of it, the first thing on awaking in the morning, or rather the afternoon, of the next day; and when his lady was sufficiently recovered to bear it, he told her; and although they both agreed it was all nothing, and that anybody must be daft to listen to the ravings of an impostor, they thought a great deal about it nevertheless.

* * * * * *

"Twenty years are supposed to have elapsed between the first and second parts," as the playbills say; and the heir had become the realization of a novelist's and dramatic hero. He was tall, handsome, and clever. He would have fought any odds of villains, had he seen just occasion. In the sports of the field and forest nobody could surpass him; and in winning the favour of any fair one he chose to pay his court to, he distanced all his competitors; indeed he had finished by gaining the love of the most beautiful and generally charming girl in all the south of England. But as the period of his majority arrived, the father and mother recollected the prediction, and got very nervous; and after much curtain debate, they agreed the best plan would be to build him up in a tower, all alone by himself, until the fatal period had passed. The matter was settled, and a cunning architect was sent for, who ran up the building in a space of time that would have thunderstruck even the Bayswater and Park Village builders, especially if they had known it would have lasted for centuries. The

young Lord of Clifton did not altogether much approve of this solitary confinement,—more especially as he had been guilty of no crime,—but the parents were imperative, and so as soon as his twentieth birth-day arrived, he went to the tower, which they had fitted up very comfortably, with as many missals as they could collect to beguile the time, and every sort of preserve, and potted meats, and bottled drinks, that the age knew how to prepare. He was to wait entirely on himself: not a servant,—not a human being,—was to be his companion;—everything he wanted was to be pulled up by a cord to a high window, and the lord himself, with his most trustworthy followers, encamped round the building.

He found it rather dull at first, for he was naturally fond of company; but by little and little he got used to it; and he invented a species of telegraph by which he could converse with his friends—and one especially—across the river, so that the time did not hang quite so heavily. Even at the Ancient Concerts there is a pitch when you get beyond yawning, with nothing to divert you but the wonderful old ladies, and they are always worth a visit to look at any day. Well, the winter went away, the woods became green once more in the spring, and the tangled wild flowers spangled them in the summer. Then their leaves began to rustle and the days got short and chilly, and the prisoner, at the first cold breath, not deterred by economical motives, of any kind, thought that it was time to begin fires, and hauled his faggots up accordingly.

The term of his solitude at length came to an end; and one bright sharp autumnal morning, all the family assembled to conduct him home. But for a wonder they did not see him at his usual place at the window to greet them. They shouted, and blew their horns, but all to no effect; and at last got a ladder, and the father himself ascended and climbed through the loop-hole; but his cry of grief soon brought the rest up after him. They thronged up the ladder as though they had been a besieging party at modern Astley's, and entered the room, where they found their master lying prostrate on the bed of his son, convulsed with mental agony. A single glance assured them that the boy was dead.

One or two of the servants lifted the lord of Clifton from the body, as another turned down the coverlet to discover the cause of the fatal occurrence. And there coiled upon the young heir's breast, with its head resting on a livid spot, they found a poisonous viper, who had evidently crept out of one of the faggots, roused from torpor by the warmth of the chamber. In spite of all the precautions, the astrologer's prediction had been fufilled.

This then is the story of "The Folly." We cannot vouch for its severe authenticity; in fact, if we were driven hard by a strong-minded enquirer, we might confess that we don't believe a word of it. But whilst such marvellous impossibilities are associated with every old wall and tumble-down tower on the Rhine, and holiday tourists really think it absolutely necessary to get them up, and become as enthusiastic about them as a bottle of steamboat moselle will always make them, we don't see why our own ruins should not enjoy an equal share of the romantic visitor's sentimental reveries; and therefore we recommend all who are apt to be taken so, to go to Clifton, and once more people the neighbourhood with the personages of our story. The excursion is worth all the trouble.

Jack educating a Pig.

London: Richard Bentley, 1840.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travellers must be content. *As You Like it.*

"*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ariel. Not a hair perished. *Tempest.*

"D'YE hear there, Mr. Mulford?" called out Captain Stephen Spike, of the half-rigged brigantine Swash, or Molly Swash, as was her registered name, to his mate —"we shall be dropping out as soon as the tide makes, and I intend to get through the Gate, at least, on the next flood. Waiting for a wind in port is lubberly seamanship, for he that wants one should go outside and look for it."

This call was uttered from a wharf of the renowned city of Manhattan, to one who was in the trunk-cabin of a clipper-looking craft, of the name mentioned, and on the deck of which not a soul was visible. Nor was the wharf, though one of those wooden piers that line the arm of the sea that is called the East River, such a spot as ordinarily presents itself to the mind of the reader, or listener, when an allusion is made to a wharf of that town which it is the fashion of the times to call the *Commercial* Emporium of America — as if there might very well be an *emporium* of any other character. The wharf in question had not a single vessel of any sort lying at, or indeed very near it, with the exception of the Molly Swash. As it actually stood on the eastern side of the town, it is scarcely necessary to say that such a wharf could only be found high up, and at a considerable distance from the usual haunts of commerce. The brig lay more than a mile above the Hook (Corlaer's, of course, is meant — not Sandy Hook), and quite near to the old Alms House — far above the ship yards, in fact. It was a solitary place for a vessel, in the midst of a crowd. The grum, top-chain voice of Captain Spike had nothing there to mingle with, or interrupt its harsh tones, and it instantly brought on deck Harry Mulford, the mate in question, apparently eager to receive his orders.

"Did you hail, Captain Spike?" called out the mate, a tight, well-grown, straight-built, handsome sailor-lad of two or three-and-twenty —one full of health, strength, and manliness.

"Hail! If you call straining a man's throat until he's hoarse, hailing, I believe I did. I flatter myself there is not a man north of Hatteras that can make himself heard further in a gale of wind than a certain gentleman who is to be found within a foot of the spot where I stand. Yet, sir, I've been hailing the Swash these five

minutes, and thankful am I to find some one at last who is on board to answer me."

"What are your orders, Captain Spike?"

"To see all clear for a start as soon as the flood makes. I shall go through the Gate on the next young flood, and I hope you 'll have all the hands aboard in time. I see two or three of them up at that Dutch beer-house this moment, and can tell 'em, in plain language, if they come here with their beer aboard *them,* they 'll have to go ashore again."

"You have an uncommonly sober crew, Captain Spike," answered the young man, with great calmness. "During the whole time I have been with them, I have not seen a man among them the least in the wind."

"Well, I hope it will turn out that I 've an uncommonly sober mate in the bargain. Drunkenness I abominate, Mr. Mulford, and I can tell you, short metre, that I will not stand it."

"May I inquire if you ever saw me, the least in the world, under the influence of liquor, Captain Spike?" *demanded* the mate, rather than asked, with a very fixed meaning in his manner.

"I keep no log-book of trifles, Mr. Mulford, and cannot say. No man is the worse for bowsing out his jib when off duty, though a drunkard 's a thing I despise. Well, well — remember, sir, that the Molly Swash casts off on the young flood, and that Rose Budd and the good lady, her aunt, take passage in her, this v'y'ge."

"Is it possible that you have persuaded them into that, at last!" exclaimed the handsome mate.

"Persuaded! It takes no great persuasion, sir, to get the ladies to try their luck in that brig. Lady Washington herself, if she was alive and disposed to a sea-v'y'ge, might be glad of the chance. We 've a ladies' cabin, you know, and it 's suitable that it should have some one to occupy it. Old Mrs. Budd is a sensible woman, and takes time by the forelock. Rose is ailin'— pulmonary, they call it, I believe, and her aunt wishes to try the sea for her constitution—"

"Rose Budd has no more of a pulmonary constitution than I have myself," interrupted the mate.

"Well, that 's as people fancy. You must know, Mr. Mulford, they 've got all sorts of diseases now-a-days, and all sort of cures for 'em. One sort of a cure for consumption is what they tarm the Hyder-Ally—"

"I think you must mean hydropathy, sir—"

"Well, it 's something of the sort, no matter what—but cold water is at the bottom of it, and they *do* say it 's a good remedy. Now Rose's aunt thinks if cold water is what is wanted, there is no place where it can be so plenty as out on the ocean. Sea-air is good, too, and by taking a v'y'ge her niece will get both requisites together, and cheap."

"Does Rose Budd think herself consumptive, Captain Spike?" asked Mulford, with interest.

"Not she — you know it will never do to alarm a pulmonary, so Mrs. Budd has held her tongue carefully on the subject before the young woman. Rose fancies that her *aunt* is out of sorts, and that the v'y'ge is tried on her account — but the aunt, the cunning thing, knows all about it."

Mulford almost loathed the expression of his commander's countenance while Spike uttered the last words. At no time was that countenance very inviting, the features being coarse and vulgar, while the colour of the entire face was of an ambiguous red, in which liquor and the seasons would seem to be blended in very equal quantities. Such a countenance, lighted up by a gleam of successful management, not to say with hopes and wishes that it will hardly do to dwell on, could not but be revolting to a youth of Harry Mulford's generous feelings, and most of all to one who entertained the sentiments which he was quite conscious of entertaining for Rose Budd. The young man made no reply, but turned his face toward the water, in order to conceal the expression of disgust that he was sensible must be strongly depicted on it.

The river, as the well-known arm of the sea in which the Swash was lying is erroneously termed, was just at that moment unusually clear of craft and not a sail larger than that of a boat was to be seen between the end of Blackwell's Island and Corlaer's Hook, a distance of about a league. This stagnation in the movement of the port, at that particular point, was owing to the state of wind and tide. Of the first, there was little more than a southerly air, while the last was about two-thirds ebb. Nearly every thing that was expected on that tide, coastwise, and by the way of the Sound, had already arrived, and nothing could go eastward, with that light breeze and under canvas, until the flood made. Of course it was different with the steamers, which were paddling about like so many ducks, steering in all directions, though mostly crossing and re-crossing at the ferries. Just as Mulford turned away from his commander, however, a large vessel of that class shoved her bows into the view, doubling the Hook, and going eastward. The first glance at this vessel sufficed to drive even Rose Budd momentarily out of the minds of both master and mate, and to give a new current to their thoughts. Spike had been on the point of walking up the wharf, but he now so far changed his purpose as actually to jump on board the brig and spring up alongside of his mate, on the taffrail, in order to get a better look at the steamer. Mulford, who loathed so much in his commander, was actually glad of this, Spike's rare merit as a seaman forming a sort of attraction that held him, as it might be against his own will, bound to his service.

"What will they do next, Harry?" exclaimed the master, his manner and voice actually humanized, in air and sound at least, by this unexpected view of something new in his calling—"What *will* they do next?"

"I see no wheels, sir, nor any movement in the water astern, as if she were a propeller," returned the young man.

"She 's an out-of-the-way sort of a hussy! She 's a man-of-war, too—one of Uncle Sam's new efforts."

"That can hardly be, sir. Uncle Sam has but three steamers, of any size or force, now the Missouri is burned, and yonder is one of them, lying at the Navy Yard, while another is, or was lately, laid up at Boston. The third is in the Gulf. This must be an entirely new vessel, if she belong to Uncle Sam."

"New! she 's as new as a Governor, and they tell me they 've got so now that they choose five or six of *them*, up at Albany, every fall.

That craft is sea-going, Mr. Mulford, as any one can tell at a glance. She 's none of your passenger-hoys."

"That 's plain enough, sir — and she 's armed. Perhaps she 's English, and they 've brought her here into this open spot to try some new machinery. Ay, ay! she 's about to set her ensign to the navy men at the yard, and we shall see to whom she belongs."

A long, low, expressive whistle from Spike succeeded this remark, the colours of the steamer going up to the end of a gaff on the sternmost of her schooner-rigged masts, just as Mulford ceased speaking. There was just air enough, aided by the steamer's motion, to open the bunting, and let the spectators see the design. There were the stars and stripes, as usual, but the last ran perpendicularly, instead of in a horizontal direction.

"Revenue, by George!" exclaimed the master, as soon as his breath was exhausted in the whistle. "Who would have believed they could have screwed themselves up to doing such a thing in that service?"

"I now remember to have heard that Uncle Sam was building some large steamers for the revenue service, and, if I mistake not, with some new invention to get along with, that is neither wheel nor propeller. This must be one of these new craft, brought out here, into open water, just to try her, sir."

"You 're right, sir, you 're right. As to the natur' of the beast, you see her buntin', and no honest man can want more. If there 's any thing I *do* hate, it is that flag, with its unnat'ral stripes, up and down, instead of running in the true old way. I *have* heard a lawyer say, that the revenue flag of this country is unconstitutional, and that a vessel carrying it on the high seas might be sent in for piracy."

Although Harry Mulford was neither Puffendorf, nor Grotius, he had too much common sense, and too little prejudice in favour of even his own vocation, to swallow such a theory, had fifty Cherry-street lawyers sworn to its justice. A smile crossed his fine, firm-looking mouth, and something very like a reflection of that smile, if smiles *can* be reflected in one's own countenance, gleamed in his fine, large, dark eye.

"It would be somewhat singular, Captain Spike," he said, "if a vessel belonging to any nation should be seized as a pirate. The fact that she is national in character would clear her."

"Then let her carry a national flag, and be d—d to her," answered Spike fiercely. "I can show you law for what I say, Mr. Mulford. The American flag has its stripes fore and aft by law, and this chap carries his stripes parpendic'lar. If I commanded a cruiser, and fell in with one of these up and down gentry, hang me if I wouldn't just send him into port, and try the question in the old Alms-house."

Mulford probably did not think it worth while to argue the point any further, understanding the dogmatism and stolidity of his commander too well to deem it necessary. He preferred to turn to the consideration of the qualities of the steamer in sight, a subject on which, as seamen, they might better sympathize.

"That 's a droll-looking revenue cutter, after all, Captain Spike," he said—"a craft better fitted to go in a fleet, as a look-out vessel, than to chase a smuggler in-shore."

"And no goer in the bargain! I do not see how she gets along,

for she keeps all snug under water; but unless she can travel faster than she does just now, the Molly Swash would soon lend her the Mother Carey's Chickens of her own wake to amuse her."

"She has the tide against her, just here, sir; no doubt she would do better in still water."

Spike muttered something between his teeth, and jumped down on deck, seemingly dismissing the subject of the revenue from his mind. His old, coarse, authoritative manner returned, and he again spoke to his mate about Rose Budd, her aunt, the "ladies' cabin," the "young flood," and "casting off," as soon as the last made. Mulford listened respectfully, though with a manifest distaste for the instructions he was receiving. He knew his man, and a feeling of dark distrust came over him, as he listened to his orders concerning the famous accommodations he intended to give to Rose Budd and that "capital old lady, her aunt;" his opinions of "the immense deal of good sea-air and a v'y'ge would do Rose, and how "comfortable they both would be on board the Molly Swash."

"I honour and respect Mrs. Budd, as my captain's lady, you see, Mr. Mulford, and intend to treat her accordin'ly. She knows it—and Rose knows it—and they both declare they 'd rather sail with *me*, since sail they must, than with any other ship-master out of America."

"You sailed once with Captain Budd yourself, I think I have heard you say, sir?"

"The old fellow brought me up. I was with him from my tenth to my twentieth year, and then broke adrift to see fashions. We all do that, you know, Mr. Mulford, when we are young and ambitious, and my turn came as well as another's."

"Captain Budd must have been a good deal older than his wife, sir, if *you* sailed with him when a boy," Mulford observed a little drily.

"Yes; I own to forty-eight, though no one would think me more than five or six-and-thirty, to look at me. There was a great difference between old Dick Budd and his wife, as you say, he being about fifty when he married, and she less than twenty. Fifty is a good age for matrimony, in a man, Mulford; as is twenty in a young woman."

"Rose Budd is not yet nineteen, I have heard her say," returned the mate, with emphasis.

"Youngish, I will own, but that's a fault a liberal-minded man can overlook. Every day, too, will lessen it. Well, look to the cabins, and see all clear for a start. Josh will be down presently with a cart-load of stores, and you 'll take 'em abroad without delay."

As Spike uttered this order, his foot was on the plank-sheer of the bulwarks, in the act of passing to the wharf again. On reaching the shore, he turned and looked intently at the revenue steamer, and his lips moved, as if he were secretly uttering maledictions on her. We say maledictions, as the expression of his fierce ill-favoured countenance too plainly showed that they could not be blessings. As for Mulford, there was still something on his mind, and he followed to the gangway ladder and ascended it, waiting for a moment when the mind of his commander might be less occupied to speak. The opportunity soon occurred, Spike having satisfied himself with the second look at the steamer.

"I hope you do n't mean to sail again without a second mate, Captain Spike?" he said.

"I do though, I can tell you. I hate Dickies—they are always in the way, and the captain has to keep just as much of a watch with one as without one."

"That will depend on his quality. You and I have both been Dickies in our time, sir; and my time was not long ago."

"Ay—ay—I know all about it—but you didn't stick to it long enough to get spoiled. I would have no man aboard the Swash who made more than two v'y'ges as second officer. As I want no spies aboard my craft, I'll try it once more without a Dicky."

Saying this in a sufficiently positive manner, Captain Stephen Spike rolled up the wharf, much as a ship goes off before the wind, now inclining to the right, and then again to the left. The gait of the man would have proclaimed him a sea-dog, to any one acquainted with that animal, as far as he could be seen. The short squab figure, the arms bent nearly at right angles at the elbow, and working like two fins with each roll of the body, the stumpy, solid legs, with the feet looking in the line of his course and kept wide apart, would all have contributed to the making up of such an opinion. Accustomed as he was to this beautiful sight, Harry Mulford kept his eyes riveted on the retiring person of his commander, until it disappeared behind a pile of lumber, waddling always in the direction of the more thickly peopled parts of the town. Then he turned and gazed at the steamer, which by this time had fairly passed the brig, and seemed to be actually bound through the Gate. That steamer was certainly a noble-looking craft, but our young man fancied she struggled along through the water heavily. She might be quick at need, but she did not promise as much by her present rate of moving. Still, she was a noble-looking craft, and as Mulford descended to the deck again, he almost regretted he did not belong to her; or, at least, to any thing but the Molly Swash.

Two hours produced a sensible change in and around that brigantine. Her people had all come back to duty, and what was very remarkable among seafaring folk, sober to a man. But, as has been said, Spike was a temperance man, as respects all under his orders at least, if not strictly so in practice himself. The crew of the Swash was large for a half-rigged brig of only two hundred tons, but, as her spars were very square, and all her gear as well as her mould seemed constructed for speed, it was probable more hands than common were necessary to work her with facility and expedition. After all, there were not many persons to be enumerated among the "people of the Molly Swash," as they called themselves; not more than a dozen, including those aft, as well as those forward. A peculiar feature of this crew, however, was the circumstance that they were all middle-aged men, with the exception of the mate, and all thorough-bred sea-dogs. Even Josh, the cabin-boy as he was called, was an old, wrinkled, gray-headed negro, of near sixty. If the crew wanted a little in the elasticity of youth, it possessed the steadiness and experience of their time of life, every man appearing to know exactly what to do, and when to do it. This, indeed, composed their great merit; an advantage that Spike well knew how to appreciate.

The stores had been brought alongside of the brig in a cart, and

were already stowed in their places. Josh had brushed and swept, until the ladies' cabin could be made no neater. This ladies' cabin was a small apartment beneath a trunk, which was, ingeniously enough, separated from the main cabin by pantries and double doors. The arrangement was unusual, and Spike had several times hinted that there was a history connected with that cabin; though what the history was Mulford could never induce him to relate. The latter knew that the brig had been used for a forced trade on the Spanish Main, and had heard something of her deeds in bringing off specie, and proscribed persons, at different epochs in the revolutions of that part of the world, and he had always understood that her present commander and owner had sailed in her as mate, for many years before he had risen to his present station. Now, all was regular in the way of records, bills of sale, and other documents; Stephen Spike appearing in both the capacities just named. The register proved that the brig had been built as far back as the last English war, as a private cruiser, but recent and expensive repairs had made her "better than new," as her owner insisted, and there was no question as to her sea-worthiness. It is true the insurance offices blew upon her, and would have nothing to do with a craft that had seen her two score years and ten; but this gave none who belonged to her any concern, inasmuch as they could scarcely have been underwritten in their trade, let the age of the vessel be what it might. It was enough for them that the brig was safe and exceedingly fast, insurances never saving the lives of the people, whatever else might be their advantages. With Mulford it was an additional recommendation, that the Swash was usually thought to be of uncommonly just proportions.

By half past two P.M., everything was ready for getting the brigantine under way. Her foretopsail—or fore*taw*sail, as Spike called it—was loose, the fasts were singled, and a spring had been carried to a post in the wharf, that was well forward of the starboard bow, and the brig's head turned to the southwest, or down stream, and consequently facing the young flood. Nothing seemed to connect the vessel with the land but a broad gangway plank, to which Mulford had attached life lines, with more care than it is usual to meet with on board of vessels employed in short voyages. The men stood about the decks with their arms thrust into the bosoms of their shirts, and the whole picture was one of silent, and possibly of somewhat uneasy expectation. Nothing was said, however; Mulford walking the quarter-deck alone, occasionally looking up the still little tenanted streets of that quarter of the suburbs, as if to search for a carriage. As for the revenue-steamer, she had long before gone through the southern passage of Blackwell's, steering for the Gate.

"Dat's dem, Mr. Mulford," Josh at length cried, from the look-out he had taken in a stern-port, where he could see over the low bulwarks of the vessel. "Yes, dat's dem, sir. I know dat old gray horse dat carries his head so low and sorrowful like, as a horse has a right to do dat has to drag a cab about this big town. My eye! what a horse it is, sir!"

Josh was right, not only as to the gray horse that carried his head "sorrowful like," but as to the cab and its contents. The vehicle was soon on the wharf, and in its door soon appeared the short, sturdy figure of Captain Spike, backing out, much as a bear descends a tree.

On top of the vehicle were several light articles of female appliances, in the shape of bandboxes, bags, &c., the trunks having previously arrived in a cart. Well might that over-driven gray horse appear sorrowful, and travel with a lowered head. The cab, when it gave up its contents, discovered a load of no less than four persons besides the driver, all of weight and of dimensions in proportion, with the exception of the pretty and youthful Rose Budd. Even she was plump, and of a well rounded person; though still light and slender. But her aunt was a fair picture of a ship-master's widow; solid, comfortable, and buxom. Neither was she old nor ugly. On the contrary, her years did not exceed forty, and being well preserved, in consequence of never having been a mother, she might even have passed for thirty-five. The great objection to her appearance was the somewhat indefinite character of her shape, which seemed to blend too many of its charms into one. The fourth person, in the fare, was Biddy Noon, the Irish servant, and *factotum* of Mrs. Budd, who was a pock-marked, red-faced, and red-armed single woman, about her mistress's own age and weight, though less stout to the eye.

Of Rose we shall not stop to say much here. Her deep-blue eye, which was equally spirited and gentle, if one can use such contradictory terms, seemed alive with interest and curiosity, running over the brig, the wharf, the arm of the sea, the two islands, and all near her, including the Alms-House, with such a devouring rapidity as might be expected in a town-bred girl who was setting out on her travels for the first time. Let us be understood; we say town-bred, because such was the fact; for Rose Budd had been both born and educated in Manhattan, though we are far from wishing to be understood that she was either very well-born, or highly educated. Her station in life may be inferred from that of her aunt, and her education from her station. Of the two, the last was, perhaps, a trifle the highest.

We have said that the fine blue eye of Rose passed swiftly over the various objects near her, as she alighted from the cab, and it naturally took in the form of Harry Mulford, as he stood in the gang-way, offering his arm to aid her aunt and herself in passing the brig's side. A smile of recognition was exchanged between the young people, as their eyes met, and the colour, which formed so bright a charm in Rose's sweet face, deepened, in a way to prove that that colour spoke with a tongue and eloquence of its own. Nor was Mulford's cheek mute on the occasion, though he helped the hesitating, half-doubting, half-bold girl along the plank with a steady hand and rigid muscles. As for the aunt, as a captain's widow, she had not felt it necessary to betray any extraordinary emotions in ascending the plank, unless, indeed, it might be those of delight on finding her foot once more on the deck of a vessel!

Something of the same feeling governed Biddy, too, for, as Mulford civilly extended his hand to her also, she exclaimed—

"No fear of me, Mr. Mate—I came from Ireland by wather, and knows all about ships and brigs, I do. If you could have seen the times we had, and the saas we crossed, you'd not think it nadeful to say much to the likes iv me."

Spike had tact enough to understand he would be out of his element in assisting females along that plank, and he was busy in sending what he called "the old lady's dunnage" on board, and in dis-

charging the cabman. As soon as this was done, he sprang into the main-channels, and thence, *viâ* the bulwarks, on deck, ordering the plank to be hauled aboard. A solitary labourer was paid a quarter to throw off the fasts from the ring-bolts and posts, and everything was instantly in motion to cast the brig loose. Work went on as if the vessel were in haste, and consequently with great activity. Spike bestirred himself, giving his orders in a way to denote he had been long accustomed to exercise authority on the deck of a vessel, and knew his calling to its minutiæ. The only ostensible difference between his deportment to-day and on any ordinary occasion, perhaps, was in the circumstance that he now seemed anxious to get clear of the wharf, and that in a way which might have attracted notice in any suspicious and attentive observer. It is possible that such a one was not very distant, and that Spike was aware of his presence, for a respectable-looking, well-dressed, middle-aged man *had* come down one of the adjacent streets, to a spot within a hundred yards of the wharf, and stood silently watching the movements of the brig, as he leaned against a fence. The want of houses in that quarter enabled any person to see this stranger from the deck of the Swash, but no one on board her seemed to regard him at all, unless it might be the master.

"Come, bear a hand, my hearty, and toss that bow-fast clear," cried the captain, whose impatience to be off seemed to increase as the time to do so approached nearer and nearer. "Off with it, at once, and let her go."

The man on the wharf threw the turns of the hawser clear of the post, and the Swash was released forward. A smaller line, for a spring, had been run some distance along the wharves, ahead of the vessel, and brought in aft. Her people clapped on this, and gave way to their craft, which, being comparatively light, was easily moved, and was very manageable. As this was done, the distant spectator who had been leaning on the fence moved toward the wharf with a step a little quicker than common. Almost at the same instant, a short, stout, sailor-like looking little person, waddled down the nearest street, seeming to be in somewhat of a hurry, and presently he joined the other stranger, and appeared to enter into conversation with him; pointing toward the Swash as he did so. All this time, both continued to advance toward the wharf.

In the meanwhile, Spike and his people were not idle. The tide did not run very strong near the wharves and in the sort of a bight in which the vessel had lain, but, such as it was, it soon took the brig on her inner bow, and began to cast her head off shore. The people at the spring pulled away with all their force, and got sufficient motion on their vessel to overcome the tide, and to give the rudder an influence. The latter was put hard a-starboard, and helped to cast the brig's head to the southward.

Down to this moment, the only sail that was loose on board the Swash was the fore-topsail, as mentioned. This still hung in the gear, but a hand had been sent aloft to overhaul the buntlines and clew-lines, and men were also at the sheets. In a minute the sail was ready for hoisting. The Swash carried a wapper of a fore-and-aft mainsail, and, what is more, it was fitted with a standing gaff, for appearance in port. At sea, Spike knew better than to trust to this arrangement, but in fine weather, and close in with the land, he found it convenient

to have the sail haul out and brail like a ship's spanker. As the gaff was now aloft, it was only necessary to let go the brails to loosen this broad sheet of canvas, and to clap on the out-hauler, to set it. This was probably the reason why the brig was so unceremoniously cast into the stream, without showing more of her cloth. The jib and flying-jibs, however, did at that moment drop beneath their booms, ready for hoisting.

Such was the state of things as the two strangers came first upon the wharf. Spike was on the taffrail, overhauling the main-sheet, and Mulford was near him, casting the fore-topsail braces from the pins, preparatory to clapping on the halyards.

"I say, Mr. Mulford," asked the captain, did you ever see either of them chaps afore? These jokers on the wharf, I mean."

"Not to my recollection, sir," answered the mate, looking over the taffrail to examine the parties. "The little one is a burster! The funniest looking little fat old fellow I've seen in many a day."

"Ay, ay, them fat little bursters, as you call 'em, are sometimes full of the devil. I don't like either of the chaps, and am right glad we are all well cast, before they got here."

"I do not think either would be likely to do us much harm, Captain Spike."

"There's no knowing, sir. The biggest fellow looks as if he might lug out a silver oar at any moment."

"I believe the silver oar is no longer used, in this country at least," answered Mulford, smiling. "And if it were, what have we to fear from it? I fancy the brig has paid her reckoning."

"She don't owe a cent, nor ever shall for twenty-four hours after the bill is made out, while I own *her*. They call me ready-money Stephen, round among the ship-chandlers and caulkers. But I don't like them chaps, and what I don't relish I never swallow, you know."

"They'll hardly try to get aboard us, sir; you see we are quite clear of the wharf, and the mainsail will take now, if we set it."

Spike ordered the mate to clap on the outhauler, and spread that broad sheet of canvas at once to the little breeze there was. This was almost immediately done, when the sail filled, and began to be felt on the movement of the vessel. Still, that movement was very slow, the wind being so light, and the *vis inertiæ* of so large a body remaining to be overcome. The brig receded from the wharf, almost in a line at right angles to its face, inch by inch, as it might be, dropping slowly up with the tide at the same time. Mulford now passed forward to set the jibs, and to get the topsail on the craft, leaving Spike on the taffrail, keenly eying the strangers, who, by this time, had got down nearly to the end of the wharf, at the berth so lately occupied by the Swash. That the captain was uneasy was evident enough, that feeling being exhibited in his countenance, blended with a malignant ferocity.

"Has that brig any pilot?" asked the larger and better-looking of the two strangers.

"What's that to you, friend?" demanded Spike, in return. "Have you a Hell-Gate branch?"

"I may have one, or I may not. It is not usual for so large a craft to run the Gate without a pilot."

"Oh! my gentleman's below, brushing up his logarithms. We shall

have him on deck to take his departure before long, when I'll let him know your kind inquiries after his health."

The man on the wharf seemed to be familiar with this sort of sea-wit, and he made no answer, but continued that close scrutiny of the brig, by turning his eyes in all directions, now looking below, and now aloft, which had in truth occasioned Spike's principal cause for uneasiness.

"Is not that Captain Stephen Spike, of the brigantine Molly Swash?" called out the little, dumpling-looking person, in a cracked, dwarfish sort of a voice, that was admirably adapted to his appearance. Our captain fairly started; turned full toward the speaker; regarded him intently for a moment, and gulped the words he was about to utter, like one confounded. As he gazed, however, at little dumpy, examining his bow-legs, red broad cheeks, and coarse snub nose, he seemed to regain his self-command, as if satisfied the dead had not really returned to life.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman you have named?" he asked by way of answer. "You speak of him like one who ought to know him."

"A body is apt to know a shipmate. Stephen Spike and I sailed together twenty years since, and I hope to live to sail with him again."

"*You* sail with Stephen Spike? when and where, may I ask, and in what v'y'ge, pray?"

"The last time was twenty years since. Have you forgotten little Jack Tier, Captain Spike?"

Spike looked astonished, and well he might, for he had supposed Jack to be dead fully fifteen years. Time and hard service had greatly altered him, but the general resemblance in figure, stature, and waddle, certainly remained. Notwithstanding the Jack Tier Spike remembered was quite a different person from this Jack Tier. That Jack had worn his intensely black hair clubbed and curled, whereas this Jack had cut his locks into short bristles, which time had turned into an intense gray. That Jack was short and thick, but he was flat and square; whereas this Jack was just as short, a good deal thicker, and as round as a dumpling. In one thing, however, the likeness still remained perfect. Both Jacks chewed tobacco, to a degree that became a distinct feature in their appearance.

Spike had many reasons for wishing Jack Tier were not resuscitated in this extraordinary manner, and some for being glad to see him. The fellow had once been largely in his confidence, and knew more than was quite safe for any one to remember but himself, while he might be of great use to him in his future operations. It is always convenient to have one at your elbow who thoroughly understands you, and Spike would have lowered a boat and sent it to the wharf to bring Jack off, were it not for the gentleman who was so inquisitive about pilots. Under the circumstances he determined to forego the advantages of Jack's presence, reserving the right to hunt him up on his return.

The reader will readily enough comprehend that the Molly Swash was not absolutely standing still while the dialogue related was going on, and the thoughts we have recorded were passing through her master's mind. On the contrary, she was not only in motion, but that motion was gradually increasing, and by the time all was said that has been related, it had become necessary for those who spoke to raise their

voices to an inconvenient pitch in order to be heard. This circumstance alone would soon have put an end to the conversation, had not Spike's pausing to reflect brought about the same result as mentioned.

In the mean time Mulford had got the canvas spread. Forward, the Swash showed all the cloth of a full-rigged brig, even to royals and flying gib; while aft, her mast was the raking, tall, naked pole of an American scooner. There was a taunt top-mast too, to which a gaff-topsail was set, and the gear proved that she could also show, at need, a staysail in this part of her, if necessary. As the Gate was before them, however, the people had set none but plain manageable canvas.

The Molly Swash kept close on a wind, luffing athwart the broad reach she was in, until far enough to weather Blackwell's, when she edged off to her course, and went through the southern passage. Although the wind remained light and a little baffling, the brig was so easily impelled, and was so very handy, that there was no difficulty in keeping her perfectly in command. The tide, too, was fast increasing in strength and velocity, and the movement from this cause alone was getting to be sufficiently rapid.

As for the passengers, of whom we have lost sight in order to get the brig under weigh, they were now on deck again. At first, they had all gone below, under the care of Josh, a somewhat rough groom of the chambers, to take possession of their apartment, a sufficiently neat and exceedingly comfortable cabin, supplied with everything that could be wanted at sea, and, what was more, lined on two of its sides with state-rooms. It is true, all these apartments were small, and the state-rooms were very low, but no fault could be found with their neatness and general arrangements, when it was recollected that one was on board a vessel.

"Here ebbery t'ing heart can wish," said Josh, exultingly, who being an old-school black, did not disdain to use some of the old-school dialect of his caste. "Yes, ladies, ebbery t'ing. Let Captain Spike alone for dat! He won'erful at accommodation! Not a bed-bug aft—know better dan come here: jest like de people, in dat respects, and keep deir place forrard. You nebber see a pig come on de quarter-deck, nudder."

"You must maintain excellent discipline, Josh," cried Rose, in one of the sweetest voices in the world, which was easily attuned to merriment—"and we are delighted to learn what you tell us. How do you manage to keep up these distinctions, and make such creatures know their places so well?"

"Nuttin easier, if you begins right, miss. As for de pig, I teach dem wid scaldin' water. Whenever I sees a pig come aft, I gets a little water from de copper, and just scald him wid it. You can't t'ink, miss, how dat mend his manners, and make squeel fuss, and t'ink arter. In dat fashion I soon gets de ole ones in good trainin', and den I has no more trouble with dem as comes fresh aboard; for de ole hog tell de young one, and 'em won'erful cunnin', and know how to take care of 'emsel."

Rose Budd's sweet eyes were full of fun and expectation, and she could no more repress her laugh than youth and spirits can always be discreet.

"Yes, with the pigs," she cried, "that might do very well; but how is it with those—other creatures?"

"Rosy, dear," interrupted the aunt, "I wish you would say no more about such shocking things. It's enough for us that Captain Spike has ordered them all to stay forward among the men, which is always done on board well disciplined vessels. I've heard your uncle say, a hundred times, that the quarter-deck was sacred, and that might be enough to keep such animals off."

It was barely necessary to look at Mrs. Budd in the face to get a very accurate general notion of her character. She was one of those inane uncultivated beings, who seem to be protected by a benevolent Providence in their pilgrimage on earth, for they do not seem to possess the power to protect themselves. Her very countenance expressed imbecility and mental dependance, credulity and a love of gossip. Notwithstanding these radical weaknesses, the good woman had some of the better instincts of her sex, and was never guilty of anything that could properly convey reproach. She was no monitress for Rose, however, the niece much oftener influencing the aunt than the aunt influencing the niece. The latter had been fortunate in having had an excellent instructress, who, though incapable of teaching her much in the way of accomplishments, had imparted a great deal that was respectable and useful. Rose had character, and strong character too, as the course of our narrative will show; but her worthy aunt was a pure picture of as much mental imbecility as at all comported with the privileges of self government.

The conversation about "those other creatures" was effectually checked by Mrs. Budd's horror of the "animals," and Josh was called on deck so shortly after as to prevent its being renewed. The females staid below a few minutes, to take possession, and then they re-appeared on deck, to gaze at the horrors of the Hell Gate passage. Rose was all eyes, wonder, and admiration at everything she saw. This was actually the first time she had ever been on the water, in any sort of craft, though born and brought up in sight of one of the most thronged havens in the world. But there must be a beginning to everything, and this was Rose Budd's beginning on the water. It is true the brigantine was a very beautiful, as well as an exceedingly swift vessel, but all this was lost on Rose, who would have admired a horsejockey bound to the West Indies, in this the incipient state of her nautical knowledge. Perhaps the exquisite neatness that Mulford maintained about every thing that came under his care, and that included everything on deck, or above board, and about which neatness Spike occasionally muttered an oath, as so much senseless trouble, contributed somewhat to Rose's pleasure: but her admiration would scarcely have been less at any thing that had sails, and seemed to move through the water with a power approaching that of volition.

It was very different with Mrs. Budd. She, good woman, had actually made one voyage with her late husband, and she fancied that she knew all about a vessel. It was her delight to talk on nautical subjects, and never did she really feel her great superiority over her niece so very unequivocally as when the subject of the ocean was introduced, about which she did know something, and touching which Rose was profoundly ignorant, or as ignorant as a girl of lively imagination could remain with the information gleaned from others.

"I am not surprised you are astonished at the sight of the vessel, Rosy," observed the self complacent aunt at one of her niece's excla-

mations of admiration. "A vessel is a very wonderful thing, and we are told what extr'orny beings they are that 'go down to the sea in ships.' But you are to know that this is not a ship at all, but only a half-jigger rigged, which is altogether a different thing."

"Was my uncle's vessel, The Rose in Bloom, then, very different from the Swash?"

"Very different, indeed, child! Why, The Rose in Bloom was a full-jiggered ship, and had twelve masts—and this is only a half-jiggered brig, and has but two masts. See, you may count them—one—two!"

Harry Mulford was coiling away a top-gallant-brace, directly in front of Mrs. Budd and Rose, and, at hearing this account of the wonderful equipment of The Rose in Bloom, he suddenly looked up, with a lurking expression about his eye that the niece very well comprehended, while he exclaimed, without much reflection, under the impulse of surprise—

"Twelve masts! Did I understand you to say, ma'am, that Captain Budd's ship had twelve masts?"

"Yes, sir, *twelve!* and I can tell you all their names, for I learnt them by heart—it appearing to me proper that a ship-master's wife should know the names of all the masts in her husband's vessel. Do you wish to hear their names, Mr. Mulford?"

Harry Mulford would have enjoyed this conversation to the top of his bent, had it not been for Rose. She well knew her aunt's general weakness of intellect, and especially its weakness on this particular subject, but she would suffer no one to manifest contempt for either, if in her power to prevent it. It is seldom one so young, so mirthful, so ingenuous and innocent in the expression of her countenance, assumed so significant and rebuking a frown as did pretty Rose Budd when she heard the mate's involuntary exclamation about the "twelve masts." Harry, who was not easily checked by his equals, or any of his own sex, submitted to that rebuking frown with the meekness of a child, and stammered out, in answer to the well-meaning, but weak-minded widow's question—

"If you please, Mrs. Budd—just as you please, ma'am—only twelve is a good many masts—" Rose frowned again—"that is more than I'm used to seeing—that's all."

"I dare say, Mr. Mulford—for you sail in only a half-jigger; but Captain Budd always sailed in a full jigger—and *his* full-jiggered ship had just twelve masts, and, to prove it to you, I'll give you the names—first, then, there were the fore, main, and mizen masts—"

"Yes—yes—ma'am," stammered Harry, who wished the twelve masts and the Rose in Bloom at the bottom of the ocean, since her owner's niece still continued to look coldly displeased—"that's right I can swear!"

"Very true, sir, and you'll find I am right as to all the rest. Then there were the fore, main, and mizen top-masts, they made six, if I can count, Mr. Mulford."

"Ah!" exclaimed the mate, laughing, in spite of Rose's frowns, as the manner in which the old sea-dog had quizzed his wife became apparent to him. "I see how it is—you are quite right, ma'am—I dare say The Rose in Bloom had all these masts, and some to spare."

"Yes, sir—I knew you would be satisfied. The fore, main, and

mizen top-gallant-masts make nine — and the fore, main and mizen royals make just twelve. Oh, I 'm never wrong in anything about a vessel, especially if she is a full-jiggered ship."

Mulford had some difficulty in restraining his smiles each time the full-jigger was mentioned, but Rose's expression of countenance kept him in excellent order—and she, innocent creature, saw nothing ridiculous in the term, though the twelve masts had given her a little alarm. Delighted that the old lady had got through her enumeration of the spars with so much success, Rose cried, in the exuberance of her spirits—

"Well, aunty, for my part, I find a half-jigger vessel so very, very beautiful, that I do not know how I should behave were I to go on board a *full*-jigger."

Mulford turned abruptly away, the circumstance of Rose's making herself ridiculous giving him sudden pain, though he could have laughed at her aunt by the hour.

"Ah, my dear, that is on account of your youth and inexperience — but you will learn better in time. I was just so, myself, when I was of your age, and thought the fore-rafters were as handsome as the squared jiggers, but soon after I married Captain Budd I felt the necessity of knowing more than I did about ships, and I got him to teach me. He didn't like the business, at first, and pretended I would never learn; but, at last, it came all at once like, and then he used to be delighted to hear me 'talk ship,' as he called it. I've known him laugh, with his cronies, as if ready to die, at my expertness in sea-terms, for half an hour together — and then he would swear — that was the worst fault your uncle had, Rosy— he *would* swear, sometimes, in a way that frightened me, I do declare!"

"But he never swore at you, aunty?"

"I can't say that he did exactly do that, but he would swear all round me, even if he didn't actually touch me, when things went wrong—but it would have done your heart good to hear him laugh! He had a most excellent heart, just like your own, Rosy dear; but, for that matter, all the Budds have excellent hearts, and one of the commonest ways your uncle had of showing it was to laugh, particularly when we were together and talking. Oh, he used to delight in hearing me converse, especially about vessels, and never failed to get me at it when he had company. I see his good-natured, excellent-hearted countenance at this moment, with the tears running down his fat, manly cheeks, as he shook his very sides with laughter. I may live a hundred years, Rosy, before I meet again with your uncle's equal."

This was a subject that invariably silenced Rose. She remembered her uncle, herself, and remembered his affectionate manner of laughing at her aunt, and she always wished the latter to get through her eulogiums on her married happiness, as soon as possible, whenever the subject was introduced.

All this time the Molly Swash kept in motion. Spike never took a pilot when he could avoid it, and his mind was too much occupied with his duty, in that critical navigation, to share at all in the conversation of his passengers, though he did endeavour to make himself agreeable to Rose, by an occasional remark, when a favourable opportunity offered. As soon as he had worked his brig over into the south or weather passage

of Blackwell's, however, there remained little for him to do, until she had drifted through it, a distance of a mile or more, and this gave him leisure to do the honours. He pointed out the castellated edifice of Blackwell's as the new penitentiary, and the hamlet of villas, on the other shore, as Ravenswood, though there is neither wood nor ravens to authorize the name. But the "Sunswick," which satisfied the Delafields and Gibbses of the olden time, and which distinguished their lofty halls and broad lawns, was not elegant enough for the cockney tastes of these latter days, so "wood" must be made to usurp the place of cherries and apples, and "ravens" that of gulls, in order to satisfy its cravings. But all this was lost on Spike. He remembered the shore as it had been twenty years before, and he saw what it was now, but little did he care for the change. On the whole, he rather preferred the Grecian temples, over which the ravens would have been compelled to fly, had there been any ravens in that neighbourhood, to the old fashioned and highly respectable residence that once alone occupied the spot. The point he did understand, however, and on the merits of which he had something to say, was a little further ahead. That, too, had been re-christened—the Hallet's Cove of the mariner being converted into Astoria—not that place at the mouth of Oregon, which came so near bringing us to blows with our "ancestors in England," as the worthy denizens of that quarter choose to consider themselves still, if one can judge by their language. This Astoria was a very different place, and is one of the many suburban villages that are shooting up, like mushrooms, in a night, around the great *Commercial* Emporium. This spot Spike understood perfectly, and it was not likely that he would pass it without communicating a portion of his knowledge to Rose.

"There, Miss Rose," he said, with a didactic sort of air, pointing with his short, thick finger at the little bay which was just opening to their view; "there 's as neat a cove as a craft need bring up in. That *used to be* a capital place to lie in, to wait for a wind to pass the Gate; but it has got to be most too public for my taste. I 'm rural, I tell Mulford, and love to get in out-of-the-way berths with my brig, where she can see salt-meadows, and smell the clover. You never catch me down in any of the crowded slips around the markets, or anywhere in that part of the town, for I *do* love country air. That 's Hallet's Cove, Miss Rose, and a pretty anchorage it would be for us, if the wind and tide did n't sarve to take us through the Gate."

"Are we near the Gate, Captain Spike?" asked Rose, the fine bloom on her cheek lessening a little, under the apprehension that formidable name is apt to awaken in the breasts of the inexperienced.

"Half a mile, or so. It begins just at the other end of this island on our larboard hand, and will be all over in about another half mile, or so. It 's no such bad place a'ter all, is Hell-Gate, to them that 's used to it. I call myself a pilot in Hell-Gate, though I *have* no branch."

"I wish, Captain Spike, I could teach you to give that place its proper and polite name. We call it Whirl-Gate altogether now," said the relict.

"Well, that 's new to me," cried Spike. "I *have* heard some chicken-mouthed folk say *Hurl*-Gate, but this is the first time I ever heard it called Whirl-Gate—they 'll get it to Whirlagig-Gate next. I do n't think that my old commander, Captain Budd, called the passage anything but honest up and down Hell-Gate."

"That he did—that he did—and all my arguments and reading could not teach him any better. I proved to him that it was Whirl-Gate, as any one can see that it ought to be. It is full of whirlpools, they say, and that shows what nature meant the name to be."

"But, aunty," put in Rose, half reluctantly, half anxious to speak, "what has *gate* to do with whirlpools? You will remember it is called a gate—the gate to the wicked place, I suppose is meant."

"Rose, you amaze me! How can *you*, a young woman of only nineteen, stand up for so vulgar a name as Hell-Gate!"

"Do you think it as vulgar as Hurl-Gate, aunty? To me it always seems the most vulgar to be straining at gnats."

"Yes," said Spike, sentimentally, "I 'm quite of Miss Rose's way of thinking—straining at gnats is very ill manners, especially at table. I once knew a man who strained in this way, until I thought he would have choked, though it was with a fly to be sure; but gnats are nothing but small flies, you know, Miss Rose. Yes, I'm quite of your way of thinking, Miss Rose; it *is* very vulgar to be straining at gnats and flies, more particularly at table. But you 'll find no flies or gnats aboard here, to be straining at, or brushing away, or to annoy you. Stand by there, my hearties, and see all clear to run through Hell-Gate. Do n't let me catch you straining at anything, though it should be the fin of a whale!"

The people forward looked at each other, as they listened to this novel admonition, though they called out the customary "ay, ay, sir," as they went the sheets, braces, and bowlines. To them the passage of no Hell-Gate conveyed the idea of any particular terror, and with the one they were about to enter they were much too familiar to care anything about it.

The brig was now floating fast, with the tide, up abreast of the east end of Blackwell's, and in two or three more minutes she would be fairly in the Gate. Spike was aft, where he could command a view of every thing forward, and Mulford stood on the quarterdeck, to look after the head-braces. An old and trustworthy seaman, who acted as a sort of boatswain, had the charge on the forecastle, and was to tend the sheets and tack. His name was Rove.

"See all clear," called out Spike. "D'ye hear there, for'ard! I shall make a half-board in the Gate, if the wind favour us, and the tide prove strong enough to hawse us to windward sufficiently to clear the pot—so mind your—"

The captain breaking off in the middle of this harangue, Mulford turned his head, in order to see what might be the matter. There was Spike, levelling a spy-glass at a boat that was pulling swiftly out of the north channel, and shooting like an arrow directly athwart the brig's bows into the main passage of the Gate. He stepped to the captain's elbow.

"Just take a look at them chaps, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, handing his mate the glass.

"They seem in a hurry," answered Harry as he adjusted the glass to his eye, "and will go through the Gate in less time than it will take to mention the circumstance."

"What do you make of them, sir?"

"The little man who called himself Jack Tier is in the stern-sheets of the boat, for one," answered Mulford.

"And the other, Harry—what do you make of the other?"

"It seems to be the chap who hailed us to know if we had a pilot. He means to board us at Riker's Island, and make us pay pilotage, whether we want his services or not."

"Blast him and his pilotage too! Give me the glass"—taking another long look at the boat, which by this time was glancing, rather than pulling, nearly at right angles across his bows. "I want no such pilot aboard here, Mr. Mulford. Take another look at him—here, you can see him, away on our weather bow, already."

Mulford did take another look at him, and this time his examination was longer and more scrutinizing than before.

"It is not easy to cover him with the glass," observed the young man—"the boat seems fairly to fly."

"We're fore reaching too near the hog's back, Captain Spike," roared the boatswain, from forward.

"Ready about—hard a lee!" shouted Spike. "Let all fly, for'ard—help her round, boys, all you can, and wait for no orders! Bestir yourselves—bestir yourselves."

It was time the crew should be in earnest. While Spike's attention had been thus diverted by the boat, the brig had got into the strongest of the current, which, by setting her fast to windward, had trebled the power of the air, and this was shooting her over toward one of the greatest dangers of the passage on a flood tide. As everybody bestirred themselves, however, she was got round and filled on the opposite tack, just in time to clear the rocks. Spike breathed again, but his head was still full of the boat. The danger he had just escaped as Scylla, met him as Charybdis. The boatswain again roared to go about. The order was given as the vessel began to pitch in a heavy swell. At the next instant she rolled until the water came on deck, whirled with her stern down the tide, and her bows rose as if she were about to leap out of water. The Swash had hit the Pot Rock!

WHY DO I LOVE THEE?

BY W. R. C.

'Tis not because thou art so fair,
So beautiful unto the sight;
'Tis not because thy silken hair
Curls o'er a neck of spotless white;
'Tis not because thy speaking eye
Claims kindred with the deep blue sky,
Alone I love thee!

No!—'tis because around thee gleams
The light of innocence and truth,
Adorning with its radiant beams
And soft reflex the charms of youth:
Because thine ev'ry word and thought
With thy soul's gentleness is fraught,
Therefore I love thee!

SUMMER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

We quitted Lucerne in somewhat dignified style, having engaged an Italian vetturino, with his own four stately, black, Roman horses, which paced along most majestically; the driver's occasional monosyllables to the Swiss assistants, in his own beautiful, mellifluous tongue, were a great relief to my ears after the hideous jargon which continually assailed them on the road.

Our route lay across the Bramegg, a long and somewhat monotonous mountain, with little to attract in its higher regions, but the descent to the vale of Entlebuch, amidst the torrents of Entle and Emme, and their covered bridges, is very striking. We paused for a few hours at the village on the highest point,—no doubt a somewhat desolate spot in winter, but now shining in the full glare of the sun. Here we found an excellent inn, where they produced English sauces to our fresh-water fish, and where all was as elegantly and comfortably arranged as at an hotel in Paris.

I strolled about amongst the pretty wooden cottages here, and, finding one at the end of a steep road which intercepted the way, in order to avoid the heat, I asked permission to pass through to the opposite path, which led directly to the inn. This was allowed; and I there saw with pain that, beautiful as the carved and ornamented cottage was outside, nothing could exceed its interior wretchedness. The floor was of earth, black, and damp; there was scarcely any furniture; and all looked the picture of poverty and suffering. A woman with a large goître began to tell a tale of woe, and my dream of Arcadian happiness was at an end. I looked back afterwards, to convince myself that the house really looked outwardly as graceful as its companions, and found I had not been deceived, yet all was mere show, and there was but too much evidence of misery within.

We now entered the canton of Berne, and descended to the fine valley of Emmenthal, following the wild gambols of the Ilfis torrent, and arrived in the evening at one of the most exquisite villages I ever beheld. This was Langnau, a charming spot on the banks of the Ilfis, whose cottages are perfect toys, carved and adorned with such taste, and so elaborately, that rural ingenuity can go no further. Our inn, the "Cerf," was charming, our hostess obliging and friendly in the extreme, the waiting-maids, with their black velvet boddices, long plaited hair and stiff butterfly caps, all smiles and heartiness; our fare excellent, of rich cream, honey fragrant of thyme, and delicious bread; and we were waited on at table by a young girl so superior to all about her, that she was a perfect mystery to me.

She was the daughter of the coarse, fat, but somewhat dignified landlady; but her appearance presented a singular contrast to her mother and to the peasants amongst whom she lived. She was of middle height, and with small hands and feet, a faultless shape, but extremely delicate in proportions; her skin was snow-white, and a bright colour came and went on her cheek at every word; her eyes were deep blue,

with long eyelashes, and her features classical. She appeared very timid, but was full of grace in her movements, and wearing the costume of her class, looked like a lady in a fancy dress, too delicate for a peasant. I grieved to hear that she had a short cough, and I should be afraid to enquire next winter what had been the fate of the fragile beauty of Langnau.

I should have been happy if my good fortune had led me to sojourn for the remainder of the summer at this delightful village of Langnau, certainly the prettiest I saw in Switzerland; but our route was onward, and we quitted its picturesque precincts with infinite regret, crossing the raging Ilfis by a pretty covered wooden bridge, and shortly after, the Emme, equally impetuous, by one of the largest and most important of any of these remarkable bridges which I had yet seen. All of them in this valley were, a very short time since, swept away by the terrific violence of the torrents, and those which replace the old are of marvellous proportions and strength, apparently formed to resist the fury of their restless opponents, the foam of whose speed makes the beautiful valley a sheet of snowy spray.

Signau is almost as attractive a village as Langnau, and has the advantage of a ruined castle on the height above it : here the roofs of the cottages are very large and overhanging, the balconies carved most beautifully, and the walls encrusted, as at Langnau, with small overlapping scales of delicate cream-coloured wood, which have a very pleasing effect.

All the way to Thun the drive was delicious, in sight of the Jungfrau, and I almost regretted our arrival at that ugly, slovenly looking town, which is quite as hideous and dirty as any of its fellows when near, but is infinitely more picturesque at a distance than most of them are. To my great relief we passed quite through the town, and left it half a mile behind us, not stopping until we drove through a shrubbery, and by parterres of flowers to the entrance of one of the most beautiful and agreeable of all the hotels in this best of all-possibly-accommodated-country.

The Bellevue Inn has replaced one much smaller on the same spot, and the influx of visitors is generally so great as to warrant the erection, by the same enterprising proprietor, of another close by in the same grounds.

This is the most enjoyable and delightful place in which to fix one's head quarters for the summer, and, in spite of the rural fit which had seized me at Langnau, I could not but confess that the inn at Thun was to be, on the whole, preferred. Nothing can be more pleasant than the gardens and grounds, in the midst of which, by the side of the Aar, stands the handsome building surrounded by every beauty that nature and art have combined to produce. From the windows a glorious prospect opens of the snowy range of the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eigher, and the Finster Aar Horn; and the nearer and singularly beautiful Niesen, with its pyramidal summit and its sides gracefully sloping to the lake, stands sentinel with the Stockhorn, surmounted as if with a knob-shaped handle on this side; both guarding the entrance of the Simmenthal.

Rising somewhat abruptly from the hotel is a fine hill, which has been cultivated almost to the pine wood crest which terminates its height; numerous walks, well directed, lead to shady retreats, and about half-way

up the ascent, there is a graceful temple, with a terrace sheltered by a colonnade, round the pillars of which twine rich climbing plants of great luxuriance. From this terrace is a varied and charming view; the antique buildings of the old town come out from a forest of foliage, showing only those parts which are picturesque, and embellish the scene. The venerable citadel with its bristling towers, the church on a commanding height, round and pointed *tourelles*, heavy-roofed houses, and many an elegant Schloss appear amongst spiral poplars, dark cedars, umbrageous chesnuts. Far below lies a smiling plain with the glittering Aar meandering through it, crossed by a wooden bridge and a picturesque breakwater, the far off mountains and all their snows gleaming in the sun, in the back ground.

The terrace I have named is in the front of a prettily decorated Protestant chapel, where service is regularly performed for the visitors of the hotel, an English clergyman being engaged for the season by the Innkeeper himself, to do the duty. I could not but think it must be an agreeable summer life for a young clergyman, as his time from Sunday to Sunday is entirely at his own disposal, and he finds plenty of leisure to roam about the mountains. With winter and rough weather, he quits his hermitage, and the chapel is shut up till spring and sunshine bring back another English congregation.

Above the chapel are many precipitous walks through a wood, at the most picturesque openings of which are seats and rustic arbours disclosing scenes of increasing beauty and grandeur as higher ground is reached, till, the summit being gained, a full view of the glorious lake, and all its mountains, bursts on the eye in inconceivable magnificence.

I had been climbing some time, and resting from spot to spot, till I reached at length a pretty pavilion, a little below the summit of the mountain, placed on a projection which juts out between the river and the lake, commanding both, and discovering all their glories. Here I stood in admiration, and though alone, could not help uttering an exclamation of delight, much to the amusement of a venerable old Switzer, who stood behind one of the pillars contemplating the view, and who appeared infinitely gratified at my approval of his native scenes. He pointed out to me the different mountains, and regretted that an intervening hill shut out the glorious Jungfrau which is not seen till the next promontory is reached.

Before these fine Italian hotels, before these paths and seats and pavilions were made, this mountain, and those eternal peaks, that glowing lake and rapid river, must have been, in silence and solitude, even more suitably seen than now; but the modern conveniences that make the sight easy at the present time cannot spoil its charm, for all in such spots is forgotten but the wonder and sublimity of that glorious Nature in the midst of which we stand.

While I looked from the pavilion, there came a heavy purple cloud over the sky, and a distant growl of thunder echoed along the plain. My companion warned me to return, as a storm was inevitable, and it was some distance to the inn. I therefore quitted the place, and took my way again through the wood; the weather was sultry, and the air became almost suffocating, as I descended, pausing every now and then at the different points of view which had riveted my attention before. Unwillingly I came down to the chapel terrace, when so loud a peal of thunder burst over the mountain that I was fain to quicken my steps,

and had just reached the garden building, which serves to accommodate the overflow of guests from the more distant inn, when the

> "Big rain came dancing to the earth,
> As if it did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

I made good my shelter beneath a fine arcade, round the columns of which spread the leaves of a climbing shrub, so enormous and luxuriant that it could originally only be the growth of some Atlantic region far away, where vegetation had not been disturbed for centuries. The huge thick drops came rattling amongst these gigantic leaves, and for more than an hour I sat in my romantic retreat watching the storm, which now raged with a noise and fury of which I had hitherto never formed an idea.

This was the very region of storms described so graphically by the immortal poet, that as I involuntarily repeated his lines, it seemed to me that Nature was indebted to him, not he to her, for such a scene.

> "From peak to peak the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder, not from *one* lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura echoes from her misty shroud
> Back to the startled Alps, that cry to her aloud."

Long, fierce, and clamorous was the din, torrents of rain poured down, the thick branches of the trees bowed and creaked in the eddying wind, the lightning flashed continuously, as if tearing up the ground, and as though every stroke beat the earth with a loud *sound*, while the unceasing thunder revelled above, roaring and rushing along, and rocking the mountains with its awful voice, as it hurried to and fro with a flapping sound, as if made by the wings of some monster bird. All this time the bright sun struggled violently amongst the flying clouds and deep blue transparent sky, and finally triumphed, dashing

> "the darkness all away."

I was roused from my delighted observation by the exclamations of a servant sent in quest of me, with cloaks and umbrellas, who imagined I must have become a prey to the demon of the tempest.

In a short time all was clear and calm, the soft wind blew and the unclouded sun shone, as if there had been nothing but tranquillity in this lovely region; and with infinite delight I received the assurance that this clearing storm would probably leave us several quiet days in which to make our projected excursion amongst the glaciers of Grindelwald.

Nevertheless the rain returned at night, and a fine moonlight scene, which I contemplated from the inn balcony, was obscured by heavy masses of black clouds. All night the deluge continued, and in the morning at seven o'clock I heard the bell ring, inviting travellers on board the steam-boat which carries them to the further end of the lake, on the way to explore the mountains. At this moment there seemed no hope for us, and we resigned ourselves to wait at Thun for better weather, when suddenly, about two hours afterwards, a change took place, and we resolved to dare the adventure, though not by water. No time was lost in procuring a carriage, and we were quickly *en route* by the side of the charming lake, enjoying the view of the magnificent Jungfrau, now fully developed, and her veil thrown aside.

As we advanced the scenery still improved in interest; for a succession of objects, all full of pleasing recollections, occupies the attention of the traveller in the Oberland.

Manfred's castle of Unspunnen still stands in grim ruin amongst surrounding mountains with a torrent at its foot, a snowy range above its dilapidated towers, and the Jungfrau in front. Unterseen, Interlacken, and its unapproachably magnificent grove of the largest walnut-trees in existence, and Lauterbrunnen, all in turn attract and delight.

At a short distance from Lauterbrunnen the most ethereal of all waterfalls makes the rocky valley beautiful. The Staubbach is indeed a fairy cataract: falling from a height of nine hundred feet over a perpendicular rock, it breaks itself into spray, and disperses in air before it reaches the basin below. It has more the effect of an avalanche than a waterfall. One cannot imagine the snowy, feathery, waving shadow to be a mass of water; it falls noiselessly and softly over the precipice, all foam, and white as the fleecy clouds that creep along the face of mountains in misty weather. It does not appear to rush, or to be disturbed but gently to flutter along the rocky wall, like the wings of descending angels,—or as it were a flock of those white birds which are said to be the souls of the just, according to Mohammedan belief.

It is altogether most fascinating and attractive, and holds the gazer in amazed delight, as he stands watching the ceaseless descent of the full stream, powerful but silent, wondrous in its concentrated strength, mighty without a struggle. I was not fortunate enough to see the rainbow which adorns it frequently before noon. Beautiful it must indeed be with such a girdle thrown across it; for, unornamented as it was, I thought I had never beheld anything so exquisite.

Returning a little on our way, we passed along the valley of the White Lutschine, and entered the rugged gorge of that foaming torrent, which bears the ominous title of the Black Lutschine. No scene can be more "savage-wild" than this extraordinary spot. The mountains crowd upon each other in countless numbers, black with firs, and jagged with precipitous rocks. The place where stands the Stone of Fratricide may well be called by Byron "a fitting spot for such a deed." Nothing can be more desolate and terrific than the surrounding scenery; and the ceaseless roar of torrents far below adds to the gloomy horror.

Long and steep was the road, through forests of pines, that led to Grindelwald; and I now felt that I had seen Swiss glories in perfection, for to exceed this sublimity was impossible. One snowy *horn* succeeded the other, lifting its pyramid of snow into the sky; the Silver Horn, the two Giants, the Wengern Alp, the Peak of Terror, the Peak of Storms, the Peak of Angels, rose and disappeared, beckoning us on to the region which they claimed as their own abodes, and I reached at last the wild, solitary village of Grindelwald, where we were to sleep, confused and bewildered with the magnificence and splendour of all the scenes I had passed through.

Grindelwald lies at a height of between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Two glaciers are in front of it, and three mighty mountains covered with snow enclose it.

We stopped at "The Eagle" in preference to "The Bear;" for there are two very tolerable inns at this place, wild and distant as it is. We secured beds, and were fortunate in doing so, for messengers soon

arrived to bespeak lodging for seven-and-twenty guests; six were English ladies, roamers amongst the snows, and the rest belonged to a school of Jesuits, wandering during the vacation in search of adventures. Late at night the latter party arrived on foot, Alpenstock in hand, and great was the clatter they made as they mounted, shouting and laughing in spite of fatigue, to their dormitories. I heard them call to each other in the long passage, rattling at every door to find their own room, and recognized many of my youthful countrymen. On one side of my sleeping room some of the ladies lodged, on the other some of the boys and a tutor, and I heard prayers read and uttered on either hand in two different creeds and languages, for we were separated only by a wooden partition.

The voices on the left were soft and low, evidently those of young delicate English girls. I heard afterwards they travelled with their father. After they had commented on several of their day's adventures, and gossipped their fill merrily, the tone changed to one more solemn, and they read part of the Protestant evening service, and presently the sweet sounds died away into silence.

On my right a shuffling of feet was heard, a few lively remarks were made in French, some laughter ensued, and then a sound of kneeling succeeded; some Latin and French prayers were uttered in a reverential tone, and the party dispersed, except two, who I judged were the tutors. They continued their orisons a little while, and then, as if fairly exhausted, allowed their aspirations to subside, and all was still.

I looked out into the moonlight and saw, as if close to my window, a glittering sea of ice between two black rocks tipped with silver. Before the sun declined I had already made my way to the beautiful glacier, and stood upon its icy points and gazed upon its motionless waves in charmed astonishment. This was the first glacier I had ever approached, and its effect seemed to me marvellous.

Before we retired for the night we had been favoured with a pretty concert of Swiss girls, singing in chorus their *Ranz des vaches.* All the voices were well tuned and melodious, and nothing could be more pleasing and in unison with the scene.

At six o'clock the next morning our stout steeds were brought to the door, and we mounted them full of anticipation of a fine ride over the mountains of Oberhasli, for the sun rose clearly and there were but few clouds flitting along the surface of the sky. Our anticipations were fulfilled, for a more delightful day, almost to its close, seldom fell to the lot of travellers. Before us lay the Scheideck, which we were to cross. The gigantic Wetterhorn rose above all others, apparently close to us. Then came the great Eigher with its hatchet-shaped edge, which reminded me of Axe-hill in Derbyshire, and Mary Stuart's foreboding question as to its name; the pointed cone of the Schreckhorn peered over the Mettenberg, and the Finster Aar-horn raised its fourteen thousand feet above all other lesser peaks, that cast up their javelins into the blue sky and caught the flashes of the rising sun.

We left Grindelwald and its first glacier, blue, glittering, and solemn, below us, and went on our way towards the second and even more imposing river of ice which lies between the highest of the range.

We checked our horses opposite to this beautiful sheet of arrested water, and at the very moment our guides exclaimed in a tone of triumph—"Listen! the avalanche!"

Breathlessly I paused, and with eager eyes looked towards the snow-covered peak to which our attention was directed.

"But nothing came."

Presently a faint sound, which had at once struck the practised ears of the guides, reached me; it grew louder and louder, and thundered over the heights till it died in the distance. Then I saw, slowly descending a mighty precipice, a body of snow-like vapour, flitting as it seemed from crag to crag; for reduced to dust by the force of its collision with the rocks, a mighty mass of ice which could overwhelm a village seemed to my sight no more than a shadow, producing the same effect as the rushing and similarly interrupted waters of the Staubbach.

The sight, the first sight of this startling wonder of nature creates a thrill of delight impossible to describe and never to be forgotten. Astonishment, admiration, and terror are combined, and the sensation of joy which takes possession of the senses is exquisite in the extreme.

I looked long and fixedly on

"the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
. . . . . .
On snows where never human foot
Of common mortal trod,"

with a novel and delicious pleasure which was altogether happiness, and turned away with infinite regret, although scenes as magnificent were still in perspective.

I had not long to wait for a second and a third avalanche: they burst like a peal of artillery over the side of the mighty Wetterhorn, and a sea of fine pulverized ice came pouring down the precipitous sides of the rocks into the frozen current beneath, which sent up spires and points innumerable from its surface as it seemed to roll along the valley at our feet.

I felt it was indeed a hitherto unbelieved delight—

"to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"

and could not wonder at the raptures of every poet and traveller of taste who is so fortunate as to find himself in the midst of scenes of sublimity such as I now enjoyed.

We stopped at a desolate chalet on the summit of the Scheideck, to see an establishment of cheese and cream, and to drink the customary draught of the latter. We were not tempted to dismount and enter the hovel, which appeared filthy in the extreme, and by no means romantic: a drove of pigs were wallowing in a sort of marsh near, and presented a very unpicturesque appearance. Far off, close to the upper glacier, three objects were pointed out to us as chamois, feeding on a small patch of verdure at the edge of the ice, but we could not discern their forms distinctly enough, in spite of the wish to credit all the assertions of our zealous guides, to feel positive that we had actually seen the gazelles of the Alps, or whether we were looking on their more savage companions, the bears.

Around us, at this point of the journey, rose an amphitheatre of icy peaks, glittering in the sun, and supporting from point to point a continuous ocean of ice running for leagues; for these glaciers extend in

an uninterrupted line from the Jungfrau to the Grimsel, and from Grindelwald nearly to Brieg in the Vallais for one hundred and fifteen square miles.

Again we heard the booming sound of falling avalanches, but we saw no more, as they dashed down the precipices on the opposite side of the mountains, and were hidden from our view.

As we rode on we presently came up with a herd of seventy cows; the most beautiful, tame, gentle, yet animated little creatures I ever beheld. They were not much larger than Newfoundland dogs, exquisitely proportioned, of a soft dove-colour, with bells on their necks, and their wild inquisitive eyes fixed on us as we passed. We soon heard the clatter of their hoofs over the stony road, and found that the whole of the fairy phalanx was pursuing us with a thousand antics and gambols, lowing and tossing their pretty heads, and enjoying themselves with delighted gestures, like a troop of schoolboys just escaped from their place of confinement.

We reached a yet higher and more desolate chalet which, however, serves for an inn occasionally to weary pedestrians, and from thence our way was downwards towards the valley of Meyringen. All was now bare and solemn, and the snow-covered mountains now reigned alone in uninterrupted grandeur all round us for some little distance. We reached the secluded village of Rosenlaui, and remained there for a couple of hours to refresh ourselves and our horses, at the large and comfortable inn provided for wayfarers in these often-visited regions. Here, as at Grindelwald, there is an exhibition of the beautiful and ingenious wood carvings, which for delicacy of execution and tastefulness of design are really admirable. We found the objects, however, much dearer than elsewhere, and our domestic director, who had a great terror of imposition, positively forbade our indulging in our extravagant fancies on this spot, assuring us that we were likely to be imposed upon, and should be much better supplied lower down the mountain.

While we were bargaining, the sudden arrival of our young Jesuit friends in a body, decided both us and our dealers; for the demand rose instantly, as they felt now sure of unhesitating purchasers in the admiring groups which entered their museum, began to enquire prices, and seize on articles.

These "wandering youths" arrived foot-sore and weary, leaning on their Alpinstocks and much soiled with travel, for they had disdained guides, and had missed the right path on the mountains, consequently had to scramble to their heart's content, but somewhat to the discomfiture of their tutors. We left them, clamouring for the ample meal which was being prepared, while we visited the first fall of the Reichenbach in the wild gorge close to the inn beyond the baths which are here established, and which appear comfortable and flourishing, and I believe, are much resorted to.

THE PONY CLUB.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOOD SETTLEMENTS OF GEORGIA.

Having dismounted from their horses, Jim Cooley and his companions entered his late brother's hut, bearing with them the body of the Squire, and leading the boy Frank, whose hands were tied behind him. The corpse, which was covered with blood, and presented a ghastly spectacle, was laid on the bed, to one of the posts of which the lad was tied. It was now morning: the grey light came dawning over the hills, though the forest had still a cold, sombre appearance.

After some whispering among the men, Jim Cooley approached the lad, and said,

"Frank, where is your uncle Daly?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, sullenly.

"We 'll make you know," said Cooley, sternly. "If you don't tell us, we 'll strip you, and thrash every inch of skin off your back."

The boy cast his eyes down, and preserved a moody silence. Again the men whispered together, and then Dove turned suddenly to the boy, and said,

"Frank, lad, has you ever seen a horse in the scratches tied by the nose, while they was putting the blue-stone to his shins and hoofs?" The lad looked up, apparently surprised at the question. "If," continued Dove, "by the time the sun, that 's now risin' on the hills, shines in this door you haven't told us where Daly is, I 'll wring your nose in the same way."

Having said this, he directed the men to seek out a bit of stout whip-cord, while he pulled out his knife, and commenced preparing a stick for his instrument of torture. From the pockets of the party sundry bits of twine were produced, one of which he selected, pleasantly remarking, "This will hurt the most. It won't cut the skin too quickly."

These preparations, which were soon made, the boy eyed sullenly, but silently.

At length the sun broke gloriously over the hills; the dew sparkled in its beams, the squirrel leaped gaily from branch to branch, the birds carolled in its rays, it seemed to gladden all things; but Frank trembled as it gilded the threshold of the hut, for he well knew the character of the men who surrounded him.

"Are you ready to tell now?" asked Dove, as he approached the boy with the novel instrument of torture.

"Why not ask me where the stag slept last night?"

"You know where Daly is," said Dove, as he applied the loop to the boy's nose, and commenced to twist the stick. "I 'll twist until you tell us where he 's hiding."

The boy, though evidently writhing from pain, remained silent. Dove continued his operation as slowly as possible; the sweat rolled from the lad's forehead, the blood forsook his cheeks, a few drops slowly forced their way through the pores of the skin at the extremity of the nose.

"Will you tell now?" asked Cooley.

"No," shrieked the boy, and fainted. The cord was instantly re-

moved: the nose had been nearly severed, and a bloody ring remained in the place of the string.

"He 'll bear that mark to his grave," said Dove.

"'Twill not disgrace him," said Moss, who was sincerely attached to the boy, and who was endeavouring, by the application of cold water, to restore him to his senses. "If you 'll leave him to me, when he comes to I 'll worm the secret from him."

In a few moments Frank opened his eyes, and, encountering the looks of his oppressors, slowly closed them with a groan.

Moss instantly approached him. "Frank," said he, "if your uncle did not kill the Squire, we won't touch him; but we must see him, and get the truth from him. Where is he?"

The boy made no reply, but looked earnestly at Dove, who was drawing the shoe from his right foot.

"What 's that for, Dove?" asked he.

"I 'll ring every toe on your foot as I 've rung your nose, unless you tell," replied Dove; and he quietly applied the instrument of torture.

"Hand me some water, Moss," said the boy. Moss complied with his request. The lad drank it, and said, "Go on now, Dove. It can't be worse than the other."

But he was mistaken. At the third or fourth turn of the stick the agony seemed insupportable, the perspiration gushed from every pore in his skin, and the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.

"Speak, Frank," said Moss. But the boy spoke not.

Dove, who seemed to take a pleasure in the torture he was inflicting, kept turning and turning, all the while keeping his eyes fixed upon his victim.

"Did your uncle know of the money?" asked Shattlin. There was no reply.

"Did he kill the Squire?" asked Moss.

Still there was no reply.

"Loose the string, Dove," said Moss. Dove removed the blood-stained cord, the doing which was evidently exquisitely painful, for the lad shrieked fearfully.

"No more nonsense, Frank," said Moss. "What 's the use of hurting yourself in this way? If your uncle kin clear himself, he shall come to no harm. But we must see him. Where is he?"

The kindness with which Moss spoke seemed to move the lad more than the tortures that he had suffered. He sobbed loudly for a moment, and then said,

"Moss, I cannot tell you. My uncle has raised me from childhood."

Again Dove approached with the instrument of torture. "Stop," said Moss, who seemed to be struck by some sudden thought. "Stop. If you won't touch the boy till I come back, I 'll soon find out Ned Daly's hiding-place."

Having obtained from the men a promise that nothing further should be done to the lad until his return, he rushed from the hut, and springing on his horse, rode furiously to Daly's cabin.

"Abel!" shouted he, "Abel!"

Thus called, the negro boy raised himself from the chimney-corner, shook the ashes from him, and poked his black face cautiously through the door.

"Ah, dat a you, Massa Moss? What de debbil you hab do with Massa Frank?"

"Come here," said Moss; and, as the negro slowly approached him,

he continued holding up a hickory stick. "Do you see this? Are you awake?"

"Berry wide awake, Massa Moss," replied the negro, with a grin.

"Were you awake when your Massa Daly came home to-night?"

"Ees, Massa Moss, I was."

"What did he say?"

"'Twas Massa Frank begin. He say dat massa must cut and run, fur dat you was all comin' arter him to kill him."

"Well?" said Moss.

"So he say he didn't kill de squire, but dat he hab some money; and he tek some benzon, and powder, and some bullets, and some brandy, and him pipe and baccy. Ugh, but he berry cole out here, Massa Moss."

"Mind," said Moss, as he held up the hickory.

"I see 'em, I see 'em. He tek some benzon and powder, and some bullets, and him pipe and baccy, and he say—Gor-a-mighty, Massa Moss, your horse very sweaty and smoky."

"Damn you!" said Moss, as he cracked the boy sharply on the head. "What did Massa Daly say?"

"He say he guine to Falloola Falls, to hide heself in the cave."

"Now, jump up here," said Moss, delightedly. "You must go with me."

"You guine thrash me again, Massa Moss?"

"No; come along. You and your Massa Frank shall have a good breakfast together. Poor fellow! he needs it."

Seizing the boy by the arm, he jerked him up, placed him before him, and rode back to the hut.

"You may loose Frank," said he, as he entered the cabin; "for Daly is hiding at Talloola."

"If I had my way, I 'd wring every toe on his feet," said Dove, as he roughly unbound the boy.

"Give us your hand, Frank," said Moss, pointedly. "I 'd rather shake it than the hand of any man in the room. Had your uncle been as true to us as you have been to him, there had been need for none of this."

Finding, by a further examination of the negro-boy, that there was no necessity for haste, the members of the club fed their horses, and then leisurely proceeded to refresh themselves. An old negress, a servant of the deceased Squire, was ordered to wash his body, and to array it in proper burial-clothes; and about an hour before noon, having persuaded Peter Flap, the miller, and another neighbour, to join them, they set out in pursuit of Daly, feeling perfectly assured that, with this addition to their numbers, they would be enabled to surround him in his retreat, and take him.

We must now return to Daly. Leaving the hut with a sad heart, he walked for a mile or two rapidly along the steep rugged road that led to the Falloola Falls. Gradually, however, as the day dawned on him, he slackened his pace, partly because he feared no pursuit in this direction, and partly because, having passed two anxious and sleepless nights, he was becoming excessively fatigued.

"Ah," sighed he, as he slowly ascended the apparently interminable hills, "a heavy heart makes heavy feet. Was I seekin' a new home, with all this money in my pocket, and nothin' on my conscience, I could mount these hills as lightly as a squirrel."

In this sad humour he had proceeded about nine miles, when, moved apparently by some sudden impulse, he turned abruptly into the forest on the right, and, having gone about fifty yards from the road, quietly seated himself at the foot of an enormous pine-tree.

"They won't think of coming this way," said he; "and I told Frank not to follow me till night. So I might just as well count my money, eat my breakfast, and take a nap."

Thus saying, he drew out the pocket-book, and began to arrange and count the notes. The case, which was of unusual size, was literally crammed with money; and as Daly counted and counted note upon note, to the large sum of thirty-three thousand dollars, he could not help exclaiming,

"Well, I reckon a man must want his throat cut that 'ud toll so much cash about him."

For a few moments he gave way to the emotions of pleasure which the possession of such a sum would naturally excite; but it was not long before other thoughts rushed upon him, and rendered him as despondent as before. He felt that his position was a critical one; that, as the supposed murderer of Cooley, and as the possessor of so much money, he would be hotly pursued; and that, if even he found a new home, he must find it in the far west, beyond the reach of his deceived and exasperated companions.

"Darn the thing!" said he bitterly, as he fixed his eyes on the pocket-book that was lying on his knees, "I 'd give all them bank-notes to be where I was yesterday,—to be sittin' in my own cabin, with Frank and Tom Cooley by my side."

A mouthful of venison, however, and a draught of brandy banished the most bitter of these thoughts; and, having lighted and smoked his pipe, he restored the money to his pocket, and stretching himself out in the sun, was soon sound asleep.

When Daly arose from his necessary and refreshing slumbers, the sun was casting long shadows to the eastward.—"I didn't mean to sleep here so long," said he; "but no matter, there 's yet time to reach the Falls before dark." With this remark he picked up his rifle, and slinging it across his shoulders, he pushed his way through the forest into the road. He had not proceeded, however, more than a few hundred yards before he perceived the track of horses. As the road at that time was but little frequented, this sight somewhat surprised him; nor was that surprise diminished when, upon examination, he found that the animals must have been urged at some speed towards the Falls.

"Kin Frank have proved false?" muttered he. "Kin my own sister's child have betrayed me? Why not?—why not? Didn't I prove traitor to them that trusted me with all?"

Heart-stricken by these thoughts, he remained standing for some minutes in the middle of the road, uncertain what course to pursue. At length he determined to go onward; but, deeming caution necessary, he struck into the woods, and, keeping within five or six yards of the road, forced his way painfully through the bushes to the rocks that overhang the Falls.

Here, tied to trees, he perceived the six horses, all of which he recognized. Convinced now that his meditated retreat was discovered, he decided at once to cross the Falloola Fords, and to seek, for the moment, a hiding-place among the rocks on the other side of the river.

Feeling assured also that Frank had betrayed him, he came to another resolution, namely, to make his way through Tenessee to the far west, as soon as he could do so safely. Rapidly descending the mountain side, he regained the road, crossed the ford, and, by extraordinary exertion, succeeded in reaching the summit of the northern Falloola rock by dark.

I must now go back a little in my story. It was about four o'clock when Dove and his party reached the Falls. Wishing to take Daly before night, they immediately descended to the cave, and shouted to him to show himself. No answer being returned, Moss approached to the narrow aperture, and examined it carefully.

"Daly is not here," said he. "Neither man nor beast has entered this hole for months. A fox could not have passed by and that grass and cobweb remain as it is."

"Then that damned nigger lied," said Dove, furiously.

"I don't think it," said Cooley. "Abel had no reason for telling a lie. Daly ain't far from here, unless he's changed his mind and gone into Tenessee."

"That ain't sich a bad guess," said Moss. "If he hadn't meant to go to Tenessee, he wouldn't a come here. He can't escape us. He must sleep on the road-side to-night, and even if he walks hard, he'll find neither house nor horse till to-morrow noon."

"Let's follow him at once," said Dove.

"Not now," said Moss. "In the dark we may over-ride him. We had better sleep here to-night, and by starting early in the morning we shall be sure to catch him at Tom Lawson's."

The party having determined to abide by the advice which Moss had given, began to reascend the precipice. The Falls of Falloola, which really merit the attention of tourists, are accessible, except to the most enterprising, only on the southern side. Immediately over the grand basin into which the river, by a series of magnificent cascades, empties itself, stands a massive projecting rock which it is impossible to reach but by a descent of nearly four hundred yards along the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain. Even in the present day, although some efforts have been made to facilitate this object, the descent to this spot is so perilous as to deter many. In the days of the Pony Club, everything being in a state of nature, it was of course much more so; and it was only by clinging to the brittle branches of the kalmia and rhododendron, that Moss and his party could gain the heights upon which they had left their horses.

"'Twas well for us," said Moss, as they were ascending, "that Daly was not in the cave; for he'd 'ave picked us off these bushes, one by one, as we pick squirrels from a tree."

With the first grey light the men started from their slumbers, and prepared to move. After snatching a hasty meal they were about to ride, when Dove said, "Somehow I don't think that Daly has gone on. I rather guess he was to meet the lad here. So if you think that five on you is enough for one man, I'll go down agin and wait till you come back."

Pleased with this offer, the men left Dove sufficient provisions to last him for two days, and then went on their way. In the meantime, Dove having carefully concealed his horse among the bushes, descended again to the falls, and stationed himself under the projecting rock, not far from the mouth of the cave.

Roused from his slumbers by the morning light, Daly sprang to his feet and approached the edge of the precipice that overlooks the ford. Accustomed as he was to the wild scenery of the picturesque counties of Habersham and Rabun, this rude man stood upon the brow of the rock gazing with wonder at the scene before him. To the north lay the blue hills of Rabun, capped with mists; to the south, twenty miles of forest were spreading their autumn-dyed leaves to the sun; below him, at the depth of twelve hundred feet, were the boiling waters of Falloola.

"'Taint often," said he, as he folded his arms across his breast, "that the sun shines on sich a pictur' as this."

At this moment the party were crossing the ford.

"Shattlin," said Cooley, as he pointed with his finger to the rock, "what's that?"

At this question the party looked up; and lo! Daly, who had also seen them, was retreating from the edge of the precipice.

"'Tis he," said Shattlin, in a shrill whisper. He's our's now. He's our's, money and all."

Urging their horses through the ford, the men rode at full speed up the sides of the mountain, and when, from the nature of the ground, the panting animals could go no further, they dismounted, secured their beasts, and continued the ascent on foot. At length they reached a piece of level ground, out of which arose, to the height of sixty yards, the almost perpendicular rock to which Daly had retreated. Here, at the distance of thirty yards from its base, they determined to call a parley, and having fired a rifle, to attract his attention, they made the woods echo with the name of Daly.

"What do you want with me?" asked Daly; who, completely screened by bushes and rocks, had been watching the manœuvres of the party below.

"We want to know why you killed the Squire?" shouted Moss.

"I did not kill him," replied Daly. "'Twas young Rowell did it."

"You lie, Ned Daly," said Shattlin, stepping forward. "You did kill the Squire. You killed him to get the thirty thousand dollars. You've got them, Ned Daly, but you shall never spend them; for, by the living God, if we stay here for one month you shall die for this deed."

"Then die first, you dog," shouted Daly. And Shattlin fell, pierced through the brain by a rifle ball.

"To shelter," cried Moss, as he hid himself behind a tree. The three others immediately followed his example.

"Stir from those trees," said Daly, "and so help me God, I'll serve each one of you as I served Shattlin."

Leaving the men in this strange position, Daly retreated to the side of the precipice that overhangs the fall. It was the only side from which escape was possible; but accustomed as he was to rocks and precipices, Daly's heart sunk within him as he looked down on the gulf that was boiling fearfully below. "'Tis no use lookin'," said he; "it has been done, and it must be done agin. I was a fool to catch myself in such a trap."

Drawing out his brandy-flask, he drained it to the dregs, and then, after trying several places, he commenced the descent in earnest. To his surprise, however, he found that it was as easy to descend to the water on this side the falls as on the other; and he regretted, when

half way down, that he had left his rifle on the top of the rock. In the course of an hour he had descended to within twenty yards of what is termed the rim of the basin, and that which at first was barely a faint hope of escape was fast becoming a certainty, when the report of a rifle rolled and rattled along the cragged sides of the mountains, and Daly, springing backwards, plunged headlong in the foaming waters.

"Now for the money," shouted Dove from the other side the stream. "The body must come up at the ford."

Slinging his rifle across his back, he began rapidly to climb the precipice. But the tragedy was not yet complete; for, when he arrived within eight feet of the summit, Dove heard some one calling him by name, and, on looking up, his eye met the disfigured face of the boy Frank. He was kneeling on the edge of the precipice, holding in his hand a heavy mass of rock.

"Dove," said he, "if you stir a finger, I will dash you into atoms."

Completely in the boy's power, afraid either to ascend or to descend, Dove remained stationary, vainly attempting, as he held by the bushes above him, to find a solid resting-place for his feet. It was a position which he could not long sustain. Fatigued by his previous exertions, he felt himself gradually growing more and more weak; and yet, when he remembered his cruelty to the boy, he dared not hope for mercy. At length, however, urged by fear and pain, he cried,

"For God's sake, let me come up, Frank. I'm growing faint. I can't hold on much longer."

But the boy remained inexorable.

"Oh! save me, Frank!" shrieked Dove; "save me! The waters are goin' over me. I hear them sound in my ears."

"They have rolled over uncle," said the boy, who saw unmoved the arms of the hanging wretch quivering from exhaustion.

At length Dove turned his face upwards. He was too weak to speak, but his face spoke volumes. Moved by its agonized expression, Frank threw the rock aside, and cried,

"Come up, Dove—come up—I forgive you!"

'Twas too late. Dove raised himself an inch or two, and then his hold was loosened, and he went pitching from rock to rock, until he sunk in the very basin to which he had consigned Daly. His rifle held him down, and to this day, perhaps, the waters of Falloola are playing upon the bones of the most cruel member of the Pony Club.

SHOULD YOU MEET MY TRUE LOVE.

(OLD GERMAN.)

SHOULD you meet my true love,
  Say—I greet her well;
Should she ask you how I fare,
  Say—she best can tell.
Should she ask if I am sick,
  Say—I died of sorrow;
Should she then begin to weep,
  Say—I 'll come to-morrow.

DISASTROUS FIELD-DAY OF AN OFFICER OF IRREGULARS.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

PERHAPS few military men have undergone, in their career of service, more mishaps, mischances, and back-handed strokes of fortune, than Major Hercules Cœur de Lion. Indeed, the mischances which have invariably accumulated upon every attempt he has made at distinguishing himself, would have quashed the ardour and enthusiasm of any person less devoted to the profession of arms.

He entered the Royal South-east Brixton Yeomanry Cavalry in the year 1820, in the twentieth year of his age, so that the very flower of his youth was passed in aspiring after fame. But, alas! the dangers, the discomforts, the annoyances, the outrageous insolence and contumelious affronts of superiors, the wear and tear of constitution, that follow! On a hundred different occasions it was his misfortune to be disgusted with the profession; and it is not so long ago since the last review in Hyde Park, which was so glorious to others, proved to him a most disastrous event. The day before it took place, our readers can imagine the unpapering, furbishing up, and cleaning the uniform, with its lovely silver lace, the rubbing up of horse-furniture, the polishing of weapons; nay, even the little jobbing-tailor whom Major Cœur de Lion hired to sit in a corner of his apartment, in order that, "under his personal eye," he might let out the jacket and trousers which, since his last taking the field, he had become so much increased in bulk, as to be unable to get into. The sleepless and feverish night, and the excited and the accelerated pulse in the morning, can also be readily imagined, which made him almost despair of being able to rise in time to take a part in the glories of the day. His misgivings as to his horse, alas! were too well founded. He had hired it of Mr. Rammell in Bond Street, who assured him that it was purchased of a Quaker, (an elderly and infirm gentleman,) who had ridden him fifteen years, —and which, "to make assurance doubly sure," his valet had exercised for several days before, with his steel-scabbarded sword buckled on and dangling about his flanks, in order to accustom the beast to go armed, and that he might not demur when brought into action. Full of apprehensions, when the day arrived, whether he would go steadily amidst the roar of artillery, the file-firing of the Guards, the charge of the Household Troops, and the rush of the royal cortège; having hastily swallowed his breakfast, the Major at length girded on the ponderous sabre, strapped on the shabrach, donned his graceful cartouch box, and lifting the chaco with its raven cocktails to his brow, stooped the plumes to the portal, and sought his charger. In short, he mounted his steed, still taking precaution not to get on his back till he had made every inquiry, and ascertained that, under any ordinary circumstances of hurry, confusion, bustle, and noise, it was invariably a quiet and even-tempered animal. Cœur de Lion's situation was by no means enviable whilst on the march from his lodgings (situate at the end of Piccadilly, close to the court leading into Leicester square), to the Park. The dreadful rattle and horrid pace of those cursed omnibuses, the swiftness and whirl past of the hackney-cabs; the carts, carriages, gigs, and

phaetons, which hemmed him in on all sides, altogether created such a dreadful confusion in his head,—which had been sadly ailing for some time back, with a sort of dizziness, and that "whoreson tingling" Falstaff describes to have read of in Galen,—that long before he got to Apsley House, he was, as it were, a gone man, and would have given "more than I'll say, or you believe," if his boots had been full of boiling water ere he had drawn them on for such an expedition. However, "honour pricked him on," and somehow or other, honour pricked him off again. At length he managed to push through the crowd at Piccadilly Gate, and finally into the Park. His head was, by this time, in such confusion that he could observe nothing distinctly, being utterly unconscious of passing through the mob, who everywhere ran out of his way with looks of fear. He was now, however, getting accustomed to the scene, and considered that, protected as he was by the Enniskillen Dragoons in the rear, and on the right by the carriage of the Queen, he was in comparative security, (for by a gentle application of his left heel, and almost touching his horse with the spur, he managed to sidle him close against the hinder wheels of the royal carriage; whilst on his left, (although certainly too much exposed,) yet he concluded himself quite safe from any rush on that side, from the circumstance that the royal carriage (for "there is a divinity that hedges a queen") would not be allowed by the dragoons and police to be approached so as to endanger him in any way. Giving these matters due consideration, he had reason to be satisfied with the position he had chosen, and began to enjoy himself beyond measure, and to look about at the glorious and imposing spectacle. The business of the present moment was marching past in review order, in which her Majesty's troops certainly do excel those of all other nations. First came the Artillery, with a great number of waggons, the postilions saluting with their whips; then the Life-Guards; and after them the 8th Hussars; and the Foot-Guards were the last. Oh, it certainly was a wonderful affair! Then they all encored it in rather a quicker step, and then commenced a most tremendous business indeed. The Foot-Guards had apparently gained possession of a wood which is situated at a spot called the Deer-Park, and although they were quite out of sight, the struggle held there must have been a most dreadful business, judging by the firing of their muskets and the shouts of the populace. Then came a most furious charge of the Life-Guards, and the Blues, and some said the 8th Hussars likewise charged on that day. The Enniskillen Dragoons, and the Lancers, did not break ground, but remained stationary. Just at this time the Major observed one of the Guards in the front rank come tumbling to the ground, and dreadful was the sight when all his comrades rode full gallop over him. Major Cœur de Lion turned his eyes away, for he could not bear the sight of such a carnage; and for the first time discovered that the royal carriage had driven off, as also that the dragoons had fallen back, and that, somehow or other, he had got among a detachment of the infantry. This was the commencement and cause of his disaster, for through some awkwardness, his horse was tickled behind by the bayonets of the Foot-Guards, and at the same moment, losing his presence of mind, and being jerked off his balance, his spurs, in his efforts to hold on, were driven into its flanks. Unable to keep his seat, he endeavoured to throw himself from the saddle, so as to alight on his legs; but not succeeding in the endeavour, he came to the ground with the

emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling, with all his accoutrements clattering about him, whilst his treacherous and maddened steed immediately joining the Life-Guards in their charge, he never, from that day to this, either saw him or wished to see him again. Meanwhile, the shouts, the laughter, and obscene ribaldry of the rascally mob (who had collected around) became so offensive, that (gathering himself up as well as he could) he begged of a policeman to protect him from insult and injury, and endeavour to get him clear of the uncourteous rabble. Arrived a little beyond the scene of his misfortunes, Cœur de Lion perceived that his left shoulder was somewhat higher than his right, and begged the policeman to take hold of his arm,—and, though free from pain, he now discovered that his shoulder was dislocated.

The idea now struck him to make for St. George's Hospital without delay, for he was becoming so confused with the annoyance of the mob, that he could not now really tell whether his arm was on or off his body. Upon reflection, however, it struck him that on so glorious a day the hospital assistants, and indeed the doctors, and surgeons attendant, would most likely be in the Park; nay, even the house-surgeon, the apothecary, the students, and, indeed, half the patients would be out on the top of the tiles, gazing at the review. He therefore issued an order to the policeman to proceed forthwith to a surgeon of his acquaintance, residing in Piccadilly. As, however, the spectators evidently conceived from his situation that he was in custody for some offence, the officer suggested that it would be better to call a cab, which he reluctantly consented to, for he considered at the time that by such indulgence he was only incurring eight pennyworth more danger. They, however, did so, and were highly fortunate in finding his friend at home, who, on examination, instantly pronounced the shoulder out of joint; and sending to the kitchen for a jack-towel, which he placed round the Major's body under the arms, he commenced pulling at the unfortunate limb with all his force, whilst three assistants hauled his body in the contrary direction. After being dragged over the room in this unpleasant manner for some minutes, Cœur de Lion suddenly heard a smart report close to his ear, which he at first took for one of the guns going off in the Park, (for his mind was even then absent at the glorious spectacle,) but his friend, the surgeon, as accustomed to sounds of this nature as he himself was to those occasioned by the "villanous salt-petre," immediately knew that the shoulder-bone, (so long absent without leave,) had returned to its duty. He was now so far restored as to be enabled to proceed homewards in a hackney-coach; but it was some time before his nerves recovered the shock, or his body the inconvenience consequent upon that day's accumulation of misfortune.

Such were the disastrous consequences of the Major's efforts at distinguishing himself at a Metropolitan review, and in conclusion, I have only further to narrate that his treacherous charger was so much injured on that unlucky day (he having accompanied the Life-Guards and Blues in every charge they made) that after having been taken to the Green-yard, for want of any person to own him, he was finally consigned to the knacker's cart; Cœur de Lion having to refund the amount of his appreciated value (no small sum) to its sometime owner.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

"FLANEUR.—A busy lounger; an industrious idler; an observing street-tramper; a peripatetic philosopher of the *pavé;* a wisdom-seeking wanderer about the world."—*Dictionary of common usage, not of the French Academy.*

The Faubourg Saint Germain,—The Legitimists and Louis Philip's Court.—The Waverers.—The Ultras.—Marriages.—Morality.—Conversation.

BEFORE opening the page of Parisian society in general—the society, that is, of the *salon* and the *boudoir*, it may be as well to take a passing look at the exclusive summit of that society—the "cream," as the aristocratic Vienna would have it, in contradistinction to its many other gradations of skimmed milk, milk, diluted milk, and whey. By general acknowledgment, this exclusive summit is not to be sought for in the purlieus of the modern Court, in spite of its more recent assumption of so many of the rigidities of etiquette, but in the remnants of the legitimist party, and among those of the old French nobility, who still deign to shew their faces upon the stage of a degraded world. So long did these last representations of the fuller splendours of an *ancien régime* congregate, almost entirely, in one quarter of Paris, that the "*Société du Faubourg St. Germain*" remains still the name of the more exclusive fashionable society in Paris; although its members are, of latter years, rather widely dispersed in other parts of the city; and the Faubourg St. Honoré bids fair to rival its elder and more truly aristocratic brother. So great is still the *prestige* of this name, however, that many a faded dowager, of very minor pretensions to rank and fashion, will ennoble herself with the title of a "*Dame du Faubourg St. Germain,*" which, in its general acceptation, would signify a lady of the highest and most exclusive society in Paris; because chance, or perhaps even the desire of effecting this little fraud, of which few but the wholly uninitiated would be dupes, may have led her to establish her *apartement* in the Rue de Bourgogne, or the Rue de Bac, on the extreme verges of this same titled Faubourg.

The Faubourg St. Germain, be the term used to designate this quarter of Paris, or its society, may be said to have been unable ever to raise its head since the Revolution of July. Its deserted streets, in their sad and fallen splendour, have all the look of another Venice, although without the veil of poetry spread over the ruined fortunes of that city; without the stamp of romance upon their buildings—without any remnant of beauty to make up for the ugliness of a premature and sorry old age. The old coquette, it is true, does her best to deck herself with the *beaux restes* of her wealth and splendour; but the wrinkles are far too deeply seared to be hidden by paint or patches. The Faubourg St. Germain appears to be wearing mourning for itself—the mourning of departed greatness, for place and power ravished from its grasp, by a dirty *bourgeois* revolution.

Time has certainly, during the last few years, been doing its work, more than is commonly supposed, in other countries, and especially among those great enemies of France in general, and of the Orleans dynasty in particular, the order of German courts, towards healing the

wounds inflicted upon legitimacy by the *Juste Milieu.* Louis Philippe's conciliating "fusion" policy is working somewhat to this effect, by slow degrees, in offers of place or rank in the army, or a diplomatic career to the sons of his political enemies. A little court-salve has been applied to hasten the cure; and where, here and there, scars still remain upon the minds of some of the former *boudeurs* of the royalty of July, it has been painted over by the sufferers with a sort of contemptuous politeness, which has left but little visible. The line of demarcation between those who have already taken "the plunge," as the reconciliation with the younger Bourbon branch is called, and those who yet stand sulky on the brink, grows continually less and less distinct; and although Louis Philippe's court is certainly nothing in the eyes of former courtiers, but a weak and diluted parody of times "that were," yet, one after the other, the high-bred fowls of the Faubourg St. Germain may be seen strutting to the Tuileries to ruffle their feathers in what, they themselves have termed, the *basse cour.*

In many of the families of the old French nobility an amicable arrangement would seem to have been entered into, in family council, by which some of their members, generally the younger branch, are permitted to "rally," i. e. attach themselves to the modern court, whilst the others hold back with all the comedy of lofty disdain. By this arrangement consistency is apparently preserved, whilst time-serving no less has its rewards. One portion of the family is thus enabled to grasp its share of patronage and place, and the thousand other advantages to be gained by courtly or ministerial favour; the other can again hold out its banner, and declare its unflinching attachment to the cause of the elder Bourbons, in case of the event of a second Restoration, to which they still look as the Jews for the coming of their Messiah. Of latter years, this Janus-like compromise of conscience seems to have been greatly in fashion, and not to have been without its successful results.

Among the waverers there are also still many—men who are "all things to all men,"—who are Philippists with the *ralliés*, legitimists with the *boudeurs:* and others again there are who think legitimist principles as synonymous with exclusiveness, and who affect such opinions as a passport to society, from which they would otherwise be excluded, in the hopes of having it *visé* by some very noble hand, and thus obtaining an entrance to the long sighed-for "promised land," overflowing with the "milk and honey," or rather the *cream* and honey of rank and fashion.

Thus all things, generally speaking, go on more or less well, until some occasion, when it becomes necessary to declare sentiments by symbols, and make a coloured parade of opinions. In spite of the amicable arrangements already mentioned, political differences will then sometimes rub each other sore, and wounds will bleed afresh. Such an occasion is the death of any member of the families of either branch of the Bourbons. Discussions will then arise of mourning or not mourning, of dancing or not dancing, which in the present situation of parties, could scarcely be considered in a political light, and ought to be passed over as a mere question of crape and bombazine, were it not for the extravagance of the few remaining real *boudeurs* of the legitimist party, who not only insist upon showing their colours themselves, and making "much ado about nothing," but upon all their acquaintance doing the same thing. The matter passes off quietly enough upon such an-

niversaries of the Restoration, as that of the death of the Duke de Berri. Party fashion, on those days, dictates that mourning should be worn in every *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain; every body obeys without a murmur; and if dancing be not admissible, chit-chat goes on as usual. But upon the occasion of any immediate decease in either family, great is the embarrassment of the party weather-cocks and waverers, who have been accustomed to mount two flags at a time, and change their principles as they change their society—those political hesitators, who have their secret reasons for truckling to all parties, and their double or treble masks, and who must now show off their opinions by hoisting the black banner. Poor wretches! they are at their wits' end. Happy the rogues who have had the pleasure of losing an uncle, or aunt, or cousin, within a reasonable time; they may change their motives according to their several friends. To one they may protest that their mourning is for the deceased prince or princess; to another for a member of their own family. With one eye they may drop tears of legitimacy or Philippism, with the other tears of relationship. Fortunately for these double-faced paraders of principles, the unhappy Duke of Orleans was taken away at a season when all the world was, more or less, out of town; but the party discussions upon the death of the talented Duchess of Wurtemberg were a comedy of comedies, tacked into the tail of so woeful a tragedy; and those who may have witnessed the turmoil occasioned in society by the question of mourning or not mourning for Charles X., can never forget the treat it must have afforded them. Philippist, Carlist, Republican, Constitutionalist, even the mere indifferent in politics, were at loggerheads upon matter of crapes and stuffs: in the Faubourg St. Germain the case was a most critical one. In one fashionable *salon* a register was said to be kept of those who put on mourning first or last; in another of the various degrees of depth in which the mourning was worn. What course had the waverers then to pursue? A few anecdotes still remain to show the shifts and expedients to which they were put. A black coat, with "dittos to match," might have been made, with a little tact, and a white waistcoat, to escape the awful criticism of the rigids. But there was another seriously involved article of dress; and in this predicament the young elegant, who had his reasons for wishing to be well with both parties, entered at the Italian Opera, then the great arena for these political *modistes*, the box of a fair friend, well known for the strictness of her principles. N.B. I mean her legitimist principles. She questioned him on the momentous matter of his mourning. "You see I am black to the fingers' ends," he said, parading a black glove. "Admirable," replied the lady, "that's the true hand of a right thinking man." The other hand was in his coat-pocket; and on that hand his glove was yellow. Whenever the fair lady's head was turned, the offending, unprincipled glove was ostentatiously laid over the edge of the box, towards the *loge* of the Duke of Orleans. The admirable tactics of this party-coloured shuffler were said to be out-generaled, however, by another, who was supposed to keep a half-way house near one of the bridges, where he could put off the blue coat and coloured trousers, worn on the Boulevards or in the Tuileries, to don his black coat and hatband before he crossed the water to the Faubourg St. Germain.

In spite, however, of the gradual dying away of the clashing distinctions which marked the first effervescence of political violence after the Revolution of July, some very amusing specimens of exaggerated "legitimism" may not unfrequently be witnessed in the *salons* of the

Faubourg St. Germain. They consist chiefly in the more or less ingenious shifts employed to avoid giving names and titles to the present reigning family, and in the mention of the children of the "Usurper" with the proudest scorn. That the names "Louis Philippe," and "Maria Amelie," should be used to designate the King and Queen of the French is admissible enough. But in the mouths of these affected ignorers of the citizen-court of the Tuileries, the Duke of Orleans long remained under the name of the Duke of Chartres, the former title being still considered as belonging to Louis Philippe; the young princes or princesses were mentioned as Monsieur or Mademoiselle "*Chose;*" and the Queen of the Belgians—another unacknowledged Royalty—was known under the fanciful appellation of "Madame Cobourg." This is caricature, this is a mere farce, the extravagance of which would scarcely be admitted on the stage, it will be said. Not a whit! not a whit! The *flâneur's* own ears have heard it. But there are occasions upon which these *recalcitrant* "proud spirits" find themselves forced into contact with the objects of their scorn; and then the irritation of nerves, the gruntings, the tossings of heads, the shruggings of shoulders, the turnings of backs, and the contemptuous whisperings are an exquisite comedy to witness. The great routs and balls at the chief Ambassadorial Houses are necessarily arenas in which all parties, more or less, are assembled; and there collisions are inevitable. Of latter years, however, although the exaggeration of party spirit has subsided, and in spite of the temptation of balls—and what a temptation is a ball, even to the highest,—to what *bassesses* it will lead them, we shall see hereafter: the more mixed *réunions* of the Embassies have been somewhat avoided by the ultra-legitimists. Since the time that the Queen of England declined to receive the visit of the Duke of Bourdeaux—I beg his pardon, Henry V.—the British Embassy has been pitilessly "sent to Coventry" by them: the Bavarian Embassy is declared *suspecte:* the Austrian, in spite of its long established aristocratic *tournure,* lies slightly under a slur; and the Sardinian alone is declared of a sufficient degree of exclusiveness to merit the honour of being visited by "the pure and undefiled in spirit." How long, however, even the *salons* of the representatives of the rightly-thinking Courts of Turin may escape the "bars" is again a question; for Ambassadors consider themselves in duty bound to receive the Ministers of the Courts, to which they are accredited; and not very long ago a high-bred dame of the Faubourg St. Germain, who found herself in contact with a well-known little *parvenu* Minister, at that time President of the Council, tossed her feathers and her fan with scorn, and, to show her high breeding, burst into the following *tirade* of indignation in the hearing of the aforesaid little *parvenu* Minister's little *bourgeoise* wife. "To be exposed to meet these creatures sprung from nothing—these children of a *canaille* Revolution," (yes! "*canaille*" was the high-bred word!)—"these people without faith or principle,"—(let that pass!)—"is atrocious! We have nothing to do now but retire from this renucleated Paris with disgust into Austria or Piedmont, where nobility is still nobility, and the people is still the people!"

A proof of the gradual breaking down of these barriers of the formerly so exclusive society may be found in the increased patience with which *mésalliances* with the monied world are permitted, if not countenanced in the old French families. Scarcely a season passes by that some young Duke, Marquis, or Count of ancient name—aye, an old one too,—

does not lay down his quarterings, and his pride, at the feet of some rich heiress of a banker or *agent de change.* The lady's money-bags are given in exchange for the parade of the gentleman's title, or, what perhaps she looks to still more, as a compensation for probable ill usage and neglect, for the hopes of admission into the ranks of that envied world of supreme fashion, which has been the object of all her girlish dreams. This admission is now facilitated in a wonderful degree: and however the young Duchess, or Countess, who was born plain Mademoiselle *je ne sais quoi*, or, to use the true language of aristocratic distinction, never born (*née*) at all, may be ridiculed and sneered at behind her back, her place is granted her among the high-born and high-titled—whether grudgingly or not her gratified vanity will probably never allow her a moment to consider. She never hears, or at most is never supposed to hear the scoff, or see the contemptuous smile: and, to be true, not many wry faces are made by the family and friends into the circle of whom the emancipated *bourgeoise* is introduced, unless perhaps Jewish blood is supposed to flow in her veins—and Jewish blood no coating of gold, however thickly laid on, can ever gild; although, by a strange contradiction, the *salons* of the great Jew banker, the Jew immortal and all-powerful, are constantly filled by the rank and fashion of *the* Faubourg. But then a ball is a ball—a temptation no Duchess can resist: *il ça ne tire pas à conséquence.* Wealth, wealth! in these days of money-getting, is admitted, and even welcomed into the arms of rank. But woe betide the unfortunate offshoot of old nobility, who should dare to have a heart, and love another heart, and not a money-sack! No ridicule, no satire, no biting irony is sharp enough to wound his feelings. Above all, woe betide the poor girl, however excellent her family, however amiable herself, who should dare to love in turn, without gold to give a proper makeweight to her sentiment! All the old dowagers of the Faubourg, indignant at losing an adorer, or one whom they fancy might be such, will spit fire and flames, and venom, and talk hideous scandal of them; aye! and men, who call themselves men, will join in coward conspiracy with women's tongues to drive the unhappy victim from the face of society, from the face of the world if they could effect it.

One of the best results of these intermarriages with other classes, be they *mésalliances* or not, is not so much the fortune they bring into the families of impoverished nobility as the improvement of their race, in a physical point of view. Little beauty enough is to be met with among the high titled in France: and perhaps the very want of that advantage was the cause of the great supremacy accorded in French society to beauty, even in both sexes, where it was found to exist. There can be little doubt that the exclusive intermarriage system in families, which formerly existed, deteriorated the breed, if we may be allowed the word, almost as much in France, as it has notoriously been known to have done among the Spanish nobility. Nobility, whatever its pretensions, follows the general mysterious law of nature, which demands intermixture, extension, progress, in order to plant forward its creatures in true beauty and vigour. By fostering their prejudicial prejudices of exclusiveness, the old French families materially injured their exterior and natural nobility of form and bearing. Perhaps in England, the original pell-mell intermixture of Saxon, Danish, Norman, and who knows how many other races, may have given us that high-blooded cast, which still remains stamped upon our people. It may be

confidently asserted, however, that in France Napoleon did much more than he possibly intended to do, when he mixed together the aristocracies of birth, wealth, and courage, by forced marriages, inasmuch as he mixed the races, and in racing language, produced a better "stock." There are naughty tongues that say that he was much aided in this task of beautifying by the entry of the Allied Armies into Paris: but that we will not pretend to say. It is only to be hoped that the new intermixture system may likewise have its results in the amelioration of the heart of French nobility, and that there may be more beauty among them to bless the eyes of a future generation.

To enter into the subject of morality in what is supposed to be the most religious, and it ought to be supposed consequently, (whether falsely or not is another matter,) the most moral portion of the higher ranks of society in Paris, would be a delicate and invidious, a hazardous, and almost an impossible task, so finely drawn are the different *nuances* of *convenance*, decorum, morality and virtue, so complicated and entangled are the meshes of the web of reasoning upon these subjects.

An illustration or two might convey a vague notion of the world's idea of morality in the regions in question.

Once upon a time—to send our story back into an epoch of romance, and to avoid all personal allusions of the present day—there lived a certain Marquise, whose rather extensive tastes in matters of gallantry, and extremely varied *liaisons*, rendered even her best friends shy of her, and actually closed upon her the doors of most of the first *salons* of Paris. A handsome young Viscount "came, saw, and conquered." The conquest was not difficult: but to keep the conquered fortress was the task. This arduous feat he was declared to have accomplished. The frail Marquise was said to have become constant to one lover alone. The young Viscount was universally declared her *Saviour*, and congratulated by all his and her friends and acquaintances, because "*il l'avait ramenée a la vertu!*" and the lady was again received into society. The words here cited are those actually used on the occasion: they are copied from the mouths of the moral society of the Faubourg St. Germain. No matter that the lady had a husband still living, and likely to live. She had been taught the *convenance* of having only one lover at a time: and that lover consequently had "brought her back into the paths of *virtue!*" What a Magdalen for such a Saviour!

So much for the wife! One other illustration only of the mother!

A young Duchess was bending over the cradle of her infant boy. Her face was beaming with a smile, which the pride of a mother's heart can alone make to play so brightly over a mother's lips. She was indulging in soft dreams of her son's future welfare. At last she raised her head, and, looking at her companion, said, "I trust the sweet child's first *liaison d'amour* will be with some married lady of our own society. It will save him from falling into bad company, and keep him from *all immorality*. I should like to choose his mistress myself! And how I should love her then—love her, yes! like my own daughter."

The morality of the wish in a mother's mouth may, at least, be called somewhat questionable. But this was a French mother: and the morality was the morality of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Another sketch of character ought to be added before we quit the scene of the Faubourg St. Germain; for it is entirely indigenous to that soil, and, if found elsewhere, ought to be catalogued "*rarissima*."

This is the young "saint,"—the frequenter of sermons—the attentive carrier of ladies' prayer-books to church—the pet of the sanctimonious old dowagers. This moral young gentleman adopts a rigorism of opinion and judgment upon matters questioning the conduct or *convenance* of his neighbours, which savours little of Christian charity. He thinks this system necessary, he says, on account of his political opinions, and in opposition to the supposed laxity of this revolutionary age; but by what line of argument or reason he arrives at his necessity, it would be difficult to divine. Be it not supposed, however, that this rigorism extends to his own actions in secret: it is to be questioned even whether he would not feel himself seriously affronted were such a supposition even to be suggested to him. In his conversation only he is as intolerant as the Inquisition, in his dress as sanctified as a well-dressed cherub well can be: but nevertheless he plays and sings, and waltzes, and flirts, and devours his partner with eager eyes, and goes to bed to dream of her charms. It is he who always knows when first sermons are to be preached, and how the best places at church are to be obtained; whilst, at the same time, he is as well versed in all the chit-chat and scandal of churches, preachers, and abbés, as an *homme à la mode* would be about the affairs and chronicles of the opera *coulisses*.

Perhaps the brightest side upon which to view the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain is as *réunions* for mere conversation. Provided, however, that the conversation do not turn upon the lament for departed greatness, that eternal hymn of "the Faubourg."

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept."

In no society in Paris is that light, frothy, champagne-like essence, called French fashionable chit-chat, bandied backwards and forwards in such lively and witty battledoor-banter, as in this. It is as different from its counterfeit in other regions, and more especially in other countries, as light French wines are from English brown stout. Some there are who may prefer the latter; but still even they must own that it is heavy. To attain to the necessary perfection in this most glittering ornament of good French society it is required to be alive to everything passing—to be ignorant of nothing, past, present, and future—to touch lightly upon all subjects with ready versatility, and as lightly let it fall again—to find the right word for every thought, for every circumstance, for every feeling, for every shade of rank or position, (and the word chosen must be sharp as a needle's point, if it be not expected to recoil back upon its utterer with all the heaviness of its bluntness)—to err not in the slightest shade—to skim gently over the whole surface, and yet in skimming catch the cream. And nowhere is this perfection attained in so eminent a degree as in the *salons*, where men and women can *causer* of the society of the Faubourg St. Germain—nowhere has this rapid flitting of witty conversation, this ease and grace in flattery and repartee—this babble so smooth, and yet so cutting, so light, and yet, in the materials necessary for its fabrication, so solid, so heterogeneously and yet so nicely compounded, appear to have been so complete a study and with such successful results, all unstudied as it appears. Are little children taught to converse as they are taught to learn grammar? We almost might suppose so, to see what masters they are in the art, when they are grown up.

After throwing this last rosy and spangled veil over that old coquette the Faubourg St. Germain, we have done all we can for it, and will bid it *adieu*.

THE LITTLE ACCOUNT.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

In sitting down to write this "little account," I beg it to be understood that my only intention is to convey a friendly warning, with a wish that it may come home to every one, as "little accounts" always will.

Every one knows, be he young or old, that life is but a series of payments, from the obstetric fee, to the payment of the debt of nature. Man's everyday bills of mortality are as certain and as inevitable as the parochial ones; so that, however careful and prudent a man may be, he must have his "little accounts." This horrid "little account," has been my rock a-head all my life. At my birth "little account" was taken of me, as a big brother was the sum total of my parents' happiness, and the claimant of the sum-total of their estates, and on no account to be thwarted.

I therefore was farmed out to a wet nurse, who turned out to be a very dry one; and my comfort was looked upon as of very "little account," except as a medium for the remuneration which took place every quarter, so that I might safely put it down to my account, that I was comparatively comfortable four times a year.

Time rolled on, of which I took very "little account" until I was breeched, for which my father had, and paid the "little account," and I was forthwith packed off to a public school, that I might be made fit for something, when my friends had made up their minds what to do with me, their supernumerary blessing. Here a "little account" had gone before me, and I was known to be only number two, and valued accordingly. Second brothers have very little reason to be placed in the way of tasks and flogging, to cram their brains for quarterly examinations, when it is an established fact, that they are intended for the army or navy, where the brains that have caused them so much trouble, stand a good chance of being knocked out in a very short and satisfactory manner, whether they were loaded with Greek and Latin or not.

My first meeting with the demon, "little account," was very early in life: the means of raising him were not of any cabalistic kind, but quite of an everyday matter of fact character. I was lost, and became his victim, through that most unromantic of things—the appetite. He tempted me beyond my feeble strength through a pastry cook's window; tarts did it! Boys at a public school are looked upon as the natural victims of the horrid "little accounts," and are allowed, in the most polite manner, to get into the trap; with the hope that the shopkeepers, or familiars of the fiend, mean what they say, when they blandly hint that "any time will do." Youth will eat,—jam is delusive!—boys are creatures of appetite! and consequently they for the first time find themselves shuddering under the torpedo-like influence of their first "little account."

Many years have passed since "my first" appeared, yet the horrid feeling which I experienced upon its being handed to me, is still powerfully and vividly in my mind. Its unexpected length was paralysing; the many forgotten tarts, the custards, the ices, the buns, and lastly, the sum total. It was a perfect national debt to my half-a-

crown a week, and at the moment it appeared just as insane to suppose that any political economy could ever settle it. For many weeks I had a horror of even seeing a pastry-cook's tray pass me in the streets. I had also a very wholesome horror of this paper of *gourmanderie* being laid before my father; for, alas! he never ate pastry, being of a bilious turn; and I could easily guess his indignation, when he (for there was no hope of my doing it myself) paid for my depravity of taste in paste.

The vacation was not a holiday to me. I did'n't go home alone; my "little account" went with me; and I felt like some wretched prisoner being sent to the county assizes, and indeed a severe verdict was passed on me. I was doomed to hear continual harangues and sermons upon extravagance; and having what I couldn't pay for likened to fraud and swindling.

I returned to school with delight, and eschewed pastry. My resolution was taken never to go beyond my exchequer again. Vain resolution!—my income, though increased, was not large enough for what I imagined my necessities. I got laughed at by my companions for my meanness and caution, who considered it anything but respectable to be out of debt, as any one doing so plainly convinced the world that he was a person not worthy of credit.

Our little clubs were unforeseen swallowers up of much cash; our boats were to be paid for, not forgetting our bats and balls; and as we could not row without a slight nautical cut in our attire, straw-hats and pea-jackets were indispensable. The club tailor sent home my suit, ordered by our captain, at a very *credit*able price; that was, at a get-it-when-he-could price.

The aforesaid rowing and cricketing produced excessive thirst. Beer, and other compounds, were decreed as positively necessary, and were scored up accordingly. I had to pay—that is, I was put down to pay—my share, whatever part I had taken of the said share. To refuse, would have been to incur the penalty of being sent to Coventry as a sneak; so, by almost unavoidable circumstances and example, I became again the owner of a "little account."

About this time a slight down on my chin, and some few scholastic triumphs, led me to consider myself almost a man. I immediately penned what I felt to be an excellent letter to my parents, asking for a slight increase in my allowance, and a pair of razors. My father was a wag of melancholy temperament. He had no idea of a real joke, such a one, I mean, as would make you laugh. The objects of his fun generally felt it most seriously, as in this case I did; for with great promptitude he sent me the required razors, but no money; hinting that he should be pleased if I would cut down my expenses at the same time that I cut down my beard. This joke was none to me, for I felt myself a bankrupt boy. The next post, however, relieved my anxieties, for a secret letter, or one bearing that character, from my mother, enclosed me the amount of my liabilities, accompanied by a strong moral lesson, discouraging me from placing myself in the situation of again drawing forth another of my father's melancholy jokes. This gave me great chagrin, for I knew that my elder brother was spending on his stable more than was allowed me for everything. But as there are elder brothers, so there must be younger brothers; and I would advise all such to remember, that timber does not grow for them, nor does the bank recognize their signatures, and that eldest sons are born for a

purpose, and that younger sons are mere *accidents* upon which the family pay *deodands*.

School-days or College-days, for they are the same thing, will have an end; and then the door of the great world is opened, and you are thrust out to fight your way with weapons of education or fortune. At this epoch every one, naturally alarmed at the prospect so suddenly bursting upon him, becomes bewildered, not knowing which way to turn to make progress through the mass which appears to crowd every avenue available to fortune and fame. Many unfortunates placed in this dilemma, without any guide, rush into a *cul-de-sac*, from which they very seldom have energy enough left to rescue themselves, when the fatal mistake is discovered. I, in this manner felt stunned and bewildered with the prospect before me, when my father presented me to the world, and the world to me.

I certainly, in the distance of indistinctness, beheld an old gentleman, borne down with age and years of toil, seated on a wool-sack; and a little gentleman, with a baton of Field-Marshal, to which his legs bore a strong resemblance, tottering along, covered with honours and glittering in orders. Law and War I understood them to be. Here was a choice, if I persevered and was lucky; then I might in time become like one of them.

The pride of my family only allowed me the choice of these two paths, for as all the money of the family went to my brother, they intended to lavish its interest upon me. I chose the law, and accordingly began my studies, which the vivacity of my disposition soon discovered to be only gaining the knowledge of a series of solemn conjuring tricks, with which to confound common sense, by proving black was white, and turning causes into effects for one's own benefit. Its members I found to consist of men who go into chambers where there is no landlady, devil their own kidneys, and live hard upon the best of everything. Their studies, upon the first glance, are severe, since they appear to study man and woman-kind, Blackstone, Chitty, the flute, the piano, oysters, beer, and Ude.

The law being a dry study, must, I suppose, create the excessive drought which seems to torment the younger branches of the profession. My first week initiated me into many mysteries; among which I found that the bed was used very little in its legitimate hours; that soda-water was breakfast—stout, and bitter-ale, lunch—all kinds of wine, in fact that which came first to hand, dinner—whiskey, sherry-cobbler, and cigars, supper: so that the study of the law reduced the students into a completely liquid state.

As a tyro, I was, of course, borne away by the current, not liking to appear anything but perfectly independent. Accordingly I kept awake, drank, smoked, and did the "*fast*" with the best of them; although my real independence consisted alone in my being my own master, as a youth; which generally means having no control over yourself, and a latch-key to go in and out unquestioned. My real property being a yearly allowance, sufficiently small, from my family, which the first quarter dissipated; for, as I always had a great horror of accounts, I put my fortune in a lump, applied to it constantly—for I paid everybody ready money, so that I should not give my old friend the "little account" a chance—and, of course, found one morning that my El Dorado had vanished, and all I had to show for it was a row of polished boots, a longer of empty wine-bottles, carried off beautifully into per-

spective by soda-water companions and disordered heaps of clothes, with numberless useless paraphernalia strewed about my chambers. A cold shudder ran through my frame. I was not worth a ducat; and there lay my persecuting friend, in the shape of my laundress's "little account," which I was unable to settle.

This was unfortunate, as about this time I had seriously thought of investing my capital figure in matrimony. I had long felt a disgust for the law in every other shape but that of a father-in-law, and had, accordingly, with the natural vanity of my age, looked about me where to choose, without for a moment doubting my own success when I had decreed who was to be the fortunate fair one. This was excusable. I was only twenty-two, and stood six feet something, without my boots.

With this noble resolution of sacrificing myself, I fluttered through enchanting saloons, polka'd indefatigably, lavished my attentions on mothers, hob-nobbed with brothers—in fact, did all that saleable young men do under such circumstances. I was pondering and hesitating between twenty and thirty thousand pound girls, and making up my mind to make the plunge of matrimony, when I was suddenly most disagreeably awakened from my eastern dream by that horrid "little account" which was a simple-looking three-inch-square piece of paper covered with little hieroglyphics. But the effect was astonishing. I endeavoured, for a long time, in vain, to remember where and how my money had so soon "found unto itself wings," until I recollected the host of jolly fellows who had formed such an attachment to me as to be unable long to keep out of my chambers, continually eating and drinking with me, and often sleeping where they fell. Such enthusiasm, in the cause of friendship, deserves much. I was young, so gave all; and thus found myself staring, in a state of *clairvoyance*, at the laundress's contemptible "little account."

I would have written to my father, but my razors cut off all hope in that quarter. My mother, since my early *escapade*, had brought two female olive-branches to increase the family stock, so that I had nothing to expect from her. My brother was "doing Italy" with a tutor, or I would have appealed to his fraternal feeling, which I believe was not so bad, had he had the opportunity of exercising it.

What was I to do? I lighted a cigar, and threw myself on my sofa, in deep thought, which, of course, ended in nothing; that being the amount of my capital with which I proposed to do so much in the way of reformation.

I resolved to be a martyr. My credit was good, for the curious reason that I never had any: so I managed to float onward, but with a little more caution; cut claret and *liqueurs*, and, in consequence, did without the doctor, soda-water; and, upon review, found many pairs of rejected boots very tolerable for promiscuous wear:—kicked my dog off his bed, composed of sundry habiliments, and found coats good enough for every day. But notwithstanding all this political economy, being obliged to live, I soon found myself hemmed in by "little accounts," which kept me in a continual fever and irritation.

I had gone on very well for three months; for many of the most convivial of my friends had found me growing exceedingly dull, and had saved me much expense by seeking the company of other men who did not fear "little accounts," when, one morning, I found in my letter box a polite and interesting note from a tradesman "who hoped I

should be able to settle his 'little account' as he had a 'little account' of his own to settle at the beginning of the ensuing week." Here was a death-blow to my peace of mind! And was I really to become the victim of a "little account," which, if I did not immediately strangle, would certainly bring its host of filed brethren to destroy me: for it is a sure, though a most extraordinary proceeding with creditors, that upon the first knowledge of your being unable to pay them, they, in the most insane manner, send in their accounts in a lump.

The door of my chambers opened as I lay wrapt in these most unpleasant cogitations, and one of my hopeful acquaintances made his appearance, dashing in, with a cadence from the last new opera, and a face all smiles, as if independent of this troublesome world altogether. He came to propose a day's flight into the country, and the turning of our backs upon the musty law, and its dry follies and folios. He soon saw I had the megrims: the complaint was so common among his set that the symptoms struck him immediately. He rallied me most unmercifully upon my depression from such a cause: he frankly told me that he, in the early part of his career, had suffered severely from the "little account" fever; which was a low and vulgar attack, but which, by a little ingenuity, he had made respectable. It was paltry for a gentleman to owe paltry sums; and he found by collecting the little tormentors together and amalgamating them into one respectable sum, which he managed by doing a little bill at a heavy discount, he could, with exceeding ingenuity, pay one debt with another.

My appearance of ignorance of such matters produced from him a hearty shout of laughter. I confess I had a slight idea of Mephistopheles and other gentlemen of that school, who will give you all you desire if you will only sign your name. This, I have often thought, was a waggish allegory dressed up by some German droll, meaning nothing more, when stripped of its romantic form, than the modern "doing a bill," which is, without exception, the surest way to go to the devil.

Feeling the truth of my own thoughts I combated his arguments, and would not be tempted: so he left me to seek some more practicable man to join with him in getting an expensive champagne headache, and a *recherché* dinner out of town, which he called enjoying the country.

As I ought not, in fairness, to take more credit to myself (I could not find a better word than *credit*, or I would have written it) for my forbearance than I deserve, being in confidence with my reader, I must at once honestly confess that I was in love.

I had endeavoured, like many more, to make love a go-between, but the little urchin resented the insult, and made me feel that he was not to be played with: and I found that I was over head and ears with a pair of blue eyes of such softness and innocence that how it happened I haven't the slightest idea, but I found myself doing poetry, buying polkas, and calling much oftener than I ought to have done. I felt the imprudence, and struggled against it; but I was meshed.

My income, or rather my out-going, was such a small sum that I smiled as I whispered it even to myself. The laundress's "little account" and the Chancellor's wig alternated in my thoughts, and I felt how much nearer one was than the other.

Love is like the toothache. Any momentary relief is flown to, even with the knowledge that it is worse in consequence; and I found my-

self continually wandering towards the dwelling of my fair one, merely as a relief to my despairing thoughts. The remedy was very successful indeed whilst I was turning over music, or practising a new polka; but when I reached my solitary chambers I found its intermittent character; for the fever and lowness of spirits again returned with tenfold power. I pen this "little account" of my feelings for the advantage of young men in chambers, that they may know the symptoms: and I think, now that I am a much older man, that a good deal of Blackstone mixed with a little Coke will put out the fire.

As the footmen began to grin when they opened the door to my frequent knockings, some idea may be formed of my state of mind and the usual consequences of such insane behaviour, viz., one day finding the father instead of the daughter in the drawing-room. He was one of the old school; blunt, straightforward and jolly: but on this particular day there was an attempt at magisterial seriousness that did not sit well at all on his good-natured face.

He shook me cordially by the hand, pointed to a chair, and drawing his close to mine, said

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What he said was what all fathers do say. What I said was quite another thing, and must not be left exactly to the imagination. I had to explain my intentions; to give him a "little account" of my prospects, &c.

I looked down upon the carpet and up to the chandelier, but I, in reality, did not see either, for I was thinking what a very "little account" I could give of myself or my prospects; and when I looked around at the merchant's splendid apartment, the laundress's "little account" was mixed up sadly with the gorgeous pattern of the paper.

As a man of business he divested my account of myself of the fervent and rhapsodical; and soon discovered that my expectations were more than I ought to expect, and my prospects of that undefined nature which distance always gives them. His eyebrows rose into the powder that covered his forehead, and his under lip magnified in that way which entirely puts doubt out of the question. He pushed his hands into his capacious waistcoat pockets and rattled most tantalizingly the gold therein, which appeared to chirp out a very fine moral lesson to me. After giving vent to a long and sonorous "ah," he said he would consult the lady's mother and write.

I felt that my face was rather redder than it ought to have been when I took my hat, if I may judge from the sly look of the footman.

The letter did come, and, in the kindest manner possible regretting that he had not spoken earlier; and showing me the impossibility of keeping a wife upon nothing, the very seriousness of which became exceedingly funny. He hinted that her fortune and style of living required something like an equivalent one on the part of a husband; he would have been proud of an alliance with my family, &c., &c., &c.

I wrote a "little account" of my position to my mother.

That night I tore the heel off my dress boot, in the bootjack.

The next morning I had a small bit of paper passed into my hands. It was a genuine copy of a writ. This must have been through my laundress, all the tribe being in the pay of tradesmen, keeping a good look out for approaching storms and warning them of dangerous customers.

No letter arriving from my mother, I determined to run down and show, in plain terms, my desperate situation in love and law; for, without vanity be it written, I knew that I had made a deep impression on my fair enslaver, and that parental precaution had come too late.

I was accordingly just on the point of departure when my father's old steward entered my chambers. He was a fine crusty specimen of the old school; he had nursed me as a child, and felt towards me almost a parental affection,

He had been despatched to inform me of the hasty departure of my father and mother for Rome, after the receipt of a letter from my brother's tutor, stating the dangerous illness of my brother, who it seems had been living a little too fast in that gay city.

I regretted much the intelligence he had brought, although I had been from childhood so estranged, as I have before written, from the rising sun, that my affection for him had never been cultivated as it ought to have been; yet I, of course, could not divest myself of feeling and regret for him as my brother.

The old man, to whom I gave my confidence, felt much for my situation, but handled me very roughly, as was his wont, upon my extravagancies, but listened more leniently to the account I gave him of my "young woman," as he termed her. That evening found him, with spectacles on nose, pish-ing and psha-ing over my sundry "little accounts," calling me all sorts of puppies and chaps, with the freedom given him by long service.

When he had fished out something like a statement of my liabilities from my very rough way of keeping accounts, which horrified his methodical temper exceedingly, he took off his spectacles, put them carefully in their case, then winked at me with a sly, proud look, whereby I saw that all his good nature had returned, and told me in confidence that he was "rather *warm*," which I well knew before, and that he would settle the whole swarm of little accounts if I would promise to be a good boy, for he still considered me one, and never do so any more. As to the "young woman," he didn't utter a word of advice, but shut one eye with excessive vigour and poked me in the ribs.

The next morning I heard some one enter my outer chamber and speak to the laundress. I jumped out of bed, opened my bedroom door, and stood a picturesque figure in my shirt, before my lady-love's pa. The confusion in my face could only be equalled by the bachelor-like confusion of the sitting-room, which was looking more disordered under the superintendence of my smutty-faced laundress.

I shrank back, and hurriedly made myself fit to appear. I took him by the arm and led him out of the dust raised by the aforesaid miscalled cleaner, into the quiet little quadrangle of the inn. He here, after much hesitation, stated to me the cause of his visit, which arose from some conversation with his wife concerning me and his daughter. He glanced, as delicately as possible, at the young lady's feelings, although slight as it was, it made my heart beat a sudden tattoo. His offers of settlement were noble, consequent upon my father's responding in some degree in my behalf. I thanked him as well as my confused feelings would let me, and begged him immediately to correspond with my father, who, I had reason to hope,

would, seeing my interests so deeply concerned, consent to some terms to contribute to my happiness.

We shook hands and parted. The good old steward came to breakfast with me, and put sundry little receipts upon a file which he had brought with him, placing beside it a little account book, on one leaf of which he had entered a sum placed to my credit, and took much pains to show me how to register carefully the spending of it. I told him of my early visitor, when the slap he gave on the leg of his leather breeches echoed like the report of a gun through the adjoining chambers.

Weeks rolled on, and I found myself alone in my chambers, when I received a letter sealed with black from my father, informing me of my brother's death, and begging me to hasten down to the family mansion and make preparations for their reception. The tone of his letter no longer sounded as if addressed to "number two." I was *number one*, and his pride, I cannot say affection, was bestowed only on the heir of his house,

Need I write more of this "little account," than to say my destinies are accomplished. My wife certainly continually brings me in "little accounts," and although I have now the power of meeting them with a high hand, I feel an instinctive shudder at their very appearance or name, as being the bugbears of my early years.

And my last advice to young men, who being human, must have "little accounts," is, on no account to let them run; for they invariably run towards the prison doors; and the moment a man enters there, for a slight attachment made by the law forces him after them, he is thenceforth of very "little account."

JESSIE.

BY ALFRED WAYMARK.

I KNEW thee, Jessie, in that lovely time
  When woman's beauty, as a bud unclosing,
Shed a lustre o'er thy youthful prime,
  Like morning's blush on summer sea reposing;
Love and laughter in thine eye did play,
  Thy fairy form with healthful beauty teeming;—
The fairest sky that heralds in the day
  Was never yet with greater promise beaming.

But few years pass'd—I gazed on thee again,
  And felt, but knew not why, a chilling sadness;
Thy soft and trembling voice was not as when
  Its bell-like music fill'd the heart with gladness;
And to the ashy pallor of thy brow
  Faint lines of blue, ethereal hue had given,—
As oft, amid a sky of fleecy snow,
  We dimly trace a glimpse of distant heaven.

Oh! thou wert like the brilliant dew which shone,
  A liquid gem, the gentle flow'r adorning,—
Too pure for earthly dwelling, thou hast flown
  Ere aught of woe had shadow'd life's young morning.
For now I see thee on the cold, cold bier,
  Serene and lovely as an infant sleeping;—
I feel a pang, but may not shed a tear,—
  Thy looks of happiness forbid my weeping.

DONCASTER: ITS SPORTS AND SATURNALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS."

THE course at Doncaster, under its present regulation, is free from every description of gambling booth or table. Formerly it was infested with gangs of the most desperate vagabonds that ever preyed on vulgar credulity, and every species of inventive machinery and novel implement of temptation was had recourse to, with a view to excite the cupidity of, and plunder the inexperienced. The most adroit of the London professors and houses, or schools, as they are termed, of itinerant thimble-riggers, and others, from all parts of the country, assembled, and were generally distributed over the course, and in every by-path thereto, to prey upon the credulous multitude; and so daring and desperate were their depredations, as well in regard to their practices on the course as to their delinquent mode of business in the town, that the magistracy of the county and the corporate authorities determined on their complete extirpation. At the period spoken of there were at the least from fifty to sixty houses or apartments engaged, in different quarters of the town, for the express purposes of play, most of them on the determined system of fraud and plunder; and so lax were the authorities of the town, that the doors of the respective houses were not only indiscriminately thrown open to all who presented themselves, but placards, absolutely printed by the mayor, (the chief authority of the town,) were posted, and every degree of publicity given to the proceedings within. Constables also (the minor authorities of magistracy) were placed at the entrances of the respective dens,—not to preserve peace and order, but (*credat Judæus*) to invite the passing multitude to the illicit pastime. In the High Street, between the Mansion House and Baxter's Gate, it was common to see a continuation of windows exhibiting the paraphernalia of the game of *Un Deux Cinq*. A cylinder or wheel, of gorgeous colouring, with an immense griffin's head in the centre, with extended jaws, grinning horror and destruction at the gaping crowd, and in juxtaposition with this *caput horribile* a large ivory ball, bearing numerous indentations on its surface, and coloured respectively black, red, and blue, the speculative points of the game, which, even in its recognised and understood character, was of most destructive result to a player, but which, under the roguery practised by means of false balls, (termed, in the technical slang of the thieves who adopted them, "strong Johnnies," from the circumstance, it is presumed, of their being weighted so as to produce and effect an extra strong pull against the player,) was certain and speedy ruin.

The open streets of Doncaster, as well as the houses, swarmed with these infernal machines of plunder; and so daring was the villany practised, and so barefaced and extensive the robberies effected,—so frequent, also, were the acts of personal outrage and violence committed on complaining parties, that remonstrance could no longer be resisted for the abatement of a nuisance which had reached so fearful an extreme, —dangerous alike to the visitor, and subversive of the best interests of the townspeople. High and low, rich and poor, were indiscriminately plundered; and those who escaped the evil consequences of play were

in many instances robbed in the open streets of whatever they possessed, by some one or other of the many gangs of desperadoes who frequented the place for the avowed purpose of plunder, and who daringly placed themselves in front of the Betting Rooms, and other conspicuous positions, to watch their prey as they came out, and as daringly to attack them in the highway to their respective habitations.

It is now about twenty years since the mayor and corporation of the town commenced their efforts to enforce an abatement of the nuisance. Their measures were not, in the first instance, of that decisive and determined character to meet the evil with effect, being chiefly confined to public notifications in the town and county papers, that gaming establishments would no longer be suffered either on the race-course or elsewhere, under the pains and penalties attaching to any violation of the prohibition. The corporate authorities were evidently aware that they had a difficult task to accomplish in the grand measure of reform. The constabulary force was most inadequate to enforce the regulations against any opposing powers by the hands of the desperate men they had to deal with. It should be stated also, that at that period the Betting Rooms had been but recently established, and the fact could not be concealed that most of the nobility, gentry, and other visitors, nightly congregated therein, to indulge in the speculations of play. Hence arose a difficulty how the general prohibition could be enforced without interference with the amusements of the higher grade. Regard being had to this point, it was generally concluded that the notifications were mere matter of form and pretext, and that there existed no real intention on the part of the authorities to adopt any practical means to put a stop to gaming,—it was argued, and that with reason, that no partial suppression of play could be enforced; but that the law, in its just administration, must be applied with equal energy to major and minor delinquents,—to nobs and nobblers,—there being virtually no distinction between the one and the other in the object and pursuit of gain by illicit means.

Under the impression, then, that the proprietors of the Rooms, and their titled and privileged patrons, would remain unmolested in their sports and speculative games, the whole tribe of gamesters flocked as usual to their grand rendezvous; and no sooner was it known that the proprietors of the Subscription Rooms had made their usual tabular arrangements for play, than the whole denounced party took example, and again overwhelmed the town with hazard, roulette, thimble, E O, and *Un deux cinq* tables. For the first two days in the racing week they were unmolested in their avocations both on the course and in the town; but on the grand day of meeting, the St. Leger day, a bold, well-arranged, and determined plan was put in force, which terminated in the complete rout and extirpation of the grand gang of thieves and vagabonds who for years had infested the locality.

Although on the morning of the day in question some whisperings and rumours were abroad that the authorities intended to enforce the prohibitions of which public notice had been given, yet they produced not the effect of deterring the tribe of plunderers from their pursuits, but merely put them on the *qui vive* against attack. Their tables and implements of play were as usual pitched about the course, and, in protection thereof, some hundreds of most desperate characters hovered about, prepared for determined resistance, under any attempt to molest them. It appeared that a meeting of the county magistracy had been

held in the town, and at such meeting the measure had been determined on to put down the evil by remonstrance and advice, but this failing, to adopt the alternative of force.

As the hour of racing approached, the usual immense concourse of persons had assembled on the course; and in a field at the back of the refreshment booths, situated in the rear of the grand stand, were seen a multitude of persons congregated together, armed with bludgeons, and with large bags filled with flint-stones. A more desperate or determined set of men in appearance can scarcely be conceived. They had formed themselves in some order, to the number of five or six hundred strong, and appeared to be waiting an expected interruption and attack. About one o'clock a strong party of the magistracy, at the head of whom were the late Lord Wharncliffe, and his son, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Lords Milton, Spencer, and other noblemen and gentlemen, with their large retinue of tenants and servants on horseback, aided by the authorities of the town, and by many of the surrounding gentry and farmers, with certain townspeople sworn in for the occasion, appeared on the course, and were seen approaching the position taken up by the denounced thimble-riggers and their desperate gang.

The cavalcade moved in most quiet order until they reached the narrow entrance to the field; and no sooner had two or three of the foremost of the magisterial party appeared, than a shower of flint-stones and other destructive missiles was directed against them. This bold, insolent, and outrageous proceeding put an end to all hope of successful remonstrance; and, no other course being left to the magistracy but that of determined attack, Lord Wharncliffe and his son, followed by other noblemen, gentlemen, and their followers, most gallantly rode in amongst the party, amidst a most destructive discharge of flints and flourish of bludgeons, which failed not to effect serious mischief. Lord Wharncliffe was severely wounded on the head by one of these missiles; but, notwithstanding the flow and loss of blood, his Lordship did not quit the field until after the complete rout of the gang.

Although a lamentable affray in its consequences, it became ultimately ludicrous in its character; for, after a warfare of about a quarter of an hour only, during which the strong iron-handled hunting-whips of the noblemen, and gentry, and their servants, did most heavy execution on the heads and shoulders of their desperate enemies, the whole battalion of scamps were most effectually put *hors de combat*, and all their implements and machinery of play destroyed. The ludicrous part of the business was, that some twenty or thirty of the swift-footed of the beaten party were seen scouring the country, and making their flight over hedge and ditch to escape capture, but closely pursued by the grooms and tenants of Lords Fitzwilliam and other whippers-in, who laid on the lash with no light or sparing hand.

The fray ended in the capture of about ninety of the most desperate of the gipsy and thimble-rigging school, and their safe lodgment (many severely wounded) in the cage under the grand stand, from whence they were in due course removed to prison. Nothing could possibly exceed the cool and determined courage of Lord Wharncliffe and his party against a host of most powerful and desperate characters. The effect of this result was, as may be imagined, most beneficial; for, inasmuch as most of the thimble-rigging vagabonds were engaged in the low, fraudulent gaming establishments in the town, they were fearful of

the consequences that might attend their detection, and accordingly disappeared altogether, and so disburdened the town at once of half its plague and pestilence. Since this period the respective mayors and authorities of Doncaster have at times acted in further suppression of gaming-houses; and indeed, with the exception of the Subscription Rooms and the Berkeley Club, there are no *known* establishments of play in the town,—although there are still many "close shaving shops," held in obscure passages, and out-of-the-way parts of the town, to which introduction is given by touts, or fellows who prowl about to pick up flats or pigeons for plucking.

Last year, one such establishment was complained against by a victim who had been dexterously fleeced by some ten or twelve fellows in concert at the table, and they speedily decamped, under apprehension of the evil which would certainly have resulted to them had they dared to re-open their den of plunder. Above all other evils that operate to the ruin of men addicted to play, close hells (or houses exclusively opened to the youthful and inexperienced inheritors of fortune, and to the wily and self-dubbed gentlemen scoundrels who cater for and aid the demon proprietors in their lawless practices) are the most destructive. Gaming is a passion so universal, and so interwoven with human nature, that human laws and enactments have in all ages been ineffectual to its control. Check it in one way, and its scrofulous nature will find outlet and action in twenty others. On the point at issue between public and private play, the verdict must be in favour of the former, by reason that there is a mutually protective influence in a crowd or number of persons opposed to a bank, which is not the case between party and party. At such an epoch, and on such events as that of Doncaster Races, when so many thousands congregate in the town, all immediately intent on sporting and speculative pursuits, all provided with means, and all restless in their anxiety to increase such means by chance or skilful operation, it is questionable, under impartial and unprejudiced consideration of the subject, whether policy does not point out non-interference by the authorities within reasonable limit, and where no fraud is resorted to at public play, as the least baneful course in its general effect, inasmuch as the extensive losses and evil consequences of private play are greatly diminished thereby, and the designs of the prowling sharper and his insidious confederate pimp, having less field for operation, are in great measure defeated.

In reference to the two establishments at Doncaster (the Subscription Rooms and the Berkeley Club), which have hitherto escaped the surveillance of magisterial authority, it is but truth to say, that the system of play is that of the fair and recognised principle of the game, with which every player actually is, or is supposed to be acquainted, before he commence operations. At the Berkeley Club, in particular, where French hazard alone is played, and where the *élite* of the Doncaster visitors resort, the arrangements are upon a very liberal principle of business and accommodation, a fact that may be accounted for by their being under the immediate direction of one of the old school, and a stranger to the narrow-minded, and covetous, and quibbling system of modern hellites.

Doncaster may therefore, in a comparative sense, be said to be purified from its former state of play pollution. The course, as before observed, is free from all those dangerous temptations which formerly fascinated

the idle, and gulled the credulous multitude. It is now in absolute character a place of holiday recreation and pleasurable excitement, opening a field of enjoyment to thousands, and that within wholesome and reasonable limits.

The immediate approach to the course from the town is by a pleasant avenue of tall umbrageous trees, which on the occasion of the races are usually placarded with detached sentences from Scripture (the selection of methodist missionary preachers and tractarians), admonitory of the sin of indulging in such vain and ungodly amusements, and reminding, or intending to remind, the passing million that "the wages of sin is death," and that "for all these things God will bring them to judgment," with many other such admonitory passages. Some years back, this avenue approach to the course used to be the resort of every description of the most crippled and mutilated specimens of deformed humanity, many of them of a nature so frightful in formation, or so horrible from disease, as to shock the firmest nerves,—all congregated, and took up position at this particular spot, as one most favourable for successful appeal to public sympathy. Extensive offerings of charity were bestowed, which served but to increase yearly the number of wretched objects there assembling. The painful feeling, and other serious consequences emanating from such frightful exhibition of defective and diseased humanity, in due time forced themselves on the attention of the town authorities, and happily the visitor is now no longer subjected to the pain and distress which such mournful exhibitions were calculated to create.

On the Wednesday, the great and eventful day of the St. Leger,—a day big with the fate of betting men and book-makers,—the whole population of the county appear to be on the move towards the grand concentrating locality of Doncaster. From the dawn of day up to the very hour of the start for the great race, a continual and uninterrupted influx of visitors keeps pouring in. Vehicles of every description, from the aristocratic four-in-hand team to the costermonger's humble drag, are in request. Stages, post-chaises, phaetons, gigs, dog-carts, vans, and conveyances of every form and kind, and laden each with double the number of passengers sanctioned by legislative enactment, bring their thousands from every town and village within distance of fifty miles. Shoals, too, of equestrian and pedestrian travellers are continuous in their arrival, all eager to witness the great event of "t'Leger," as the Yorkshire dialect eliptically pronounces it. The main street of the town, from its southern entrance to midway of its extent, is literally choked up with vehicles of all kinds, for which no accommodation can be found in the place. Every inn and private stable is doubly and trebly occupied, and many of the by-streets absolutely impassable. The curb-way of the High Street on each side presents an exhibition of tables and stalls, groaning under the weight of immense Yorkshire hams, and magnitudinal rounds, sirloins, and ribs of substantial beef, and other viands, with pies, puddings, and cakes, having the cubic dimensions of length, breadth, and solidity peculiarly adapted to Yorkshire appetites.

About twelve o'clock the multitude are on the move to the course, at the entrance of which commences another long line of temporary erections, pregnant with creature comforts for the thirsty and famished. From the hour of twelve until two o'clock the scene presented is that of a moving panorama, which the art of Stanfield might well depict. Situ-

ated at the entrance of the course, and immediately opposite to the starting point for the St. Leger, is a large handsome building, which for some years past has been appropriated to the laudable purpose of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum for children of Yorkshire parentage. To a visitor who can find time to pleasure himself in exhibitions of a philanthropic kind, and whose heart can rejoice at the happy results of benevolent intentions practically carried out for the benefit of his fellow creature under privation of faculty, there is in the scene presented on this day much to afford gratification and delight. The children of the Institution have holidays granted them on the two grand days of the week, and, if the weather permit, they take their position on the balcony of the building, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, their youthful countenances beaming pleasure at the diversified scene before them, and their young minds busily engaged therein, as is most apparent from their constant communication of thought and observation with each other through the medium of digital language; the rapidity of which on the one side, and the instantaneous recognition of which on the other, as signified by expressive motion of the head, or by immediate reply through the same medium of the fingers, is most remarkable. The children are well and genteelly clothed, and are most healthy and happy in appearance.

But the hour of one arrives, and crowding to the scene of sport are seen the more aristocratic and *élite* of the company. Carriage after carriage draws up to the entrance of the grand stand, to set down its fair inmates. The upper stories and roof of the building are already crowded, and the interval of time from one o'clock to the first race of the day is occupied by the arrival of the nobility and gentry, and their families, to whom is appropriated the lower balcony. In former years these arrivals created much greater interest than they have done of late. It was then usual for the nobility and gentry having great landed property and position in Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties, to characterise their visit to the races by a conspicuous display of equipage and retinue, which gave importance and life to the scene. The late Lord Lieutenant of the county, Earl Fitzwilliam, and his son, the present Earl (then Lord Milton), were most elaborate in such respect. Their respective carriages and six horses were usually preceded by six or eight grooms in the family livery on horseback, and the old Earl was invariably escorted by a large equestrian retinue of his chief tenant-farmers, who thus paid their spontaneous homage of honour and respect to their noble landlord. In the rear of the carriage followed half-a-dozen more of his Lordship's servants, each leading a saddle-horse for the accommodation of such of the Earl's family or friends who might wish to take equestrian exercise on the course. The Dukes of Cleveland and Devonshire, Lords Londonderry, Scarborough, Derby, Spencer, and many other noble and distinguished personages, adopted similarly distinctive style. In those days two full hours and more were taken up by the arrivals and setting down of the company at the stand; and immediately before the start for the great race the balcony presented a *coup d'œil* of beauty and elegance unsurpassed at any meeting in the kingdom. Much of this delightful and popular character of the meeting (for the populace regarded such display with pleasure, and as manifestations of a desire to give countenance, support, and importance to their sources of amusement) has passed away. The present Lord Fitzwilliam

appears, it is true, in a carriage drawn by a set of horses on the days of the St. Leger and Cup; but beyond this there is scarcely any distinguishing feature. Many private carriages and post vehicles set down their occupants after the ordinary fashion. Ladies Chesterfield, Eglinton, and one or two other females of *ton*, are usually present; but they do the exclusive, and generally take up their position in the stewards' stand, somewhat ungraciously, and as is thought injudiciously, avoiding contact or community with the county families, and the company generally assembled.

The preliminary business of the day being completed, and the first race on the card decided, the all-absorbing matter of interest is now in immediate thought. The grand stand is crammed,—myriads of human heads are intently and anxiously looking out,—the course is instinctively and spontaneously cleared by the anxious rush of the crowd to secure to themselves places without the railings, in favourable view of the race. A few policemen and special constables are in attendance, who good-humouredly, and with more of persuasion than authority, (for Yorkshiremen are somewhat obstreperous under the latter tone,) clear the ground of the more indolent and tardy, and at length the bell rings for saddling. Thousands of bodies are stretching and eyes straining for a first sight of the terrible high-bred cattle, as they come out from the respective stables in the vicinity of the course. One after another they appear in all their beauty and high condition. As the noble animals proceed in their walk down the course, they eye the multitude, their heads and ears erect, and for a time seem irreconciled to the murmuring mass of human beings around them; but their experienced riders humour and conciliate them, and at length they successively spring into the preliminary exhibitory gallop before the grand stand. Then is opinion rife amongst the *cognoscenti* on their respective merits,—then arise newly-created hopes and fears in the minds of the anxious and deeply-interested thousands,—then is heard the confused voices of the betting multitude on the stand, and within the inclosed space allotted to the subscribers, loud in offer of, and response to, wagers adapted to the peculiar state of their general account. The anxiety of the crowd increases,—the whole list of starters, as announced by the numbers on the preliminary board exhibited near the steward's stand, are now there collecting. Lord George Bentinck (who burdens himself with immense trouble and responsibility on the occasion) is seen marshalling them into order, under peremptory direction to their respective jockeys. He now precedes them, with flag in hand, down the course to the distance-post, some million of eyes intent upon the move. The sight is indeed grand and interesting, and one of most anxious excitement. They are now on the turn,—Lord George is heard in loud and imperative tone to some of the riders non-observant of prescribed regulation, and threatens them with consequences. They are again in order of march, his Lordship still preceding them, watching with lynx-eyed vigilance every move of the jockeys. They have now again gained the stewards' stand, every eye following them, and every heart (even those uninterested by wager) beating with anxiety for the start. Now they are all seen in close and admirable arrangement at the starting-point, near the high North Road. Not a voice is heard—breathless anxiety pervades the vast multitude—when suddenly Lord George is seen to give the signal, and a simultaneous exclamation is heard from a thousand tongues, "They 're off!"

The announcement is correct, and away fly the whole group within the space of a sheet's covering, the air vibrating with the now loudly and anxiously expressed opinions of the spectators on the stand. Hundreds of telescopes are raised to observe the progress of the race,—the horses have now reached the hill,—the speed is terrific,—three or four already exhibit symptoms of incapability to live it out,—they approach the Red House,—some half dozen have tailed off, and the contest between the others becomes more decided and energetic. The cry is now changed, and echoed by innumerable voices, "Here they come!"—and horse after horse, as the slightest change of position appears, is alternately pronounced from the vicinity of the stand to be the probable winner. But they have reached the distance-post, and again some hundreds of voices are heard in loud and rejoicing tone, not unfrequently accompanied by an emphatic oath, "The favourite's beaten!" And true it is: an outsider is now well up in the front rank and conspicuous position, his rider giving no sign of any extraordinary effort, or of being what is termed "at work," but looking to his right and left with cunning and significant inquiry. The struggle now begins. Whip and spur are in action; but not yet has the outsider received the artificial impulse of either. The crisis is at hand—three neck and neck—another thirty yards, and all will be over. The struggle continues under increased energy; the race is for the moment doubtful in its result — every nerve is strained, and every muscle both of horse and man are in full operation. That great effort of jockeyship, the last rush, is now made,—the unfavoured one is let out by his dexterous rider, and by a sudden spring, and extraordinary length of stride, shoots ahead of his competitors, and is proclaimed victor amidst the shouts and huzzas of a million voices. Thus, in the short space of from three to four minutes, is decided an event which occupied the minds of the sporting public throughout the previous year, and the doubtful result of which said event gave impetus and spirit to speculation, involving an enormous matter of account.

The race over, and the victor declared, some score or two of pigeons are instantly on the wing, and for a time seen in revolutionary motion, preparatory to their straight and direct flight to their destined localities, with the important and anxiously looked for news of the result of the race. The multitude on the course hurry to the stewards' stand to witness the return of the horses and their riders,—the latter to undergo the ordeal of the scales, in test of prescribed weight. The sporting gentry and betting men again assemble in large numbers within the betting space, many of their countenances indicating the "change that has come o'er the spirit of their morning's dream." Some have lost the animating matinal beam of hope and expectation, and assumed a solemnity and elongation of visage expressive of anything but satisfaction; others, on the contrary, have changed from the thoughtful and fearfully anxious cast to the decidedly joyous and happy. The problem involved is one of easy solution. The merry faces of the winners and the melancholy visages of the losers, under the immediate feeling created by the event, stand out in striking contrast in the great picture of the day.

SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It has been said that women possess most influence in countries guided by the Salic law, and that mistresses rule where princesses are not permitted to reign. In England we rarely find ladies exercising any direct political influence: those who have done so owed their ascendancy to ability rather than favouritism; and while the lives of female politicians on the continent are almost an unvarying record of profligacy, the biographies of the few who have mixed largely with public affairs in England scarcely contain an incident which would raise a blush. There was, probably, never a lady in Great Britain who, from youth to age, while a simple subject, possessed so much of the power of a sovereign as the first Duchess of Marlborough. Her life was "one warfare upon earth;" her temper endangered whatever her talents won. Inflexible in pursuit of her ends, she defeated herself by her recklessness in the use of her means; her passions were always at variance with her intelligence, and her sense confounded by the capriciousness of her sensibilities.

Sarah, "the viceroy over Queen Anne," as she was popularly designated, was the daughter of a country gentleman named Jennings, at whose seat, near St. Alban's, she was born May 29th, 1660. Her family had long been attached to the court, and at an early age she was received into the household of the Duchess of York, to whom her sister, the celebrated Duchess of Tyrconnel, acted as lady of honour. Sarah Jennings was engaged as an attendant and playmate of the Princess Anne; and the friendship thus formed in youth survived for some years the accession of the latter to the throne.

While the charms of Sarah Jennings were the pride of the little circle formed round the Duchess of York, John Churchill, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke, was not less celebrated for his personal attractions and elegance of manner among his compeers. An attachment was soon formed between him and Sarah, which was warmly encouraged by their royal patrons. She refused the admired Earl of Lindsay, afterwards Marquis of Ancaster, to link her fate with a young adventurer, who had scarce any inheritance but his sword; while Churchill had to resist the most urgent representations from his family to enrich himself by marriage with some heiress.

The youthful pair followed the Duke and Duchess of York, when the jealousies of the people of England, raised to a kind of madness by the calumnies and perjuries of Titus Oates, compelled them to go into a kind of voluntary exile. Their fidelity was rewarded by a peerage when the Duke ascended the English throne as James II., and Lord Churchill was regarded as one of the most rising statesmen of his age. He, however, was more anxious to retire into privacy, and enjoy domestic felicity with his beautiful wife, than to pursue the dangerous paths of ambition; but Lady Churchill, who had renewed her intimacy with the Princess Anne, detained him at court, and involved him in the compli-

cated intrigues which finally led to the Revolution. Such was the friendship between Lady Churchill and the Princess, that, to avoid the encumbrance of title, they resolved to correspond under feigned names, her Royal Highness assuming the name of Morley, and Lady Churchill that of Freeman.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the misconduct and impolicy by which James II. alienated from his cause all parties in the British nation; nor to show how all parties, deceiving themselves and each other, brought public affairs into what the Americans call such "a pretty particular fix," that their only means of extrication was the elevation of William III. to the throne,—a political necessity to which all submitted, but which nearly all most cordially detested. Lady Churchill on this occasion induced the Princess Anne to desert the cause of her royal father. The ladies fled from their apartments at the Cockpit; and, having obtained the escort of that eminent member of the church militant, Compton, Bishop of London, proceeded to Nottingham, and thence to Chatsworth, the residence of the Earl of Devonshire. The prelate, who had in his early life been an officer of dragoons, rode before their carriage, with pistols at his saddle-bow and a drawn sword in his hand. Colley Cibber, who formed part of the escort that brought the ladies to Chatsworth, and afterwards waited upon them at table, records in his Memoirs that the beauty and grace of Lady Churchill made an impression on his mind which the lapse of fifty years had not effaced.

Though William created Lord Churchill Earl of Marlborough, he viewed that nobleman with mingled suspicion and dislike, feelings which were aggravated by the quarrel between Queen Mary and the Princess Anne. Marlborough and his wife adhered to the cause of the Princess; and the firmness with which she acted at the crisis was generally attributed to the spirited advice of the high-minded Countess. King William himself stood in awe of Lady Marlborough, whose cutting sarcasms were the more effective, from the consciousness of their being merited; and at length he had recourse to the harsh measure of forbidding her the court. The Princess Anne accompanied her injured favourite into retirement. They were received by the Duke of Somerset at Sion-House, and had leisure to reflect on the ingratitude of the monarch, whom they had helped to raise to the throne. Under these circumstances, Marlborough renewed his communications with the deposed King, and projected a confederacy to secure his restoration. The plot was discovered before it reached maturity. Marlborough was arrested, and sent to the Tower; but, as no evidence could be obtained against him, he was soon released. On the death of Queen Mary, King William was outwardly reconciled to his sister-in-law; the Princess Anne was invited to reside at St. James's, and the Earl of Marlborough was appointed chief preceptor to her son, the Duke of Gloucester, heir-apparent to the crown. On the death of this Prince, the coolness between William and Anne again became manifest, and rapidly ripened into hostility. The result might have been a civil war in England, had not the death of King William placed Anne peacefully on the throne of England.

Marlborough, placed at the head of the English army during the war of the Spanish succession, soon reached a height of military glory to which only one other English general ever attained. But while he was winning honours abroad, the imperious temper of his wife was over-

throwing his influence in the cabinet. Not contented with being the equal of her Sovereign, she affected to treat the Queen as a mere dependent, and even gave way to a fit of unruly temper when her husband was raised to a dukedom without her consent having been previously obtained. An anecdote related by herself curiously illustrates the strength of her passions. She had a beautiful head of hair, which her husband greatly admired: to vex him, on some trifling difference, she cut off her hair, and laid it in some place likely to attract his notice. When she came to examine the result the hair had disappeared, nor was it known what had become of it until after the duke's death, when it was found carefully preserved in a cabinet in which he was accustomed to deposit his most precious treasures. The death of her only son, the Marquis of Blandford, at the age of seventeen, was a bitter affliction to the Duchess. It occurred at a time when her political enemies were assailing her with all the rancour which party spite could inspire, and when her insidious foe, Harley, was secretly undermining her in the Queen's favour. Still the connections she had formed by the marriages of her daughters gave her great political strength. Henrietta, the first and fairest, was united to Lord Malton, the eldest son of Lord Godolphin, then prime-minister; Anne was married to Lord Spenser, son of the Earl and Countess of Sunderland; Elizabeth became by marriage Countess, and afterwards Duchess of Bridgewater; and Mary became the wife of Lord Monthermer. The glorious victory of Blenheim seemed likely to confirm the ascendancy of the Marlboroughs; the Queen seemed anxious to encourage rather than repress the lavish gratitude of the nation to the conqueror; but at the same time the correspondence between Morley and Freeman was fast changing its friendly tone, and the Duchess soon perceived in the alteration that another power had acquired influence over the Queen's mind. The new favourite was Abigail Hill, afterwards Mrs. Masham, who had been introduced into the service of the Queen by the Duchess herself. The subservience of Abigail was of course more pleasing to the feeble mind of Anne than the despotism of Sarah. But Mrs. Masham had a still greater advantage; she favoured the political prejudices of the Queen in favour of High Church principles, which the Duchess had vehemently opposed; and she was not indisposed to the cause of the Pretender, whom the Queen had recently begun to regard with the feelings of a brother. The ascendancy of the new favourite was first publicly shown on a strange occasion,—the death of the Queen's husband, Prince George of Denmark. Anne rather ostentatiously sought the consoling society of Mrs. Masham, and interposed all the difficulties of official etiquette between herself and the Duchess.

The trial of Dr. Sacheverel, who was impeached by the House of Commons for preaching a very foolish and intemperate sermon, raised a popular storm against the Whigs, who were stigmatized as enemies of the Church in every parish throughout England. This outburst of prejudice and folly gave the Queen an opportunity she had long desired. Lord Godolphin was dismissed from office; and, though the Duke of Marlborough was permitted to retain the command of the army for a short time longer, he was subjected to so many mortifications, that nothing but a strong sense of public duty prevented him from tendering his resignation.

The Duchess retired from court to her residence at Holywell House,

near St. Alban's, where after some time she was joined by the Duke, whom his enemies had deprived of all his appointments. He had long sighed for domestic peace and tranquil retirement; but such blessings he was never fated to enjoy. The Duchess, baffled, mortified, and disappointed, gave full scope to her angry passions; she quarrelled with her husband, her children, and her friends; in the most innocent action she discovered something amiss; in the most indifferent phrase she detected premeditated insult. The persecutions of the court still further soured her temper: to escape from them, the Duke resolved to go abroad; and the honours with which he was everywhere received on the continent consoled him for the neglect with which he had been treated at home.

On the accession of George I., Marlborough was restored to the command of the army, but was not admitted to any share of political power. He died in June 1720, leaving to his wife the greater part of his enormous wealth. The Duchess, though frequently solicited, refused to marry again. But she lived on the worst of terms with her children and grandchildren; their quarrels, indeed, occupy a very disproportionate share of the scandalous chronicles of the time. It will be sufficient to give one specimen of these family dissensions:—the Duchess having quarrelled with her grand-daughter, Lady Anne Egerton, caused the young lady's portrait to be blackened over, and then wrote on the frame, "She is blacker within."

The Duchess had formed a project for uniting her favourite grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer, to Frederick Prince of Wales, which was disconcerted by the interference of Sir Robert Walpole, to whom she ever after evinced the most inveterate hatred. Her imperious temper continued unchanged to the last hour of her life. It was said that fate itself was compelled to yield to her behests. Once, when very ill, her physicians said that she must be blistered, or she would die, upon which she called out, "I won't be blistered,—and I won't die!" and on that occasion she kept her word. Her death finally took place at Marlborough House, October 18th, 1744, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. She left enormous wealth:—thirty thousand a-year to her grandson, Charles Duke of Marlborough, and as much to his brother; and, among her miscellaneous bequests were ten thousand pounds to Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, and double that sum to the Earl of Chesterfield, for the zeal with which they had opposed Sir Robert Walpole. It is a pity that the Duchess should be remembered by her eccentricities rather than her abilities. To her influence no small share of the early glories of Queen Anne's reign must be attributed; and she may also claim the merit of having largely contributed to secure the Hanoverian succession.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XVII.

Brian rejoins me.—We visit the dwarf.—Mrs. Bouverie does not assume the name and arms of Elliott.

As Brian bent his steps from the domicile of Dr. Faunce to the cottage of his future father-in-law, he pondered deeply over the revelations he had listened to with so much interest; for the most important passages in that strange and eventful narrative were applicable to the darker portions of his own romantic history. His brain was in a whirl—wild fancies filled his imagination, such as he could not dispel, and dared not encourage. Had he a name?—had he a lineage? Was he of peasant origin or gentle birth? To what heritage was he rightfully entitled?—the lowly cot or lordly hall? Were those, whose bones were resting in the cemetery of the lonely island indeed his parents?—and was that sacred dust all that was mortal of the heiress of Holmesdale, and the bold adventurer who had wooed, and won, and lost her? Fevered with conflicting hopes and fears, he reached the abode of love,—and the smile from the open casement which greeted his return banished ambition's visions, and recalled him to the sweet reality that, however humble his parentage and fortune might be, in Susan Neville he possessed "what gold could never buy."

"I am inclined to play you false, dear Brian," said the smiling girl, as she withdrew her "red ripe lips" from his.

"In what way, pretty traitress?"

"By withholding a letter left for you by the postman. Alas! I fear it will summon you away."

Brian hastily broke the seal—and as he perused its contents, he told his anxious mistress that her surmises were correct.

"And must you return to London, Brian? But why are you so grave, dearest?"

"Have I not sufficient reason to be sad, in being obliged to leave love and thee, Susan, even though the term of our separation shall be so short?"

"Well, you must console yourself with the thought—"

"That, on my return, Susan will be mine," exclaimed the young Irishman, as he pressed the blushing girl to his heart.

"But is there no other cause besides to make you look dolorous as the Knight of the Woful Countenance, whose picture we used to laugh at in the drawing-room at Carramore?"

"None whatever as it regards myself, dear girl; but I regret to say, a valued friend has met with a severe misfortune."

"Indeed! May I ask his name, and also, what has unhappily befallen him?"

Brian upbraiding Mrs. Montague

"You have heard me speak of Mr. Elliott, from whose family, when on the Border, I received so much kindness and hospitality."

"O yes. I shall be so sorry, should that gentleman be the person you allude to; for I have heard you speak of that kind family with so much gratitude and respect. Alas! what is the misfortune that has occurred?"

"He has unfortunately fallen—" and Brian paused.

"From his horse?" exclaimed the pretty listener.

"Alas! no—far worse. He has fallen—"

"Go on, dear Brian."

"Into love—and—with a widow too."

"Ah! you teazing wretch!" And a gentle tap upon the cheek called down the punishment love exacts—a kiss.

Old Neville's entrance ended this *badinage*,—the summons to town was announced to him,—a day on the ensuing week was named for the union of the youthful lovers,—and early next morning Brian bade Holmesdale a temporary farewell, in the same state that he entered it—to wit, upon the roof of the Express. In the village *coteries* the objects of his journey to the metropolis were variously stated. According to some, his business was to invest his bride's fortune in the funds; while others, and particularly of the fair sex, averred, that it was only to make additions to the lady's *trousseau*, which was agreed, *nemine contradicente*, would be on a scale of superior magnificence.

A singular, and in Brian's estimation, an ominous occurrence marked the commencement of his journey. When the coach had proceeded a mile, a signal was made from a public-house, and the driver pulled up to allow a passenger to get outside. Seated beside the coachman, and protected against a bitter east wind by a great-coat buttoned to his ears, Brian, undiscovered himself, recognised in the traveller his ruffian acquaintance, Hans Wildman. Early as it was, the scoundrel had evidently been drinking freely—and, occupying the seat immediately behind the box, every syllable he uttered during a three hours' journey was distinctly heard by the young Irishman, who still preserved his own *incognito*.

"Cursed cold wind—and your nose is the colour of Blue Peter," said the scoundrel, addressing a farmer who sat behind him. "Why the devil don't you fortify yourself against it as I did? Well—I'll stand a nip of brandy at the next stage. You're from Holmesdale, I suppose?"

"No, sir," returned the farmer; "I am from the neighbourhood."

"And whose tenant are ye?" continued the scoundrel, with insolent familiarity.

"I hold my farm under Mr. Hunsgate," was the dry return.

"Then you hold it under a d—d good fellow," observed Mr. Wildman.

"You have made a valuable discovery," said the caustic voice of the third occupant of the seat behind the box; "for, although I have lived all my life within a mile of the Priory, I never heard that fact before."

"Well, I suppose I'm not expected to find ears for you," said the ruffian, with a vulgar laugh. "All I can say is, ask any gentleman who has had his leg under Dick Hunsgate's mahogany if he an't a regular brick."

"I am afraid," was the dry return, "that my search after such evidence would be as troublesome as that of Diogenes after an honest man."

"I don't know nor care," replied the ruffian, "who the blazes Dogenes is; but I'll say this, that Dick and I saw three long corks out the evening before last, ay, and had a flash or two of brandy afterwards."

"Well," returned the little man in black, who, as it turned out, was the village curate, "it is fortunate that Mr. Hunsgate can produce such favourable testimony from a boon companion; and, if the old adage stand correct of '*noscitur e sociis*,' his selection is highly creditable to his good taste. You are a friend of Mr. Hunsgate's?"

"Ay, and a d—d old and steady one too," replied the ruffian. "We have done business for a dozen years, and all straightforward on both sides. But you change horses here, old cove!"—and, pointing to the relay which were being led from the stables of a public-house they were approaching, he tapped the driver on the shoulder, —"Now, I'll stand a round for every one on deck here—beer or brandy—all the same to Hans. You won't, won't ye?" as the little man coldly rejected the offer. "Is it because I wear a dress like this,"—and he pointed to his Flushing coat,—"and happen not to be shaved for a day or two, that you fancy I can't stand the racket? Look here!"—and he pulled out a long silk purse. "There's enough of silver here to meet the reckoning,—and if that runs short, why, d—n me, here's a few yellow boys to back it."

Brian threw a look askance at the purse the ruffian dangled carelessly across his finger; both its extremities were well filled, and one actually with guineas.

In a whisper, the young Irishman requested the coachman to encourage the convivial friend of Mr. Hunsgate to refresh himself. It was an easy task to achieve, and at every stopping-place the scoundrel drank freely; while, excited by repeated potations, many disjointed remarks fell from him during the short journey to town, that induced Brian to conclude that Wildman was indeed what he boasted himself to be, though not an associate, certainly an *employé* of Mr. Hunsgate.

Twice or thrice the mariner had tapped Brian on the back, and urged him to accept part of the liquors that were consumed at every stage. From the foul contact of his ruffian hand the youth recoiled with an involuntary horror, and, without interchanging a word, declined by emphatic action the detested civility offered to him. At the last public-house where the Express pulled up—and their number during the journey was legion—Wildman was more urgent than before.

"I never met a more useless devil!" he said, striking his sun-burnt hand rudely on Brian's shoulder. "D—n me, youngster, you shall have something—thirteen-water-grog if you please. The lowest I ever drank was three, and that was on board a man-o'-war, when we had Hobson's choice,—that or nothing. Well, if you won't drink, come down and look at me."

"The only thing," said the youth, speaking for the first time in reply, "which would make me take the trouble of coming off this coach-box, so far as you are personally concerned, would be one."

"And what is that, Mynheer?"

"To see you hanged," was the cold reply.

"Now, by Heaven!" exclaimed the ruffian, maddened by the burst of derisive laughter which "all aloft" indulged in, "you shall come down, youngster,—ay, if I should be obliged to lift you off your perch."

"No!—no!—no!" exclaimed the gentleman who *tooled* the coach, and all who travelled on the roof *al-fresco*.

"Lift me off!" replied the person to whom the remark had been directed, as he rose quietly from the coach-box, and put aside the large coat in which he had been hitherto ensconced. "I am making myself a lighter lift for the gentleman who is so extremely civil." And, turning suddenly round, he darted a basilisk glance on the half-drunken scoundrel, which seemed to petrify him. "Shall I repeat the same operation on the left eye, that I did on the right one a week since, in the Gloucester Coffeehouse?"

In a moment Wildman dropped his hand inside his breast, as if to clutch a weapon;—a more quiet, but similar movement, was executed by the box-seat passenger, and from his coat-pocket a click was heard, that would have sounded extremely inharmonious to ears that were not

"Irish, and less nice,"

as Byron says. But no hostilities followed. It is amazing how soon ruffian audacity quails before quiet courage. It was neither Wildman's interest nor fancy to try conclusions a second time with the fiery islander, of whose prowess a discoloured halo round the ruffian's eye bore silent but sufficient testimony. To the mediation of the coachman and outsiders the mariner turned a favourable ear; and soon afterwards, when the coach drove into the suburbs of the modern Babylon, the ruffian expressed a wish to be put down. After inquiring his way to a street of blackguard reputation in one of the lowest quarters of the metropolis, he obtained his bundle, handed the coachman a half-crown, turned into a dirty lane, and relieved the passengers of his presence.

"Easy come, easy go," observed the Holmesdale Jehu, as he submitted the coin thus presented to a critical examination. "It 's good, however,—though, as I suspect, not very honestly come by. But that 's his look-out, not mine." And, with this comfortable and convenient scrap of logic, he pocketed the half-crown. In half an hour Brian and his carpet-bag were safely deposited in Craven Street.

I have, gentle reader, in following the fortunes of my friend, been obliged for a time to place my own pleasant adventures in abeyance; but, having now housed Master O'Linn in his snug first-floor, with your gracious permission I shall recur for a few pages to what recently befell myself.

I left you—or rather you left me—desperately enamoured with the relict of Lieut.-Colonel Bouverie, C.B. *olim*, of the army of Madras. All the important passages in my career of love I faithfully detailed, including the amatory expedition to the Star and Garter, and all that occurred on that delightful evening in the carriage coming home. I have only to add, that on the succeeding days, with the freedom conceded to an accepted suitor, I paid a few morning visits in Mrs. Bouverie's company to Swan and Edgar's, and had a

lover's quarrel in forcing her to accept a couple of dresses with confounded hard French names. I fancied them rather expensive; but the shopman assured me that it was a wonder to the whole establishment, from the senior partner to the genteel youth whose department was the watering-pot, how such splendid fabrics could be sold for thirty pounds; and it was quite certain that Swan and Edgar lost heavily by the transaction. This information certainly surprised me—and I thought it wonderful how London tradesmen manage to keep a house over their heads at all.

Although I could not exactly ascertain what progress the fair widow's Chancery suit was making, and whether the Chancellor had fixed a day for pronouncing a final decree, still the solicitor with moustache and imperial attended every evening to report proceedings to his client. Since my arrival in London, I had experienced two serious annoyances, arising from the imperfection of a Border education. I could not speak French, nor could I play *écarté*. The Parisian trip which I contemplated, on our marriage, would enable me to acquire the former; and Mrs. Bouverie volunteered to impart the art and mystery of the latter in a few short and agreeable evening lessons. It was curious, but true—we never played *écarté* but the Chancery solicitor was certain to drop in. He always challenged the widow,—I backed, of course, the lady of my love; and never did the fickle goddess treat a private gentlewoman with less civility. However, it gave me a glorious opportunity of ascertaining what her temper was. They say nothing elicits unamiable displays more certainly than continued ill luck at play. Mrs. Bouverie, night after night, handed her shillings—she never would play higher—and I honoured her for her prudence—across the table to the whiskered solicitor, and that, too, with a radiant smile, which showed her temper altogether undisturbed. I did not come off so cheap; for generally I found my note-case, when I retired to my dormitory, *minus* five pounds.

One evening—the second before Brian rejoined me—I was startled by the tuning of a harp in the sitting-room over mine. I was aware that the apartments were occupied, from having encountered an elderly gentleman and a young girl in the hall. Of the latter I had but a passing glimpse; for she was so closely veiled that I could not distinguish a feature, nor even guess what her pretensions to beauty might be. I looked after them from the drawing-room window, as they walked slowly down the street. He was a tall, stiff, attenuated veteran, with snow-white hair and military carriage—his gold-headed cane, blue frock, and plain stock were quite professional; and, on farther inquiry, I was told by the maid-of-all-work that he was a colonel in the army,—the lady an only child,—and that every evening they passed through the Horse Guards to the Park, and there sat or strolled beside the Serpentine for hours. The description given of the "old man's daughter" was most interesting;—she was beautiful,—scarcely twenty,—and her attachment and attention to her father were devoted—her first care, her last thought, was centred in him—she was indeed

"A parent's stay."—

In the holy affections of a child every feeling of hers seemed to be entirely engrossed,—and one whom nature had prodigally gifted with those personal advantages which command worldly admiration,

appeared indifferent to all considerations, save a ceaseless anxiety to smooth the declining years of him in whom her heart—her soul—seemed centred. If ever picture was drawn of lovely woman tinted more sweetly than another, it was that of the fair girl whom I listened to tuning an instrument over-head.

"Why had I never heard the harp before?" was a question I put to the spider-brusher.

"It was only within the last hour that the instrument was brought home," was the reply.

The masterly hand, after

"She touch'd and tuned them all,"

which ran the chords over, told that the lady was a splendid musician; and when she sat down to play I was enchanted, for her performance was indeed magnificent. I sent for the proprietrix of the house—she came. If ever you want to obtain the secret history of a fellow-lodger from a fat landlady over forty, take her comfortably over a bottle of port,—or, in the absence of "black-strap" as the Irish call it, brandy-and-water will generally prove successful. I assailed Mrs. Honeywood with a claret-glass of the "regal purple stream." On we went,—protest on her part, whenever I grasped the neck of the decanter; but as "villainous man" frequently deranges the best feminine intentions, I overcame the stout widow's scruples. It is true, that at every fresh bumper she made a most respectable stand. I pressed her hard—reluctantly, poor soul! she by degrees gave in,

"And vowing she would ne'er consent, consented,"

until, by the Lord! between us we finished the bottle.

Mrs. Honeywood had known Colonel Harley for years. He came home wealthy from the East Indies, kept his carriage, and occupied every season her first and second floor. He entertained company, went into company himself,—and, as his daughter was then too young to be introduced to society, her London visits were filled up in receiving instructions from the first masters in the metropolis. Unhappily the colonel was not only unsuspicious, but obstinate. Bubble schemes were started by swindling scoundrels,—the unwary were victimized, and among the many Colonel Harley was a sufferer; for the whole earnings of a hard and honourable life were incautiously invested in some South American speculation. It was altogether a most infamous imposture,—and the deluded old man lost every sixpence which twenty-five years of active service had enabled him to accumulate. He had not only been robbed of his honest earnings, but been persecuted afterwards by harpy lawyers for alleged responsibilities. These he had successfully resisted,—and, said Mrs. Honeywood, as she wound up her narrative, "the poor old gentleman said to me yesterday, as he paid his rent, 'Here I am, at sixty-eight, thank God, liberated from all future trouble; but, Mrs. Honeywood,—and the recollection of my folly kills me,—I am not able to bequeath a farthing to the most attached child that ever cheered the last hours of a speculative dotard. Ah! I never look poor Julia in the face but conscience whispers that I have plundered her.' Poor old man! a tear stole down his cheek. Oh! sir, what deep

curses should light upon the heads of villains who seduce the unsuspicious into ruin!"

To the remark I uttered a fervent "amen." Again the chords of the harp were struck, and a sweet Scotch air regularly fascinated me.

"That is his favourite music," said the hostess. "He is a Highlander by birth,—and, Lord! how dearly does he dote upon his native hills, as he calls them! Before some specious swindler persuaded him to embark his fortune in that bubble speculation in which he lost it, the colonel was in treaty for the purchase of an estate in what he terms 'the land of the Gael.' Poor, dear, deluded gentleman! he fell a victim to a pack of scoundrels, worse far than highwaymen and housebreakers."

I agreed with her from the bottom of my soul. We had now, by the descending scale, reached the last glass the decanter held; and Mrs. Honeywood, after requiring from me the strictest confidence, and lowering her voice considerably, thus continued,

"The colonel was plunged, before he had even a suspicion of it, into difficulties and annoyances. He strove to keep the truth from Miss Julia; but she quickly penetrated the mystery her father would have involved his affairs in. She saw that money was not forthcoming, and every Saturday evening she sent some trinket to the pawnbroker's, to obtain money to meet the Monday bills, without making any application to the colonel.

"'Is your purse not exhausted yet?' I overheard the old man say. 'Surely the notes I gave you, Julia, a month ago, cannot but be long since expended. I think 'twas fifty pounds.'

"'Oh, what a bad cashier you are!'—and she kissed the old gentleman's cheek. 'You gave me a hundred, father dear. But will you be very—very—angry?'

"'At you, Julia?' and the poor colonel caught her to his arms.

"'I accidentally—nay, carelessly—overturned my harp; and you must do without your music, dearest father, until it comes from the maker in a week or two.'

"'Is it much injured?' asked the old man. 'Alas! at present I could not conveniently replace it.'

"'Oh!—no—no. It needs but a trifling repair.'

"What was the truth, sir? That evening, through me, she had consigned the instrument she loved so enthusiastically to the pawnshop!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "May curses wither the base wretches who, through the weakness of a credulous old man, would entail misery on such a daughter!"

"I have reason to think that, though the money he had intended for his daughter is gone beyond a hope of recovery, still his legal persecutions are fortunately ended, and his Indian retirement is perfectly unencumbered. Indeed, the very circumstance of the release of the harp shows that the old gentleman's funds are improving. —But I must leave you, sir. Report says that a widow over the way will not be left much longer in single blessedness. Is this the case?"

"Bah!—bah!—mere nonsense, Mrs. Honeywood."

"It may be so. Would to God it were her whom we have been talking of on whom your fancy had fallen. Ah! my dear sir, one

that through sunshine and storm has stood the test that Miss Harley has—such a woman in the lottery of matrimony will rarely indeed be obtained."

"And so you are determined to marry me to the pretty widow opposite?"

"Not I, by my faith! On the contrary, had I the right, I should assuredly forbid the banns."

"And why?" I asked, rather in a hurry.

"If you coax me, I'll give you my reasons to-morrow," said the buxom landlady. "Love's blind, they say; but widows are sharp-sighted, and I belong, as you know, to that lynx-eyed community. But I must leave you, to go to Miss Julia. She gave me money to pay some bills, and I have to render an account of my stewardship."

So saying, Mrs. Honeywood left the room.

I felt an uneasy twinge at the parting observations of the stout gentlewoman. What did she mean?—for a meaning undoubtedly she had—and her remarks had more behind than met the ear. Pshaw! women are proverbially jealous of each other; and Mrs. Honeywood, despondent of matrimony herself, was secretly mortified that another of the sisterhood should make a second visit to the hymeneal temple, from which she was excluded. It was all envy, hatred, and uncharitableness. I flung suspicion to the winds, and crossed the street to receive my evening lesson at *écarté*.

If I carried a doubt into the shrine of her I worshipped, one glance at the presiding divinity would have dispelled it for ever. She never before appeared so handsome, and never had exhibited the tender until that evening. I presume in courtship generally, and whether the lady wooed be maid or widow, as Jonathan says, "a tarnation deal" of osculation must go on. In the kissing department the active part of the operation devolved hitherto on me, and Mrs. Bouverie submitted to the same with a Christian composure that was most commendable. But, when woman loves, there are moments when the ice of frigid propriety will melt. Listening to Julia's harp, and Mrs. Honeywood's long revelations, the evening had flown insensibly, and I was an hour behind my customary time. She chid me first,—then called me her adored Francis,—threw her arms around my neck, and sealed my pardon with a kiss! I suppose she blushed like a peony; but, as the candles had not been brought up, it was too dark to ascertain the fact. To allow another week to pass without securing the object of my adoration would have been impossible, and I was urging her on my knees to name an early day to make me the happiest of Borderers, and let the Chancery suit go to the warm locality, whither all appertaining to that court must eventually find their way, when a double knock interrupted an appeal to the heart that would have done honour to a briefless barrister, and the d—d man of hair and law entered the drawing-room.

"Ah!—have I interrupted a flirtation?" said Moustache, with a smile. "'Twilight grey' is the hour to whisper love, and darkness hides the fair one's blushes. Shall I be welcomed as a visitor, or considered an intruder?"

"Mr. Elliott was but a few minutes in the house before you; and should any pardon be necessary for what you erroneously imagine an interrupted *tête-à-tête*, the penalty may be paid by your ringing the bell for lights. How very provoking!" she said in a whisper to

me. "Well, dearest, the time is not distant when we shall enjoy each other's society without being subject to remarks."

She gently pressed my hand—I made her an honest return. Up came the candles, the usual challenge to play *écarté* was given and accepted, and down sat the combatants,—I, as a matter of course, backing the widow.

Mr. Thornton had dined out, and, if he had not drank himself, in Irish parlance, "he had been looking at somebody drinking;" for he was "rather fresh." He generally preserved towards Mrs. Bouverie a studied deference; but his manner this evening to her and me was forward and familiar, while frequent allusions to our *tête-à-tête* were made with a freedom that bordered upon coarseness. I could observe that Mrs. Bouverie was seriously annoyed, and I felt inclined to get irate; but the lady saw and checked it. It really was too bad to listen to a Chancery solicitor delivering himself of what he was pleased to fancy wit, at the joint expense of a gentleman like myself, whose great-grandfather had been hanged for treason, and the lovely relict of a departed Companion of the Bath.

Altogether the evening went off heavily. I lost as usual, and at eleven rose to take my departure. The man of law remained behind to apprise his client of the day's proceedings; while I, disinclined to go to bed, strolled into Fleet Street, to patronize the oyster establishment of Mr. Lynn. As I read the evening papers, and walked slowly there and home, more than an hour must have elapsed since I left the charming widow. Honoured by the confidence of my fat landlady—who reposed so much faith in my prudence and sobriety as to intrust me with a latch-key—I had just let myself in, when I heard the widow's hall-door open, and, by St. Andrew! who should issue from the abiding-place of the future Mrs. Elliott but the whiskered lawyer, muffled in a cloak! "In the name of everything litigious," I asked myself the simple question, "what should keep him in my lady's chamber until the chimes had gone at midnight?" I felt something very like a jealous twinge. But no—after the unusual proofs of personal affection which Mrs. Bouverie had lavished on me that very evening, I dared not harbour a doubt. It was law, after all. Curse law!—everybody knew that Chancery proceedings extend to eternity,—and, doubtless, the whiskered solicitor was merely explaining to his pretty widow some legal difficulties which might have arisen. Such, indubitably, had been the cause of the gentleman's protracted visit; and I went to bed, and dreamed that the Chancellor in person, with the Lord Mayor and Common Council in full state, had called at the widow's lodgings to announce officially, that judgment would be pronounced in her favour on the first day of Hilary Term 1899.

At the unusually early hour of eleven I received a summons to wait on Mrs. Bouverie, and I need scarcely add that the command was obeyed with a lover's alacrity. I found her in a morning undress. Last night I fancied her prettier than usual; but she never had looked actually murderous until now. The blandest smile that ever disparted a pair of coral lips to expose the row of ivory they covered, would have slaughtered a parish priest,—and I, who was past praying for already, could only worship the idol with my eyes, and marvel at the luck of the Elliotts.

"I sent for you, dear Francis, to speak on the subject you were

urging, when we were so disagreeably interrupted last evening. For the first time, I had reason to consider Mr. Thornton's visit an intrusion,—and his subsequent conduct did not by any means abate my displeasure. I assure you that, after you left, I lectured him on the familiarity he used, and which was equally offensive to us both."

"You read him a long jobation, sweet one; for it occupied an hour and a quarter, if there be faith in St. Martin's clock," I replied.

The widow coloured like a peony—sweet sensitiveness!—she blushed, I suppose, at the bare idea of being alone with a lawyer after midnight!

I need not be too minute in details of this important interview. Divers pleadings on her part "for a long day," before she should be conducted a second time to execution, were fortunately overruled; and the upshot was, that the next Monday was named for the performance of a ceremony which would make Mrs. Bouverie change her name to Elliott. I apprised her that a young friend, who was to attend me to the altar, was expected that morning in town, and obtained her gracious permission to bring him with me in the evening, and present the bridesman to the bride.

On the termination of the interview, and when I had returned to my own lodgings, I found Brian anxiously expecting me. We rapidly communicated what had occurred during the week on which we had been separated, and on both sides congratulations were interchanged. With my friend the course of love ran smooth; and when the nasal announcement of the burly parson notified that Brian O'Linn and Susan Neville were about to enter into the holy estate, none dared to negative the intention. With me, however, matters were very different; and the chances were considerable, that the little gentleman who had assumed an absolute control over me, and which, through some unaccountable cause or impulse, I passively permitted him to exercise, would, when I informed him of my engagement, possibly put a veto on the same. Another, and rather an unpleasant ordeal, awaited me. It would be expected that an account of my stewardship should be handed in. I referred to my pocket-book. Within the week, a goodly three hundred pounds had melted down to two hundred and thirty! Brian was guiltless of blame beyond a five-pound note; but the Star and Garter, a diamond-ring, instructions in *écarté*, and Swan and Edgar, had done the trick among them.

"Hang it!" said Brian, as he witnessed my annoyance, "don't let that bother you. Put half of the outlay down to me at once—or stay—make good the balance from my own three hundred—now do." And he pressed his wish upon me as a matter of deep obligation.

"No, no, dear Brian. I am assured that your last sixpence, with Milesian generosity, would, were it but required, be just as freely offered. But come along—we 'll meet that thing of legs and arms, and, if he row me, I 'll fling his note-case in his face, marry the widow,—and, when you have gone through the same ceremony with Susan, d—n it, we 'll be off to the Border, and there obtain shelter and a hearty welcome beneath the old roof-tree with a brace of brides."

The cab came, we jumped in, and in half an hour were set down at the little gentleman's abiding-place. Profiting by past experience, had we been bearers of a begging-letter, a more subdued application

could not have been made upon the knocker. Cupid answered the appeal, and from ear to ear he grinned a salutation.

"How is your master, Cupid?"

"Dam well in health, but unkimmon bad in temper."

"Pleasant look-out for us," I muttered to Brian as we mounted the stairs.

"What a comfort it would be," returned the young Irishman, "if one were going to be shot at by a man, instead of be-deviled by this warlock, who will pitch into us right and left before we are five minutes in his company."

Ushered as usual to the presence by Dan Cupid, we found the little gentleman in the well-remembered cap, slippers, and morning-gown. Pointing one lean finger at the clock, and graciously extending the other hand over his shoulder as a signal to take chairs, he pleasantly opened the conversation.

"I told you to be here at two—*two*, precisely. It is thirteen minutes and a half beyond the time."

We both muttered an apology.

"Will regret bring back lost time? I never found it did," said yellow-slippers.

The baboon grinned spitefully, and chattered,—the parrot uttered some infernal sounds, compared with which, a pig's lamentations when seized for trespass were harmony.

"Peace, darlings!" said the dwarf to his favourites. "And now, young gentlemen, how have you both sped?"

If ever you are in a desperate fix, don't beat about the bush, but jump "*in medias res*" head-foremost,—and, egad! I had the courage to try it on this occasion.

"In one word, sir, Brian, who has long been engaged to a most charming and deserving girl, will make her a happy bride within a week; and I, in imitation of a virtuous example, have wooed successfully, and within the same time hope to be similarly blessed."

"Humph!" said the dwarf,—and a more ominous "humph" never issued from so small a carcase. "Quick work—courtship short, sharp, and decisive. When did you first see the lady?"

"A week since, to-morrow morning."

"And under what circumstances, may I inquire?"

"Kissing a canary in the window," I replied.

"Quite enough. Ladies who kiss dogs and birds in windows, intimate to the passer-by that it is merely a kiss by proxy, which, if he take the trouble of ringing the bell, he may repeat himself if he please."

I could have strangled him! Was there ever such a foul-mouthed toad?—and I answered in high dudgeon,

"You mistake widely, sir. Light females, and ladies who have survived field-officers of distinction, are not, I fancy, to be classified—"

The little gentleman puckered his cheeks together, and executed a low whistle.

"She's a widow, then?"—and he raised his eyebrows in apparent astonishment.

"Yes, sir; the relict of Lieut.-Colonel Bouverie, C.B."

"What service was he in?" inquired the dwarf.

"On the Madras Establishment, I believe."

"You are certain it was not the Horse Marines?" said the little gentleman with a smile.

"If you have required me to visit you only for the purpose of offering insult, the sooner I return the remainder of the sum you presented to us I think the better." And pulling out the pocket-book, I flung it indignantly upon the table.

"Humph! We'll drop matrimony for a while, and see how you manage money matters."

He coolly removed the bank-notes, reckoned them twice, replaced them, and thus proceeded,

"You kept a memorandum, as I desired, of your outlay. I find the week's expenditure amounts to seventy pounds."

"You will find particulars entered on the fly-leaf of that pocket-book," I replied in mortal alarm.

The little man read, "'To Brian, 5*l.*' Was that all you can charge to his account?"

I bowed an affirmative.

"Well, Brian is no spendthrift, it would seem. But come on.—'A diamond-ring, 18*l.* 18*s.*'—A diamond-ring upon a Borderer's finger!—ha! ha! ha! Why, the gentlemen on whom your honest father prides himself so much, and who had their necks elongated at 'Tyburn' and 'merrie Carlisle,' never had metal on their hands beyond a splinted glove to turn a sword-cut from their knuckles. Might I be bold enough to ask for an opportunity of admiring a thing never seen before—a brilliant ring on the hand of an Elliott?"

Every word hissed from the yellow scoundrel's teeth, as if in passing they raised a blister on his tongue.

"I am not the puppy you take me to be," I sharply answered. "The ring was presented to a lady."

"I cry your mercy!" said the little fellow, with a sneer. "Oh—yes—to the amiable relict of Colonel Somebody of the Horse Marines."

"Sir—I beg—" I returned passionately.

"And I beg, sir, that you will permit me to look over these interesting memoranda. 'Expenses at Star and Garter, carriage hire, &c. &c. &c. 14*l.* 10*s.*' Humph! the C.B.'s relict, I presume, was your companion?"

I made a dogged bow.

"'Swan and Edgar, 30*l.*' Bravo!" exclaimed the dwarf. "Might I presume to inquire, as you pay ready money, whether they took off the discount?"

I made no reply, and he continued,—

"'Sundries, 20*l.*'—and so ends the account. Who is this woman who has been humbugging you?"

"Really, sir, the coarseness with which you allude to a person who commands my gratitude and love—"

"By enabling you to spend seventy pounds within a week.—Come, come,—you have been swindled. Do be quiet,—and let cooler heads than yours establish your folly to your perfect satisfaction. In what service was the late lamented Colonel Bouverie, and about what time was the period of his demise?"

"He was, as I have been informed, on the strength of the Madras army, and died in London about two years ago."

"Humph!—we'll easily ascertain that fact. Go, youngster—on

yonder third shelf you'll find some Indian directories. Hand me three down, embracing the period named, and those which have preceded and followed it. One question we'll settle without leaving the room."

The books were handed by Brian to the dwarf, and the latter mounted his spectacles, and commenced a careful research. Alas! neither on the strength of the Madras army, nor in the annual obituary was the defunct commander to be found. Another investigation was made, and by a fresh reference to an army-list, and by some unfortunate mistake of the compiler, among the Companions of the Bath Colonel Bouverie's name had been omitted!

"I have not," said the little gentleman, laying down the book and quietly removing his spectacles, "an official return of the Horse Marines; and, if the departed gentleman was not on the muster-roll of that corps, you may probably find him on the half-pay list of Utopia. But no more of dead C.B.s. You know the meaning of the Scotch phrase *tocher*?"

I bowed in the affirmative.

"I should like to know what position your Cupid has assumed touching that requisite for housekeeping, money, on the present occasion.

'Has he ta'en his stand
Upon a widow's jointured land?'

or are the sinews of war invested in the Three per Cents?—or more probably, in East Indian Securities?"

"All the information I can give you on that head is, that Mrs. Bouverie is handsomely dowered; but I regret to say on her account,—for it has cost her both inconvenience and annoyance,—her property has been thrown into Chancery, and—"

The little gentleman in the brimstone slippers burst into an uproarious laugh,—the monkey chattered,—the parrot screamed.

"Silence, pretty ones!—No wonder you laugh as I do;"—and again the dwarf indulged in a most unearthly cachinnation—"Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Francis Elliott, I cannot but congratulate you—the widow of a Colonel and a C.B. who is '*non est inventus*' in the army-list!—Well, there's one comfort for you,—though you can't make out the defunct commander, you know where to find the lady's effects,—and, like an Irish fortune, it is so well secured, that nobody can get at it. How is your head, Frank? Very sorry to put that question a year after you are married." Then turning to Brian, the little man anxiously inquired, "Whether his unfortunate companion," meaning me, "was generally quiet and collected?"

I lost all temper, sprang from my chair, and seized my hat.

"I shall not remain to hear an estimable woman coarsely maligned, and myself treated as a lunatic!" I exclaimed.

"Well, in charity let us admit that there is not a tile off your upper story, as they say in the north,—and only write you down a fool. You won't marry for eight-and-forty hours I hope?"

"Certainly not. Monday is the day appointed."

"Will you favour me to-morrow with an introduction to the bride that is to be?"

"With great pleasure, were it only to convince you how undeservedly you have traduced her."

"Well, be it so," returned the little man; "and when I ascertain the extent of my error in opinion, rest assured the atonement I shall make the Colonel's relict shall be commensurate with the offence. At two o'clock to-morrow I shall visit you. Take up your note-case; and I trust the next week's account current will be more to my satisfaction when I overlook it than the present is. And now—be off. To-morrow—two o'clock—and then for an interview with a lady in a pleasant predicament—in love and Chancery!"

"Did you ever listen to such a foul-tongued fragment of humanity?" I exclaimed, as the cabman closed the door of the vehicle.

"He certainly was rather hard upon the pretty widow. But did it not strike yourself as very strange, that her husband's name was neither to be found in the Indian army-list nor among the Companions of the Bath?" returned Brian.

"Certainly it does seem singular; but it may be easily explained away, after all. To-night, when I prepare my dear Emily for an interview with the little fellow, I shall mention the circumstance to her."

"What hour do you visit her?"

"At eight precisely. And, by the way, we cannot kill time to more advantage than by a run down the river, and a dinner at Greenwich."

Brian gave a free assent,—the cab was turned in a different direction, and we embarked at London bridge.

"Did yellow-slippers make one of the party, can you guess how he would be engaged at present?"

"Not I, faith," returned the Irishman.

"In endeavouring to make out over which of the arches of the bridge my great-grandfather's head had been exhibited in the 'forty-five.'"

It was precisely what the dwarf would do, and we both laughed heartily at the fancy.

The day was pleasantly passed, and we returned in proper time to enable me to pay my duty to my mistress, and introduce my friend Brian to Mrs. Elliott elect. On the landing-place I encountered the buxom hostess; and, while Brian went to his own room, I claimed from her the promised information.

"You shall have it; but I am busy now. Wait till to-morrow,—and in the meantime neither name a day nor put up the banns. After five minutes' conversation in the morning, St. Martin's is close at hand; and if you feel yourself still connubially inclined, why, the sooner housekeeping commences the better. Nevertheless, I have a shrewd suspicion that you will not put a plain gold ring upon the widow's finger, although you have placed a diamond on it."

And, laughing heartily, the jolly dame mounted the stairs, while I entered the drawing-room.

"Now, what the devil," said I, soliloquizing, "is the meaning of all this? Am I the happiest of the happy, or the greatest fool permitted to be at large? That cursed dwarf has excited strange suspicions, and the obese landlady rings to the same chime. These doubts are torturous, and this evening shall remove or end them."

"I made some alteration in the appearance of my outward man, as a lover should when about to wait upon his lady gay. Brian's toilet was speedily completed, and he joined me in the drawing-

room. It still wanted a quarter of an hour of the trysted time, and we sat down to discuss a little brandy and water, while I prepared my young companion for his introduction to one who with "Dian's snow" united the charms of a Calypso.

Enamoured gentlemen talk shocking nonsense, and to a general rule I formed no exception. Mrs. Bouverie's charms were sung and said with all the descriptive colouring which "youthful poets fancy when they love." Brian sighed as he listened patiently to my rhapsodies.

"There are, no doubt, many superior beauties to Susan Neville," said the young Irishman; "but, for warmth of heart and purity of principle, Susan against the world!"—and the last drop in his glass was reverently emptied in honour of his mistress.

"Curse on that whiskered quill-driver!" I exclaimed, looking across the street, and observing a male figure striding up and down the widow's drawing-room. "It is bad enough to place a lady's goods and chattels under the Great Seal, without sending a cursed solicitor every night to haunt the premises. But come along, Brian. My dear fellow, I know you will excuse me—don't stare at Mrs. Bouverie. She is so painfully sensitive, that I 'll be hanged but at the Star and Garter a brace of puppies nearly rendered her hysterical. Come along—and now for innocence and beauty!"

We crossed the street, knocked at the hall-door, and were immediately admitted. The maid-of-all-work smiled—it was the smile congratulatory I fancied at the time; but afterwards I had reason to change my opinion.

"Is Mrs. Bouverie at home?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply of the *soubrette.*

"The lawyer with her, as usual?" I asked carelessly.

"I really do not know whether the gentleman is a lawyer; but he is with her, as usual."

I little guessed at the time that the confounded spider-brusher was laughing at me in her sleeve; and faith! she had sufficient reason.

We ascended the stairs. I opened the door, and entered the drawing-room to present a couple of new acquaintances to the young Milesian. It was the gravest mistake made by any member of the family, since my great-grandfather contrived to part with his head. The moment my figure filled the doorway, Mrs. Bouverie I suppose prayed that it would be lengthened, and, advancing to receive her affianced lord, murmured,

"Dear, dear Francis, wel—"

There is a fine passage in one of Sheridan's plays, in which death cuts suddenly the speaker's thread, and abbreviates the sentence he was delivering:—Brian's *entré* on Mrs. Bouverie produced a similar effect; for, with a shriek, she fled back to the opposite side of the apartment. What the devil meaned this? I looked at Brian, and he was pale as old Priam, when a friend kindly informed him he was regularly burnt out, and no insurance. Had the Chancellor pronounced the lawyer in contempt, he could not have exhibited more desperate alarm. God help me! I looked from one to another for half a minute, wondering what would follow. Brian first recovered self-possession—over his pale cheek a ruddy flush glowed to the very brow, and, bursting past me, he addressed the intended Mrs. Elliott, and in terms not very complimentary to her elected lord.

"Infamous woman! burden ye still the earth?"

"Wretch!—you slandered me once—would you again blast my reputation?"

"I won't waste words upon thee!—thou foulest thing in form of woman! But for that villainous paramour—that assassin of my friend—by heaven! were I to be imprisoned years for breaking his bones, I'll qualify him for an hospital!" And Brian flung the lady of my love aside, and that too with as scanty ceremony as if she had been a drunken fish-wife.

His threat was idle: the Chancery solicitor had slipped into the lady's chamber at the first alarm, and bolted the door. Foiled in his rage for vengeance, Brian, with one Herculean spurn of his foot, dashed in the door; but, fortunately for himself, the criminal had escaped. A second door opened on the lobby from my lady's chamber,—and through that convenient means of egress the Chancery solicitor had levanted.

The disappointment infuriated the young Irishman. A Malay preparing to run the muck could scarcely have been in higher excitement; and, though an undisputed descendant of as stout a Border family as ever "drove prey from Cumberland," d—n me if I would have been a Chancery solicitor within arm's-length of Mr. Brian O'Linn for a five-pound note!

"Brian, in the devil's name, what means this?" I exclaimed.

My question was unheeded and unanswered; for, failing to overtake him who appeared the object of his unmitigable fury, he leisurely poured out the phials of his wrath on the devoted head of her who on Monday next was to have blessed me with her hand, and favoured me with her Chancery expectations into the bargain. After her first feeble effort to show fight, the lady struck her colours, and, according to the Hibernian metaphor, like a bull in a china-shop, Brian had everything his own way; and, while he fulminated phrases quite inapplicable to ladies who bore such fair reputations as Penelope and Lucretia, Mrs. Bouverie buried her head among the cushions of the sofa and played the insensible.

"Leave this contaminated house!" exclaimed Brian, catching my arm—and pushing me literally down stairs, he opened the street-door, and led me out, perfectly unresisting and marvellously amazed.

Before we reached the Strand the mystery was unfolded. In Mrs. Bouverie, the relict of the departed commander, Brian had at a glance recognised his old acquaintance, Mrs. Montague; and Captain Darnley, by whose hand William St. George had prematurely fallen, had, it would appear, turned his sabre into a pen, and commenced business as a solicitor.

Of the parties concerned I cannot pretend to say who slept that night. Brian had the best chance, certainly. I never closed an eye; and, on coming down to breakfast, from the morning's information I received, the lady in the opposite house must have been exceedingly busy while "all the world were sleeping;" for she had managed to levant with her traps, save the canary,—that unhappy bird being kindly left by Mrs. Bouverie to assuage with his melody the landlady's grief for the loss of a valuable lodger, or, as an equivalent for a quarter's rent.

RAILWAY DACTYLS.

BY A TRAVELLER.

HERE we go off on the "London and Birmingham,"
Bidding adieu to the foggy metropolis!
Staying at home with the dumps, is confirming 'em;—
Motion and mirth are a fillip to life.
Let us look out! Is there aught that is *see*-able?
Presto!—away!—what a vanishing spectacle!
Well! on the whole, it is vastly agreeable—
"Why, sir, perhaps it is all very well,"—
Tricketty, tracketty, tricketty, tracketty!
"*Barring* the noise, and the smoke, and the smell."

Now, with the company pack'd in the carriages,
Strange is the medley of voluble utterings,—
Comings and goings, deceases and marriages,—
Oh, what a clatter of matters is *there!*
History, politics, letters, morality,
Heraldry, botany, chemistry, cookery,
Poetry, physic, the stars, and legality,—
All in a loud opposition of tongues!
Tricketty, tracketty, tricketty, tracketty!
Never mind *that*—it is good for the lungs.

"All that 's remarkable, now, we may *stir* and see;
Free circulation—how huge are its benefits!"—
"Yet, sir, with all the improvement in *currency*,
Great is the dread of *a run on the banks*."—
"*Fight* with *America!* Do but the folly see!
Since unto *both*, sir, belongs the same *origin*."—
"What 's your opinion of Peel and his policy?"—
"What of the weather?—and how is the wind?"
Tricketty, tracketty, tricketty, tracketty!
"Oh! that that *whistle* were far off as Ind!"

On, like a hurricane! on, like a water-fall!
Steam away! scream away! hissing and spluttering!
"Madam, beware lest your out-leaning daughter fall!"—
"Yes, sir, I will; but her *life* is *insured*."—
"Cobden 's a-coming to mob and to rabble us!"—
"Zounds! sir, my *corn!* Do ye think I 'm of adamant?"—
"Oh, what an appetite! Heliogabalus!
That little fellow will eat himself *ill!*"
Tricketty, tracketty, tricketty, tracketty!
"When you 're at home again, give him a pill."

Oh, Mr. Hudson! Macadam's extinguisher!
Men are as boys in the grasp of thy *schoolery!*
Those who love England can no better *thing* wish her
Than to have *thee* for her *Ruler of Lines!*
Praised as thy course is, to heighten the fame of it,
I 'll give you a hint, without fee or expectancy:—
Write us a *book*—and let *this* be the name of it,
"*Rail*-ways and *Snail*-ways; or, Roads New and Old."
Tricketty, tracketty, tricketty, tracketty!
Won't such a volume in thousands be sold?

Here we go on again, every link of us!
Oh, what a chain! what a fly-away miracle!
Birds o' the firmament! what do ye think of us?
Minutes! be steady, as *markers of miles!*
Well! of new greatness we now have the germ in us!
But the *collector*, I see, coming hither is.
"Ladies and gentlemen—this is the *terminus*—
Ticket, sir! ticket, sir!—end of the line!"
Ricketty, racketty, ricketty, racketty!
"Friends of velocity! now let us *dine!*"

G. D.

TAKING THE VEIL,

IN THE CONVENT SANTA CHIARA AT NAPLES.

A *monacazione* is always a romantic and curious, often a mournful and interesting ceremony. Almost always worth seeing, because almost always presenting some new feature,—some new colouring, or picturesque peculiarity to the observer. Amongst the number I have witnessed, I have scarcely ever beheld two alike, for though of course the essential points of the *funzione* are the same everywhere, the minor details vary *ad infinitum*, according to the rank, the taste, the consideration, or wealth of the novice and the convent. The more noble both, of course the more grand the ceremony, and the more costly its *accessoires*.

We had not as yet seen one in Naples, and it was therefore with infinite pleasure that I opened a large official-looking envelope, while I inwardly showered effusions of thanks on Monsignor di Pietro, to whose kindness we were indebted for the invitation, as I glanced over its contents, in which we were "*pregate*" by the Principessa di Bisignano to *intervenire alla solenna vestizione dell' egregia donzella, signora donna Maria Angelica Berlinghieri, de 'Marchesi di —— R*, who was to take the white veil in the most noble convent of Santa Chiara, at ten o'clock on the following Monday.

The name of Santa Chiara alone, the finest convent in Naples, into which none but ladies of the highest *noblesse* can ever be admitted, would have sufficed to intimate to us the rank of the postulant, and the importance of the ceremony, even without the addition of that of the Princess of Bisignano, the most aristocratic lady of the whole Neapolitan court; the exclusiveness of whose *salon*, like the Esterhazi *soirées* at Vienna, is the *point culminant* of the *haute volée*, the mere admission into the intimacy of which is of itself the *ne plus ultra* of distinction in Naples.

It is fortunate for the London world that Catholicity is not the order of the day in England; the early hours of the Catholic rites would hardly suit the late ones of English fashionable life. What would a West-end *belle* think of being compelled to rise at seven, in order to be dressed, sometimes *en grande toilette*, and in diamonds, by eight o'clock, and to be out at nine, as an Italian *élégante* is forced to do, *bongré malgré*, at least 150 mornings in the year, either to attend mass, or the thousand and one *funzioni* of her church.

On the morning of the *monacazione*—aware of the importance of being in time, to all those who wished either to see or hear—we had completed our toilette, and concluded our breakfast by half past eight, and before nine we were driving down the Toledo.

Even at that early hour numbers of *flâneurs* were promenading up and down in it; loungers were seated in the *cafés*, and ladies were driving from shop to shop, though the more general hour for making purchases is from ten to twelve, when the Toledo and its adjoining streets are filled with carriages, stopping the way before every *magazin*, while on all sides throng groups of idlers and lookers on. But from six o'clock in the morning, half the Neapolitan world is on foot,

as from that till twelve is the only cool period of the day, till seven o'clock in the evening.

As we rode down the Strada Maddaloni, we were surprised to find that a file of carriages had already anticipated us, and we were detained a quarter of an hour before the Gesù Nuovo, ere we entered the portal of Santa Chiara. We were not at all too early. Handsome carriages, groups of footmen in their state liveries, glittering with gold and silver lace, and dashing *chasseurs*, with their waving plumes, filled the court; the pavement and steps of which were all strewed over as usual, with branches of fresh myrtle and box. The soldiers too were already stationed at the entrance of the church.

As we alighted, three or four gentlemen came forward out of a circle of *cavalieri* deputed to receive the ladies, and led us in. I took the arm of the Principino di Bisignano, who wore a rich uniform, and was covered with orders; the rest of our escort were in full evening costume, white cravats, rich stars and ribbons, &c.

The church of Santa Chiara is one of the richest and finest in Naples, though its architecture is peculiar, nay, almost unique, in Italy. To eyes accustomed to the columned aisles, the picturesque lights, and mysterious shadows of the innumerable side chapels that are generally the indispensable *accessoires* of Catholic churches, especially Italian ones, Santo Chiara—with its richly frescoed roof, and massive *rococo* gilding, its glittering walls, one unbroken mass of precious marbles, varied only by the long range of gilt lattices high above, that extend the whole length of the one grand aisle—looks more like a gigantic *sallede bal* of the epoch of Louis Quatorze, than a church. I could almost have imagined myself transported to Versailles, and gazing through a magnifying glass on the magnificent *salle* where Marie Antoinette used to receive her court; it was so much in the same style, with the exception of the mirrors which dazzle one on all sides in the famous "*galerie des ambassadeurs.*"

At the upper end of the aisle, rows of chairs were placed on each side, which, numerous as they were, were already half filled by the company which had forestalled us. Thanks, however, to the *savoir faire* of our illustrious pioneers, we obtained seats within a few rows of the altar, and that grand affair once satisfactorily accomplished, we had leisure to gaze around us.

I thought I had never seen the church look so splendid. The sunlight streamed through the lofty windows, gleaming upon the bright marbles, the chequered pavement, and the brilliant uniforms of the *guardie del corpo,* numbers of whom were scattered amidst the gay crowd that now began to throng the aisle, their sparkling silver facings and brilliant epaulettes, strikingly contrasted by the dark habits and gloomy cowls of the *frati,* who were dispersed in groups of twos and threes. Parties of ladies in the most elegant *demi toilettes,* escorted like ourselves by the different *cavalieri d'ispezione* were hurrying in rapid succession up the centre, bowing, as they passed, to the Principessa Bisignano, who had stationed herself on the last line of seats, and rose every moment to receive the *invités;* the strangers with a courteous salutation, her own friends with a few words of greeting. Soldiers—monks—peasants—and *lazzari* filled the remainder of the church; as usual, a motley assemblage, while in the midst of this strange *mélange,* priests in their black robes, young aspirants in white

surplices, were rushing in and out of the *sagrestia*, giving orders and superintending the preparations; and lay brothers were running up and down the steps of the altar, some unfolding the rich stoles and vestments destined for the Nuncio, others, laying out ewers and cups of massive and richly chiselled gold and silver on a table that stood on one side, covered with a white cloth, fringed with *guipure*, all of them evidently as much excited by the importance of the occasion as if they had been making preparations for a *baciamano*,* or the *sposalizio* of one of the princesses. Two or three others, with their long poles and little tapers attached to the end of them, were mounted on the top of the altar, and even then were scarcely able to light the wax candles which rose behind it in pyramidal and fantastic forms. For in all the *funzioni* they are never lighted till the last moment, and as rapidly extinguished the instant the ceremony is concluded.

The altar itself was magnificently decorated, as is customary on state occasions: a number of silver and gold busts of the saints, the greater part of the *tesoro* of the convent, were ranged along it in two rows, one above the other, while between each head stood alternately beautifully chiselled silver vases, filled with enormous pyramidal *bouquets* of fresh flowers, whose fragrance mingled with the scent of the frankincense which already rose powerfully from the two gold chased *incensori* which lay at the foot of the table.

High over-head the long lines of lattices were filled with Nuns, whose white veils glimmered behind the gilt bars, as they peeped through the *inferrate*, like birds in an aviary, gazing on the animated scene below, and laughing and whispering to each other their observations on the toilets of the ladies, and probably the *beaux yeux* of the gentlemen; for, be it known to all the uninitiated, that Neapolitan ladies, not even excepting the *monacelle*, are famous, not only for having eyes, but for knowing how to use them to the very best advantage. Thus much at least we could discern, that they *were* laughing and whispering amongst themselves, though the bars were too close to enable us to distinguish their faces, in spite of the most persevering efforts on our part, and on that of others, and notwithstanding the assistance of *lorgnons*, *jumelles*, and every sort of *lunette d' approche* we had provided ourselves with. Lord W——d, with a friend of his, the only Englishmen present, were equally unfortunate; in vain they tried every species of "long range," with which they had come armed, with a degree of national pertinacity which deserved a better reward; but the provoking lattices were impenetrable, and he only succeeded in scandalizing all the Italian ladies around, who, *oltre* the scandals, were quite at a loss to conceive what pleasure the *bel Milordo Inglese* could take in staring a whole congregation of nuns out of countenance, when there were so many much better worth looking at, and quite ready and willing to be stared at besides, in his immediate vicinity.

It was now a quarter to ten, but as yet there was no sign of the arrival of his eminence the Nunzio, or of the *sposa*, as in the Italian phraseology, the postulant or novice is always termed. According to the Machiavelian policy, which has made the ceremony of taking the veil a sort of *ignis fatuus* of a marriage, destined apparently to console the simplicity of the victim with the shadow, for the loss of

* A levée at court.

the substance. But though the hour waned, we were not impatient, for groups of new comers continued to pour rapidly into the church, and we were well amused, as we turned from the dark eyes of the *signore* to pass our observations on the dashing *guardie*, or the supercilious looking *diplomats*, from the gold embroidery on their coats to the curl of their *baffi*.

Nothing could be more brilliant than whole *colpo d' occhio* or more elegant, more costly than the *toilettes* of the ladies. The most magnificent lace,—the richest tissues,—the most valuable ornaments, met our eyes on all sides, till one might have fancied that wealth was as common in Naples as in London, and good taste a little more so. For though everything that money and extravagance could purchase was there, there was nothing overloaded, nothing overdone; it was the triumph of the *ni trop, ni trop peu*, which none but a foreign *élégante* understands to perfection. The dresses were all of the richest or the most *diaphane* materials,—the ornaments few, but handsome and precious—a diamond brooch, or *feronnière*—a costly bracelet, or a solitary ring of price, were all. There were no dangling chains, no paltry trinkets, no supererogatory flounces or furbelows. None of the knots and streamers of coloured ribands, or scraps and bands of black velvet, with which so many of our fair compatriots delight in decorating themselves, and which give them so much the appearance of the Lord Mayor's horse, decked out in all its holiday trappings. Everything in the toilets that surrounded us was simple, chaste, and *distinqué* and the *coiffure*, so graceful, so classic. The thick tresses of their dark hair, wound round and round on the back of the head; the black braids parted on the brow, so glossy, so smooth, so perfect, not a lock, not a hair out of place; no straggling ends, no stray curls wandering rebelliously over one eyebrow, and tucked off the opposite temple,—the heads around me looked as if cut out of antique cameos. Some of the ladies wore lace or gauze *capotes*, but the greater number, like ourselves, wore black lace veils, that most becoming of all draperies, fastened on the back hair with gold and silver pins,—*spadini*—arrows, &c., and floating over the shoulders *à l 'Espagnole*, or drawn over the little dress caps of the elder ladies, for no one above the rank of a peasant, in France or Italy, ever dreams of displaying the ravages of time *pro bono publico*, by letting herself be seen without a cap, once *passé la quarantaine*.

A loud rustling of silk, and a rush of two or three of the principal *lioni*, who were lounging listlessly before us, *lorgnon* in hand, made me turn to see a slight delicate-looking woman advance up the aisle, leaning on the arm of the Prince of San Giacomo, and followed by a whole train of *cavalieri*. I recognised the Marchesa B——a, of Florence,—the heroine of many a tale and many an *aventura*, celebrated for her taste, her elegance, her grace, her lavish prodigality, and several other things not sanctioned in the rubric.

On this occasion she gave no *démenti* to her fame. Nothing could be more costly, more exquisite, more finished, than her whole *toilette:* a dress of the richest black *moire*, covered with three *volants* of *point de Bruxelles*, a foot deep, that stood out all round her, as if on a hoop; a *cordelière* of *perle fine* encircling her small waist, and falling to her feet; a superb brooch of a single diamond — pearl bracelets, with diamond clasps—her light chesnut hair dressed as usual in Clotilde

plaits that *encadré* her face; and traversed at the back by a splendid diamond arrow, which fastened on a black Brussels lace *mantille*, that floated down to the ground; she was the perfection of elegance.

"Deucedly well got up, by Jove!" audibly exclaimed the English peer, as the Marchesa approached, sweeping the ground with her priceless lace, in the inimitable style of a genuine *lionne*, with as much *nonchalance* as if it had been book muslin; while in one of her small, exquisitely *gantées* hands, she held a crimson velvet missal, clasped with gold, and a pocket-handkerchief, which, from the profusion of delicate embroidery with which it was covered, as well as the beauty of the *garniture*, might have cost perhaps eight hundred or a thousand francs—and in the other she wielded a long *rococo* fan, embroidered and chiselled *à la Louis Quatorze*. In her suite followed the Marchesa M——a, a celebrated Neapolitan belle, all in blue *moire*, and looking almost as fascinating as her Florentine rival—a sapphire-hilted *spadino* passed through the indispensable veil, and traversing the serried folds of her jet-black hair, that were rolled over and over as thick and lustrous as a serpent's coil. On one side of the Marchesa walked the Prince of Sant' Antime, covered with decorations—and on the other the Marchese B——a, wearing the star of the Tuscan order San Stefano. Two officers of *cavalleria leggiera* in their full-dress uniform, and several other *attachés* brought up the rear.

Immediately after the galaxy of aristocratic elegance, followed a good homely English family group—a father, mother, and four daughters. The ladies, or rather the females, rejoicing in five Dunstable straw bonnets—plaid dresses, and little white English shawls, descending in a small point below the waist. How they came there, none could guess—probably uninvited, as no one seemed to know them; but at all events, invited or not, any one might have supposed that they would have been glad to sink into the back-ground on perceiving how unsuitable their dress was to that of the *beau monde* assembled round. But, on the contrary, without seeming in the least abashed, the sneers and stares of the gentlemen, the laughter, and the audible and not over-flattering observations of the ladies, found them equally impenetrable. They pushed their way resolutely up the centre, and finally ensconced themselves in the front row of seats—the only ones vacant having been reserved for the private friends and party of the Princess of Bisignano. A gentleman stepped forward and intimated that the places were reserved; but one of the young ladies energetically asserted, in very bad French, their right to retain possession, having found the places unoccupied. I was in hopes the Vandals would have been ejected *vi et armis*, but Italian politeness was no match for English rudeness—another set of seats was brought out, and for once the boors gained the day.

"*Ah! mon Dieu! ou ces horreurs d'Anglais ne se fourrent ils pas!*" exclaimed *ad alta voce*, a pretty little *mignonne* French Comtesse, who was seated before us, all gossamer and *couleur de rose*, with the exception of a fairy-looking white *capote* of *Malines*, poised coquettishly on her polished black *bandeaux*, as only a *Parisienne* knows how to put on a bonnet. "*Et quelle toilette!*" *quelle tournure!* she added, glancing at them with repugnance. "*Ah ciel! c'est effroyable!*" *c'est monstrueux!*" and she inhaled the odour of her *flaçon* of *eau de Portugal*, and closed her eyes with a shudder as if quite overcome.

A stir and confusion at the entrance, a rolling of carriages, and the clash of muskets, as the soldiers presented arms, gave notice of the arrival of the *nunzio;* a moment more and the prelate entered, accompanied by four or five priests, two of whom were his own private attendants and secretaries. Half way up the aisle, there was a crimson velvet *prie Dieu;* his attendants ran on before, and placed a crimson cushion on it,—here the *nunzio* stopped and prayed for a few minutes before the side altar, while the priests knelt behind him.

Then he resumed his progress to the *altare maggiore*, where he was led to a throne chair of crimson velvet, fringed with gold bullion; its high Gothic back, and massive arms, elaborately carved and moulded, and most richly gilt; and now the priests all gathered round him, and his toilet commenced. Never was there a more intricate affair of state. No French *petite maitresse*, surrounded by her *femmes de chambre*, and dressing for a ball, ever gave them so much occupation. The priests gathered round him,—one untied the strings of his robe, a second pulled off the sleeves; two others, on each side, lifted it skilfully over his head, and a fifth ran down the steps and carried off the rejected vestment to the *sagrestia*. Again and again the same process was repeated. First the robe disappeared, of that rich Tyrian purple silk, which, like the scarlet silk of the cardinals, is unique for colour and texture, and is manufactured nowhere but in Rome, for the clergy; then a white sort of surplice, bordered with an antique *guipure* of the finest quality, a foot broad, which would have driven any of the fair amateurs of lace mad, and might literally have been said to be worth its weight in gold;—then another robe, then a sort of scarf, then some other portion of his dress, till I really began to fear that, like the chrysalis, his eminence would have nothing left.

"*Misericordia!* will they undress him altogether?" I exclaimed in dismay to the Duca di R——, who had taken his seat beside us, as the fifth garment vanished into the *sagrestia*.

"*Cospiti! non si spaventi cosi!*" laughed the Duca. "They might go on for the next half hour without coming to the *in extremis* of his eminence's habiliments. But see, your fears are not likely to be realized, for the disrobing is already concluded."

In effect, there was a dead stop, the clerical *dames d'atours* stood with folded arms, and his eminence sat in his great *fauteuil*, very much diminished in dignity and size, by being shorn of his glories of "purple and gold," though by no means uncomfortably diminished.

A moment more, and a train of priests issued from the *sagrestia*, each bearing some portion of the vestments which were to replace those of which the *nunzio* had been despoiled. First came the cope, then the amice, then the stole, all borne on a species of trays, and all of gold or silver tissue, stiff with the most massive gold embroidery; but the last was the most resplendent of all. A fifth bore a sort of scarf, I think it is called the scapulary; another followed with the magnificent silver gilt crozier, sparkling with precious stones, and so admirably and richly chiselled, that it looked as if it had but just emerged from the studio of Benvenuto Cellini. The mitre came last, set all over with gems, the rainbow-tinted rays of emeralds and diamonds, sapphire, ruby, and topaz, glittering in the sun-light—a perfect blaze.

The toilet was performed in the same manner as the disrobing: two of the *padri* passed the first garment over his eminence's head, while

two more raised it up at the back, and a fifth drew it down in front—in the same manner, one after the other, the different vestments were put on the priests, turning and twisting them about—adjusting them round their patient's throat, or lifting up his arms, and slipping them through, just as if they had been dressing a *mannequin;* while the prelate, on his part, sat as immoveable as if he had been in reality made of wood instead of *carne ed ossa.* In another instant the embroidered scarf was hung round his neck, while two priests placed the mitre on his head. A fourth put the crozier into his hand, and another knelt on the steps, and taking off the nuncio's *chausseure,* replaced them by the white satin shoes, embroidered with rich Greek crosses in gold. The toilet was terminated at last.

It was the first time since his arrival from Paris, that Monsignor C—— had made his appearance in public, and as a *nunzio* condescends to officiate only on state occasions, all were anxious to obtain a good view of the new dignitary; but till the dressing was completed, and the squadron of priests who stood round him thinned, it was impossible to catch more than a transitory glimpse. But now that their functions were terminated, one by one, they knelt before him, kissed his hand, and then retired; and his eminence sat on his throne,—a gorgeous mass of silver tissue, gold, and gems.

Nothing could be more unlike his predecessor—fat, rubicund, smiling, and good humoured, he was the very antipodes of Monsignor di Pietro, who, with his acutely marked features, his piercing black eyes and slender figure, sat a little distance, enacting the, to him, unusual part of a spectator, his departure for Lisbon having been delayed; a circumstance to which we owed the rare spectacle of two nuncios meeting in the same place.

There was a pause of inaction, and in a few minutes the muskets rang again upon the pavement,—the crowd at the lower end of the church pressed forward, and every one turned to look at the *sposa* who now entered, but of whom as yet we could only obtain a glimpse of floating white draperies and gold, preceded by a sort of *sagrestano,* with his high staff of office, who made way for her; and accompanied by only one lady, she too stopped before the *prie Dieu* at the side altar, and prayed for a few minutes, while her friend knelt beside her; in five minutes they rose, and passing close beside us, advanced to the foot of the altar, and seated themselves on two crimson velvet chairs placed for them within the enclosure.

The *monaca* was attired in a complete bridal dress. She wore a rich white satin, embroidered *en tablier* in gold, and circling all round *en guirlande* a blonde *guimpe* mounted up to her throat—it not being considered correct for a nun to show anything but her face—a sparkling diamond necklace, with a superb *sevigné* attached to it. A band of brilliants of the purest water glittered on the forehead; a white blonde mantle floated round her, fastened on her hair by a *bouquet* of diamond *épis* on one side, and a magnificent *aigrette* on the other.

Nothing could be more brilliant than the dress and the diamonds; yet I was disappointed; the Duca had told me her story—one of those *drames d'interieur* peculiar to Italy—uneventful and short, yet passionate, visionary, and devoted,—and I had expected to see a heroine, but nothing could be less like a vision of romance than the little, fat, good-humoured looking rosy brunette who sat before me, bowed

down by the ponderous weight of diamonds she was condemned to bear for once.

Donna Maria Berlinghieri was the daughter of a noble house,—a rich heiress, an only child, with a large dower. Her parents had done all that they could to prevent her entering the convent, and a reluctant consent had been wrung from them at last, only by her irrevocable resolution to take the veil, and the impossibility of preventing it.

There are three primary causes in Italy, to one or other of which, at most, all the religious vocations may be traced. The liking of habit,—general amidst dull and timid minds, for the monotonous but tranquil seclusion; the unchanging and uneventful routine of conventual life; which, whether an Italian girl has been educated in a convent or at home, is the existence she has been used to, from her infancy.—Secondly, a *passion malheureuse*—or last, not least, misfortune, and its followers, disgust and misanthropy. The vocation of the first class may pursue the even tenor of its way to the end of the chapter, rejoicing in the pleasures of illuminating missals, decking out altars, or embroidering silks; but the two latter either plunge into fanaticism and bigotry, or rise into a frantic enthusiasm, with its accompanying trances, *exstases*, &c. For the heart that has loved well once, will love again, especially in Italy; and when the earthly idol has crumbled into dust, the heavenly idol fills its shrine.

Speculating on these thoughts, I had pictured to myself, if not a beauty, at least a pale, interesting looking girl, such as I had sometimes seen on similar occasions; or, perhaps, one of those dark Juno-like Roman women, with the Greek profile and the Sybilline eyes, her whole countenance stamped with solemn indifference or disdain for that world which she was going to renounce for ever. But nothing could be more unlike the picture than the reality. A single glance at the *monaca* dispelled my dream at once. There was no soul, no fire, in those dull dark eyes—no intellect in the low brow—no grace, no poetry, in the thick lips, the little round face, and the still rounder figure. She was just the sort of being who, in England, would have been nursing children, mending stockings, and scolding servants,—in Germany knitting, or making puddings,—and in Italy was destined to dress wax dolls—go to matins and complines, and *seccare* her confessor.

One felt no pity for her fate. Nature had evidently not intended her for anything better. How different from the pretty, brilliant Contessina Bolognetti, or the more nobly beautiful Mademoiselle della Porta, only a few years ago the two most admired belles of Rome,—both of them daughters of patrician houses, whose names rank amidst the most ancient of the "*libro d'oro*,"—both young—both beautiful; and now both nuns in the noble convent of the Tor da' Specchi. The first, in consequence of an unhappy home and a *dégout du monde;* the second, from some mysterious motive, which none have ever been able to fathom, and which of course, in default of evidence, has been attributed to a "*passione infelice*" for some unknown *vagheggino*, who has had the art to preserve his name unknown, even after the whole Roman world, cardinals and *monsignori* included, had puzzled themselves for three months in vain to discover what unimaginable person or cause could have induced a beauty and an heiress, after having, *on dit*, refused Prince Massino, whom her sister, Donna Giacinta della Porta, has since married,—to prefer the seclusion of a convent

to the homage of all the handsomest *cavalieri* of Rome, and to all the pleasures of living in the world.

But comparisons are odious; as my thoughts reverted to them, it was melancholy to reflect that beings so formed to embellish and grace life should bury themselves alive, when there are such millions, who, like the uninteresting girl that I gazed upon, seem fit for nothing else.

The lady who accompanied the *monaca* wore a lilac *brochée* silk, covered with blonde—*decolletée*—short sleeves, and loaded with diamonds, for it is the pride on these occasions to make a grand display of jewels. All the family diamonds are heaped on the postulant, and in Italy there is a greater profusion of them than in any other part of the world; for in all the great families the diamonds are heir-looms, that cannot be disposed of under any circumstances,—thus there is scarcely an ancient noble family in Italy, be they ever so ruined, that does not possess the superb diamonds that have been handed down to them from father to son ever since the palmy days of Italian splendour; and on grand occasions, such as the reception of a cardinal, for instance, when it is customary to show them all, the spectacle is beyond measure dazzling and magnificent.

In the present instance the young novice was actually drooping beneath the pile of diamonds which was heaped upon her. In general, all the relations and friends of the nun surround her, and seats are placed for them within the balustrade that encloses the altar; but on this occasion, as it was against their consent, none of them were present.

In a few minutes, a seat was placed for the *nunzio*, in front of the altar,—the *sposa* was led up,—prayed a moment at a *prie Dieu*, and then ascending the steps, kissed the nuncio's hand, and knelt before him. He spoke to her in a low voice, asked her questions, which she answered in the same tone; and which we understood to be, respecting the sincerity of her vocation—its voluntariness—her knowledge of the solemn engagements she was about to take; in short, all the usual catechism in such cases.

During this time her friend stood a few paces away from her, in the background. This over, the postulant knelt again before the *prie Dieu*, and then both seated themselves opposite to the altar. After the other short ceremonies usual, a monk issued from the *sagrestia*, and taking his seat at the top of the steps, began the *predica*.

I was disappointed at first, for I had expected the *nunzio* to have preached, as I had seen the cardinal who officiated at the *vestizione* of Mademoiselle Bolognetti; but we had no loss,—*meno l'onore*,—for the monk was one of the most eloquent and celebrated *predicatori* of Naples, and on this occasion he did not fall short of his fame.

The subject was one well calculated for the display of his flowery and impassioned style, and he made the most of it. Nothing could be more singular than the *predica*,—or rather it was not a *predica*, but the most glowing of epithalamiums. He described the bliss which awaited *la sposa beata*, the supreme happiness of the divine communion, with all the brilliant luxuriance of oriental metaphor. His language, too, was of the elevated tone and style of the poets, as is always the case in *prediche* addressed to the higher orders in Italy. His poetic diction increased the illusion, and as he spoke of the midnight visits of the divine spouse, dwelt on the ineffable delights of his *bacio d'amore* and the *Talamo infiorato*, and, as if carried away by the

irresistible impulse of his feelings, rushed on in a strain of fiery colouring, all poetry and passion, but much better adapted to Italian than English. I thought of Torquato reciting to the beautiful Eleonora d'Este that exquisite canto of the "Gerusalemme:"—

> "Tondo è il ricco edificio, e nel più chiuso
> Grembo di lui ch'è quasi centro al giro,
> Un giardin v'ha, ch'adorno è sovra l'uso
> Di quanti più famosi unqua fioriro,"—

and all that follows. Tasso's descriptions of the enchanted garden, the Naiads and their sports, and last, not least, the scenes between Rinaldo and Armida, were scarcely more *exaltées.*

> "Cogliam d'amor la rosa, amiamo or quando
> Esser si puote, riamato amando,"—

should have been the text. Yet, unsuitable as it seemed to the place and the occasion, as a specimen of eloquence, the *predica* was unrivalled,—poetic, brilliant, elegant in language, and fertile in imagery. It was well worth coming to hear, even had there been no other inducement. It lasted half an hour, during which the *sposa,* to whom it was all addressed, kept her head bent down, and never raised her eyes.

At the conclusion she was again led up to the altar, where she knelt on the steps at the nuncio's feet. Two or three priests drew round, one carried a small silver salver, on which lay scissors with which the *nunzio* took and cut off the first lock of hair, another presented the crown, all glittering with tinsel and little coarse artificial flowers. Monsignor C—— placed it on her head, and then both rose and descended the steps, the *monaca* holding the end of her scapulary, evidently trying with difficulty to keep her crown on her head, while she walked with her eyes cast down, and the whole train preceded by the officer with the staff, accompanied by the priests, traversed the aisle, and went out of the grand portal.

The entire of that part of the ceremony which takes place in the church was terminated, and all the rest was to be within the precincts of the convent. Numbers of the inexperienced followed the procession, to see the nun received at the convent gate by the whole sisterhood, but we, with all the *cognoscenti,* remained, in order to secure a good place at the grating. We were spared, however, the unpleasantness of the general rush, for Signor D——, of the *nunziato,* had given us in especial charge to one of the friars, who unlocked the door, and passed us in before any one else was allowed to enter.

The *inferrata* was situated immediately behind the grand altar. It was of an unusual size, much larger and loftier than an ordinary window, and the bars were very wide apart. On each side were two projecting buttresses of marble, which served us for seats. Thanks to this we could see the interior of the convent as well as if we had been inside; a rare piece of good fortune, for in general the *inferrate* are so small, the bars so close, and the crowd so great, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish more than the shadow of a passing veil, or the flame of a taper.

The hall into which we gazed, for it was too *grandiose* to be called a room, looked very like the Sala Regia of the Vatican. After such a comparison it is almost unnecessary to add that it was very magnificent. Frescoed from floor to roof, the ceiling was one mass of superb paintings, which were brightly visible by the light of several very

high windows, opening, no doubt, on the cloisters and gardens; the contrast to the conparatively gloomy *tribuna* of the church, the tombs of the kings and queens of Naples frowning on each side, with their quaint old sculpture, their recumbent statues, and massive marble canopies, was striking in the extreme.

But the iron *cancello* was thrown open, and the company poured into the enclosure, which was instantly filled to overflowing.

Then it was, that we felt grateful to our conductor, for every one, anxious to see, pressed forward, and foremost came the English group, forcing their way through, till they actually got in front of all who were less robust, and less *pushing* than themselves. Had we not been already seated, we should certainly have been driven out like the rest, for their *argumentum ad hominem*, if not persuasive, was perfectly irresistible.

One by one the nuns began to glide into the hall, and glance through at the assemblage. The older ones came courageously forward, stared at us through the gratings, examined our costume from head to foot, with all the instinctive curiosity of Eve, and made their remarks *sotto voce* to each other in the *dialetto*, with a *naiveté* which amused me excessively. For though I sat next the grate, as a foreigner, they presumed I did not understand them.

One after another the ladies who stood ranged behind me were passed in review, and dismissed with alternate exclamations of "*O com' è bella*," or "*Gesù, Gesù, che brutta faccia!*"

"*Santa Vergine che bella donnina!*" said one, pointing out the little French Comtesse.

"*O com' è carina! come è gentile*," chorussed the rest.

"*E che caro piccerillo! Maria santissima! che angiolillo!*" cried another, gazing in raptures on the child whom the *Comtesse* held by the hand, dressed out like a *fantoccino*, as one often sees little boys in France, according to the taste of the mamma, in a velvet plaid skirt, a black velvet jacket, a crimson scarf bound round his waist, while his fair hair fell in long ringlets over his shoulders, after the fashion of a *petit Saint Jean*. Whether his costume was intended to represent a "*vieux clan*," as Alphonse Karr somewhat originally denominates a Scottish chieftain in one of his novels, or an Albanian Klepht, or a Calabrese brigand, I was at a loss to guess, although the grey beaver hat, with its pointed crown and cock's feathers, which he held in his hand, seemed to infer the latter.

> "O che bel giovinetto! che occhi! che carnagione!
> Madonna mia! che caro giovine!"

I turned to gaze in the direction of their glances. It was the really strikingly handsome countenance of Lord W——, towering literally a head and shoulders over every one else, which had elicited those expressions of admiration from two younger nuns, who were peeping timidly out of the background.

"*Santo Vergine questi beneditti Inglisi sono angioli veri.* What a pity they are not Christians!" continued the delighted sister.

"*Zitta! zitta, Checchina per carità!*" replied the other more prudently; while his lordship rather ungratefully exclaimed to his companion, "All antiques, by Jove. What a set of mummies, one would think they had all been excavated from Herculaneum."

As if expressly to give a *dementi* to the "exquisite's" words, at

that moment a young nun glided into the *sala*, and stood within a few feet of us. She was one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen, and to look pretty in a nun's dress, one must be exquisitely beautiful indeed, for of all costumes it is the most unbecoming; it will metamorphose a beauty into a very ordinary person, and a good-looking face into a perfect fright. Nor was that of the sisterhood of Santa Chiara any exception to the rule.

A coarse dress of black serge, scarcely taken in at the waist by a black girdle, through which was passed a narrow strip of black cloth, (I forget its name,) which descended from the top to the bottom of the dress, a band of white linen covering the forehead, while another encircled the contour of the face, and was drawn in tight under the chin, covering the throat, and falling in a sort of festooned drapery down to the bosom of the robe; while a white veil of crimped lawn, floating down to the waist at the back, and a clumsy rosary, with a rude crucifix suspended to it, hanging from the girdle, completed a toilet the most unfavourable to beauty, that ever has been invented.

Of the fair girl we gazed on, not an atom was visible except the delicate oval of her face, her feet were hidden by the long narrow skirt, her hands completely concealed by the loose, shapeless sleeves that fell over them, while not a single lock of hair was suffered to escape from the odious white bandages which swathed her head and throat, in pure imitation of a mummy; and yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages she looked lovely, although her beauty was not of an Italian cast, neither was it English, for there is always an expression in the countenance of a foreign *blonde* which renders her unlike an English one, be the resemblance ever so powerful.

Her features were small, delicate, and perfect, her eyes of the purest, the most cerulean blue; and the most brilliant carnation of England could not have surpassed the pure white and red of her cheek. She appeared about eighteen or nineteen, but was probably several years older, for the unchequered monotony of a monastic life gives such a tone of *naiveté* and simplicity to the mind, that the nuns almost always look younger than they really are, and are generally mere grown up children. Their ignorance of the world, and of everything beyond the precincts of their convent, is inconceivable, and the least thing astonishes and amuses them. In Naples, as elsewhere, they are famed for never having two ideas, their ignorance and simplicity are proverbial, and the term "*Testa di Monacella*" is synonymous with that of—fool.

Such is the effect of utter seclusion from society, to unstring and unhinge almost all the faculties of the brain and the soul.

While I compassionated the young nun, there was a stir amidst the crowd in the rear, and two or three priests, forcing their way through the throng, ushered in the *nunzio*, who seated himself in the great *fauteuil* that was placed for him immediately in front of the *inferrata*, while the priests gathered round him as usual, each striving to be more serviceable, and more *empressé* than his companions. Two of them lifted the skirt of his stole over the back of the chair, a third ran in with a crimson cushion, and kneeling down, arranged it beneath Monsignor C——'s feet, another stuffed one in at his back; if it had been the pope, they could hardly have made more of him; one would have thought that his eminence was taking up his domicile in that precious arm-chair for the rest of his days.

And now the nuns began to crowd into the *sala*, many gathering round the grating, others hurrying to and fro, making preparations for the rest of the ceremony, while the Abbess, an infirm woman of eighty, came tottering in, and was supported by two of the sisters to a *fauteuil* placed beside the *inferrata*, where she seated herself; after having saluted the *nunzio*, who leaned forward and addressed her with, "*Reverendissima madre, come sta di salute?*"

"*Eh non c'è male, grazia a Dio!*" responded the *Madre Badessa*, in a cracked, tremulous voice, her head shaking, and slipping the beads of her rosary mechanically through her fingers.

As they exchanged compliments, several nuns entered with various things belonging to the *monaca*, who was rather slow in making her appearance,—a delay which did not seem to please the *nunzio* any more than us; for he was evidently uneasy and impatient. Rather a fresh breeze blew through the grating. We found it very agreeable; but his eminence, with the usual national dread of draughts and *raffreddature*, evidently thought it would be his death; and I could overhear all his whispered complaints and lamentations to his attendants, some of them very uncanonical too.

"*Che diavolo di vento!—Da dove viene?*—Where does it come from? *Sarà la morte mia! Io non ci resisto!*—I cannot understand it. —*Per Bacco! mi attraversa le midolla!*—It goes through the marrow of my bones!—How slow they are!—*Benedetta la monaca!* will she never come!"—and a hundred other exclamations of the same kind.

His *entourage* was all in dismay. The priests whispered amongst themselves, and then supplicated the nuns to shut all the windows, to close all the doors, to exclude every breath of fresh air; the nuns whispered to each other, and seemed all in consternation. But it was labour in vain; still the wind blew, and still Monsignor C—— groaned, and lamented himself like a man on the rack. At last his fears got the better of his politeness, and he implored the *reverendissima madre* to have the *vento molesto* excluded if she did not wish to have his death to answer for.

"*Stia sicuro, stia sicuro! eminenza!*" replied the *badessa*, hobbling out of the room much more rapidly than she had entered it.

Great was the confusion inside; there was a noise of shutting doors, closing shutters, and letting down blinds; but it was *comme si l'on chantait*—the wind was not to be baffled.

"*Che razza di diavoleria! fatela affrettare!*—make her hurry herself. I won't stay any longer," muttered his eminence in despair.

The nuns seemed half driven out of their wits. Some rushed out, carrying away the different portions of the dress which were to have been put on the novice before the gate, as is customary; while two of the priests, inspired with a bright idea, held up one of the vestments before the nuncio's face, and another carried on a negotiation with some of the novices through the *inferrata*. Never was there such hurrying to and fro, such agitation; the whole community was *sotto sopra*. At last one of the nuns came forward with clasped hands, and the most deprecative look imaginable, and exclaimed,

"*Monsignore! sia persuaso, è tutto ermeticamente serrato*—everything is shut."

"*Ah! per Bacco! non cisto, sono tutto sudato. Mi piglio un malanno! Mi piglio la morte!* I shall catch my death!" exclaimed the patient, rising in desperation. "I shall go and wait in the *parlatorio* till

she is ready." And Monsignor C—— scrambled out of the crowd, followed by his whole train.

At length, the *monaca* returned, and the ceremony proceeded. The *monaca* knelt behind the *inferrata*, to which Monsignor C—— drew close. She spoke in such a low indistinct murmur, that I could not catch the words. I should have supposed that she was repeating the vows, had I not known that they are never pronounced—at least the solemn ones,—till the *professione*. The *nunzio* read prayers, to which she responded; but all was as hurried and as rapid as possible.

The *monaca* had already exchanged her bridal-dress for the dark habit of the order; but as yet the luxuriant tresses of her hair were uncut and uncovered.

At the conclusion of the prayers she was led back to a *prie Dieu*, on which she knelt, while a nun stood on each side. One held the veil and the linen head-dress, while the other cut off her hair close to the head. This always struck me as the most painful part of the ceremony; and even the young novice, indifferent and unconcerned as she had till then appeared, turned ghastly pale as the long locks fell around her on the ground. Next the band which covers the forehead was fastened round the head; then the drapery which encircles the face and throat was bound under the chin, and pinned on the crown of the head,—then something else,—then the veil; and, last of all, the tinsel crown was artistically poised on the top of all, and fastened on with long pins by the attendant nuns. In an instant more the ceremony was ended, a lighted taper was placed in the novice's hand, and she was led into the interior of the convent, the whole train of nuns following in procession as before.

The religious *funzione* was over; but the best, at least the most amusing, part to the more *blasé* portion of the spectators was still to come. The crowd poured out of the *cancello;* and we, accompanied by the Duca di R—— and Prince S——, followed the stream out of the church, leaving the *nunzio* busily employed in discarding his borrowed plumes. Traversing the court, we entered an oblong room, where half the company were already assembled. Here none but the especially invited were admitted. At one end it opened on the vestibule, and at the other into the convent. It was not the *parlatorio*, as I had expected; for, instead of the usual *inferrate*, the folding-doors of the convent were thrown open, and a long table placed across the threshold was the only barrier that separated us from the nuns, whom we now saw to great advantage; for they all crowded round the door, and looked out on us with quite as much interest and curiosity as that with which we gazed on them.

The table was laid out with piles of cakes on silver salvers, sweetmeats, preserves, *bonbons*, and all the endless variety of confections, for the fabrication of which the nuns in Italy are always so famed. On one side sat the *nunzio*, who had resumed his own costume of violet silk, his *calotte* on his head, and a gold chain with its handsome plain gold cross suspended from his neck. All those good things had been prepared for his especial consumption; while opposite to him was placed the novice, on the inside of that fatal threshold which she was never again to cross, her crown on her head, and her rosary in her hand. She looked very much flushed and excited, talked with much more animation than I had supposed her capable of, and laughedlong and repeatedly at the nuncio's jests, who conversed with her in a

good-humoured, rather jocular style, while he alternately either sipped an ice or swallowed a *bonbon*.

Beyond her sat the abbess and the under prioress, while one half of the nuns were rushing backwards and forwards superintending the arrangement of the ices and cakes, or hurrying on the *suore converse* who carried the trays, and handed them across the table to the domestics, who in their turn dispensed them amidst the company. The rest of the nuns, who were not actively employed, came forward to gaze at us, one after the other, so that we saw the entire community by turns, and amongst them we had again the pleasure of contemplating the beautiful young nun I had so much admired. She and one other were the only two of the sisterhood who could lay any claim to beauty. The others had all that pale, faded, care-worn look, and the singularly melancholy, listless expression, pecular to almost all the nuns I have ever seen. But for the moment they were a little more animated; for a *monacazione* is one of the few gala scenes which break in upon their sepulchred existence from time to time, to revive them for a moment, and renew their intercourse with life.

This was a complete morning *soirée*, in which all was done on the most liberal and handsome scale, nothing could be more *recherché*, or more profuse, than the refreshments that were handed round every instant; ices, jellies, creams, cakes, bonbons, every imaginable species of sweetmeat was there, in a style that would have shamed many a ball room. To my astonishment, there was even punch *à la Romaine*, a fact which went far to prove to me that the nuns were much less ignorant of the ways of the world than I had imagined.

The *réunion* was now all vivacity and animation, the society had amalgamated, the ladies apparently determined to make up for the silence of the preceding two hours, laughed, and sipped ices, and chattered with inimitable rapidity; the *cavalieri* on their part were all gallantry and attention, while two or three went round the circle, presenting every one with a little *brochure* of complimentary verses addressed to the nun, which had been as usual composed and printed for the occasion; I glanced over them, and saw that they were in the same strain as the *predica*, a recapitulation of the Epithalamium, in rhyme. Suddenly the usual cannonade of *pétards* was fired off, before the convent gates, stunning us, like a park of artillery, filling the whole room with smoke, and silencing every one, and everything, for the moment; but it was only for the moment, for no sooner was it over when the noise of tongues and glasses began again. It was nearly one o'clock, and no one seemed disposed to move till the nuncio's equipage drove up to the steps, when he rose, and as the *sposa* stooped to kiss his hand, he presented her with a beautiful silver crucifix which he requested her to keep as a *memoria*, and then he bid adieu to the abbess, and the rest.

Monsignor C——'s departure was the signal for the general departure. The Principessa di Bisignano came next, paid her compliments to the nun, and gave her the parting embrace. All the company followed in succession. I too went up like the rest, and paid my *devoirs* to the *sposa* elect, beginning with the indispensable "*mi rallegro*." One by one the different equipages were announced, and the company retired, till we in turn entered our carriage and drove off; and nothing remained to us of the novel and interesting spectacle we had just witnessed, except its ineffaceable remembrance. LEONI.

TITULAR CONFUSION.

THE "BOROUGH-TITLE TERMINUS."

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

WHETHER there is much, little, or nothing in a name, there is unquestionably a good deal in a title; and we are reminded of this by a recent death in the peerage, of one whereby there hangs the following tale. It is easy enough to distinguish Pelhams from Saviles or Sherards, or either from either; but when you come to a trio like Yarborough, Scarborough, and Harborough, clustered together, it is very apt, as on the occasion referred to, to create considerable confusion.

It so happened that these three noblemen, once upon a time, took up their temporary residence in the —— Hotel during the height of the fashionable sea-side season at ——. Within a ten-hours' working of the concern, the keeper and his lady, the chambermaids and the waiters, the boots and the ostlers, had fallen into one complicated and irretrievable perplexity. Disputes respecting the several orders given rang from the chief private room to the bar, from the laundry to the kitchen, and from the scullery to the stables. Master swore that such a thing was for my Lord Y*rborough; his wife persisted it was for my Lord S*rborough; and when the more immediate servitors were asked, they replied that it was for my Lord H*rborough, or otherwise, as the case in their several apprehensions might be!

But if matters went on thus chaotically in the establishment, till four attendants had warning, and Madame almost cuffed her husband, it fared still worse with the noble guests; who, in their separate suites of apartments, unknowing of each other, could not comprehend the labyrinth of mystery and mistake in which they seemed to be involved. None of their orders were executed; but they had plenty of other offices thrust upon them undesired, and some of the accidents were of a kind to be quite as annoying as amusing. A sketch of a day, or rather of a few hours, may furnish a taste of this Comedy of Errors.

Lord Y*rborough entered his breakfast-room, expecting to see the meal prepared for six, but found himself destined to be alone in his glory. He rang the bell—nobody had called or inquired about him, and after fuming for half an hour, and regurgitating the apology which he had prepared for being so late in descending from his dressing-room, he sat down in no very complacent mood to his breakfast *solus*. But barely had he discussed a dozen prawns, an egg, the breast of a bird, and some grated Hamburgh beef, when in hurried five members of the Royal Yacht Club; all protesting together, excusing themselves, blaming everybody else, and in a strange outlandish nautical phraseology, contriving to telegraph his Lordship that they had been misled by a false signal, run up to Scarborough harbour, where they missed stays, bore down on the river Welland course for Harborough, discovered it was no go; and after boxing the compass east, west, north and south through straits and passages never before explored, and seen lots of natives of every longitude and latitude, of barbarous customs and the rudest manners (as their reception of them proved), had at length happily made out the Commodore, and were perfectly ready to victual and refit.

Whilst engaged in these necessary provisions and repairs, they told

of their adventures about the bay of Scarborough. How the first that landed had been mistaken for a Jockey Craft from Doncaster, and questioned about the horse-races; and how he, fancying the inquiry concerned the human-races on the shores of the Mediterranean and northern seas, which the squadron had visited, gave a reply descriptive of the Copts and Fins, &c., and the difference in their forms and blood; which to the noble person to whom he addressed these geographical and ethnological explanations was unintelligible rigmarole; when Captain Mag of the Magpie arrived the dilemma was dissipated, and they were bowed out stern foremost.

Others related how they traversed the Harborough latitudes, but could observe no traces of population. They were strewed with shalloons and silks, said to be the staple manufactures of the region; but not being aware whether they might belong to some parties concealed in the adjacent bush or jungle, they had left all in *statu quo*, and crowded sail for their true destination.

In the meanwhile the breakfasts of Lords S*rborough and H*rborough had been, as may be supposed, rather interfered with by these cruizers. The former expecting an express to inform him of the result of the LEGER, had only one CUP before him, when invaded, and thought of neither race, form, nor blood, but that which might win the golden prize, for which he had entered his favourite Nonplus, with a hope, if he was successful, that *Ne-plus-ultra*, from the same stable and trainer, would be equally fortunate for the second event. Lord H*rborough, as we have found, was *non est inventus;* but he was near enough to hear the noise, and wonder who the d—l was rummaging about his rooms. But for particular circumstances he would have gone and kicked them out, whoever they might be.

Each of the peers gave the house a loud setting down, and peace and quiet was but precariously re-established in the generally well-ordered and well-conducted establishment.

The morning's post letters were delivered. They were of course opened and read, and we select copies, by way of illustrating the continued *contre temps* to each, which we insert. Lord H*rborough broke the seal of the first, threw the envelope into the fire, and glanced his eye over the following:—

"HONOURED LORD,

"I AM sorry to inform you that your favourit was taking with a bad coff, and went all rong on the nite befor the event came of, and consekuntly could not come to the scratch. This was the mor extrordenary, as nothing could be better than the condishun immedately befor. Wether tampurd with or hoccurst it is unpossable to say; but am inclind to think we hav not had fare play. At any rat running was out of the questing, and I umbly and respecteously wate your Lordships orders what I ham to do: praps all will be well again sune, and fit for your Lordships inspeckshun, wich I hop will give satisfakshun. Hindead, I fell conwinced that we may yet get a maiden plat, though the ring may be all t'other way. With a good book and a moderat bet wan mite walk over. I can fancie the affare. We begin at a slapping pace, get the result safely in hand, bang along with an incresed lead, droping off atendents, and carying all before us at least by a neck. I can sea the carior fly lik No's dove, with the gled nuse; and no mor dowts or fares about not being placed, and with a stabell of kariktur, sutch as a true turfight might brag of among the best breders in the

clubbe or hellsware. At any rat you may relie on my taken the utmost care, fisiking, cloathing, and gruming to the best of my hability, in the truste that all will come out cleane and reddy for a jolly good start, with better ops of a fortinat issue.

"I ham your Lordships to comm^d^. JOB ROWEL."

If Lord H*rborough was puzzled with this epistle, Lord S*rborough was no less so in his missive, instead of his expected jockey report of the Doncaster.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"There never was a finer run than our last. Having weighed, we had a fair start altogether from the roads; and nothing could be more beautiful than the style in which one and all kept together. Thus we pulled on for Portland Race, when the Io and the Hero shot a-head, the rest lying in admirable trim astern. It came on rough enough, though only a cap full of wind. Laid by. Freshened into a gale from the S. W. Tacked and made way, wind veering to the W. N. W. Hauled close and shortened sail. The course lay due S. and the distance looked ugly, with the sands between, and fog and drizzle beyond. Monkey and Gipsey Girl closed well up, and we rode bravely off Ryde. Overhauled the Queen in the Fairy. Our colours looked charming as the weather brightened up, and we made Cowes. But for the gale it was intended to stretch over to Scilly, or moor in Mounts Bay. As it was, Goodwood never had a sharper trial, and we only desired your Lordship on board to share our rapid evolutions, and complete mastery of the difficulties on our way. The whole may be considered a grand stride in regard to speed and certainty: at least a knot an hour. Poor Peter made the worst hand of it, and came to a stand near Sandown: a pretty position for a Post. Eight Bells. Good night! Yours truly, JOSEPH HORATIO NELSON PLUGS."

Lord S*rborough rather d——d this epistle for infernal bad fun to be poked at him, and surmised if he happened to know who was the writer, he would make him acquainted with his horsewhip. But meanwhile Lord Y*rborough had a stranger nut to crack than either of the other "*rboroughs." It ran thus—

"MY LORD,

"I have had much trouble to induce Sophia to agree to the arrangement proposed by your Lordship. She is afraid of the present, and dreads the future. I told her of your Lordship's generosity (not mentioning your bountiful attention to me), and said I was sure you would provide for her in the handsomest manner. Poor thing, she wavered and wavered, and did not know what to do. I think she really loves your Lordship, or she would have rejected at once, and hesitated about the step till at last her resolution gave way. We will post to the inn at M——borough, where in former times *I* have had the pleasure to join your Lordship, and you had better contrive to give us the meeting rather late in the evening of Sunday—say about ten or half past, when you will probably find us comfortable over a chicken and champagne, and Sophia the better prepared to listen to your allurements. But indeed I can assure you that all her objections are overruled, and she is ready and willing to trust to you for life. May every happiness of virtue and constancy attend you. She is truly one of the sweetest creatures I ever saw, and worthy of a coronet.

"Your Lordship's faithful and obedient servant, ANN PIMPERNEL."

"P. S. If you wish any *éclat* to be given to the transaction I can have her elopement from her professional duties published in the *Age*, the *Satirist*, and other popular Sunday newspapers, in the habit of communicating such intelligence to the public. Perhaps *Punch* might be got to make a few puns upon the love letters."

It is not easy to describe the effect produced by these mis-sent hieroglyphics. Lord H*rborough wrote an impatient letter to Mrs. Pimpernel in town, if he did not hear by next train, or by the electric telegraph, he would hasten up to know if all were going right. Lord S*rborough dispatched a courier to Yorkshire to trace out the source of the infamous hoax which had been played off upon him; and Lord Y*rborough, provoked by natural curiosity to learn what was the meaning of his singular invitation, ordered post-horses and a private carriage to take him to M——borough by ten o'clock on the ensuing day—Sunday.

In the course of the afternoon a few other blunders occurred which were of an entertaining description. Lord H*rborough went to dine with Sir Gerard Hostwell who had invited Lord S*rborough; was surprised at the free and easy appearance of his guest, with whom he was not intimately acquainted, and waited dinner above an hour for his friend, who neither came nor sent an excuse. Of course, in fashionable society, not a syllable was whispered on either subject, and the party sat down to an unsatisfactory meal about nine o'clock. The *potage* only was tolerable; the Bechamel turbot was a rag; the patties cold; the *entrées* both cold and tough; the *entremets* sodden;—in short, it was altogether a most distressing failure. After swallowing a couple of glasses of claret, Lord H*rborough took his leave without going to the drawing-room, rather piqued with his cold dinner, and more so with his colder reception. Sir Gerard, much affronted by Lord S*rborough's neglect, and the ladies surprised at the oddness of the whole affair.

Meanwhile Lord S*rborough had an early and solitary dinner in the hotel, with nothing to divert his mind from the angry thoughts engendered in the forenoon. In this ill humour he ordered and paid his bill, and gave direction to be called in time for departure at an early hour of the morning.

Lord Y*rborough mused on the shadow of coming events which had crossed his path, and also retired early to sleep upon it.

So closed Saturday night.

On Sunday morning, soon after daylight, he was roused from his visions by the indomitable boots, upon whose punctuality depends so considerable a portion of all the real business and pleasures of social life, and informed that the chaise was waiting at the door. A long altercation ensued before boots could be persuaded that he had awakened a wrong person, as his lordship did not start till four o'clock p. m. The

"Leave, oh! leave me to repose,"

was scarcely uttered before the household functionary rattled up Lord H*rborough, where being also repulsed, he returned to his own dormitory, saying he would be cursed before he tried it on any other lodger. The consequences were that neither Lord Y*rborough nor Lord H*rborough could sleep again; and that Lord S*rborough overslept himself soundly till near eleven o'clock, when he hastily swallowed his breakfast and broke away from the scenes of disorder and confusion. Lord H*rborough was seen wandering about the shady places all day

picking up small stones and projecting them in every shape of curve into the water, giving every now and then an uneasy twitch, and then stopping to gaze up the London road, as if he expected a parcel by the next delivery. Lord Y*rborough whistled and hummed tunes about his suite of apartments for four good hours, jumbling together "Love's young dream," "Jockey said to Jenny," "The Fairy Tempter," "The Charm," "The Blarney," "The Hour before Day," "Merry may the Maid be," "I wish I were where Helen lies," "When Night her sable Mantle wore," "Oh! Love will venture in where it daren't well be seen," "Oh! saw ye Johnny coming? quo' she," "Love never more shall give me pain," "Willie was a wanton Wag," "Saw ye my ain thing?" "The Robin came to the Wren's nest," "Bonnie Lassie, will ye go?" "Good night, and joy," and fifty other snatches which nobody could have believed he had ever heard, or if he had heard remembered. It was one of the funniest medleys ever performed, and was continued in the carriage all the while it rolled along the road; but we must change the scene to M——borough, where Mrs. Pimpernel and Sophia are enjoying their *petit souper* with greater gusto than Lord H*rborough enjoyed his yesterday's dinner at Sir Gerard's. They had just hob-a-nobbed in their second or third glass of champagne, when the clock chimed ten, and a carriage drove rapidly into the court yard, and drew up at the entrance of the hall. "That's his lordship's," exclaimed Pimpernel; "O dear," sighed Sophia, slightly colouring, arranging her collar closer to her throat, stretching out her limbs gently, with one pretty ankle crossing the other, and reclining herself back in a somewhat languishing posture. "Oh dear, what shall I do?"

"The gent you expected from ——," said the waiter, opening the door, and ushering in the visitor. A scream from Pimpernel was echoed by Sophia, but the worthy waiter did not stay to ascertain the cause of the commotion. No, he shut the door, and planted himself with his eye and ear alternately to the key-hole outside. Near this locality he was speedily joined by Molly the chambermaid, who planted a chair a little farther on in the passage, which elevation she mounted and applied her visual orb to a little private peep-hole of her own in the partition, which fully commanded a view of all that might pass within the apartment whence the screams had been heard.

Now, though these observant parties could a tale unfold, it is not for modest chroniclers like us to enter into details, or reveal what ensued. Suffice it to say, that no one left the inn that night; that Sophia was reconciled to converse civilly with her unexpected apparition; that Pimpernel was satisfied, and it was not till a week had elapsed that she conveyed her virtuous, constant, and loving charge to the amatory and agitated arms of Lord H*rborough.

Moral. That Her Gracious Majesty, instructed by this story, of her own free royal will, may hereafter take especial care of the titles she confers on peers, either on creation or elevation. Even Lord Carbery had a near escape in the instance of some of the particulars of which we have here recorded; and, in short, it is not impossible that the *crim. con.* of Jupiter and Alcmena may be modernized if so many titles sounding so alike should prevail in the upper house. Better it were to borrow them from Hong Kong, or any other outlandish place, Chinese or Indian, than run the risk of any accidental mischance among the aristocracy, to whose example we are all bound to look up for the purest morality and correctness of conduct. I have now only to subscribe myself, in the initials of my three principal characters,

S H Y.

A PLEA FOR BOULOGNE.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

We never respect old Gents—for there are old Gents as well as young ones—who, not being able to get beyond a few phrases of the French conversation-book, and uttering even those with an unintelligibility which makes the French maid request they will speak English—get enthusiastically patriotic after dinner, and talk to travellers at table about "our own country," and the "no wish to see foreign lands until they know their own."

Nor do we overmuch like the young ones,—in addition to a rooted hatred of Gents in general,—who catch up the same idea second-hand, and cling to it as they know they would do to the side of the steamer, when they were pretending to look after some creature that was following on their lee, but literally concealing their discomfort—who, when a guest says that he has crossed the St. Gothard, exclaim, "Ah! but you should see Wales;" and who, when you mention the Rocks of Meillerie, exclaim, "Oh! but did you ever go to Hastings?" There are hundreds of these individuals who, having walked up to the water-spout at the end of Shanklin Chine, will sneer at all you can humbly venture to say about Interlachen or Aosta. And when those who ought to be good honest persons descant upon "the beauties of our own land, if people would but look after them," we get somewhat angry. Not that we deny the glories of an English landscape—heaven forfend we ever should—if there was only the afternoon sunlit glade, upon which the curtain rises for the romance of Ivanhoe, left in our country to keep up its character for sylvan beauty; but these remarks are always made in depreciation of some foreign spot the speaker has never visited. We would, on such occasions, always provide him with a *Handbook*, and a private set of memoranda to boot, of the choicest hotels, and the least deceptive *vetturini* on the high roads of Europe, that they might go forthwith and be undeceived. The observation that we so often hear made, of "England being the place for everything, after all," is, as regards travelling, as deceptive as the absurd one that our school-days are our happiest—at least we judge by our own; and we suppose that the discipline of Merchant Tailors' may be considered a fair type of the unmeaning severity with which boys are treated at public schools; the unjust torture which is felt at the time and sometimes —dispassionately—recollected.

For all such notions are conventional; and conventionality is the log that old slow coaches lay across the railway upon which the train of social improvement is to run, with first, second, and even third-class passengers, But many things hitherto considered unimpeachable—that is to say, conventionally so—are, we rejoice to say, finding their level. Dreary five-act comedies, which we know of as "standard" from the play-bills, as we know of something else of the same name in Cornhill from the mile-stones,—dismal dinner-parties, the battles of which are desperately fought with heavy silver spoons; different champagne-glasses to any one ever saw before; new methods of drinking wine; and wine-coolers in which bottles are stuck

without an atom of ice, but merely put there because the coolers are silver; the notion with some men that a cigar must be smoked after breakfast or during billiards, if they would have their lives worth a day's purchase; putting different trousers on on Sundays; declaring that you derive more pleasure from the Ancient Concerts, or listening to "Septettes" in ever-so-many flats, played to many more, than from Bellini or Auber: all these things—very slowly, but surely—are disappearing; and we hope soon to nnmber also amongst them the frequenters of English watering places.

We do not say the places themselves, but their *habitués;* for with these latter lies the fault of making them so dreary as they are. Let us take three resorts, by way of example, as typical of what we wish to explain,—Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate. They are Cockney specimens—*pur sang*—we admit; but, after all, the much-abused and burlesqued epithet pertains to a great deal that is ardently followed and copied amongst those who would be the last to confess it. We might perhaps except Margate, on the ground that there is a rampant, glorious vulgarity about it, which makes it at times marvellously entertaining. There is no aiming in the deportment of the Margate visitors: you may dress as you please all day long, and still be allowed to go unnoticed. Nay, if we recollect aright, there was some sylvan retreat within scent of the sea-weed, where you could procure tea "in a pleasing style of rusticity at eightpence *per* head," without being stared at; and if, after the Arcadian meal, you had chosen to dance a fandango amongst the cups and saucers, in the style of the renowned Baron of Rosherville, and in your own buff slippers, you might have done it, and yet, somehow or another, kept within the pale of Margate society. And so, we will not further speak of Margate beyond two words of praise—one for its breakfast-bread, and the other for Cobb's ale.

But at Ramsgate all this is very different. The good advice which we once saw pasted under a kitchen clock of "a time for everything and everything at its time," might well be engraved at the end of the pier. For there is a proper order of doing things there whether you like it or no. You must bathe at a certain time, in order to be ready at the proper period to read old novels on the sands and tumble backwards in your arm-chairs, or have your shoes—they don't like slippers at Ramsgate—filled with specimens of the aforesaid sands by the ceaseless toil of the infantile labouring classes with their spades. And when this period has elapsed, woe betide you if you are not ready to go home to lunch: to be seen about at such a period in the streets, would be as bad as for a west-end man to be detected in London on the Derby Day, the Middle Horticultural Fête, or the beginning of September; it would betoken that you had neither lunch nor lodgings. Having lunched on bread and butter,—if at a boarding-house yesterday's joint cold, in addition—you dress for the time of going on the pier, and there you must walk with a pertinacity that would tire the Wandering Jew, until it is the time "to see the boat come in." The spectacle is not exciting; if you have a friend on board you recognise and nod to him; and then do not know what else to do but to keep nodding on like a mandarin, and smiling, until he dives after his luggage; if you know nobody, you wait for the grand final effect of seeing the passengers come up the steps, and then the show is over. And then comes the sadness

of the after-promenade — of meeting those you know once, and having a small conversation with them on the topics of the day, and then meeting them at the next turn and saying, "Still here, you see;" and then meeting them coming back and gasping, "What, not gone yet!" and then not knowing for twelve more turns what the deuce to say, but trying not to see them at all, or smiling blandly sideways as they pass. This goes on until it is time to go home and do nothing for an hour before dinner, literally from having nothing to do; and then you dine. If you are in lodgings a desolate chop, from a sheep who may have been fed upon shrimps, or anything else that came handy; or a melancholy fowl who may have been brought up upon those marine plants you pop with your fingers, and so inflated rather than fattened, is your meal. If at a boarding-house, you meet those wonderful old ladies one never encounters anywhere else; who, when they have said, "Have you been out to-day, Miss Pippy?" to the very person they met on the pier, think that the dinner-conversation is established. And to see them squabble afterwards at cards: that certainly, for a little time, is amusing. Then comes the library, the time for that is nine; the "chances"—well may they be termed so — for the six-shilling ticket; the watch or work-box, or caddy, that is to form the grand sweepstakes: the same people you have seen morning, noon, and night, whom if you do not know you are bound to look at disdainfully. This, a little after ten, concludes the day, and has only one good point—you may win a ticket and that is a safe employment for two hours the next morning in selecting out its value from the mass of purses, pomatum, bandoline, mats, and chimney-ornaments, that confound you. In this respect let us award all praise to Mr. Sackett and Mr. Fuller for their oft-tried patience—their courtesy, and wish to oblige.

The same remarks, with little variation, apply to Brighton. But here less is aimed at; it is Regent Street planted quite at its ease upon the cliffs. You know all the faces and equipages you meet, and you meet them as a matter of course. Sensible people do not go there for relaxation, but as a conventional duty they owe to society: the weak-minded believe that it is pure tranquil enjoyment. Look upon Brighton as a bright amphibious resuscitation of the London season, and it is glorious; talk of it as a sea-side resort for letting down the tightly drawn strings of your occupied life, and the failure is painful. If you "went in" for comfort and carelessness you would soon find out your mistake. In a shooting-jacket, a ballet-girl shirt (or a quieter pattern if you choose) and a loose single-tied Joinville, you would directly be taught to shrink from the noon-sun like a convolvulus. An Ojibbeway would not attract more attention. You might as well, being grown up, ride from Norfolk Square to the Albion Hotel in a goat-chaise.

In contradistinction to all this imaginary enjoyment, let us take the pleasant, careless Boulogne. It has been customary to deride this new key-hole to the continent,—to joke about the mobs who fly there, like the ships, for a harbour of refuge,—to allude to "stags," and sharpers, and broken incomes,—in fact, to throw every possible slur upon it and its inhabitants. And yet there is no place in the world where really pleasant relaxation can be so readily procured, and at such a cheap rate. You will be told by its enemies that Bou-

logne is now quite an English town. Don't believe them. What is there English in its gay, lively port, and lines of smart hotels,—its thoroughly continental Rue Neuve Chaussée and *moyen age* Upper Town,—its *poissarde* population, with their short red petticoats, and naked legs, or blue stockings,—its hundreds of glittering white caps in the *Place* on market-day? Walk a mile away from it in any direction—towards Wimereux, Wimille, or Portel, and you will see as much of France as though you had been right across it from Boulogne to Besançon. Where will you show us such a glorious stroll as that along the cliffs to Ambleteuse, with the sea and the picturesque rocks and Martello towers so far below you, and literally in sight of home all the way, if the day be but moderately clear?

You need not make yourself smart to go on the pier at Boulogne: you might wander about dressed in the popular costume of Robinson Crusoe all day if you pleased, and nobody would turn their heads to look after you; and if there is no better amusement than to watch and hear the small impish children play marbles and squabble in French, why that is something. But seeing the boat come in is here something worth waiting for. It is a glorious sight to watch her, if the wind is strong and the tide somewhat low, rolling and plunging over the bar; and the debarkation of the passengers is as good as a farce, especially if there are two or three undecided in their minds as to their abode. For then they are sure to go to all manner of hotels at once, so urgently do the touters urge the claims of their various establishments.

There is no *ennui* at Boulogne, because there is no conventional observance of rules for deportment. Everybody does what they like; not what they think they ought to like. And, if you wish it, there is charming private society. In fact, Boulogne is fining down to exceeding respectability; for it has become a trifle too expensive for the outlawed tribes, and they have emigrated—many, we believe, to Calais. It is still much cheaper than England even to casual visitors, the ordinary expenses of staying there being, compared with the resorts above alluded to, as two to three. The pleasant excitement of a trip thither lasts to the very return; for are you not in duty bound to smuggle *Eau de Cologne*, gloves, embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, and trifling jewellery? It is true, to be sure, you may get everything at the same rate in the Lowther Arcade; but that is a very dull way of procuring them. Every contraband article becomes an object of interest, far more valuable than the unmeaning "Trifle from"—any of the home watering-places we have before alluded to.

Newspaper statistics show you, from time to time, the numbers who pass from Folkestone to Boulogne compared with the last year. Increase the proportion next season, and you will not repent of having done so.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

"Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travellers must be content. *As You Like It.*

CHAPTER II.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?
Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.
Much Ado About Nothing.

We left the brigantine of Captain Spike in a very critical situation, and the master himself in great confusion of mind. A thorough seaman, this accident would never have happened to him, but for the sudden appearance of the boat and its passengers, one of whom appeared to be a source of great uneasiness to him. As might be expected, the circumstance of striking a place as dangerous as the Pot Rock in Hell-Gate produced a great sensation on board the vessel. This sensation betrayed itself in various ways, and according to the characters, habits, and native firmness of the parties. As for the ship-master's relict, she seized hold of the main-mast, and screamed so loud and perseveringly, as to cause the sensation to extend itself into the adjacent and thriving village of Astoria, where it was distinctly heard by divers of those who dwelt near the water. Biddy Noon had her share in this clamour, lying down on the deck in order to prevent rolling over, and possibly to scream more at her leisure; while Rose had sufficient self-command to be silent, though her cheeks lost their colour.

Nor was there anything extraordinary in females betraying this alarm, when one remembers the somewhat astounding signs of danger by which these persons were surrounded. There is always something imposing in the swift movement of a considerable body of water. When this movement is aided by whirlpools, and the other similar accessories of an interrupted current, it frequently becomes startling, more especially to those who happen to be on the element itself. This is peculiarly the case with the Pot Rock, where not only does the water roll and roar as if agitated by a mighty wind, but where it even breaks, the foam seeming to glance up stream in the rapid succession of wave to wave. Had the Swash remained in her terrific berth more than a second or two, she would have proved what is termed a "total loss;" but she did not. Happily the Pot Rock lies so low, that it is not apt to fetch up anything of a light draught of water; and the brigantine's fore-foot had just settled on its summit long enough to cause the vessel to whirl round and make her obeisance to the place, when a succeeding swell lifted her

clear, and away she went down stream, rolling as if scudding in a gale, and for a moment under no command whatever. There lay another danger a-head,—or it would be better to say astern, for the brig was drifting stern foremost,—and that was in an eddy under a bluff, which bluff lies at an angle in the reach, where it is no uncommon thing for craft to be cast ashore, after they have passed all the more imposing and more visible dangers above. It was in escaping this danger, and in recovering the command of his vessel, that Spike now manifested the sort of stuff of which he was really made in emergencies of this sort. The yards were all sharp up when the accident occurred, and springing to the lee-braces, just as a man winks when his eye is menaced, he seized the weather fore-brace with his own hands, and began to round in the yard, shouting out to the man at the wheel to "port his helm" at the same time. Some of the people flew to his assistance, and the yards were not only squared, but braced a little up on the other tack, in much less time than we have taken to relate the evolution. Mulford attended to the main-sheet, and succeeded in getting the boom out in the right direction. Although the wind was in truth very light, the velocity of the drift filled the canvas, and, taking the arrow-like current on her lee-bow, the Swash, like a frantic steed that is alarmed with the wreck made by his own madness, came under command, and sheered out into the stream again, where she could drift clear of the apprehended danger astern.

"Sound the pumps," called out Spike to Mulford, the instant he had regained his seat in the saddle. Harry sprang amidships to obey, and the eye of every mariner in that vessel was on the young man, as, in the midst of a death-like silence, he performed this all-important duty. It was like the physician's feeling the pulse of his patient before he pronounces on the degree of his danger.

"Well, sir?" cried out Spike, impatiently, as the rod re-appeared.

"All right, sir," answered Harry, cheerfully. "The well is nearly empty."

"Hold on a moment longer, and give the water time to find its way amidships, if there be any."

The mate remained perched upon the pump in order to comply, while Spike and his people, who now breathed more freely again, improved the leisure to brace up and haul aft to the new course.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Budd, considerately, during this pause in the incidents, "you needn't scream any longer. The danger seems to be past, and you may get up off the deck now. See, I have let go of the mast. The pumps have been sounded, and are found tight."

Biddy, like an obedient and respectful servant, did as directed, quite satisfied if the pumps were tight. It was some little time, to be sure, before she was perfectly certain whether she were alive or not; but, once certain of this circumstance, her alarm very sensibly abated, and she became reasonable. As for Mulford, he dropped the sounding-rod again, and had the same cheering report to make.

"The brig is as tight as a bottle, sir."

"So much the better," answered Spike. "I never had such a whirl in her before in my life, and I thought she was going to stop and pass the night there. That's the very spot on which 'The Hussar' frigate was wrecked."

"So I have heard, sir. But she drew so much water that she hit slap

against the rock, and started a butt. We merely touched on its top with our fore-foot, and slid off."

This was the simple explanation of the Swash's escape : and, everybody being now well assured that no harm had been done, things fell into their old and regular train again. As for Spike, his gallantry, notwithstanding, was upset for some hours, and glad enough was he when he saw all three of his passengers quit the deck to go below. Mrs. Budd's spirits had been so much agitated, that she told Rose she would go down into the cabin and rest a few minutes on its sofa. We say sofa, for that article of furniture now-a-days is far more common in vessels than it was thirty years ago in the dwellings of the country.

"There, Mulford," growled Spike, pointing ahead of the brig to an object on the water that was about half a mile ahead of them, "there 's that confounded boat—d'ye see? I should like of all things to give it the slip. There 's a chap in that boat I don't like."

"I don't see how that can be very well done, sir, unless we anchor, repass the Gate at the turn of the tide, and go to sea by the way of Sandy Hook."

"That will never do. I 've no wish to be parading the brig before the town. You see, Mulford, nothing can be more innocent and proper than the Molly Swash, as you know from having sailed in her these twelvemonths. You 'll give her that character, I 'll be sworn?"

"I know no harm of her, Captain Spike, and hope I never shall."

"No, sir,—you know no harm of her, nor does any one else. A nursing infant is not more innocent than the Molly Swash, or could have a clearer character, if nothing but truth was said of her. But the world is so much given to lying, that one of the old saints, of whom we read in the good book, such as Calvin and John Rogers, would be vilified if he lived in these times. Then it must be owned, Mr. Mulford, whatever may be the raal innocence of the brig, she has a most desperate wicked look."

"Why, yes, sir,—it must be owned she is what we sailors call a wicked-looking craft. But some of Uncle Sam's cruisers have that appearance also."

"I know it—I know it, sir, and think nothing of looks myself. Men are often deceived in me by *my* looks, which have none of your 'longshore softness about 'em, perhaps; but my mother used to say I was one of the most tender-hearted boys she had ever heard spoken of—like one of the babes in the wood, as it might be. But mankind go so much by appearances, that I do not like to trust the brig too much afore their eyes. Now, should we be seen in the lower bay waiting for a wind, or for the ebb-tide to make to carry us over the bar, ten to one but some *philotropic* or other would be off with a complaint to the district attorney that we looked like a slaver, and have us all fetched up to be tried for our lives as pirates. No, no—I like to keep the brig in out-of-the-way places, where she can give no offence to your 'tropics, whether they be philos, or of any other sort."

"Well, sir, we are to the eastward of the Gate, and all 's safe. That boat cannot bring us up."

"You forget, Mr. Mulford, the revenue craft that steamed up on the ebb. That vessel must be off Sands' Point by this time, and *she* may hear something to our disparagement from the feller in the boat, and take it into her smoky head to walk us back to town. I wish we were

well to the eastward of that steamer! But there's no use in lamentations. If there is really any danger, it's some distance ahead yet, thank heaven!"

"You have no fears of the man who calls himself Jack Tier, Captain Spike?"

"None in the world. That feller, as I remember him, was a little bustlin' chap that I kept in the cabin as a sort of steward's mate. There was neither good nor harm in him, to the best of my recollection. But Josh can tell us all about him. Just give Josh a call."

The best thing in the known history of Spike was the fact that his steward had sailed with him for more than twenty years. Where he had picked up Josh no one could say but Josh and himself; and neither chose to be very communicative on the subject. But Josh had certainly been with him as long as he had sailed the Swash, and that was from a time actually anterior to the birth of Mulford. The mate soon had the negro in the council.

"I say, Josh," asked spike, "do you happen to remember such a hand aboard here as one Jack Tier?"

"Lor' bless you, yes sir—'members he as well as I do the pea soup that was burnt, and which you t'rowed all over him, to scald him for punishment."

"I've had to do that so often, to one careless fellow or other, that the circumstance does n't recall the man. I remember him—but not as clear as I could wish. How long did he sail with us?"

"Sebberal v'y'ge, sir, and got left ashore down on the main, one night when 'e boat war obliged to shove off in a hurry. Yes, 'members little Jack, right well I does."

"Did you see the man that spoke us from the wharf, and hailed for this very Jack Tier?"

"I see'd a man, sir, dat was won'erful Jack Tier built like, sir, but I didn't hear the conwersation, habbin' the ladies to 'tend to. But Jack was oncommon short in his floor timbers, sir, and had no length of keel at all. His beam was won'erful for his length, altogedder—what you call jolly-boat or bum-boat build, and was only good afore 'e wind, Capt. Spike."

"Was he good for anything aboard ship, Josh? Worth heaving-to for, should he try to get aboard of us again?"

"Why, sir, can't say much for him in dat fashion. Jack *was* handy in the cabin, and capital feller to carry soup from the galley, aft. You see, sir, he was so low-rigged that the brig's lurchin' and pitchin' couldn't get him off his pins, and he stood up like a church in the heaviest wea'der. Yes, sir, Jack was right good for *dat*."

Spike mused a moment—then he rolled the tobacco over in his mouth, and added, in the way a man speaks when his mind is made up—

"Ay, ay!—I see into the fellow. He'll make a handy lady's maid, and we want such a chap just now. It's better to have an old friend aboard, than to be pickin' up strangers, 'long shore. So should this Jack Tier come off to us, from any of the islands or points ahead, Mr. Mulford, you'll round to and take him aboard. As for the steamer, if she will only pass out into the Sound where there's room, it shall go hard with us but I get to the eastward of her, without speaking. On the other hand, should she anchor this side of the Fort, I'll not

attempt to pass her. There is deep water inside of most of the islands, I know, and we 'll try and dodge her in that way, if no better offer. I 've no more reason than another craft to fear a government vessel, but the sight of one of them makes me oncomfortable; that 's all."

Mulford shrugged his shoulders and remained silent, perceiving that his commander was not disposed to pursue the subject any further. In the meantime, the brig had passed beyond the influence of the bluff, and was beginning to feel a stronger breeze, that was coming down the wide opening of Flushing Bay. As the tide still continued strong in her favour, and her motion through the water was getting to be four or five knots, there was every prospect of her soon reaching Whitestone, the point where the tides meet, and where it would become necessary to anchor; unless, indeed, the wind, which was now getting to the southward and eastward, should come round more to the south. All this Spike and his mate discussed together, while the people were clearing the decks, and making the preparations that are customary on board a vessel before she gets into rough water.

By this time, it was ascertained that the brig had received no damage by her salute of the Pot Rock, and every trace of uneasiness on that account was removed. But Spike kept harping on the boat, and "the pilot-looking chap who was in her." As they passed Riker's Island, all hands expected a boat would put off with a pilot, or to demand pilotage; but none came, and the Swash now seemed released from all her present dangers, unless some might still be connected with the revenue steamer. To retard her advance, however, the wind came out a smart working breeze from the southward and eastward, compelling her to make "long legs and short ones" on her way towards Whitestone.

"This is beating the wind, Rosy dear," said Mrs. Budd, complacently, she and her niece having returned to the deck a few minutes after this change had taken place. "Your respected uncle did a great deal of this in his time, and was very successful in it. I have heard him say, that in one of his voyages between Liverpool and New York, he beat the wind by a whole fortnight, every body talking of it in the insurance offices, as if it was a miracle."

"Ay, ay, Madam Budd," put in Spike, "I'll answer for that. They 're desperate talkers in and about them there insurance offices in Wall street. Great gossips be they, and they think they know every thing. Now just because this brig is a little old or so, and was built for a privateer in the last war, they'd refuse to rate her as even B, No. 2, and my blessing on 'em."

"Yes, B, No. 2, that 's just what your dear uncle used to call me, Rosy—his charming B, No. 2, or Betsy, No. 2; particularly when he was in a loving mood. Captain Spike, did you ever beat the wind in a long voyage?"

"I can't say I ever did, Mrs. Budd," answered Spike, looking grimly around, to ascertain if any one dared to smile at his passenger's mistake; "especially for so long a pull as from New York to Liverpool."

"Then your uncle used to boast of the Rose in Bloom's wearing and attacking. She would attack any thing that came in her way, no matter who, and, as for wearing, I think he once told me she *would* wear just what she had a mind to, like any human being."

Rose was a little mystified, but she looked vexed at the same time, as if she distrusted all was not right.

"I remember all my sea education," continued the unsuspecting widow, "as if it had been learnt yesterday. Beating the wind and attacking ship, my poor Mr. Budd used to say, were nice manœuvres, and required most of his tactics, especially in heavy weather. Did you know, Rosy dear, that sailors weigh the weather, and know when it is heavy and when it is light?"

"I did not, aunt; nor do I understand now how it can very well be done."

"Oh! child, before you have been at sea a week, you will learn so many things that are new, and get so many ideas of which you never had any notion before, that you 'll not be the same person. My captain had an instrument he called a thermometer, and with that he used to weigh the weather, and then he would write down in the log-book 'to-day, heavy weather, or to-morrow, light weather,' just as it happened, and that helped him mightily along in his voyages."

"Mrs. Budd has merely mistaken the name of the instrument—the 'barometer' is what she wished to say," put in Mulford, opportunely.

Rose looked grateful, as well as relieved. Though profoundly ignorant on these subjects herself, she had always suspected her aunt's knowledge. It was, consequently, grateful to her to ascertain that, in this instance, the old lady's mistake had been so trifling.

"Well, it may have been the barometer, for I know he had them both," resumed the aunt. "Barometer, or thermometer, it don't make any great difference; or quadrant, or sextant. They are all instruments, and sometimes he used one, and sometimes another. Sailors take on board the sun, too, and have an instrument for that, as well as one to weigh the weather with. Sometimes they take on board the stars, and the moon, and 'fill their ships with the heavenly bodies,' as I've heard my dear husband say, again and again! But the most curious thing at sea, as all the sailors tell me, is crossing the line, and I do hope we shall cross the line, Rosy, that you and I may see it."

"What is the line, aunty, and how do vessels cross it?"

"The line, my dear, is a place in the ocean where the earth is divided into two parts, one part being called the North Pole, and the other part the South Pole. Neptune lives near this line, and he allows no vessel to go out of one pole into the other without paying it a visit. Never! never!—he would as soon think of living on dry land, as think of letting even a canoe pass, without visiting it."

"Do you suppose there is such a being, really, as Neptune, aunty?"

"To be sure I do; he is king of the sea. Why shouldn't there be? The sea must have a king, as well as the land."

"The sea may be a republic, aunty, like this country; then no king is necessary. I have always supposed Neptune to be an imaginary being."

"Oh! that's impossible—the sea is no republic; there are but two republics, America and Texas. I've heard that the sea is a highway, it is true—the 'highway of nations,' I believe it is called, and that must mean something particular. But my poor Mr. Budd always told me that Neptune was king of the seas, and *he* was always so accu-

rate, you might depend on every thing he said. Why, he called his last Newfoundland dog Neptune, and do you think, Rosy, that your dear uncle would call his dog after an imaginary being?—and he a man to beat the wind, and attack ship, and take the sun, moon and stars aboard! No, no, child; fanciful folk may see imaginary beings, but solid folk see solid beings."

Even Spike was dumbfounded at this, and there is no knowing what he might have said, had not an old sea-dog, who had just come out of the fore-topmast cross-trees, come aft, and, hitching up his trousers with one hand while he touched his hat with the other, said, with immovable gravity.

"The revenue-steamer has brought up just under the fort, Captain Spike."

"How do you know that, Bill?" demanded the captain, with a rapidity that showed how completely Mrs. Budd and all her absurdities were momentarily forgotten.

"I was up on the fore-topgallant yard, sir, a bit ago, just to look to the strap of the jewel-block, which wants some service on it, and I see'd her over the land, blowin' off steam and takin' in her kites. Afore I got out of the cross-trees, she was head to wind under bare poles, and if she hadn't anchored, she was about to do so. I'm sartin 'twas she, sir, and that she was about to bring up."

Spike gave a long, low whistle, after his fashion, and he walked away from the females, with the air of a man who wanted room to think in. Half a minute later, he called out—

"Stand by to shorten sail, boys. Man fore-clewgarnets, flying jib down-haul, topgallant sheets, and gaff-topsail gear. In with 'em all, my lads—in with every thing, with a will."

An order to deal with the canvas in any way, on board ship, immediately commands the whole attention of all whose duty it is to attend to such matters, and there was an end of all discourse while the Swash was shortening sail. Every body understood, too, that it was to gain time, and prevent the brig from reaching Throg's Neck sooner than was desirable.

"Keep the brig off," called out Spike, "and let her ware—we're too busy to tack just now."

The man at the wheel knew very well what was wanted, and he put his helm up, instead of putting it down, as he might have done without this injunction. As this change brought the brig before the wind, and Spike was in no hurry to luff up on the other tack, the Swash soon ran over a mile of the distance she had already made, putting her back that much on her way to the Neck. It is out of our power to say what the people of the different craft in sight thought of all this, but an opportunity soon offered of putting them on a wrong scent. A large coasting schooner, carrying everything that would draw on a wind, came sweeping under the stern of the Swash, and hailed.

"Has anything happened, on board that brig?" demanded her master.

"Man overboard," answered Spike—"you haven't seen his hat, have you?"

"No—no," came back, just as the schooner, in her onward course, swept beyond the reach of the voice. Her people collected together, and one or two ran up the rigging a short distance, stretching their

necks, on the look-out for the "poor fellow," but they were soon called down to "'bout ship." In less than five minutes, another vessel, a rakish coasting sloop, came within hail.

"Didn't that brig strike the Pot Rock, in passing the gate!" demanded her captain.

"Ay, ay!—and a devil of a rap she got, too."

This satisfied *him;* there being nothing remarkable in a vessel's acting strangely that had hit the Pot Rock in passing Hell Gate.

"I think we may get in our mainsail on the strength of this, Mr. Mulford," said Spike. "There can be nothing oncommon in a craft's shortening sail, that has a man overboard, and which has hit the Pot Rock. I wonder I never thought of all this before."

"Here is a skiff trying to get alongside of us, Captain Spike," called out the boatswain.

"Skiff be d—d! I want no skiff here."

"The man that called himself Jack Tier is in her, sir."

"The d—l he is!" cried Spike, springing over to the opposite side of the deck to take a look for himself. To his infinite satisfaction he perceived that Tier was alone in the skiff, with the exception of a negro, who pulled its skulls, and that this was a very different boat from that which had glanced through Hell Gate, like an arrow darting from its bow.

"Luff, and shake your topsail," called out Spike. "Get a rope there to throw to this skiff."

The orders were obeyed, and Jack Tier, with his clothes-bag, was soon on the deck of the Swash. As for the skiff and the negro, they were cast adrift the instant the latter had received his quarter. The meeting between Spike and his quondam steward's mate was a little remarkable. Each stood looking intently at the other, as if to note the changes which time had made. We cannot say that Spike's hard, red, selfish countenance betrayed any great feeling, though such was not the case with Jack Tier's. The last, a lymphatic, puffy sort of a person at the best, seemed really a little touched, and he either actually brushed a tear from his eye, or he affected so to do.

"So you are my old ship-mate, Jack Tier, are ye?" exclaimed Spike, in a half-patronizing, half-hesitating way—"and you want to try the old craft ag'in. Give us a leaf of your log, and let me know where you have been this many a day, and what you have been about? Keep the brig off, Mr. Mulford. We are in no particular hurry to reach Throg's, you'll remember, sir."

Tier gave an account of his proceedings, which could have no interest with the reader. His narrative was any thing but very clear, and it was delivered in a cracked, octave sort of a voice, such as little dapper people not unfrequently enjoy—tones between those of a man and a boy. The substance of the whole story was this. Tier had been left ashore, as sometimes happens to sailors, and, by a necessary consequence, was left to shift for himself. After making some vain endeavours to rejoin his brig, he had shipped in one vessel after another, until he accidentally found himself in the port of New York, at the same time as the Swash. He know'd he never should be truly happy ag'in until he could once more get aboard the old hussy, and had hurried up to the wharf, where he understood the brig was lying. As he came in sight, he saw she was about to cast off, and, dropping his

clothes-bag, he had made the best of his way to the wharf, where the conversation passed that has been related.

"The gentleman on the wharf was about to take boat, to go through the Gate," concluded Tier, "and so I begs a passage of him. He was good-natured enough to wait until I could find my bag, and as soon a'terwards as the men could get their grog we shoved off. The Molly was just getting in behind Blackwell's as we left the wharf, and, having four good oars, and the shortest road, we come out into the Gate just ahead on you. My eye! what a place that is to go through in a boat, and on a strong flood! The gentleman, who watched the brig as a cat watches a mouse, says you struck on the Pot, as he called it, but I says 'no,' for the Molly Swash was never know'd to hit rock or shoal in my time aboard her."

"And where did you quit that gentleman, and what has become of him?" asked Spike.

"He put me ashore on that point above us, where I see'd a nigger with his skiff, who I thought would be willin' to 'arn his quarter by giving me a cast alongside. So here I am, and a long pull I've had to get here."

As this was said, Jack removed his hat and wiped his brow with a handkerchief, which, if it had never seen better days, had doubtless been cleaner. After this, he looked about him, with an air not entirely free from exultation.

This conversation had taken place in the gangway, a somewhat public place, and Spike beckoned to his recruit to walk aft, where he might be questioned without being overheard.

"What became of the gentleman in the boat, as you call him?" demanded Spike.

"He pulled ahead, seeming to be in a hurry."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Not a bit of it, I never saw the man before, and he didn't tell me his business, sir."

"Had he any thing like a silver oar about him?"

"I saw nothing of the sort, Captain Spike, and knows nothing consarning him."

"What sort of a boat was he in, and where did he get it?"

"Well, as to the boat, sir, I *can* say a word, seein' it was so much to my mind, and pulled so wonderful smart. It was a light ship's yawl, with four oars, and came round the Hook just a'ter you had got the brig's head round to the eastward. You must have seen it, I should think, though it kept close in with the wharves, as if it wished to be snug."

"Then the gentleman, as you call him, expected *that* very boat to take him off?"

"I suppose so, sir, because it *did* come and take him off. That's all I know about it."

"Had you no jaw with the gentleman? You wasn't mum the whole time you was in the boat with him?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. Silence and I doesn't agree together long, so we talked most of the time."

"And what did the stranger say of the brig?"

"Lord, sir, he catechised me like as if I had been a child at Sunday-school. He asked me how long I had sailed in her; what ports

we'd visited, and what trade we'd been in. You can't think the sight of questions he put, and how cur'ous he was for the answers."

"And what did you tell in your answers? You said nothin' about our call down on the Spanish Main, the time you were left ashore, I hope, Jack?"

"Not I, sir. I played him off surprisin'ly. He got nothin' to count upon out of me. Though I *do* owe the Molly Swash a grudge, I'm not goin' to betray her."

"You owe the Molly Swash a grudge! Have I taken an enemy on board her, then?"

Jack started, and seemed sorry he had said so much; while Spike eyed him keenly. But the answer set all right. It was not given, however, without a moment for recollection.

"Oh, you knows what I mean, sir. I owe the old hussy a grudge for having desarted me like; but it's only a love quarrel atween us. The old Molly will never come to harm by my means."

"I hope not, Jack, the man that wrongs the craft he sails in can never be a true-hearted sailor. Stick by your ship in all weathers is my rule, and a good rule it is to go by. But what did you tell the stranger?"

"Oh! I told him I'd been six v'y'ges in the brig. The first was to Madagascar—"

"The d—l you did! Was he soft enough to believe that?"

"That's more than I knows, sir. I can only tell you what I *said:* I don't pretend to know how much he *believed.*"

"Heave ahead—what next?"

"Then I told him we went to Kamschatka for gold-dust and ivory."

"Whe-e-e-w! What did the man say to that?"

"Why, he smiled a bit, and a'ter that he seemed more cur'ous than ever to hear all about it. I told him my third v'y'ge was to Canton, with a cargo of broom-corn, where we took in salmon and dun-fish for home. A'ter that we went to Norway with ice, and brought back silks and money. Our next run was to the Havana, with salt and 'nips—"

"'Nips! what the devil be they?"

"Turnips, you knows, sir. We always calls 'em 'nips in cargo. At the Havana I told him we took in leather and jerked beef, and came home. Oh! he got nothin' from me, Captain Spike, that'll ever do the brig a morsel of harm!"

"I am glad of that, Jack. You must know enough of the seas to understand that a close mouth is sometimes better for a vessel than a clean bill of health. Was there nothing said about the revenue-steamer?"

"Now you name her, sir, I believe there was—ay, ay, sir, the gentleman *did* say, if the steamer fetched up to the westward of the fort, that he should overhaul her without difficulty, on this flood."

"That'll do, Jack; that'll all do, my honest fellow. Go below, and tell Josh to take you into the cabin again, as steward's mate. You're rather too Dutch built, in your old age, to do much aloft."

One can hardly say whether Jack received this remark as complimentary, or not. He looked a little glum, for a man may be as round

as a barrel, and wish to be thought genteel and slender; but he went below, in quest of Josh, without making any reply.

The succeeding movements of Spike appeared to be much influenced by what he had just heard. He kept the brig under short canvas for near two hours, sheering about in the same place, taking care to tell everything which spoke him that he had lost a man overboard. In this way, not only the tide, but the day itself, was nearly spent. About the time the former began to lose his strength, however, the fore-course and the main-sail were got on the brigantine, with the intention of working her up toward Whitestone, where the tides meet, and near which the revenue steamer was known to be anchored. We say near, though it was, in fact, a mile or two more to the eastward, and close to the extremity of the Point.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations of a wish to work to windward, Spike was really in no hurry. He had made up his mind to pass the steamer in the dark, if possible, and the night promised to favour him; but, in order to do this, it might be necessary not to come in sight of her at all; or, at least, not until the obscurity should in some measure conceal his rig and character. In consequence of this plan, the Swash made no great progress, even after she had got sail on her, on her old course. The wind lessened, too, after the sun went down, though it still hung to the eastward, or nearly ahead. As the tide gradually lost its force, moreover, the set to windward became less and less, until it finally disappeared altogether.

There is necessarily a short reach in this passage, where it is always slack water, so far as current is concerned. This is precisely where the tides meet, or has been intimated, at Whitestone, which is somewhat more than a mile to the westward of Throgmorton's Neck, near the point of which stands Fort Schuyler, one of the works recently erected for the defence of New York. Off the pitch of the point, nearly mid-channel, had the steamer anchored, a fact of which Spike had made certain, by going aloft himself, and reconnoitering her over the land, before it had got too dark to do so. He entertained no manner of doubt that this vessel was in waiting for him, and he well knew there was good reason for it; but he would not return and attempt the passage to sea by way of Sandy Hook. His manner of regarding the whole matter was cool and judicious. The distance to the Hook was too great to be made in such short nights ere the return of day, and he had no manner of doubt he was watched for in that direction, as well as in this. Then he was particularly unwilling to show his craft at all in front of the town, even in the night. Moreover, he had ways of his own for effecting his purposes, and this was the very spot and time to put them in execution.

While these things were floating in his mind, Mrs. Budd and her handsome niece were making preparations for passing the night, aided by Biddy Noon. The old lady was factotum, or factota, as it might be most classical to call her, though we are entirely without authorities on the subject, and was just as self-complacent and ambitious of seawomanship below decks, as she had been above board. The effect, however, gave Spike great satisfaction, since it kept her out of sight, and left him more at liberty to carry out his own plans. About nine, however, the good woman came on deck, intending to take a look at the weather, like a skilful marineress as she

was, before she turned in. Not a little was she astonished at what she then and there beheld, as she whispered to Rose and Biddy, both of whom stuck close to her side, feeling the want of good pilotage, no doubt, in strange waters.

The Molly Swash was still under her canvas, though very little sufficed for her present purposes. She was directly off Whitestone, and was making easy stretches across the passage, or river, as it is called, having nothing set but her huge fore-and-aft mainsail and the jib. Under this sail she worked like a top, and Spike sometimes fancied she travelled too fast for his purposes, the night air having thickened the canvas as usual, until it "held the wind as a bottle holds water." There was nothing in this, however, to attract the particular attention of the ship-master's widow, a sail, more or less, being connected with observation much too critical for her schooling, nice as the last had been. She was surprised to find the men stripping the brig forward, and converting her into a schooner. Nor was this done in a loose and slovenly manner, under favour of the obscurity. On the contrary, it was so well executed that it might have deceived even a seaman under a noon-day sun, provided the vessel were a mile or two distant. The manner in which the metamorphosis was made was as follows. The studding-sail booms had been taken off the topsail yard, in order to shorten it to the eye, and the yard itself was swayed up about half mast, to give it the appearance of a schooner's fore-yard. The brig's real lower yard was lowered on the bulwarks, while her royal yard was sent down altogether, and the topgallant mast was lowered until the heel rested on the topsail yard, all of which, in the night, gave the gear forward very much the appearance of that of a fore-topsail schooner, instead of that of a half-rigged brig, as the craft really was. As the vessel carried a try-sail on her foremast, it answered very well, in the dark, to represent a schooner's foresail. Several other little dispositions of this nature were made, about which it might weary the uninitiated to read, but which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of a sailor.

These alterations were far advanced when the females re-appeared on deck. They at once attracted their attention, and the captain's widow felt the imperative necessity, as connected with her professional character, of proving the same. She soon found Spike, who was bustling around the deck, now looking around to see that his brig was kept in the channel, now and then issuing an order to complete her disguise.

"Captain Spike, what *can* be the meaning of all these changes? The tamper of your vessel is so much altered that I declare I should not have known her!"

"Is it, by George! Then, she is just in the state I want her to be in."

"But why have you done it—and what does it all mean?"

"Oh, Molly's going to bed for the night, and she's only undressing herself—that's all."

"Yes, Rosy dear, Captain Spike is right. I remember that my poor Mr. Budd used to talk about the Rose in Bloom having her clothes on, and her clothes off, just as if she was a born woman! But don't you mean to navigate at all in the night, Captain Spike? Or will the brig navigate without sails?"

"That's it—she's just as good in the dark, under one sort of canvas, as under another. So, Mr. Mulford, we'll take a reef in in that mainsail; it will bring it nearer to the size of our new foresail, and seem more ship-shape and Brister fashion—then I think she'll do, as the night is getting to be rather darkish."

"Captain Spike," said the boatswain, who had been set to look out for that particular change—"the brig begins to feel the new tide, and sets to windward."

"Let her go, then—now is as good a time as another. We've got to run the gauntlet, and the sooner it is run the better."

As the moment seemed propitious, not only Mulford, but all the people, heard this order with satisfaction. The night was star-light, though not very clear. Objects on the water, however, were more visible than those on the land, while those on the last could be seen well enough even from the brig, though in confused and somewhat shapeless piles. When the Swash was brought close by the wind, she had just got into the last reach of the "river," or that which runs parallel with The Neck for near a mile, doubling where the Sound expands itself, gradually, to a breadth of many leagues. Still the navigation at the entrance of this end of the Sound was intricate and somewhat dangerous, rendering it indispensable for a vessel of any size to make a crooked course. The wind stood at southeast, and was very scant to lay through the reach with, while the tide was so slack as barely to possess a visible current at that place. The steamer lay directly off the Point, mid-channel, as mentioned, showing lights, to mark her position to anything which might be passing in or out. The great thing was to get by her without exciting suspicion. As all on board, the females excepted, knew what their captain was at, the attempt was made amid an anxious and profound silence; or if any one spoke at all, it was only to give an order in a low tone, or its answer in a simple monosyllable.

Although her aunt assured her that everything which had been done already, and which was now doing, was quite in rule, the quick-eyed and quick-witted Rose noted these unusual proceedings, and had an opinion of her own on the subject. Spike had gone forward, and posted himself on the weather-side of the forecastle, where he could get the clearest look ahead, and there he remained most of the time, leaving Mulford on the quarter-deck, to work the vessel. Perceiving this, she managed to get near the mate, without attracting her aunt's attention, and at the same time out of ear-shot.

"Why is everybody so still and seemingly so anxious, Harry Mulford?" she asked, speaking in a low tone herself, as if desirous of conforming to a common necessity. "Is there any new danger here? I thought the Gate had been passed altogether, some hours ago?"

"So it has. D'ye see that large dark mass on the water, off the Point, which seems almost as huge as the fort, with lights above it? That is a revenue steamer which came out of York a few hours before us. We wish to get past her without being troubled by any of her questions."

"And what do any in this brig care about her questions? They can be answered, surely."

"Ay, ay, Rose—they *may* be answered, as you say, but the answers sometimes are unsatisfactory. Capt. Spike, for some reason or

other, is uneasy, and would rather not have anything to say to her. He has the greatest aversion to speaking the smallest craft when on a coast."

"And that's the reason he has undressed his Molly, as he calls her, that he might not be known."

Mulford turned his head quickly toward his companion, as if surprised by her quickness of apprehension, but he had too just a sense of his duty to make any reply. Instead of pursuing the discourse, he adroitly contrived to change it, by pointing out to Rose the manner in which they were getting on, which seemed to be very successfully.

Although the Swash was under much reduced canvas, she glided along with great ease and with considerable rapidity of motion. The heavy night-air kept her canvas distended, and the weatherly set of the tide, trifling as it yet was, pressed her up against the breeze, so as to turn all to account. It was apparent enough, by the manner in which objects on the land were passed, that the crisis was fast approaching. Rose rejoined her aunt, in order to await the result, in nearly breathless expectation. At that moment, she would have given the world to be safe on shore. This wish was not the consequence of any constitutional timidity, for Rose was much the reverse from timid, but it was the fruit of a newly awakened and painful, though still vague, suspicion. Happy, thrice happy was it for one of her naturally confiding and guileless nature, that distrust *was* thus opportunely awakened, for she was without a guardian competent to advise and guide her youth, as circumstances required.

The brig was not long in reaching the passage that opened to the Sound. It is probable she did this so much the sooner because Spike kept her a little off the wind, with a view of not passing too near the steamer. At this point, the direction of the passage changes at nearly a right angle, the revenue-steamer lying on a line with the Neck, and leaving a sort of bay in the angle, for the Swash to enter. The land was somewhat low in all directions but one, and that was by drawing a straight line from the Point, through the steamer, to the Long Island shore. On the latter, and in that quarter, rose a bluff of considerable elevation, with deep water quite near it; and, under the shadows of that bluff, Spike intended to perform his nicest evolutions. He saw that the revenue vessel had let her fires go down, and that she was entirely without steam. Under canvas, he had no doubt of beating her hand over hand, could he once fairly get to windward, and then she was at anchor, and would lose some time in getting under way, should she even commence a pursuit. It was all important, therefore, to gain as much to windward as possible, before the people of the government vessel took the alarm.

There can be no doubt that the alterations made on board the Swash served her a very good turn on this occasion. Although the night could not be called positively dark, there was sufficient obscurity to render her hull confused and indistinct at any distance, and this so much the more when seen from the steamer outside, or between her and the land. All this Spike very well understood, and largely calculated on. In effect he was not deceived; the look-outs on board the revenue vessel could trace little of the vessel that was approaching beyond the spars and sails which rose above the shores, and these seemed to be the spars and sails of a common foretopsail

schooner. As this was not the sort of craft for which they were on the watch, no suspicion was awakened, nor did any reports go from the quarter-deck to the cabin. The steamer had her quarter watches, and officers of the deck, like a vessel of war, the discipline of which was fairly enough imitated, but even a man-of-war may be overreached on an occasion.

Spike was only great in a crisis, and then merely as a seaman. He understood his calling to its minutiæ, and he understood the Molly Swash better than he understood any other craft that floated. For more than twenty years had he sailed in her, and the careful parent does not better understand the humours of the child, than he understood exactly what might be expected from his brig. His satisfaction sensibly increased, therefore, as she stole along the land, toward the angle mentioned, without a sound audible but the gentle gurgling of the water, stirred by the stem, and which sounded like the ripple of the gentlest wave, as it washes the shingle of some placid beach.

As the brig drew nearer to the bluff, the latter brought the wind more ahead as respected the desired course. This was unfavourable, but it did not disconcert her watchful commander.

"Let her come round, Mr. Mulford," said this pilot-captain in a low voice. "We are as near in as we ought to go."

The helm was put down, the head-sheets started, and away into the wind shot the Molly Swash, forereaching famously in stays, and, of course, gaining so much on her true course. In a minute she was round, and filled on the other tack. Spike was now so near the land, that he could perceive the tide was beginning to aid him, and that his weatherly set was getting to be considerable. Delighted at this, he walked aft, and told Mulford to go about again as soon as the vessel had sufficient way to make sure of her in stays. The mate inquired if he did not think the revenue people might suspect something, unless they stood further out toward mid-channel; but Spike reminded him that they would be apt to think the schooner was working up under the southern shore, because the ebb first made there. This reason satisfied Mulford; and, as soon as they were half way between the bluff and the steamer, the Swash was again tacked, with her head to the former. This manœuvre was executed when the brig was about two hundred yards from the steamer, a distance that was sufficient to preserve, under all the circumstances, the disguise she had assumed.

"They do not suspect us, Harry!" whispered Spike to his mate. "We shall get to windward of 'em, as sartain as the breeze stands. That boatin' gentleman might as well have staid at home, as for any good his hurry done him or his employers."

"Whom do you suppose him to be, Captain Spike?"

"Who?—a feller that lives by his own wicked deeds. No matter who he is. An informer, perhaps. At any rate, he is not the man to outwit the Molly Swash and her old, stupid, foolish master and owner, Stephen Spike. Luff, Mr. Mulford, luff. Now 's the time to make the most of your leg—luff her up and shake her. She is setting to windward fast—the ebb is sucking along that bluff like a boy at a molasses hogshead. All she can drift on this tack is clear gain: there is no hurry, so long as they are asleep aboard the steamer. That 's it—make a half-board at once, but take care and don't come round. As soon as we are fairly clear of the bluff, and open the bay that makes up behind it,

we shall get the wind more to the southward, and have a fine long leg for the next stretch."

Of course Mulford obeyed, throwing the brig up into the wind, and allowing her to set to windward, but filling again on the same tack, as ordered. This, of course, delayed her progress toward the land, and protracted the agony; but it carried the vessel in the direction she most wished to go, while it kept her not only end-on to the steamer, but in a line with the bluff, and consequently in the position most favourable to conceal her true character. Presently the bay mentioned, which was several miles deep, opened darkly toward the south, and the wind came directly out of it, or more to the southward. At this moment the Swash was near a quarter of a mile from the steamer, and all that distance dead to windward of her, as the breeze came out of the bay. Spike tacked his vessel himself now, and got her head up so high, that she brought the steamer on her lee-quarter, and looked away toward the island which lies northwardly from the Point, and quite near to which all vessels of any draught of water are compelled to pass, even with the fairest winds.

"Shake the reef out of the mainsail, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, when the Swash was fairly in motion again on this advantageous tack. "We shall pass well to windward of the steamer, and may as well begin to open our cloth again."

"Is it not a little too soon, sir?" Mulford ventured to remonstrate. "The reef is a large one, and will make a great difference in the size of the sail."

"They 'll not see it at this distance. No, no, sir; shake out the reef, and sway away on the topgallant-mast-rope. I 'm for bringing the Molly Swash into her old shape again, and make her look handsome once more."

"Do you dress the brig, as well as undress her, o' nights, Captain Spike?" inquired the ship-master's relict, a little puzzled with this fickleness of purpose. "I do not believe my poor Mr. Budd ever did that."

"Fashions change, madam, with the time—ay, ay, sir—shake out the reef, and sway away on that mast-rope, boys, as soon as you have manned it. We 'll convart our schooner into a brig again."

As these orders were obeyed, of course, a general bustle now took place. Mulford soon had the reef out, and the sail distended to the utmost, while the topgallant-mast was soon up and fidded. The next thing was to sway upon the fore-yard, and get that into its place. The people were busied at this duty, when a hoarse hail came across the water on the heavy night air.

"Brig ahoy!" was the call.

"Sway upon that fore-yard," said Spike, unmoved by this summons. "Start it—start it at once."

"The steamer hails us, sir," said the mate.

"Not she. She is hailing a brig: we are a schooner yet."

A moment of active exertion succeeded, during which the fore-yard went into its place. Then came a second hail.

"Schooner ahoy!" was the summons this time.

"The steamer hails us again, Captain Spike."

"The devil a bit! We 're a brig now, and she hails a schooner. Come, boys, bestir yourselves, and get the canvas on Molly for'ard.

Loose the fore-course before you quit the yard there, then up aloft and loosen everything you can find."

All was done as ordered, and done rapidly, as is ever the case on board a well-ordered vessel, when there is occasion for exertion. That occasion now appeared to exist in earnest; for while the men were sheeting home the topsail, a flash of light illuminated the scene, when the roar of a gun came booming across the water, succeeded by the very distinct whistling of its shot. We regret that the relict of the late Captain Budd did not behave exactly as became a ship-master's widow, under fire. Instead of remaining silent and passive, even while frightened, as was the case with Rose, she screamed quite as loud as she had previously done that very day in Hell-Gate. It appeared to Spike, indeed, that practice was making her perfect; and as for Biddy, the spirit of emulation became so powerful in her bosom, that, if anything, she actually outshrieked her mistress. Hearing this, the widow made a second effort, and fairly recovered the ground some might have fancied she had lost.

"Oh! Captain Spike," exclaimed the agitated widow, "do not—do not, if you love me, do not let them fire again!"

"How am I to help it!" asked the captain, a good deal to the point, though he overlooked the essential fact that, by heaving-to, and waiting for the steamer's boat to board him, he might have prevented a second shot as completely as if he had the ordering of the whole affair. No second shot was fired, however. As it afterward appeared, the screams of Mrs. Budd and Biddy were heard on board the steamer, the captain of which, naturally enough, supposing that the slaughter must be terrible where such cries had arisen, was satisfied with the mischief he had already done, and directed his people to secure their gun and go to the capstan-bars, in order to help to lift the anchor. In a word, the revenue vessel was getting under way, man-of-war fashion, which means somewhat expeditiously.

Spike understood the sounds that reached him, among which was the call of the boatswain, and he bestirred himself accordingly. Experienced as he was in chases and all sorts of nautical artifices, he very well knew that his situation was sufficiently critical. It would have been so, with a steamer at his heels, in the open ocean; but, situated as he was, he was compelled to steer but one course, and to accept the wind on that course as it might offer. If he varied at all in his direction, it was only in a trifling way, though he did make some of these variations. Every moment was now precious, however, and he endeavoured to improve the time to the utmost. He knew that he could greatly outsail the revenue vessel under canvas, and some time would be necessary to enable her to get up her steam,—half an hour at the very least. On that half hour, then, depended the fate of the Molly Swash.

"Send the booms on the yards, and set stun'sails at once, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, the instant the more regular canvas was spread forward. "This wind will be free enough for all but the lower stun'sail, and we must drive the brig on."

"Are we not looking up too high, Captain Spike? The Stepping-Stones are ahead of us, sir."

"I know that very well, Mulford; but it 's nearly high water, and the brig 's in light trim, and we may rub and go. By making a short cut here, we shall gain a full mile on the steamer; that mile may save us."

"Do you really think it possible to get away from that craft, which can always make a fair wind of it, in these narrow waters, Captain Spike?"

"One don't know, sir. Nothin' is done without tryin', and by tryin' more is often done than was hoped for. I have a scheme in my head, and Providence may favour me in bringing it about."

Providence! Spike had his Providence as well as a priest, and we dare say he often counted on its succour, with quite as rational grounds of dependence as many of the pharisees who are constantly exclaiming, "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are these."

Sail was made on board the Swash with great rapidity, and the brig made a bold push at the Stepping-Stones. Spike was a capital pilot. He insisted if he could once gain sight of the spar that was moored on those rocks for a buoy, he should run with great confidence. The two lights were of great assistance, of course, but the revenue vessel could see these lights as well as the brig, and *she*, doubtless, had an excellent pilot on board. By the time the studding-sails were set on board the Swash, the steamer was aweigh, and her long line of peculiar sails became visible. Unfortunately for men who were in a hurry, she lay so much within the bluff as to get the wind scant, and her commander thought it necessary to make a stretch over to the southern shore, before he attempted to lay his course. When he was ready to tack, an operation of some time with a vessel of her great length, the Swash was barely visible in the obscurity, gliding off upon a slack bowline, at a rate which nothing but the damp night air, the ballast-trim of the vessel, united to her excellent sailing qualities, could have produced with so slight a breeze.

The first half hour took the Swash completely out of sight of the steamer. In that time, in truth, by actual superiority in sailing, by her greater state of preparation, and by the distance saved by a bold navigation, she had gained fully a league on her pursuer. But, while the steamer had lost sight of the Swash, the latter kept the former in view, and that by means of a signal that was very portentous. She saw the light of the steamer's chimneys, and could form some opinion of her distance aud position.

It was about eleven o'clock when the Swash passed the light at Sands' Point, close in with the land. The wind stood much as it had been. If there was a change at all, it was half a point more to the southward, and it was a little fresher. Such as it was, Spike saw he was getting, in that smooth water, quite eight knots out of his craft, and he made his calculations thereon. As yet, and possibly for half an hour longer, he was gaining, and might hope to continue to gain on the steamer. Then her turn would come. Though no great traveller, it was not to be expected that, favoured by smooth water and the breeze, her speed would be less than ten knots, while there was no hope of increasing his own without an increase of the wind. He might be five miles in advance, or six at the most; these six miles would be overcome in three hours of steaming, to a dead certainty, and they might possibly be overcome much sooner. It was obviously necessary to resort to some other experiment than that of dead sailing, if an escape was to be effected.

The Sound was now several miles in width, and Spike, at first, pro-

posed to his mate, to keep off dead before the wind, and by crossing over to the north shore, let the steamer pass ahead, and continue a bootless chase to the eastward. Several vessels, however, were visible in the middle of the passage, at distances varying from one to three miles, and Mulford pointed out the hopelessness of attempting to cross the sheet of open water, and expect to go unseen by the watchful eyes of the revenue people.

"What you say is true enough, Mr. Mulford," answered Spike, after a moment of profound reflection, "and every foot that they come nearer, the less will be our chance. But here is Hempstead Harbour a few leagues ahead; if we can reach *that* before the blackguards close we may do well enough. It is a deep bay, and was high land to darken the view. I don't think the brig could be seen at midnight by anything outside, if she was once fairly up that water a mile or two."

"That is our chance, sir!" exclaimed Mulford cheerfully. "Ay, ay, I know the spot, and everything is favourable — try that, Captain Spike; I'll answer for it that we go clear."

Spike did try it. For a considerable time longer he stood on, keeping as close to the land as he thought it safe to run, and carrying everything that would draw. But the steamer was on his heels, evidently gaining fast. Her chimneys gave out flames, and there was every sign that her people were in earnest. To those on board the Swash, these flames seemed to draw nearer each instant, as indeed was the fact, and just as the breeze came fresher out of the opening in the hills, or the low mountains, which surround the place of refuge in which they designed to enter, Mulford announced that by aid of the night-glass he could distinguish both sails and hull of their pursuer. Spike took a look, and throwing down the instrument, in a way to endanger it, he ordered the studding sails taken in. The men went aloft like cats, and worked as if they could stand in air. In a minute or two the Swash was under what Mrs. Budd might have called her "attacking" canvas, and was close by the wind, looking on a good leg well up the harbour. The brig seemed to be conscious of the emergency, and glided ahead at capital speed. In five minutes she had shut in the flaming chimneys of the steamer. In five minutes more Spike tacked, to keep under the western side of the harbour, and out of sight as long as possible, and because he thought the breeze drew down fresher where he was than more out in the bay.

All now depended on the single fact whether the brig had been seen from the steamer or not, before she hauled into the bay. If seen, she had probably been watched; if not seen, there were strong grounds for hoping that she might still escape. About a quarter of an hour after Spike hauled up, the burning chimneys came again into view. The brig was then half a league within the bay, with a fine dark background of hills to throw her into shadow. Spike ordered everything taken in but the trysail, under which the brig was left to set slowly over towards the western side of the harbour. He now rubbed his hands with delight, and pointed out to Mulford the circumstances that the steamer kept on her course directly athwart the harbour's mouth! Had she seen the Swash, no doubt she would have turned into the bay also. Nevertheless, an anxious ten minutes succeeded, during which the revenue vessel steamed fairly past, and shut in her flaming chimneys again by the eastern headlands of the estuary.

SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENTLEMAN.

THE FIRST DAY.

Senex.—Julian.

Senex. This way: our road lies along this path and over yonder stile, on the other side of which is the river. What a morning for the angler! The sun has hidden himself, and these light clouds bode no rain, while the gentle south wind stirs the leaflets and curls the surface of the water. Oh the merry month of May! how often have I sighed for these scenes of my early childhood, while pent up in chambers in London. Truly a man must have experienced such durance to render him fit to enjoy the country as he ought.

Julian. There is some truth in that remark. Often, when gazing on a beautiful prospect, I have noticed that my country companion did not participate in my raptures; yet even scenes like these are cheerless in foul weather; we cannot have perpetual May.

S. God forbid that we should, for then we should lose the benefit of contrast. Yet I am not one of those who would forsake the country even in foul weather. Yes,

> When the rotten woodland drips,
> And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

It has its charms for me in all seasons. What sight more beautiful than hedge-rows and coppices glittering in the sun's rays on a frosty morning. Flocks of wild fowl, no longer secure in their sedgy retreats, are scouring the country in all directions; small birds, tamed by hunger, draw near your dwelling, and robin in his scarlet pourpoint, perched on the window sill, begs a crumb from your trencher.

J. Excellent! You should write a panegyric on Dan Winter, and recite it to the owls who haunt the tall elms near the house. One of these creatures kept me awake the whole night when I last visited you. Its hooting was incessant.

S. Not a word, as you love me, against the "anchorite of birds." I have an especial veneration for such of the feathered race as haunt old buildings, and delight in watching the jackdaw in church towers, though he differs much from my solemn friend the owl. Just observe them about the turrets of the old minster in a cathedral town. Garrulous grey pates vie with the bipeds below them. They chatter, quarrel, fall out, and cuff it at times, like the lords of the creation: doubtless like them, too, they prate of politics and of a pedigree, but they cling with filial fondness to the old fane, however fierce the storm may howl around it. But of all birds "commend me to the owl."

J. Do you recollect Drayton's picture of your favourite:—

> 'Twas near the eaves and shelter of a stack,
> Set to support it at a beech's back,
> In a stubb'd tree, with ivy overgrown,
> On which the sun had scarcely ever shone,
> A broad-faced creature, hanging of the wing,
> Was set to sleep while every bird did sing."

S. Ay, ay: he who wrote the lines:—

> "Can grave and formal pass for wise,
> When we the solemn owl despise?"

was a Cockney, and knew nothing of the bird. Minerva did not despise him when she adopted him for her crest, and thousands of Attic drachmas, still existing, attest that the Athenians held him in veneration as I do. Other birds may be loud at prime and complin, but the owl's is the midnight service. Apart from the superstitious feeling of which some of the best informed of us are scarcely free, there is something inexpressibly solemn in the note of the bird of night. Did you ever, when threading a wild wood, come upon some ivy-sheltered nook protected from the blaze of the noontide sun, and see the owl perched in his solitary retreat so near you that you might strike him down with your staff. I have, when a boy, often encountered him in that way, and felt awed at the presence of the majestic bird. How he loves the mouldering pile which piety raised and fanaticism shattered from roof-tree to crypt: his lineage could tell of the times when rude and impious hands battered and defaced corbel and mullion, and delicate tracery wrought by the cunningest craftsmen in christendom. Here he abides in dignified solitude, from which he emerges only when the world is asleep.

J. Yes, all except the poacher and the night-prowler; and here I am disposed to say a word in behalf of your favourite. I verily believe he assists in imparting awe and solemnity to darkness, and this has a salutary effect upon the morals of your village population. When once your chawbacon becomes habituated to late hours and night-walking, he is, if young, easily persuaded to become poacher, and so on from bad to worse until the hulks or the gallows close the scene.

S. True, every word of it, and therefore long let that noble bird be honoured. Long may he find a refuge in the retreat he loves. As a friend has eloquently written of him—"The illuminated rites, the swelling organ, the monkish magnificence of processions have passed away; theirs was but a transient possession, but your owl shall be mitred abbot to the end of time!"

J. Your friend, however, excites no veneration among the birds of the air, who thrash him soundly when they catch him abroad. "Mine heritage," says the prophet, "is unto me as a speckled bird;—the birds round about are against her."

S. I have often thought of that passage as I have seen the owl reeling and blundering through the air at day-light, assailed by small birds of all sizes, even including the titmouse and the wren. But these little creatures sometimes attack the cuckoo and the hawk as their common enemy, in the same manner, and occasionally suffer for their temerity from the talons of the latter. These allusions in holy writ remind me that a few years ago some witling talked of writing a book to show the acquaintance of the inspired writers of the Old Testament with natural history, as if nature's huge volume did not lie before them in those ancient days when books were few and precious.

J. Wonderful discovery! I believe there is an advertisement not long since issued, announcing a work illustrating Shakspeare's knowledge of natural history!

S. A veritable *mare's nest!*—but here's the river, and yonder comes, my ally, Simon Paradice, a true specimen of the "Chawbacon"—shrewd, but honest, and grateful for little kindnesses.

J. I confess I have little sympathy with these clods. There is in them a good deal of low cunning under the mask of simplicity, and their manners are intolerably boorish.

S. Hold there! I cannot bear to hear my smock-frocked friends and neighbours so vilified, "nor shall you do mine ear that violence." I have all my life loved these simple people whom you abuse. Coarse, and even brutal many of them certainly are, but take what class you will, I believe you will find among them a larger number more vicious, and with infinitely less excuse for bad living. To me there is something affecting in the hard and simple lives of these people, who, when well disposed, present better examples of christian patience and resignation than may be found even among the educated. If you knew them as well as I do, you would confess that the agricultural labourer is a long-suffering and enduring creature—rude and unpolished, but often honest and submissive to his superiors to a degree that you will look for in vain among the half-educated and often half-infidel mechanic. I can never forget that our Great Master and Teacher chose for his companions on earth men of the simplest habits and humblest walk of life; and often as I looked upon the cluster of white frocks in the aisle of our village church, and watched the serious up-turned weather-beaten countenances of the group—often, I say, have I, while contemplating this sight, prayed for the simple faith of those poor clowns.

J. Well, perhaps if I lived longer among them, as you have, I should be more reconciled to their habits; but their dialect puzzles me sorely; it is English run mad!

S. There, again, let me venture to set you right. It is no jargon, as many have supposed; on the contrary, it more resembles the language of the great Alfred—you stare,—but it is true—than that I am now using; and this I hope to shew you before we part. Well, Simon, (*Simon comes forward*) are we to have any sport to-day?

Simon (*making his obeisance*). I haups zo, zur; there's a girt un or two, about dree pound a piece, down by them elmin trees yander.

J. (*aside*). A sample of the language of Alfred the Great! Oh Gemini!

S. Give me my rod, and help this gentleman to put together his.

Simon. Eez, zur.

S. (*searching his pockets*) "Eh," as the great Christopher says,—"not in our coat, not in our breeches, not in our hat!"—run up to the house, Simon, and fetch me my fly-book; you'll find it on the hall table (*exit Simon at the pace of a hunted hare*). Now then, let me tell you that one of the two last words uttered by that fellow was more like the language of Alfred, and Beda, and Ælfric, than our own.

J. Indeed! Pray let me hear—which of them?

S. Why that which sounds to moderns the most rustic of any—the word "Eez," which is most palpably nothing more than the Anglo-Saxon gese, the g being perhaps soft, or, as the learned suppose, having been softened like y under the Norman rule; in this way "geclepid" became yclepid, a form in which it is found in our literature up to a comparatively recent period.

J. If you run on at this rate, you'll make a proselyte of me for a certainty. Here comes our henchman. This is a sweet spot which old Walton himself would have revelled in: you remember Withers' lines:—

"Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting, make
Within one valley a large silver lake,
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood
In ages passed, bravely crown'd with wood,
Which lending cold sweet shadows, gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing-place."

S. Yes, Withers viewed everything with a poet's eye, and considered a running stream indispensable to the perfect beauty of a landscape. Witness another passage in the same poem:—

"For what offence this place was scanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show;
Nor have they old traditions left that tells;
But till this day at fifty-fathom wells
The shepherds drink."

Without running streams a country loses half its charms. The ancients considered them the proper ornaments of sylvan beauty; hence Maximus Tyrius tells us the mountains were sacred to Jupiter, but the valleys to Diana. And now let us try our skill against one of the denizens of this pretty water.

J. What's your fly?

S. Try a hackle and a "yellow dun." Like most persons who cast a fly, you have, I suppose, your crotchets, and would not for the world put two of the same sort on at the same time, though I'll venture an even bet that the "bob-fly" is taken four times out of five in preference to the "stretcher." This you may soon test by ringing the changes.

J. I am, as you know, but a novice in fly-fishing, so I shall implicitly follow your advice, which is a very fair answer to some of the quackeries on Angling. "Put on a palmer or hackle," says one oracle, "and another fly supposed to be in season, and when you have taken a fish, open his belly and see which he has been feeding on, then use a fly of the same colour."

S. I have heard the same stuff gravely enunciated by people who never once paused to consider its utter absurdity, and who set me down as a Johnny-raw in the science, when I ventured to remark that I would fish any river with three palmers of my own choosing.

J. There must, however, be very different fishing in different rivers, some requiring more dexterity than others. The Irish and Scotch are good anglers, I believe.

S. Undoubtedly; but some of them would find it difficult to fish such streams as these. In sharp running water you must strike the moment you feel your fish, or he is gone; but where the current runs sluggishly, it is necessary to give him time, or you lose him to a certainty. Much of the angler's success, however, depends on his acquaintance with the water, and the whereabouts of the fish. But, come, let me see you throw for a trout. I think you will find one lying just to the left of that tuft of weeds. Can you reach him?

J. I'll try. There!

S. You moved him. Wait a moment. He seems inclined, but let him recover himself. Take up a foot of your line, and, if he takes your fly, be sure you do not let him plunge into the weeds. Now try again. Well done!—you have him. Walk down stream with him, and wind up as fast as you can. He's a fine fish, and shows excellent sport. Be ready, Simon. Give him a little line again. So! that was well done!—now recover it.

J. He's evidently averse to any acquaintance with the fool at the other end, and declines a meeting.

S. His struggles are vain. See,—he reels, and shows his golden side! It's all over with him. Give me the landing-net, Simon. Now lead him to the bank. No—*non placet*—another struggle for life or death, but in vain. Bring him in. There, sir, he's yours,—a well-fed fish, and a good pound and a half.

J. Faith! this is worth all the bottom-fishing in the world!

S. Ay, truly, and your quarry is more elegant. Your fly-fisher may take to trolling when trout fishing is over, but he looks impatiently for the return of spring. Some skill is needed, too, in playing a fish with light tackle like this, but you may tow a jackass down stream with jack-tackle; or, as the "Young Angler's Instructor" acutely observes, "you can only lose him by not giving him time."

J. A friend of mine never fishes with more than one fly at a time. What think you of the practice? This fish you see took my bob-fly, and in his floundering and plunging I feared the other would become entangled.

S. Mr. Penn, who in his "Maxims and Hints" has given us some of the best instructions in trout-fishing, has a remark on the subject which is a good answer to all that has been said. "The learned," says he, "are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of whipping with two flies or with one. I am humbly of opinion that your chance of hooking fish is much increased by your using two flies, but I think that by only using one you increase your chance of landing the fish." There can be no doubt of this, and I have illustrated it myself occasionally, having caught with one fly a fine fish, and with the other a most obdurate weed or a bramble, which has either broken my tackle or suffered the fish to shake himself loose. Notwithstanding this, I prefer using two flies, because I think the "bob," as you draw your line across the stream, more frequently invites the attention of the fish; moreover, it is generally taken at the end of a straight line, and therefore the creature is more likely to hook himself. Come, try again.

J. There's a fish rising a few yards lower down. I'll throw for him. I have him! quick!—the landing net.

S. You need not trouble yourself: your friend is small, and not fit for the creel.

J. I thought him at first a fine fish. He took the fly greedily, and made a great fuss.

S. Just so,—which is almost a certain sign of his extreme youth. You did not find your first fish do so: he scarcely showed himself at the onset. I love to feel my rod bend with the sudden sullen downward plunge of a trout, for that generally assures me that my fish is of a fair size, while a small one dashes at the prize as a spoilt child snatches the apple you offer him. I have lost a very heavy fish, which went down in the sullen manner, without showing himself at all, and after a few minutes succeeded in getting clear off. Salmon will sometimes serve you so, and you have no resource left but to pelt them up.

J. I like the look of your rod better than my own: give me leave to exchange with you for a short time.

S. Yours is somewhat too pliant for my hand, but it is a well-made rod, and as fine as brass rings and varnish can make it. This smartness dazzles the eyes of our clowns, who sometimes say the rods are "a nashun zite too vine var the vish,"—don't they, Simon?

Simon. Eez, zur, um do. Vishes be martal timersome, and dwont like anything as glisters too much. Jack Ockell wud zometimes be

out early in the marnin, and just as a 'd get to the river zide, up 'd come owld Varmer Smith wi' his white smock vrock on, and put Jack in a girt pelt, coz 'ud stand clost by the zide on hin to watch hin. "Od drattle't!" Jack u'd cry, "If you be gwain' to stand there, I med as well drow my hat at um, that's ael!" and then the varmer 'd gwo away laughin, and say Jack was a curious wosbird to be zhure!

S. (Aside to *J.*) My friend, you see, is coming out; and, if you can bear with him, you will hear some queer stories presently.

J. To be sure I will; but I find some difficulty in understanding him.

S. I'll supply the gloss.

J. Thank you: I am quite ready for my lessons in the language of Alfred and Beda. There 's a fish rising under that bank. Pshaw!—I cannot reach him. I cannot cast so far by a full yard.

S. Let me try. There!—I have him.

J. Phew! what a length of line! and what a fine fish! He fights nobly, but you have him well in hand.

S. I hold with Mr. Penn there, who says your success will often depend greatly upon the manner in which you first commence your acquaintance with a fish, who, if you give him time to put his helm up, may cause you much trouble. Now, Simon,out with him. Humph!—about two pounds.

J. A beautiful fish. I wish I could cast a line with your skill.

S. You will do that soon. I am a poor hand, compared with many whom I have met; but the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and a habit of observation as to the haunts of fish will often compensate for some want of skill. Still, to be able to cast a long and light line to a great distance, is an unquestionable advantage. It is amusing to see a green fisherman whipping away at a fish that lies just out of his reach, till by and by a rustic-looking personage appears by his side, bearing a rod whose staff is like a weaver's beam, and, with a "I thenks *I* can put it auver hin," *swash* goes the aforesaid staff, out goes the line some twenty-five yards or so, and, in a twinkling, a big trout is plunging at the end of it.

J. I am surprised to find so many fish here in a stream so much exposed. I suppose Simon helps to watch it.

Simon. Eez, zur, I helps a bit now and then. Us tuk one chap laast zummer, and a purty nigh drownded oon on us, but us got un out at laast, and tuk un in to the public, when a axed lave to dry zelf, and tuk ael's duds off; but I'll be whipped if a didn't bowlt out o' winder as naked as a worm, and tuk acrass the vields, and got right awoy, a poaching wosbird!

S. They can do less harm here than in smaller and shallower streams, except by poisoning.

Simon. Ye yeard, I s'pwose, how Tom Ockell pwizined Squire ——'s vish, Zur?

S. No; how was that?

Simon. Whoy, a was never quite clane in ael's life; zo one vine night laast midsummer, a perswaded hizzelf to get into the Bruk, and the next marnin,—to be zhure!—there *was* a vine caddle! A 'd pwizoned ael the vish, a was so cusnashun dirty!

J. (to *S.*) There is a choice epithet which your friend has used more than once, and which I don't remember meeting with before. Pray what does he mean by a *wosbird*?

S. It has been supposed by many to be a term synonymous with *bastard,* but I am inclined to the opinion of a friend, who suggests that the first syllable is composed of the Anglo-Saxon "wo," *wrong, evil, misfortune,* or *mischief:* a "wosbird" is therefore equivalent to a *bird of evil,* or *bird of mischief,* and in this sense it is applied by those who use it. I don't believe it is used at all in the north of England, and it may therefore be considered a remnant of the West Saxon dialect, to which, like many other words, it is peculiar; while some are common among the rural population throughout the country, from the Isle of Wight to the Tyne. Thus the pure Anglo-Saxon "ael," for *all,* is still found from north to south; but in the counties south of the Avon it is less frequent, and only heard among those who adhere to and use the "owld taak," as they term it. But if you encourage me in these etymological reveries, you'll lose some fine fish, and this is a morning which the angler ought not to neglect. Let us go and look after Simon's "two or dree girt uns down yander." I remember, some years since, when near this spot, running to the rescue of an elderly piscator, who had hooked and was playing a fine trout, when suddenly the fish's guardian angel appeared in the shape of a wasp, which careered at his nose so menacingly, that, but for my timely assistance, the veteran angler would have come off second best.—(*Exeunt.*)

LONG JIM:

OR, THE TIPPERARY PROCESS-SERVER.

BY A "COVE" OF CORK.

On a fine, cold, frosty morning, in the month of November, I think it was, in the year—no matter what year,—I started from "the Town of Honey," (which is a literal translation from the vernacular "*Clounmolla*," fashionably corrupted into Clonmel,) by what was, and, for aught I know to the contrary, still is, called the "Mail Car," a machine by which one horse drags you side-ways through the world, while you sit in sulky silence with your back to your opposite neighbour, or poke your elbows into the ribs of him or her who happens to sit beside you, (and of course you reciprocate the compliment,) with, now and then, a "Sir, the rain from your umbrella is dropping down my neck, and my lap is already full of water," and it is more than likely, you accompany the intimation with one of those half-uttered phrases, for the terrible use of which we are assured our troops were remarkable in Flanders. However, nothing of this sort occurred upon the present occasion, for, as I have already stated, the morning was clear, dry, and frosty. We started at about an hour after day-light; I say "we," for there were two of us, to wit, myself, and a tall individual, wrapt up in a military cloak, who would not condescend to share a seat with me, but preferred turning his back upon me, and would, no doubt, upon all the world beside, but for the "side-long" motion of the "Car." Well, on we went, without exchanging a word, for about five miles, when the driver pulled up, and another tall individual, but by no means of military aspect, demanded a seat. To my astonishment, *then*, (but the event afterwards explained it,) the driver gave this man a look which plainly said, "I'd as soon see the devil on the car as you," while at the same time he put in all sorts of crotchets and quavers, to induce the man to wait for the Mail Coach.

"'Tis for Nenagh you are, is it?"

"Iss it is, hurry a vic, and open the apron at onct, and let us be goin'."

"Why thin, sure you wont gain anything by comin' wood me, becase you'll have to wait in Limbrick for the coach, an' wouldn't it be betther for you, and more comfortable into the bargain, to wait at home, than in sthrange place?"

"Here, here, don't be keepin me standin' here in the cowld wood yer parlayin', but open the apron and let me up at wanst," while at the same time he proceeded to do so himself, and before the driver had got down, he had got up, and seated himself, quite to his own satisfaction evidently, beside me. He was a tall man, as I have said, over six feet high, and of powerful muscular proportions. He was one of the peasantry of the country, and was better dressed than they usually are, for in addition to the general coarse but whole and clean clothing, he wore an enormous blue over-coat, and a hat with a broad brim, which he had pulled so far over his forehead, that, what with it and the collar of the coat, I could but indistinctly see his face.

We reached the town of Caher with as strict an observance of

silence as if we had both been born dumb; and the driver too, who had, all the morning, been whistling and singing in high spirits, appeared to have lost all the wonted cheerfulness of his class, as if the addition of this one to our party portended some ill luck.

While we were changing horses, or rather *horse,* for it would appear that the conveyance of her Majesty's day-mail through those wild districts would not then warrant a more numerous team,—while, I say, a fresh horse was being put to, one of those loungers who infest every coach-office in Ireland, particularly in such miserable, melancholy, silent, deserted places, or spaces, as Caher, miscalled a town, (though the mansion of the Noble lord of the soil is in the centre of it, and the lord himself a lord of vast possessions,) one of those half-fed, half-clothed poor devils, lounged up to the front of the seat I occupied, and stretching forth his arms and mouth in a protracted yawn, peered into the face of my new neighbour, and, at once recognising him, thus addressed him:—

"Arra Jim, your sowl, is that you?—Wisha Dhee yiv,* a vic; an' how is it wood ye?—be gorra 'tis a great while now sense we see ye in these parts. Is it home you'd be goin', Jim, or are ye at the ould thrade still?"

Jim, all this time kept his head down and maintained a most imperturbable silence, which his inquisitor appeared to translate into an affirmative to the latter question, for he went on, while several others of the same class had drawn near.

"Why, thin, be gorra, Jim, 'tisn't kind father for the likes av you, but to earn an honest penny, for yer father and mother's child ought to have some sperrit, and lave dirty work to the shoneens.*

A voice from the crowd here called out, "Come, boys, who'll give Long Jim a thrate?" which was followed by a shout of laughter, and several other voices calling out, "Faiks, thin, maybe he'll get a *thrate* on the road, who knows?" and a knowing wink was instantly telegraphed between several of the fellows assembled, which appeared to make the driver anything but comfortable, for he jumped hastily into his seat, and as he cracked his whip, and the horse bounded beneath it, we dashed down the precipitous hill which lies between Lord Glengall's house and the Castle Bridge, while a shout followed us, in which I could distinctly hear the words, "'Tis well for you, Jim, that you're in good company to day, or be gonnies the daylight wouldn't save you."

I had travelled this road many times before, and by the same conveyance, and never, until this morning, knew the driver to neglect the precaution of putting on the drag or break. We were now going at a fearful pace, and I had to hold on by the iron rail round the seat with both hands, to save myself from being dashed off. Jim did the same, while he uttered the most fearful imprecations against the driver, who certainly did not appear to care much what might happen. However, he tugged or affected to tug at the headlong brute, but with no effect, for on he went until we were within about twenty yards of the bridge, when he came down on his knees, which were dreadfully torn, while Jim, the driver, and myself rolled over and over in a heap, amid cries of terror from those who had run after us, and who expected every moment to see us all find a watery grave.

* God save you, my son. † Low fellows.

However, with the exception of a few bruises and a great deal of road-dirt, we all escaped uninjured; another horse was put to, and this time we started at a more moderate pace.

Again the silence remained for a long time unbroken, and I was just meditating how I could manage to draw Jim into a chat, when we gained the summit of a hill. The sun had just burst from behind a cloud; and as any remark upon the weather is sure to elicit an answer, I said, turning to Jim, "I think we shall have a fine day."

Jim turned his head round, turned his coat down, and turned his hat up, and betrayed a rather ill-conditioned countenance. He had as many half-healed scars upon it as if he had seen "many a well fought field," while his lip, chin, and cheeks were in that state that reminded me of an answer made me once by a friend with whom I remonstrated upon the necessity of shaving, namely, "Why, my dear fellow, I shaved last week."

Jim looked at the sun, the clouds, and the direction of the wind, and then announced that he concurred in opinion with me as to the sort of day we were likely to have, and in five minutes more we were in high conversation, for a cigar which I offered, and which he eagerly accepted, appeared to be the right key wherewith to unlock his wordy treasury.

"You're fond of smoking, I see, Jim?"

"Oh! faiks, you're right there, 'tis myself that is, particularly the likes o' these."

"Musha, be my sowl 'tis no wandther for the likes o' *you* to have impedence whin gintlemin will cock ye up wood seegares," chimed in the driver, who had turned round on hearing Jim's remark, and gave him a look of unmistakable indignation.

"Did ye spake to me, young man?" asked Jim of the jarvey.

"Did I spake to *you* is it? musha I'd be well in my way—*spake to you* indeed! 'Tis come to a purty pass wood me when I have no wan to spake to but *you*."

"I tell you what, ye spalpeen," said Jim, starting to his feet and scowling on the driver, who certainly was no match for him in physique, "I tell you what, I want none of *your* talk any how."

"You want as much as you'll get av it; an maybe you'll somethin' else that you want *more*, but don't expect *this bout*," and jarvey whipped his horse as he uttered the last sentence.

"Well, Jim," asked I, "what did those fellows mean by the 'old trade,' this morning?"

"Oh yea, sir, they wor hambuggin'; 'tis a way they have when they meets an ould friend an the road."

"'Tis a way they have, is it? I'll take the vestment they'll make you lave off some av yer ways afore long," half muttered the driver.

"But what is the old trade, Jim?"

"Arra, how does I know? I suppose they manes the surveyin' line that I took to, wanst upon a time, an I was obleeged to give it up, becase they said I med a mistake, an 'twas no use goin' an wood it; and sorry I am now I didn't sthick to it."

"Faith, ye never tould truth till now," growled the driver.

"And the mistake, what was that?"

"Why you see, when you're larnin' surveyin', these things in it

that they calls grayjunts, and the divil a wan o' me could ever undherstand what they wor, though I was tould they meant that the higher up a road went, 'twas so many feet above the level, an av coorse the lower down you could keep the road, the betther. Well, you see, I offered to make a road, wanst upon a time, and be me sowl a long wan it was, twenty miles, divil a yard less, as I'm a sinner."

"*You* a sinner, Jim! oh, yea farrgah,* is it *you!*" cried jarvey with a chuckle.

"Mind your own business, young man, I'd have ye. Well, sir, as I was a sayin', when that spalpeen intherupted me, the road was to be twenty miles long, over a stiff counthry, but av coorse it was my business to take as much av the grayjunts out av it as I could, so whin I was before the binch o' magisthrates, they says to me,

"'Well, will you ondhertake to make this road?' says they.

"'In coorse I will, gintlemin,' says I.

"'How long is it?'

"'Twenty miles, yer hanar.'

"'What are the grayjunts in it?' says wan. Here was a puzzler; my sowl to glory"—

"Oh! murdher! oh, ho, ho, ho!" shouted the driver.

"My sowl to glory, sir," continued Jim, without heeding the interruption this time, "my sowl to glory, sir, but you see I thought the best thing I could do was to have as little o' them in it as I could, so I ups an says, 'The grayjunts, sir, is it?'

'"Iss, iss,' says they, 'in what proportion are the grayjunts?'

"'Oh, sir,' says I, 'they're about *wan in two.*'

"Arra, my dear sir, wood that, you see, they set up a shout at me, and tould me to go about my business, and larn some other thrade besides surveyin'."

"An' an honest wan you swapt it for, too, Jim," added jarvey.

I certainly was obliged to shout out laughing aloud, at which Jim appeared utterly confounded.

By this time the day had become beautifully clear and fine: the sun shone out from an unclouded sky; the road was wide, hard, and level, and for nearly a mile ran in a direct line, and was bounded on either side by a high hedge or "ditch," as it is unaccountably called in the Emerald Isle; the country all around, as far as the eye could scan, was most beautifully undulated, and well adapted for hunting; a sport which few days of the season it did not witness, while, in the distance, the magnificent range of the Galtees raised their snowy summits to the heavens. It was a most enchanting scene, and I was contemplating it with all the delightful, refreshing feeling which the grandeur of nature, be the season what it may, cannot fail to inspire; and in the distribution of which, the hand of the great Creator has been so lavish in that paradox of inexhaustible riches and incredible poverty, Ireland,—I was lost in admiration of this panorama when a shout or shriek of horror burst upon my ear, and almost threw me off. Before I could recover from the shock, I received a blow of some blunt weapon from behind, which split my hat and nearly my head; and as I was in the act of falling, I also saw the driver tumbling from his

* "For shame."

seat, heels over head, and the next moment we both measured our lengths on the road. In an instant I was again upon my feet, and ran to the side of the road opposite to where I had fallen, and with my back close to the hedge, and nearly up to my knees in mud, contemplated the scene.

And such a scene! I was utterly at a loss to comprehend it. The driver was in the act of gathering himself up, but evidently afraid to do so, while he shouted out at the very top of his voice, "Oh! blessed Vargin, I'm kilt — Oh! holy St. Kevin, look down an me!—I'm spilt. Oh! St. Pether, an' Paul, an' all the saints, purtect us — shure it can't be 'tis the letthers they want? Oh! glory be to God, what 'ill become o' me this day if they takes the bags?—oh, boys—gentlemin I mane, for your mothers' sowls, an' the souls ov all belongin' to you, look doun an the pore orphan and lave me the mail."

In this strain he continued to howl and shout, while at the head of the horse stood a gigantic fellow, in whose nervous gripe the reins were firmly fixed, and the horse perfectly powerless, though restiff; over the opposite hedge were scrambling a number of women and children and some men; a cloud of stones every instant darkened the air, which was also rent by the most wild and savage shouts in Irish. Jim was still standing on the foot-board of the car, his knees on the seat, and his head bent, ostrich fashion, into the "well," as it is called, while huge lumps of limestone were hopping off his broad back like so many racket balls.

For about a minute and a half he remained in this attitude, yelling like a bull "Murdher, murdher, neighbours, will no wan save me, oh, oh, oh!" he then rolled off the car, and fell, full length, behind it, whereupon the women and children, and two or three lads of about seventeen, rushed upon the unhappy wretch and commenced a fearful onslaught of stones and kicks.

By some means he managed, notwithstanding the imminent peril he was in, to gain his feet, strike out in all directions, and every blow told, and felled the party with fearful violence. In the next instant he rushed to where I stood, made a blow at me, no doubt mistaking me, for the blood from his head nearly blinded him, and had I received that blow, I would not now be here to tell the tale, for I think it would have felled an ox!

The driver was my friend and saviour upon the occasion; the blow was descending when the lead-loaded end of his whip split poor Jim's ear, and the blood literally spouted from the wound. He reeled and staggered but did not fall—at this moment there appeared to be a truce to afford breathing time, for what I have just described was so instantaneous that I had not collected my senses. Jim, however, appeared to understand it all very well; he took advantage of the pause, rushed with the swiftness of a hunted deer to a cabin door, but it was slammed in his face; then at another, but with as little success; and as he was passing me to reach the third, I never, never can forget the concentration of horror and despair his eye betrayed. He bounded madly at the door — it was slammed in his face, — the stones again began to shower, amidst deafening shouts of "Ah, the stag!"—"To betray his own!"—"Down with him!"—"Ah, Shamus Slough!"—"Ah, ha, take that!" as each missile told. He turned round once and glared upon his assailants, and the affrighting picture of blood and dirt

his features presented appeared to have appalled them. Here was another pause of a moment; he well knew of how short duration it would be, so seizing it, he rushed at the last cabin door that had dashed his last hope from him, and so tremendous was the force with which he came against it that it fell with a loud crash, he of course falling with it.

With an alacrity truly incredible, he was on his feet again, and before his savage assailants could pounce upon him he was up, and had the door to.

In another moment it was surrounded and attacked; but the giant who held the horse suggested that all this time Jim might have got out by the back of the house, and be at that moment making his way across the country.

This new idea appeared to make the party absolutely wild with disappointed rage; the greater portion shouting out fearful imprecations in Irish, dashed over the hedge, and across the fields, while a few, and amongst the rest the giant, kept guard before the door, occasionally casting a stone at it, and calling upon those within to open it if they valued their lives, and let out the "Stag."

When first the attack was made, I thought the object of the assailants was to rob the mail; but when I saw that such was not the intent, I exclaimed to the giant "Good God, what can he have done to deserve such treatment?" At the same moment a stripling approached me, with my hat in one hand, while with the other he most industriously rubbed the mud into the fur, as he said "Ah, thin, I hope yer anner isn't hurt, sir?"

"Hurt! why, my good fellow, I got one of the first stones that were thrown, which would have split my skull, in all probability, but for my hat."

"Throth, an' that would be a pity, yer anner; but I'm afeered o' my life yer hat is split, an' be gorra that's a shame, for 'tis a rale Car'line, so it is."

"But what did that unfortunate man do, that you want to take his life?"

"Oh, shastho, his life indeed! I'll be bound he has as many lives as a cat. No, sir, we only wants to give him a taste of what's in store for him if he don't lave off. I think Ned," said he, turning to the giant, "the best thing we can do is to make him ate every wan iv em."

"Upon my conscience," replied Ned, "it wouldn't be a bad plan at all."

"Eat what?" I asked.

"Oh, thim little shlips o' paper he do be takin' about the counthry wood him, sir, ruinin' the poor people; an' what harm, only the blackguard is one of ourselves, an' a dacent father and mother's child, that 's ashamed av him, so they are."

"I don't understand you still."

"Arra shure, sir," exclaimed the giant, "insted of takin' to honest work to earn his bread, the nasty baste, for the sake o' the thrifle he gets by it, become a bailiff, bad luck to him, an' goes about, sarvin' his own flesh an' blood, I may say, wood notices to pay tithes—who could stand the likes o' that?" and he bent a fist like a sledge-hammer at the door of the cabin.

At this moment a handsome travelling chariot and four, was seen

approaching from a direction opposite to that in which we were travelling when stopped. The equipage appeared to be very well known, for the moment it was recognised, a hasty consultation was held by the few remaining assailants of Jim, in which the driver took part, and the result was, that they all decamped, first intimating to Jim that, only they were afeered his Lordship or the agent was in the carriage, the devil a foot he should stir till he ate every taste of the parchment." The giant then gave me a friendly valediction, cautioned me never to travel in company with the "likes" again, and having repeated his sorrow that I should have fallen in for any share of what he considered was not half Jim's due, whispered something in my ear which meant that I should not be over nice in my power of identification, in the event of my ever being summoned as a witness in favour of Jim; and disappeared behind the house just as the chariot drove up.

The occupant, who appeared to be a very fine looking man, in the prime of life, put out his head, and asked what had happened; I stept over, and was about to explain, when I heard a strong Yorkshire accent behind me, exclaiming, "Oh yes, oy know all about it; it was an awttock to rob the mayol, thot it was—but if oy had had a coople o' pistols oyd a shot um all, dom me if oy wouldn't." I looked round, and for the first time since the commencement of the row, beheld the man in the military cloak, who *appeared* to be, or to *have been* a soldier. The gentleman in the carriage looked at him in evident disgust, and having heard my explanation, stept out, knocked at the cabin door, which was instantly opened. Jim, who appeared to know him very well, almost rushed into his arms; he was ordered to get up behind the carriage, which he did without delay, and after a few words of stern reproof to those in the cabin, the owner of the chariot bowed to me, stept in, and in a few minutes more was out of sight.

The driver of the car now turned his attention to the state of his horse and conveyance, and found both so completely deranged and damaged that he declared it would be "unpossible for him to go another foot, so it would, and we should wait for the coach."

We accordingly strolled along to the next Shebeen house, where we patiently awaited the arrival of the coach; and being once more on the road, my new companions were most anxious to know what disaster had befallen me.

I briefly related the facts, at which coachee, a jolly, red-faced, good-humoured fellow, familiarly called "Billy," laughed heartily, and vowed that "luck or grace was never known to be at the same side of the road with Long Jim."

SUMMER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

The rocky vale leading to the fall is savage and gloomy, and the water comes rushing most gracefully and violently over a heap of piled-up rocks, very like the fall and the scenery of Pistil-y-Cain, near Dolgelly, in North Wales. This is the first fall; but, however I might see cause to admire it in its infancy, the Reichenbach, in its maturity, far surpasses this beginning as I found a few hours later, when I beheld it in all its wondrous glory from a lower point.

As I stood upon a fragile bridge over the rapid and impetuous torrent at Rosenlaui, and listened with delight to the splash and roar of waters in this silent glen, I scarcely imagined that I could meet with anything finer than the cataract I was then watching. The stream issues from a beautiful azure glacier, lying in light between the Welhorn and the Engel-Hörner, and one perhaps of the purest, as to colour, of any in the Alps.

Another glacier spreads out between the Wetterhorn and Welhorn, and is called the Schwarzwald. It is very grand and gloomy, and has none of the fairy-like beauty of its charming neighbour, whose near vicinity to the village of Rosenlaui I could not, however, contemplate without misgivings as to its ravages at certain seasons.

The few cottages at this village are very picturesque, but the spot itself is one singularly solitary and dreary. What it must be in winter is mournful to imagine; probably the inn is shut up, and the inhabitants all retire to the lower ground, like the mountaineers of the Pyrenean villages.

A slight shower had fallen, and the aspect of the sky was threatening: we therefore mounted, and continued our route for fear of encountering snow.

The sun, however, broke forth again, and all was summer. The rhododendron was in full crimson flower along our path, and every now and then we came to a thick wood of fine pine-trees, the largest I had yet seen. The scenery here reminded me extremely of the beautiful mountain-rides I formerly enjoyed in the Mont Dores, in Auvergne, which are nowhere surpassed, and should be more visited by English travellers. Their tangled groves and verdant platforms are *more* beautiful even than these in which I now wandered; but they have not, surmounting them, the magnificent icy peaks, which run glittering up into the skies in all directions, and make this region so peculiarly magnificent.

The Reichenbach torrent accompanied us on our descent, fuming and roaring with untiring voice, and from the summits of the precipices on its sides came dashing down numerous falls of water. One called the Rope-fall (Seilbach) is particularly graceful and attractive, as it throws its silver cords from rock to rock, like a ladder for lovers to escape by.

The road was now become so rough and uneven that we were compelled to dismount from our steeds, and scramble along as we best could on foot.

The vale of Hasli, or Meyringen, now opened before us in great beauty. It is the very perfection of a Swiss valley, and every point

of view from which it is seen in the ascent shows it to the greatest advantage, as if nature were bent on providing a succession of treats and surprises to her admirers.

There is a little pavilion-cottage, called the Belvedere, above the village of Zwirghi, placed on a point of rock close to the chief fall of the Reichenbach, which is the usual resting-place and shelter generally chosen, from whence to view the glorious cataract in safety. Formerly the adventurous traveller got wet through as he stopped to contemplate these wonders; but there is a *chemin de velours* everywhere now, and from a sofa at a window he can watch the play of waters at his ease.

From the commencement of the Reichenbach's leaps to its repose in the bed of the Aar, it gambols for a distance of two thousand feet, and this, the Upper Fall, is one of the most splendid of its performances. The immense body of water bounds over a perpendicular precipice of great height, alighting in a hollow rocky basin, where it fights, and foams, and roars with a stunning noise, after which its broken waters descend like a soft cloud of spray into the gulf below.

I sat and watched their ceaseless fall till my eyes were dazzled with their whiteness. They fall in a series of pointed wreaths, like the graceful patterns on the arches of the Alhambra, and cast far and wide a subtle spray, which penetrates everything. The window being at first open, I soon found the sofa on which I sat quite wet, and all my dress soaked through; but, not content with beholding the spirits play through a dim pane, I sallied forth, braving the ceaseless shower, till I was almost blinded with its rain, and was fain once more to take shelter in the Belvedere, the young mistress of which was the prettiest, indeed, I grieve to say, almost the *only* pretty woman I saw in Switzerland,—and she was lovely, but not, alas! dressed in costume. If she only knew how it would become her, and would return to it, an artist's eye would not look in vain for a characteristic as well as charming figure to enrich his view of the Falls of the Reichenbach.

We remounted our horses not far from this spot, and, somewhat fatigued with our exciting and delightful day's journey, rode slowly into the village of Meyringen, and were not sorry to find ourselves safely housed in the Sauvage.

In front of the inn at Meyringen extends a broad face of rock crowned with forests, and streaked with numerous falls. The lower fall of the Reichenbach is a beautiful object, and can be traced in many of its leaps all down the mountain, till it is received into the bosom of the Aar, whose waters travel through the beautiful plain, for the valley is wide enough to be so called.

There was a greater collection at the Sauvage of carved wooden articles than any I had yet seen, and they are there found in singular perfection. The traveller, fascinated as he is sure to be by the beauty of this manufacture, need give himself no trouble or anxiety on the subject. He has only to select any articles he pleases, to any amount, and give his address, in whatever part of England he resides. The goods are packed and sent off to the Rhine, and in due course safely delivered in London, where (the money being then paid, and not before) they are forwarded to the returned expectant amateur, who covers his tables and shelves with the charming *objets* which delighted him amongst the snows of Grindelwald, and renew, by their appearance, all the joys of travel.

From Meyringen we proceeded to the Lake of Brientz, through a

fine wide cultivated valley, the very picture of wealth, content, and beauty. It is inclosed and walled with lofty rocks of picturesque forms, from the summits of which fall numerous cataracts, shining white in the sun, and glittering amongst the trees.

At the extremity of a wide tract of meadow-land stands the little village of Brientz, where we embarked on board a boat with a female rower, whose appearance was singularly pleasing. Her dress was a brown petticoat, a grey boddice bordered with black velvet, and having large full white sleeves, very much stiffened. Her straw hat was very large, and adorned with black velvet bands round the crown, and reaching to the edge of the brim: it was fastened under her chin, and was extremely becoming. She was not pretty, but young, and healthy-looking, and plied her oars with as much grace as strength. The row to the foot of the Giesbach Fall was charming. The rocks are perpendicular on all sides, and their hollows and peaks are exceedingly striking. We landed at a quiet spot near where the waterfall rushes into the lake, and climbed up a steep path through a wood of pines and other trees, past rocky caverns and flowery nooks, all rich and glowing in the brilliant sunlight, to the house where wooden *objets* are sold, which stands on a platform directly opposite the magnificent falls. Here seats are placed for the convenience of visitors, and from hence the cataract can be seen to great advantage.

We, however, as is the general custom, mounted the steep ascent to the summit whence the glorious waterfall commences its descent. It is a toilsome progress, particularly after rain, as the rugged ground is very slippery. However, we contrived to surmount the difficulties, and to rest at each of the different stages of the fall, of which there are not fewer than twelve from top to bottom, all possessing some peculiar feature, and of extreme beauty. I could not but smile as I looked upon them, to remember the effect the pretty falls in North Wales had had on my mind, and how grand I thought them last year. Every one in the principality put together would scarcely make out the quantity of water in the Giesbach, and each of its stages is equal to the highest Welsh fall. Nevertheless they are beautiful still; even as a humming-bird, though minute, is as lovely as a peacock, and deserves to be as much admired.

The most striking portion of this series of cataracts is that where the water is precipitated over an immense shelf of projecting rock, and comes thundering down into a gulf below, tumbling, and foaming, and hastening on to form new falls over the bristling crags which impede its headlong course towards the lake, the scenery of which, seen through the watery veil which falls between the spectator and the scene, is exquisite.

I was returning slowly and with great caution, after having mounted as high as my courage would allow, and I suppose had, by my want of celerity, excited the impatience of a party who had gone at a railroad pace up the steep, and were now sweeping down again; for, as I paused at a very slippery steep place, I found myself suddenly lifted up, and hurried down the path which my presence obstructed, and at last safely landed on a ledge of rock, without being able to conjecture who my ready and unceremonious assistant could be. I only felt that I was, like Rudigar, by

"two huge black arms clasp'd round;"

and when I was released I discovered that my rapid friend, who made me a hasty bow as he disappeared, plunging into the thickets, was one of the troop who had preceded us, all of whom now passed me at a run, like so many *steinbocks*, regardless of all impediments,

> "Without stop or stay,
> Down the rocky way."

The bell of the steam-boat warned us to quit the view we were enjoying of the cataract at the platform, and descend to the shore of the lake to the place where we had first landed. We were received on board, and proceeded along the charming waters, brilliant and gay with a fine sun sparkling on their waves, to Interlachen, where we disembarked, and from whence we took our departure for Thun, returning to the beautiful inn there in time to escape the threatening storm which came on at night with all its customary violence.

The next morning, however, was fair, and the Blumis Alp was clearly defined on the blue background of the sky. I gazed upon its majestic peaks from the balcony of the hotel, till our driver, the dignified and severe Antonio de Diego, who in his manners combined the Italian and Spaniard, with four black Roman steeds, which we had re-engaged, came pacing up to the door, and carried us off from the delightful spot which I had so much enjoyed.

The town of Thun, though it can lay no claim to beauty, has yet a venerable appearance, and an aspect somewhat Italian, from the remains of heavy stone arcades, which were formerly general in the streets. The modern houses near are rather in cockney taste, with gardens and arbours close to the road; but they are generally placed in good situations, and command fine views of the lake and mountains.

The morning we left Thun was bright and warm, and the snowy heights were hung with soft, delicate, fleecy clouds, whose festoons depended over the purple sides of the mountains, sometimes brilliant with flashes of sun, and sometimes dark, and solemn, and gloomy. Wild rocks and dark fir-woods ushered us into the Simmenthal, and by its torrent stream we continued our way through pretty villages, composed of old red pine-wood cottages beautifully carved, and by meadows covered with blue harebells and flowers of all bright and glowing colours, making the scene one blaze of gay enamelling; while the two giant forms of the Stockhorn and the Neisen, guarding the valley, "looked from their throne of clouds" over their fair domain.

At the foot of the Stockhorn lies, on still elevated ground, the pretty and interesting village of Erlenbach, where we paused to cross a field to the rural church and the minister's handsome house, embowered in trees, and surrounded by gardens, spoken of by Latrobe in his account of his Swiss wanderings.

I sat some time beneath the shady arcades of the church, enjoying the cheerful solitude, while my companion was busied in sketching the scene, which was one as peaceful and happy as could be well imagined. A summer residence in such a spot would, I should fancy, be as agreeable a way of passing a season as possible; and, as the Protestant clergy in this part of the country are in the habit of receiving boarders, it is a plan easily put into execution.

We now entered the narrow gorge of the angry, foaming Simmen, the wild beauty of whose valley, filled with craggy rocks and fir-clad slopes.

is continually varying. Huge trunks of fallen pines lay half way down the mountains, ready to be carried away in waggons, of which we met many heavily laden as we advanced along the steep road above the torrent, which conducts to the exquisite village of Boltingen, two thousand six hundred feet above the sea level, and one of the most picturesque as to situation and carved habitations I ever beheld.

The richly-tinted brown houses are here of great size, and admirably built, exhibiting every appearance of wealth and comfort. Above the heights rise in pinnacles snowy crags peering over the scene, and telling of mysteries hidden far off amidst their recesses. There is a large good inn at Boltingen, lately erected, and very commodious, so that a traveller has no reason to fear want of accommodation, wander as high as he may into the clouds of this strange region, which, though by nature singularly difficult of access, is rendered by persevering man one of the easiest to travel over in Europe.

From this height we descended into another charming valley, widening out into green pastures and luxuriant orchards, and the road bordered with magnificent trees. The rocks which form the valley's wall are pointed and peaked, menacing and gloomy, rent into dark caverns and ravines, and their sides streaming with silver cataracts, which precipitate themselves into the waters below. Some of these falls come dashing over the road, and as we passed we were frequently reached by the dancing spray that leaped from the rocks, as if pursuing us.

After passing a fine full dashing waterfall, which came furiously over a ledge of rock just in our path, the singular village of Zweisimmen lay before us. We amused ourselves, while our horses rested, strolling about looking at the carved houses, which are here extremely large and fine. All of them are old, and all can boast of the rich tints of brown and red peculiar to the pine-wood of which they are formed. Several of these houses bear the date of 1616, and are remarkably beautiful. Along each story, in a string course, runs a delicately designed pattern cut in the wood, but not one of these is the same either as to size or form. The perfection of this mode of ornament is here attained, and justly are the Zweisimmeners proud of their domiciles.

The weather was now oppressively hot, and the sun shone down with so much violence, that we found to pursue a walk we had projected to visit a neighbouring castle was impracticable. On inquiring the distance to the object of attraction we were variously informed: some persons assuring us that it was a short half mile off, some a mile, others two, till we became bewildered in uncertainty; and, on reaching a burning spot in a sandy road, from whence we could see red extinguisher-shaped towers spiring up on a height, with a row of modern windows below, giving the building more the air of a penitentiary than a feudal stronghold, we abandoned the idea of making a nearer acquaintance with the castle of Blankenburg, now inhabited by a functionary of the town, and rendered too habitable to be picturesque. Indeed this is generally the case in Switzerland, where the situation alone of the chateaux is to be admired, the buildings themselves shocking the eye by their mean appearance, and a fine ruin seldom occurring to please the imagination. In this Switzerland is much inferior to France, although her sites are grander and, in association, in particular, the former country cannot compete with the latter, her history being insignificant in comparison.

After quitting Zweisimmen, the road mounts again amongst rugged

rocks, and is so steep, that additional horses were required. The pointed tops of the pines were here even with the road, and the trees were the largest and finest I had seen. Below us lay the valley with its foaming river, its covered wooden bridges, and graceful stone arches thrown across ravines; black forests of pines extended far and wide, clothing the mountains with a sombre robe; numerous chalets peeped forth from their nooks, and high horns rose bristling to the sky, transparent and blue, while the gigantic form of a vast mountain of snow stood out bold and white in the distance.

Wilder and more magnificent grew the scene at every step; the huge Montagne Blanche, the Hornberg, and their brethren, in a rapidly developed range, burst on the view, succeeding and rivalling each other in sublimity.

The zigzag road winds and turns without ceasing, and by degrees we found ourselves descending to a flat valley, rich in pasture, but otherwise uninteresting. Hay-making was here going on with great spirit; and here is a paradise for cattle, for the vale of Saanen is famous in its kind, and is said to produce the finest cheese in Switzerland; for, whatever may be the private opinion of an English native of its quality, it is highly esteemed here and in France.

At Saanen the carved houses are on an immense scale, having ranges of windows ten in a row, like manufactories. They are all old, and burnt nearly black with the sun. Their roofs project extremely, and the whole style of building seemed to me ponderous and ungraceful, compared to the charming cottages I had seen before. In the centre of these villages there is generally a rude fountain formed of the trunk of a hollow tree, around which, as numerous Swiss views indicate, may be seen groups of peasants, looking picturesque in their curious costumes, though invariably without beauty of feature, form, or expression. Swiss beauty, in fact, appears to me to be entirely a fable as regards the inhabitants, nature having lavished all her taste and grace on the charming country.

Again we had to ascend a rocky road, cut through pine-woods of great size and majesty. A sea of black pyramids seemed below us as we looked down into the deep dells, at the bottom of which a torrent was heard with its perpetual murmur. Bridges were passed, ascents and descents made through lonely villages and dreary gorges, till we reached Chateau d'Oex, a large village placed between three and four thousand feet above the sea, in a wild position, once boasting of a mighty castle, no remains of which exist, though its site shows how important it must have been.

We slept here at *The Bear*, a clean, good inn, amidst sights and scenes worthy of the animal, whose growl may doubtless be often heard in winter amongst the amphitheatre of craggy peaks which surround the isolated community. Here was formerly a convent, and in the days when its bell tolled to vespers, savage and solitary indeed must have been the place. We enjoyed the cool fresh evening, however, and met with no sights or sounds but cheerful ones, although the region must be rife in terrors during many months of the year.

Again on the following morning, higher still we found ourselves carried by our black Romans, as if we intended to scale the skies; for we had been continually on the ascent for several days.

The precipitous pass of La Tine is extremely fine, its pine-trees of

immense size, and its rocks of singular magnificence, rising from the torrent which bathes their feet in forms of gigantic grandeur, and beautifully clothed and garlanded with wood. The descent to the pretty wild village of Montbovon is excessively steep and fatiguing. We walked great part of the way, and, when arrived, made acquaintance with a peasant woman, whose delight at talking to strangers seemed extreme.

I remarked her extraordinarily fine hair, which was undisguised by a cap, and was divided behind, and folded in large twists and plaits round and round her head. It was quite grey, and somewhat coarse, probably from want of due attention to cleanliness, but must once have been singularly beautiful. She seemed extremely gratified at the admiration we expressed, and assured us that her tresses were, some years since, the admiration of the country round, which it was easy to believe.

The road continued still precipitous, and the scenery extremely wild and fine, the rocky heights covered with pines to the very summit, huge piles of pine-logs lying by the way-side, and magnificent openings every now and then allowing a view of the plain beneath and its scattered villages. The castle of Gruyère stands on a commanding eminence, dominating the country, and, though not fine in itself, is magnificent from its position.

The town of Bulle is a rich and uninteresting place, having an extensive commerce in cheese; but the famous Gruyère which they gave us here was by no means so good even as it is sometimes to be had elsewhere, detestable as it appears to me at all times.

The strong towers of a formidable-looking castle speak the former importance of this town; but the old castle is so encumbered and defaced, that it presents no features of interest. No doubt it was a mighty stronghold in days of yore, when, with its opposite neighbour on the height of Gruyère, it guarded something more than cheeses.

Our destination was now to Vevay, on the Lake of Geneva, and glorious was the approach we made to that lovely spot. The rain, which had accompanied us from Bulle, ceased, the clouds cleared, and a sudden burst of sunlight, just as we began our descent of the mountain towards the lake, exhibited the whole scene in the utmost splendour. The snowy range of peaks which border the deep blue waters were touched with golden gleams, and glittered to their inmost recesses; Charens, Montreux, and Chillon lay at our feet, gleaming as white as the snows above them; and, towards Geneva, grey gloomy crags lifted their jagged heads into the stormy sky, and sunk away into the distance.

The inn which we had chosen for our temporary abode at Vevay is recently finished, and is a perfect palace. It stands close to the lake in a small garden, and the windows command a glorious view. I was quite enraptured with the extensive scene before me, as I stationed myself at the wide open window of my chamber, and looked over the expanse of blue waters, and the range of snow-capped mountains opposite.

It yet wanted several hours to sunset when we arrived, and a carriage was speedily got ready to convey us to Chillon, in order that we might not lose the propitious moment of seeing the lake lit with the sun's last rays.

Nowhere had I felt so much that cultivation and wealth can injure the picturesque, as in the drive from Vevay to Chillon. With nature in her most savage garb beside one, the neatness and formality of art has the

power of taming down her grand features; and the immortal snow-peaks lose by being seen from a dusty road, inclosed by long, white, high stone walls. It is true that within these dreary walls grow luxuriant vines, which stretch far up the hills on one side, and down to the very edge of the lake on the other, and, when seen from afar, have a charming effect, from the beautiful green of their exquisitely-shaped leaves; but, as I only saw the vineyards by snatches, and the white glaring wall thrust itself before my eyes, dazzling and blinding me for miles, I could by no means delight in their beauty.

After, however, passing *through* the second of the waterfalls, which come dancing down from the heights and leap across the road, to continue their gambols towards the lake, these vexatious walls cease, and Clarens is reached; a pretty, clean, gay-looking village, probably as unlike as possible now to what it was at the period when the historian of Julie's misadventures chose it for the scene of his remarkable novel.

Clarens struck me as not near so picturesque or rural as I had hoped to find it. The snug, comfortable houses, with green shutters and whitewashed faces, which appeared starting up from its luxuriant meadows, were such as one often sees on the banks of the Thames, except that these are inferior in grace or taste to our delightful villas at home, of whatever size they may be.

Montreux is much less spoilt, and its situation is better, partly on a hill and partly in a vale. The church-tower stands high, and is a fine object, with its four small *tourelles* clustering round the main tower, as if for protection. Magnificent drooping beeches here dip their long broad branches into the lake, and throw a wide shadow across the path.

The singular tooth-shaped mountain called the Dent de Jamin rises just behind Montreux, and the pretty cottages nestle beneath its mysterious form.

Close by is the old Château de Blonay, and near rises the fine feudal pile of Châtelard, a name which recalls recollections singular on such a spot. This castle probably belonged to the family of one whose love was more ill-fated than that of the imaginary heroes and heroines whose names are usually pronounced here as the spirits of the place.

One of this race was Châtelard, that unfortunate lover of the fair and fatal Mary, the beautiful and doomed Queen of Scotland, who, maligned and persecuted, was forced to condemn, though deservedly yet with natural regret, an adorer whose passion had deprived him of reason.

Hard was it for Mary Stuart — "cette reinette Ecossaise," who, as her dangerous mother-in-law Catherine de Medicis herself said, "n'avait qu' à sourire pour tourner les têtes Françaises"—hard was it for her that both her friends and foes combined to injure her in the eyes of the world: Châtelard was one of the most guilty, and grievously did he answer for his wild crime.

If he was born in this region where the great English poet, whose melody has rendered the glowing descriptions of Rousseau a mere echo, declares that Love took his birth,—that the snows, the glaciers, the trees, the air speak only of his power,—if here he was nourished on such dangerous food, the imprudent Châtelard may find pardon for the mad folly which the scaffold extinguished.

THE CRANKS OF CHRISTMAS TIDE.

BY A CHILD OF LARGER GROWTH.

"Si ceux, qui sont ennemis des divertissemens honnêtes, avoient la direction du monde, ils voudroient ôter le printemps et la jeunesse, l'un de l'année, et l'autre dela vie."—BALZAC.

"IT requires more than one wise man to make a fool." So wrote Confucius, and our Shakspeare has further set down that "it is a *part of wisdom,* sometimes to play the fool," and that "to play the fool *well* requires a kind of wit!" Horace too has declared it "*pleasant* to play the fool in a proper place." From which coinciding axioms we may fairly infer that he who *cannot* play the fool well, has little wisdom, and the corollary is, that he who will not in some things be "the child of the time" will never be a wise man at *any time.*

What indeed can be more ridiculous and disagreeable than certain people who throughout their long lives are manifestly *too clever to live!* Men who never permit themselves to be merry at anything, and are pleased at nothing! too well-informed to be instructed—too high-minded to stoop to trifles. With too much forecast to be taken by surprise, and too clear-sighted to be, even for one moment, what they term "*taken in*" and "*imposed upon,*" ever betraying a desire to make apparent their wise doubts and persisting "*good sense,*" which cannot forsooth lend itself to anything trifling or inconsequent; making dulness and grim reality their firm allies, they fix themselves upon an immovable pedestal of self-elevation, rendering it a stumbling-block to less material matter, and look down upon the common level of humanity with supreme contempt. Or should they deign occasionally *to walk the earth,* they feel disgusted at every variation from their own dull track, from which they never deviate, into the bright and flowery path of fancy, or incline to the slightest diversion from the one-eyed, straightforward view through the vista of life; looking neither to the right nor to the left, they resent with the severity even of *insulted virtue* the most innocent stratagem tending to what they call *deceive,* from the harmless trifling upon a pack of cards, to the more scientific craft of a *Ramo Same.* In short, any departure from the broad highway of *matter of fact* and dulness is looked upon by the Solomon of the scene as little less than a wilful affront to his solemn "good sense," and thus he plods onward, neither borrowing nor lending to the most innocent diversion.

People of this class, however they may vary in degree, have something in common by which they may be easily known; the discriminating stamp, the *brand* in all being an inveterate gravity of demeanour, immobility of muscle, impassibility of countenance and a heart destitute of emotion.

Such people may be termed the *wet blankets* of society, the *Bugbears* to innocent recreation, the *Fee fa fums* to youthful jollity, and the *Raw-heads and bloody-bones* of cheerful meetings, amidst which they stalk about like monitory ghosts of smothered joys to scare away the season's enjoyment, and "mar the pleasure of the time." Like night-mares they press their leaden weight upon the buoyant bosoms of the light-hearted, "clogging the motion of young healthful blood," and

keeping it in most unnatural bondage for lack of due circulation. Such dark spectres should be exorcised from the haunts of civil life, and laid, like the body of the fiery *Tybalt,* in the charnel house, to "fester in the shroud" of their own dead or unborn sympathies.

One such object will, by his murky influence, serve to cloud a whole atmosphere of mirth. He will sit within the social circle, as if "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart," unscathed, untouched, by the brisk lightning flashes of wit and fancy which are wont "to set the table in a roar," shrinking alike from a collision with hilarious spirits and joyous youth, whether prone to a holiday gambol or seeking by simple devices to vary local pastime, and by the season's license "beguile the lazy time with some delight," haply to relieve the *tedium* of a rural sojourn, under stress of weather, devising means whereby to warm the blood which might otherwise be chilled by bodily inertion and wintry frost, and thus keep harmony in "the heart's inner chamber."

Is *he* not a happier, a wiser man, who in a season of privileged foolery, would with even ostentatious zeal, and well-assumed unconsciousness, suffer the supernumerary appendage, sportively attached by the approved *Pickle* of the family, to dangle ludicrously at his back, even to the humouring of the *Monboddo theory* (whereby hangs a *tail*), and permit the fanciful superfluity to lag after him throughout an evening, rather than balk the light-hearted and laughter-loving of their brief period of simple mirth and harmless enjoyment, by detecting the deformity even one minute before the given time? Thus located at a time when horse-play and disorder is the only order of the day, and practical joking, *no joke,* or perhaps the *only* joke, did the *really* kind-hearted man ever feel tempted by the demon of decorum to frustrate any little scheme perpetrated against the lordly dignity of man's estate by the happy young!—above all when planned and executed by some rosy-fingered *Hebe* of ten or twelve summers' blow, whose smooth cheeks have never been the channel of a tear, nor her fair brows clouded by a frown!

What man in whose bosom the germ of good-nature is implanted could, when finding himself within the flowery chain of youthful festivity and gladness, break rudely through its fragile links, and with a sullen brow turn from the humour of the scene, or attempt to substitute his own dull unseasonable "sense" in place of the nonsense which then alone is seasonable, ay, and *sensible* too? The wise man fits his behaviour to his company; the fool is always struggling to fit his company to himself. Why should a man "whose blood is warm within him, sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster, and creep into the jaundice by being peevish?" Ought he not rather, in order to "beguile the time, look like the time?" Who of sweet nature's framing could look into the jocund face of assembled childhood, and refuse to help its dimples to play? or to relax his own less practicable muscles, in order to set theirs in motion? What eye beaming with a spark of benevolence could close its lids upon the innocent diversions of youth? What man, *with a heart in his bosom,* could balk a Christmas game of *forfeits* even though his own dignity be the exacted penalty? or dissipate the most transparent mystery that ever the malice of modern sphinx invented, by seeing through it at once; or indeed *at all* until the charm be duly wound up? Would anything short of a *fiend guess* the most threadbare enigma that a Lady's Magazine of the olden time ever propounded, and duly expounded? Or to the *Billy Black*

query of "D'ye give it up?" simple to confess himself *Davus*, and not *Œdipus*, in fact no *conjuror;* and after exciting general ridicule at his vague and futile attempts at a just conclusion, meekly resign the solution to the smallest boy in company!

What Gulliver-proportioned fellow could, with any grace of manliness, refuse to subject himself to be the *souffre douleur* of the Lilliputian tribe for the time being, or shrink from laying himself prostrate and bare to the ticklings and pinches of their tiny fun? Is there a human being, imbued with the sympathies of his kind, whose heart would not leap in his bosom at the triumphant shout which accompanies his awkward sprawl on the carpet when his chair is dexterously drawn aside by the younger scion of the house, at the moment he is about to seat himself gracefully upon it? Who of mortal mould would rob jocund childhood of a single ripple of its baby joy by confessing that the hackneyed trick had been anticipated, and the fall rendered harmless, by precaution? *Who, not cold to the dictates of humanity,* would deprive the tiny witling of his fond belief, that by the force and originality of his precocious genius he had maimed his grown-up playmate for life? Would not *the real lover of his fellow creatures* affect to rise from his fall with pain and difficulty? and then, with divers well-feigned, heart-delighting contortions and grimaces, limp awkwardly about the room, as if suffering incurably from the direful and malignant force of the little cherub's humane stratagem, thereby drawing forth renewed peals of heart-delighting merriment from the lungs of lusty babyhood, and precious pearls of gratification down the chubby cheeks of the half-frightened yet delighted urchin, whose nightly pang at the apparition of the inexorable nurse—her dread summons, far more appalling than that of "Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged!"—has on every previous evening sent her little "hearer weeping to his bed,"—his pang is softened, and her mandate now obeyed,—with "slow alacrity," 'tis true, but without a murmur, and the injured man's hand, with ill-suppressed mirth is demurely shaken at parting, by the rosy-cheeked, fevered imp, who with head turned over his shoulder, disappears chuckling at the pleasant legend with which the nursery walls are destined to ring, until the next blissful season of childish impunity returns.

The nursery at rest, come the triumphs and gamesome feats of the elder playmates of the party, the comparative *men* of the family.

"Christmas comes but once a year!"

is the simultaneous cry of the noisy crew of revellers. And shall a benevolent and Christian heart shut itself up in selfish gravity during a season of such holy joy, because a wise head assists its operations all the rest of the year! Who could refuse to make memorable to these little spirits the blessed Advent, when it is enjoined to every human creature, from youth to age, to rejoice and be thankful according to its existing capacities and harmless tastes? What then, I ask, is that being *made of,* who at such a period would disdain to listen complacently to the simplest jest that ever gentle dulness broke upon its hearer, or tickled the tongue of age and imbecility to utter? Who at such a time would curtail his fellow man (or boy) of a single gratification in his power to bestow? What *man,* I say, who *is* a man, would grumble at finding himself as the butt, the tool, the *ame damnée* of

the aforesaid "*crew*," with closed eyes at a fitting moment, just as he is lustily calling out "*hot cockles!*" felicitously seated in a tub of *cold water?* *Callous must his nature be*, who, when invested with the *bandeau* of *Colin Maillard*, would flinch from having his most malignant corn trampled upon by a wilful well-shod little foot, in order, as he is facetiously informed, "*to set him going in the game!*" Or, when fairly *turned off* and groping for a successor, to whom, in imitation of the Great Mogul, he may throw the discriminating handkerchief, object to have his fore-finger conducted into the flame of a candle, for the purpose of being told by the witling of the first form, that he "*burns!*" Or in such state of helpless sufferance, neglect to roar lustily, *as expected*, under the truly whimsical infliction of a bitten thumb, for which a distended mouth in possession of its eye-teeth has gaped successfully. Who, *boasting the feelings of a gentleman*, could deny his agency to the repetition of *so good a joke!* (the more especially if the already wounded finger bleed copiously) even though the smart of the pleasantry endure beyond the season's limit? He is not a *man* but a *monster* who, having *caught* his tartar, would not stealthily raise the bandage from his eyes, and perceiving that the capture was not a popular one, resolve to please "the general" by letting slip the particular party; and, further would he not, though almost exhausted by his exertions for the common joy of the company into which he is enlisted, unmurmuringly obey the understood desire to keep him its slave to the end of the chapter? How then, with *such* feelings, can he cling tenaciously to the boy who has unwittingly come within his grasp? or fail, after a plausible investigation of his muscular and longitudinal dimensions, to affix a *misnomer* to his captive, and *naturally* mistake for the well-grown youth of *twelve*, the stunted boy of *seven*, whom he relinquishes amid a shout which might, by its vigour and sound, stifle the warwhoop of an Indian camp; and has not this benevolent man—I am *sure* he has—previously answered the preliminary and initiatory question of "How many horses, &c." with the *ingenuous* assurance that his "father has *no* horses, *nor* stable?" by which *naïf* informality placing his intellects in the very lowest scale of human merit? Will not a generous and *candid* mind seek by such amiable concessions to add importance to the presiding *lord* of *misrule* by the glory of instructing "a grown up man?" Who, I repeat, *with a grain of feeling*, would answer the aforesaid question correctly, although dictated to him again and again by a dozen pair of zealous lips, or hesitate to bring upon himself general derision at his *stupidity*, and the exulting acclamation, that he "*knows nothing!*"*

These masculine felicities closed, and the aforesaid troop of "merry masters" dismissed like their tiny predecessors to their feverish dreams, their compliant playfellow, nothing loth, also retires from his labour of love, jaded and sore all over with the effects of his benevolent submissions, yet will he even *then*—albeit his philanthropy is secretly oozing out at every pore, even to his finger ends—not refuse, on entering his

* That first-rate observer of human character, from the "puling infant" to the "lean and slippered pantaloon," *Mathews*, was a universal favourite with children of every age and humour; and it was observable that he recommended himself to them by assuming the voice, manner, and language of a *younger* child than the one to whom he talked, always displaying his inferiority in acquirement and good breeding, thereby elevating the little egotists in their own dear love, and raising eventually a laugh at his comparative ignorance and *puerility*, by which means he never failed to obtain the popularity he sought with these little miniatures of men.

chamber, to be duly and satisfactorily frightened by the appalling apparition of a house-broom, "with each particular hair on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," elaborately decorated *en femme*, and propped upright behind the door; and this *shock* surmounted, can he deny his unqualified conviction that the shapeless bolster, night-capped and reclining languishingly upon his pillow, is in reality a fair intruder whose indiscreet admiration of him has led her to exceed the prescribed bounds of feminine decorum? No; as a *matter of course*—maugre his aching bones—he will steal back to the supper-room, and with an air of concern, in a stage whisper, explain his delicate dilemma to the elder branches of the family, in order to be heartily laughed at by the younger. Returning to his chamber, where, in the interval of his absence, a glass of water has been skilfully balanced on the top of the open door; at his first touch the glass, being a *tumbler,—falls*, and its contents act as a shower-bath upon his devoted head. His constancy still unshaken by this little pleasantry, he exchanges, with a philanthropic smile, his sprinkled coat for a *robe de chambre*, in which—*his door first locked and bolted*—he at length seats himself before his cheerful fire, feet on fender, and in perfect comfort after the excitement of the evening, taking, by way of *sedative* before going to bed, a book, over which he incontinently drops into a deep sleep, from which he at length awakes to find himself almost frozen, his fire and candles quite burnt out. In shivering haste he now undresses, and gropes his way to the bed, into which he *steps*, and in the same moment finds himself obliged to *step out again*, for the purpose of developing that marvellous complexity, ycleped "*an apple-pie bed!*" a feminine ingenuity, the difficulties of which—in total darkness, *en chemise*, and the quicksilver at freezing point—he at length vanquishes, but not until his disposition for sleep is totally frost-bitten; nevertheless, if *he be the man I take him for*, he will be prepared to "trammel up the consequence" of his unrest, by appearing the next morning at the breakfast-table in a cramped attitude—where confronted by the fair "contrivers of these harms," he is greeted with a demure, hypocritical "hope that he rested well!" Then will the candid man confess that he had *not*, in fact, slept remarkably sound, for that, by an evident miscalculation of his longitudinal proportions, the housemaid had somehow made up his bed *too short*, by which accident he had been compelled to remain all night in a *sitting posture!* Morpheus himself must rejoice in a sleepless night, when listening to the glorious outbreak of hearty mirth which follows such harmless embellishments.

In short, pleasure, in whatever form bestowed, is a self-repaying debt which we owe to one another, and innumerable are the means that help to sweeten life's daily bread at the small cost of a trivial portion of our individual ease and selfishness. We must not, moreover, exclude the redoubtable Major Longbow! What a mine of entertainment had remained uncultivated had we not *lent him our ears*, and refused to marvel at his marvels! Who that heard can ever forget his stirring recital of the death of his unfortunate lady from an Indian *coup de soleil*, which one day after dinner, in the presence of himself and friends, reduced her to a *heap of ashes!* or of the admirable *sang froid* with which the Major, accustomed, as he said, to such results when in another more intensely hot climate, he had seen Salamanders drop down dead with the heat! And how did this man of "*muscle*" meet the dire calamity? By simply calling his "*Kitmagars*" and "*Con-*

sumahs," and calmly ordering them to bring clean glasses, and *sweep away their mistress!* "'Pon my life it's true!—what will you lay it's a lie?"*

Immortal Longbow! Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!

Oh, ye eternal bores and button-holders! who, Menzentius-like, chain the quick to the dead!—Ye dreary spinners-out of tedious narratives!—Ye joyless and joy-denying of the earth; ye *honest* relators, who never *saw* a joke, and therefore never *took* one—what are all your tiresome details of "*facts,*" to one such mirth-moving, heart-expanding fable as the above?

Badinage apart, what companion is more dreaded and dreadful to an imaginative mind, than the self-satisfied, pseudo sage. The matter-of-fact individual, whose mathematical and material nature makes him regard as *im*material all that does not come before him in a tangible form that may be palpable to his sight and "sense?" A man who is invariably pre-informed of whatever we tell him, and whose studied or fortuitous knowledge defeats every effort on our part to appear wiser than himself, even to the buttering of a crumpet!—in short, one who "knows" *everything,* and will believe *nothing, and very little of that!*

In truth, we are all very apt to laugh at, and sometimes despise, what is termed *vulgar credulity;* but I have often thought we might with greater justice express contempt for what may be called vulgar *in*-credulity!

For my own part, I would rather be the veriest *gull* that ever skimmed a duck pond, believing that he had crossed the broad Atlantic, than the *miserable wretch,* who, having read Gulliver's Travels throughout without a smile, gravely affirmed that he "looked upon the work to be *an improbable fiction from beginning to end.*"

* Vide Mathews "At Home."

SONNET FROM PETRARCH,

TRANSLATED BY LADY NUGENT.

I go lamenting o'er my days past by,
Those days consumed in love of mortal thing,
Without attempt to mount, I having wing
Perchance to soar and give example high.
Thou, who dost see my deep iniquity,
Invisible, immortal, heavenly King,
Aid the frail soul in her wild wandering,
In what defective from thy grace supply;
So I, with strife and storm wont to contend,
May thus in peace and haven die. I see
How vain the past, yet blameless be the end;
O'er that short span of life now left for me,
And at its close, thy saving hand extend—
Thou know'st I have no hope in aught but Thee.

SOME ACCOUNT OF DOVER.

BY HENRY CURLING,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN OF ENGLAND."

To describe either the appearance or the exact whereabouts of the first port or town of Dover would be difficult. Before Cæsar invaded Britain, we conceive Dover to have been, like other towns of the ancient Britons, a mere collection of huts or hovels, composed of stakes driven into the earth, and supporting a roof covered with dried grass and fern or rushes. Such abodes were generally enclosed by thick woods, and fenced round by felled trees and tangled underwood; or, being erected upon hills of difficult access, were encompassed by deep ditches. In that early period, each tribe of skin-clad or painted savages, being independent of the rest, was frequently engaged under its respective chieftain (doubtless the most daring of the family) in predatory excursions against the forest or hill-protected territory of some neighbour. Under these circumstances, as it was necessary that each town should be a little fortress strong enough to repel a neighbouring foe, and secure the families and property of its inhabitants, whilst they sallied forth to carry fire and slaughter into a hostile hold, doubtless, in early times, a very decent sprinkling of primitive fortresses were spread over the hills and embowered amongst the thick woods of this island.

Somewhat as we have described was no doubt the first port of Dover, and the vessels in use by the inhabitants were framed with branches of osiers, the sails being of the skins of beasts, and the tackle made of thongs of leather. Although the precise spot where the original town and port of Dover were situated would be difficult to determine, it is, however, obvious that on Cæsar's approaching our shores at this part, the sea flowed far up the valley, and some have conjectured that the town was about a mile and a half more inland than the existing shore, —a supposition the more probable from the large number of ancient anchors and planks of ships dug up in that part of the valley.

Whether Dover was first peopled by the Gauls, or whether a more ancient colony of Britons were compelled to yield up possession of it to their Gaulish invaders, we leave to be discussed by those better able to penetrate into this dark period of our early history.

The valley at Dover in its wild state was doubtless a desirable situation for a tribe of hardy adventurers. Sheltered from the tempestuous winds by lofty hills, and well-covered by wood, it afforded security for their vessels. Certain it is, we have no authentic information upon the subject until about fifty-five years before the birth of our Saviour, at which time the immortal Cæsar first determined to invade Britain.

Cæsar, however, failed, as is well known, in landing at Dover, although he made his first attempt there; but from Cæsar's first glance of the formidable and fierce race assembled to welcome him with their weapons, we have gathered the fact of our ancestors' rude and simple

style, their painted skin-clad bodies, and their bead-ornamented necks and waists.

When we look upon the picture presented by a glance of Dover, in this present year 1846—its magnificent buildings, its fortified heights, and castellated grandeur, with the polished votaries of fashion driving about, and displaying their embellishments and their equipages in the gay scene, whilst a hissing steam train darts its swift and fiery course through the chalky cliff, (like some serpent of a fairy tale, piercing the very caverns of the earth),—when we contrast this with the Dover of the Britons, consisting of a few wigwams reared in a lonely valley, and peopled by a ferocious-looking race of painted barbarians, and a fleet of osier-built vessels tossing in the bay,—the change is sufficiently startling.

It is somewhat curious that on the Kentish coast Cæsar first beheld war-chariots, and they immediately engaged his attention, for he observed that they had the swiftness of the horse and the stability of the foot in battle. The source from whence the rude Britons obtained their hints of this strange mode of fighting, has indeed been a subject of speculation with antiquarians: some have affirmed that the Phœnicians imported them to Britain when they came to traffic for tin.

The habits and customs of the ancient inhabitants of Dover we take to be pretty much the same as those of the entire island. According to Cæsar, the Britons formed a matrimonial society in which ten or twelve persons had a community of wives. The family all slept in one hut or wigwam, consisting of a single apartment, in the middle of which they lighted a fire, the inmates lying upon moss or rushes; war or the chase only rousing them from their native indolence. The Romans used Dover as a port, from their first settlement in Britain, making a road from thence to Canterbury.

It would appear that when Julius Cæsar first cast anchor in the bay of Dover, his galleys floated over the very spot where the present town now stands. From the time of his landing to the reign of Diocletian, except that they built on the Castle Hill and in the town, we have little information of what the Romans did at Dover. In the reign of Valentinian, it was found necessary to strengthen the garrisons on the Kentish coast, and the Legió Secunda Augusta was removed from Isca-Silurum and Caer-Leon to the different fortresses in Kent. Theodosius ordered them to Richborough between the years of Christ 364 and 367. From this place the different detachments were marched to their stations. Dover having the first cohort, 1200 strong, and being also the head-quarters at this period, claimed the post of honour, and custody of the eagle. The remains of the bath built by this detachment have been discovered near the stream in the valley. It must have been a magnificent structure, containing the hypocaustum or souterrain, the balneum, the concamerata, the sudatorium, the tepidarium, and the frigidarium.* This building originally covered a considerable part of the site of the west end of St. Mary's Church and yard; but on interring the dead, the remains have been destroyed.

* By the inscription on some of the immense tiles dug up at this part, it would appear that this bath was built by the Britannic legion, after its removal to the Kentish coast, and that it must have been almost the last Roman edifice raised in Dover valley.

Hengist and Horsa next arrived on the Kentish coast on the south side of Thanet: but their force must have been small, since they were embarked in only three vessels. Some suppose them to have been invited by Vortigern; others affirm that the cause of this descent was in obedience to a domestic law (made in cases of superfluity of population), by which their youth were obliged to decide by lot who should seek a new settlement; and that themselves, having drawn that lot, therefore came to Britain. Be that as it may, they quickly shewed the nature of their dispositions, and turned against their entertainers.

Five thousand Jutes enlisted themselves under the banner of Hengist, who led them on to conquest, and they settled in Kent. Victory in the hands of such barbarians was dreadful: smoking ruins and heaps of carcases marked their steps; and in their career the beautiful edifices of the Romans in the valley of Dover became a mass of ruins. After Hengist and his barbarous horde had demolished Dover, it remained a ruined heap, until Alfred's time: the town then again rising from its ashes, regained something like its former importance as a port.

The appearance of a Cinque Port town, at this period, it would perhaps be difficult to define, and not a little curious to contemplate. Such houses as the natives built were detached, and not being placed adjoining each other, there were no streets. Consequently, a jumbled mass of irregular-looking hovels, places of strength, and religious edifices, constituted a town in the times of the Saxons. Nay, whilst contending for victory with the Britons, the Saxons generally were best contented with large caves by the hill side, or temporary huts erected on the bank of a fresh-water stream.

The Roman government was pretty firmly established in Britain, in the reign of the emperor Titus, by Agricola, which was in the year 90 of the Christian era. The south had then entirely submitted to the conquerors; but the rude natives of the north still spread the flames of war over many parts of the island. In the time of Diocletian, A. D. 284, the fierce pirates of the north, infesting the narrow seas, plundered the inhabitants of the coast without mercy, committing the greatest atrocities upon man, woman, and child wherever they came. In order to remedy this evil, as we have before hinted, Diocletian deputed into Britain an officer called Comes, having ships and men under his command. This officer established garrisons in different parts of the coast, and repressed the depredations of the pirates, making terrible examples of those he caught. Dubris, or Dover, was his principal station, and for its defence a commander was appointed, having a strong detachment of Tungarians under him. Two of the Roman gates of Dover (namely, those of Adrian and Severus) existed under the Normans. Severus' gate was built A.D. 209, and an old manuscript, still, we believe, preserved by the Dering family, mentions that the emperor Severus fortified Dover with a wall. The Gate of Severus led from what is now termed Bench Street: the foundations being found so hard by the workmen employed to remove them, as to defy both pick and chisel. Adrian Gate (built by the emperor Adrian) was situate a short distance from the cliff above Snare Gate. It conducted to the heights, and just without it was a Roman burial-ground, many urns containing coins having been there discovered.

The Norman Conqueror is supposed to have once more reduced this

Cinque Port to a state of ruin and misery; for soon after his arrival we find that Dover was reduced by fire to only nine-and-twenty houses. Although there is no record that the "hot Duke" ordered this deed, yet, as an army was assembled, on his landing in England, to oppose him, and as he besieged and took the Castle, beheaded the governor and his second in command, and committed other dreadful acts of brutality towards the inhabitants of the town,—it is reasonable to suppose he was quite as likely to have burned and destroyed their edifices and dwellings.

Dover was the first of the Cinque Ports incorporated by a charter. It had from the remotest period, by virtue of its situation, enjoyed especial privileges; and the whole of these were confirmed under Edward the First. At this period Dover owned twenty stout vessels, each able to contain one-and-twenty well-armed men.

When the Conqueror felt himself firmly seated on the throne, he turned an eye of favour upon Dover. Doubtless, even whilst he was engaged in burning, slaying, and destroying, he foresaw that a time might come when he should have to repair so important a port; and accordingly we find that he enclosed the town with a strong and massive wall, with gates and towers, some of the foundations being laid with stone brought from Caen in Normandy. From the year 1132 till 1227 were the palmy days of Dover. With strong walls, towers, and battlements, the warder's horn sounded, and the strict watch and ward of the Cinque Port guard was kept with jealous eye upon the battlements and ramparts. Five splendid churches were then standing in architectural beauty together with the grey towers and walls of the priory and *Maison Dieu.*

From the little we know of the towns of this time it would appear that although walled and well secured by gate-houses and towers, they were much more irregular than even at a later period when such fortifications were dispensed with; the houses of the citizens, even at the Norman period, being detached and built without much regard to the formation of streets. Some have supposed that Dover was surrounded by a wall by the Romans, but as their fleet commanded the sea it would appear such artificial defence was then unnecessary, and that it was unwalled till William the Conqueror's time.

The duty of the warders of the Cinque Ports was to make frequent rounds during the night, to parade the streets, and to apprehend all vagrant men and disorderly wives; and especially to take every precaution against fire; every inhabitant being especially required to keep a tub of water before his wooden dwelling. The wardmen, also, were constantly on the watch in the towers, looking out for the piratical or hostile sail seaward, and the approach of armed foes landward.

The Maison Dieu in Dover, was erected in the reign of John by Hubert de Burgh. It was situate in Biggin ward, and intended for the accommodation of pilgrims going and coming to and from the continent; and the brethren and sisterhood of the establishment were enjoined to use hospitality to strangers.

Two sisters, Agnes and Beatrice, gave lands and tenements to provide a priest to officiate in a chapel in the town.

King John signed precepts in this house to all earls, knights, barons, and military tenants, to appear at Dover on the 21st of April for defence of the kingdom and preservation of their own lives. This brought

together so large a number of knights, retainers, horses, &c., that provisions were not to be found for their support, and all those who were not completely armed and equipped were accordingly dismissed, sixty thousand heavily armed troops remaining. It was whilst John was waiting in the midst of this splendid power, in expectation of Philip and his army, that Pandulph sent two Knights Templars to him to propose a conference, and the meeting was held at the Maison Dieu. At the Maison Dieu, in Dover, it is believed that John did homage to Pandulph. The ceremony was performed with all the humiliating rites which feudal barons require of their tenants. The haughty legate being seated on a throne, the King was introduced, and kneeling before the priest lifted up his joined hands, and putting them between those of the legate swore fealty to the Pope. Many other English monarchs also upon occasions of import to the kingdom, held conferences at the Maison Dieu. In the reign of Henry the Eighth the glory of the Maison Dieu departed from it, and it became a victualling office, and in Elizabeth's reign we find it on lease to Thomas Boone, a maltster, at sixty pounds per annum. The remains of the church of this edifice is all that now is left to point out the place where the great Hubert de Burgh* expended so much money.

The scenery in the vicinity of Dover is highly romantic; the town is embosomed in lofty heights, and the grandeur of the ocean blends with the wild scenery of the mountain and valley. Whilst rambling upon the hills around this Cinque Port, we defy the most matter-of-fact person, the veriest railroad surveyor, to be uninfluenced by impressions of the early days of Britain. Those grassy trenches in which "the thistle shakes his lonely head, and the moss whistles in the wind"—those dark patches of woodland in the gorges and passes of the hills, all speak of a bygone time when the beacon of the barbarian, and the pick and spade of the Roman were busy upon the wold. When

> Far over hill and valley,
> The mighty host was spread,
> And with a thousand watch-fires,
> The midnight sky was red.

Then again, as the eye wanders from these more ancient remains, and turns towards the towers of the distant castle, the chivalrous acts of the Norman recur to our thoughts; the scene shifts and we live in those splendid days which Shakspeare has realised in his historical plays. Southward from Dover stands the cliff which has the honour of identification with Shakspeare's description in King Lear. It rears its head three hundred and fifty feet above

> "The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes."

Landward the steep ascent to its summit rises from a valley, and, as portions of the cliff have repeatedly fallen, it was doubtless even higher

* Shakspeare makes Hubert De Burgh the atrocious instrument of an attempt to render Arthur of Bretagne unfit for rule by loss of sight, by burning the eyes of that prince out with a red-hot iron. It is somewhat curious (though not generally known) that the grandfather of De Burgh himself suffered a similar punishment. After the battle of Tinchebray he fell into the hands of his opponents, and by order of King Henry his eyes were burnt out.

in Shakspeare's time than it is now. It is however a question, we think, whether this cliff is indeed the veritable height Shakspeare had in his mind's eye when he wrote the passage. We think it is not, but on the contrary, that one of the cliffs nearer the town better answers the bard's description.

In the reign of King Stephen an hospital was built near Dover by a monk of St. Martin's named Godwin. The piece of land called Thega was given for its site. This was the hospital for lepers; nineteen thousand of similar houses had been erected in Europe for persons affected with this loathsome disease. Many of the rules for those admitted were somewhat curious for a religious house. They were ordered after their first sleep to sit up in their beds and say a paternoster. Such a rule was not out of place; but they were also forbidden to tap at the women's dormitory in the night, or play any pranks or make any assignation; a prohibition which would seem to infer that they had not altogether been entirely given to religious contemplation during their prayers. They were to share equally all profits arising from their dairy, their poultry, and their sucking-pigs, and no member was permitted to remain all night out of the establishment. These unhappy lepers were also enjoined to a life of strict retirement, and (like the poor clapt up in a modern union) were forbidden to live in any room or cell having either arrow slit, loophole, or window commanding a prospect of town, or road, or thoroughfare.

This house was suppressed, together with the Maison Dieu; and the buildings were demolished by a zealous reformer named Bouille, a citizen of Dover, who, without any commission, so effectually bestirred himself in the good work, that he left scarce a stone to trace the edifice by. Like the Cromwellian reformers of a later day, so eager was he for gain, that he even pulled up the grave-stones and plundered the dead. The church of St. Martin's (according to an ancient chronicle) was built by Withred, King of Kent. Withred also built several edifices in Dover for the accommodation of twenty-two secular canons, which he removed from the castle. They had large grants of lands in the neighbourhood of their church; these canons and several of their members were chaplains to the King. The conduct of the canons of this edifice presents a curious picture of the monks of old. We find that such canons continued upwards of four hundred years in their situation in the town, where they built three churches, and maintained authority with an iron hand, and being only answerable for their conduct to the sovereign, they stepped accordingly beyond the bounds of ecclesiastical decorum. In the reign of Henry the First they were accused of behaving with great indecorum to single and married women, both within and without the walls of the town. And during six years complaints were continually made to the King of their increasing wickedness. Not only were these monks gallant, but they were accused of worldly cares, temporal pursuits, dissipation, and wasting their revenue in extravagant luxuries. Altogether they must have been fit companions for Father Paul or Friar Tuck.

The Commissioners who were first sent into Kent to take possession of the religious houses at Langdon, Dover, and Folkstone, give another picture of the lives of the jolly old monks, whom they censure for incontinency, and their idolatry and superstition, nay, even coining being

amongst the lesser crimes, but their testimony must be received with some caution. The Commissioner Leighton and his associates, violently breaking into the Abbey of Langdon, burst into the Abbot's apartment, and found him in company with his mistress, who passed in the monastery as a lay brother dressed in men's clothes.

Of Dover Priory scarce any traces are left except some small remains of a gateway, and the walls of a once noble room, lately used as a barn. Even these relics, small as they are, however, are remembrancers of the desolating hands and insatiable avarice of the commissioners and others at the time of the Reformation. Although the "Monks of Old" have amongst worse epithets, been branded with those of lazy drones and ignorant teachers, yet to judge from the number of books mentioned in the catalogue belonging to Dover Priory they must have spent many a weary hour in cloistered seclusion, transcribing such works. They had, for instance, numerous copies of the Greek Testament, many volumes of sermons and glossaries, several dictionaries, and a collection of the Fathers and the classics. They had also numerous works on natural philosophy, history, grammar, institutes, decrees and councils, medicine, and music, and a miscellaneous collection on arts and sciences, and various other subjects. Certainly, if they had not possessed a taste for literature, they would hardly have undergone the labour of transcribing such a mass as this.

Many strange legends exist on the subject of the original situation and entrance into the harbour of Dover. According to an ancient manuscript preserved at Sandwich, it is supposed that Arviragus, the British King, stopped up the passage to prevent the Romans coming into it with their fleet. But was there such a person reigning here, and cotemporary with Augustus Cæsar? The bank attributed to the labour of the Roman soldiery was evidently cast up by the sea, being composed of pebbles, shells, and sand, the Romans erecting some of their first buildings upon it. The portion of the town called the Pier was built after the reign of Henry the Eighth, upon the waste left by the waves. As early as the reign of Henry the Third the sum of money paid for a passage from Dover to France was regulated by statute. A horseman was carried over the ocean for two shillings, and a pedestrian for sixpence. It was also enacted for "*ye comfort of Dover*" that no merchant, pilgrim, traveller, horse or other beast, should be permitted to have passage at any other port or place within Kent, to Calais—nor should they land at any port, except Dover.

In Fiennes tower at Dover Castle, so named after the knight who commanded in it, the ancient records of the Cinque Ports were deposited. But with unpardonable neglect most of them were allowed to rot and perish from the dampness of the room in which they were kept, whilst others were sold for a trifle to tailors in the town for making measures. In Clopton tower were kept the archives of the Castle, but these, like the Cinque Port records, have been almost all destroyed. They were piled up in a heap and then set on fire, as we are informed, by one Levinishe, out of spite to one John Pronings, whose competitor he had been for the chief command.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

AUTHOR OF "SPRING GATHERINGS," "LEOLINE, A TALE OF THE HEART," "LAYS FOR THE TIMES," "IRA," ETC.

HURRAH! for old Christmas, the hearty and jolly,
Hurrah! for old Christmas, the friend of us all,
Who laughs at the frowns of grim-faced melancholy,
And comes with a transport to great and to small.
Up, up! let us drink to the jocund old fellow,
Though wrinkled his brow, and his locks silver-grey,
Yet his footstep is light, and his heart, it is mellow
As any that joins in our banquet to day.
Then pluck from the misletoe, pluck from the holly,
The red with the white in a chaplet appear,
While we banish dull care, which to cherish is folly,
And drink to old Christmas, the king of the year.

The sage has declared, with a solemn conviction,
The moment that 's present can only be ours,—
The poet has painted, in beautiful fiction,
The land of the future all teeming with flowers,—
The painter has dreamt of the past, and its glory
Depicted in colours that never can die,
But the future and past is an old ballad story,
There 's naught like the present good cheer to supply.
Then fill up the goblet, for where is the spirit,
Whose eye, whether sparkling or dimm'd by a tear,
Would not if it 's honest, most eagerly merit
This bumper to Christmas—the king of the year.

Hurrah! for old Christmas, good feeling and gladness
Are his by a right which is truly divine;
He robs the proud heart of its cankering sadness,
And deems there 's no virtue but springs from the vine.
He pledges past times round the cottager's ingle,
He lights up the smiles of the young and the gay,
Delighting in pleasure's deep fountain to mingle,
The kindliest feelings that suffer decay.
His stay may be short, but his reign shall be merry,
For whenever he comes 'tis a token of cheer,
Then drink to his health, and the red holly berry,
The friend of Old Christmas, the king of the year.

Hurrah! for old Christmas, again fill the chalice,
Be first and be foremost to raise the glad shout
When hope lights the cottage, and mirth fills the palace,
The song and the carol should never ring out;
For sorrow and care are twin-sisters of pleasure,
They rest in her bosom, they walk in her train,
And permitted to taste, they will empty the measure
The brightest to-morrow shall ne'er fill again;
Then pluck from the mistletoe, pluck from the holly,
The red with the white in a chaplet appear;
Let us drive away care, which to cherish is folly,
And drink to old Christmas, the king of the year.

THE GIPSY'S BAPTISM.

FOUNDED ON A SPANISH ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THOMASINA ROSS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

THE Val de Corriedo, situated on the northern boundary of the Asturias, is one of the most romantic spots in Spain. There nature seems to have concentrated all her charms to compose a picture never excelled in the most fanciful creations of poet or painter. Towering hills, covered with virgin forests, and tinged with every hue of verdure,—foaming torrents dashing down lofty precipices,—steep pathways, like ladders leading to the clouds, and accessible only to the mountain hind or the intrepid brigand,—all form a panorama in which wild grandeur and sylvan beauty are fantastically blended, and when tinged with the warm glow of a Spanish sunset, the scene has perhaps no parallel on earth. In the centre of the Val de Corriedo, lies the little village of La Vega; and in the immediate vicinity of the latter may still be seen the ruins of a seignorial castle, which, in the sixteenth century, was the residence of a family whose name is illustrious in Spanish history.

On a warm spring evening in the year 1562, a well-mounted cavalier was riding slowly up a hill in the neighbourhood of the castle. On a grassy plain, forming the summit of the eminence, rose a chapel dedicated to Nuestra Señora de la Vega, whose festival had that day been celebrated by the inhabitants of the surrounding district. The chime of the chapel bells announced the close of the vesper service, and parties of villagers, wending their homeward way, filled the air with their pious chaunts. The horseman seemed to have been attracted to the spot merely by the love of solitude. He was absorbed in thoughtful reverie; and truly the enchanting scene which unfolded itself around was one which the eye of contemplation might well love to rest on. The sun was slowly retiring beneath a mass of purple clouds, whose fantastic outlines and varied tints suggested to the imagination the idea of an aerial Alhambra. In calm contrast with the splendour of the western sky, was the deep blue canopy, which, advancing from the east, gradually overshadowed the village and the castle of La Vega. But the sublime picture thus visible at once in the heavens and on the earth, was unobserved by the solitary rider, whose abstraction of mind rendered him heedless of all external objects.

This person, whose listlessness and languor were apparent even in the slow lingering pace of his horse, was Don Felix de la Vega, lord and master of the *solar* and the *cortijos* constituting the chief portion of the village honoured by his name. A casual observer might naturally have supposed Don Felix to be sinking beneath the mere weariness of life, yet he enjoyed advantages well calculated to soothe and lighten the ordinary cares of existence. He was a young and handsome man, possessed of rank and fortune. He had resided since his birth in a district which was the hereditary domain of his ancestors. There he had grown to manhood, happy and prosperous, —the sunshine of his days unclouded by misfortune or sorrow. To complete his happiness he was married to Doña Francisca Fernan-

dez, a young Asturian lady of surpassing beauty, and he was the father of three lovely children.

At the time here alluded to, Doña Francisca was absent from her home. About a fortnight previously, she had set out, accompanied by her father, to a distant part of Spain, where her presence was necessary in claiming some property bequeathed to her by a maternal relative. Don Felix felt his solitude wearisome and gloomy. It is true that excepting the charms of natural scenery, the domain of La Vega had few attractions that could console his temporary widowhood. Therefore it was that on the evening in question he sallied forth, as it were mechanically, to take his solitary ride: unluckily it happened that the prayer which he devoutly addressed to his guardian saint, was heard by his evil genius.

Just as Don Felix reached the summit of the hill, a loud clamour of voices in the direction of the chapel roused his attention. Looking round he perceived a young female with an infant in her arms, struggling amidst a group of villagers, who, with furious outcries and gesticulation, were thrusting her from the chapel door.—"Turn her out! Turn out the *Gitana!* This sacred place must not be profaned by Gipsies and heretics!"—exclaimed the infuriated rustics, whilst they rudely forced the poor woman from the door. "My brethren," said she, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, "I am neither a Gipsy nor a heretic. True, my husband is a *Gitano,* but I, nevertheless, am a Spaniard and a Catholic like yourselves; and you cannot refuse to my child the baptism which I have a right to claim for him." "No baptism for heretics!" exclaimed her pitiless assailants. "Begone to your heathen companions, and get your brat baptized by Satan!"

Mortified by these insults, and seeing the uselessness of further contending with the ignorant fanatics, the poor woman was about to retire, and whilst her eyes streamed with tears, she pressed her infant to her bosom. Suddenly a ray of hope seemed to inspire her with energy. An aged priest, alarmed by the shouting of the rude mountaineers, appeared at the threshold of the chapel door. The woman threw herself at his feet, and implored his protection.

Don Felix, whose first impulse had been to turn into a bye-path to avoid the tumult, now felt his interest aroused, and he rode up to the front of the chapel to observe the progress of this strange scene. A few brief inquiries enabled the priest to understand the question at issue. Having rebuked the insolent rustics, and succeeded in restoring order, he turned to the woman, and mildly said, "Tell me, my daughter, who you are, and why these people have so rudely assailed you?"

"My name is Juana Valdez," replied the woman, "and I am the wife of a poor wandering Gitano. My husband, I admit, is not a Catholic, but I am one, and I have always been true to my religion. I came hither to obtain for my infant the sacred rite of baptism!" "Even though you had abandoned your faith," resumed the reverend pastor, "that would be no reason for depriving your innocent child of the blessings of Christianity. All God's creatures are free to approach the holy font." Having once more addressed a few admonitory words to the country people, he told them that the best mode of expiating their misconduct would be to invoke the blessing of salvation on the infant whom they had wished to doom to perdi-

tion, "Who among you are willing to be sponsors for this child?" pursued he.

The only effect of this charitable appeal was to give renewed umbrage to the fanatical peasants, who, with one accord, turned from the chapel door, and walked away venting imprecations on the Gitana. "How!" exclaimed the priest indignantly, "is there not one among you who will stay and make the others blush for shame? Is there not even a woman,—a mother,—who will take pity on her sister in Christ?"

Whilst the priest uttered this evangelical appeal, without producing any impression on those to whom it was addressed, a lady, who, seated on her palfrey, and who, like Don Felix, had been an accidental witness of all that had passed, sprang lightly from her saddle, and, advancing to the priest, said,—"Reverend father, with your leave, I will be Godmother to this poor child."

"And I will be Godfather!" exclaimed Don Felix, hastily dismounting from his horse.

Charity was no doubt the first impulse which prompted Don Felix to this sudden determination;—but another sentiment, of which possibly he was himself scarcely conscious, also had its influence in urging him to follow the lady's good example. He had seen through the folds of an elegant mantilla, two bright dark eyes, whose mild radiance beamed like two stars half veiled by a cloud.

The satisfaction of the priest and the Gitana was equalled only by their surprise; and whilst the one warmly congratulated the strangers on their pious resolve, the other seized their hands, and covered them with grateful tears and kisses. They entered the chapel, where the infant was baptized with all due solemnity. He received the names of Felix Pablo Valdez, which were inscribed in the register of Nuestra Señora de la Vega, together with the names of the Señor Hidalgo Don Felix, and the Señora Doña Pabla de los Montes. Our cavalier could learn no more at that time respecting the fair and mysterious *comadre*, and to secure an opportunity of ever seeing her again, he was obliged to contrive a little innocent device.

Followed by the Gitana, he was slowly descending the hill, when he overtook some of the villagers who had been most active in the tumult at the chapel door. Determined to put their scruples to the test, Don Felix invited them to assemble at the castle on the following day, when he proposed to entertain them with a feast in honour of the Gipsy's baptism. As might naturally be expected, their love of feasting proved stronger than their hatred of heretics, and the invitation was joyfully accepted. Don Felix then humbly offered his invitation to Doña Pabla, who at that moment rode up, and joined the groupe. She, of course, could not refuse to grace by her presence a festival given in honour of her God-son.

On his return home that night, Don Felix felt less than usually oppressed by the weight of *ennui*. After having given directions for the morrow's entertainment, he embraced his children, and retired to his chamber, forgetting to answer his wife's last letter.

On the following day, the stillness and solitude which had for the space of a fortnight prevailed throughout the castle, gave place to noisy mirth. Doña Pabla, who was punctual to her engagement, received the homage due to a queen. As to Don Felix, he made two great discoveries, which may be briefly noted here. The

one concerned Doña Pabla de los Montes, respecting whom he had learned all he was desirous of knowing. She was a Castilian lady of rank, and had been a widow for about the space of a year. She was travelling for her health, and in passing through the Asturias, she was induced to render a *noveno* (nine days' devotion) at the shrine of our Lady de la Vega. Being attended only by her maid and a single valet, she had taken up her temporary abode in a retired country house, at some distance from the village. Both the lady and Don Felix were indebted solely to chance for their mutual rencounter at the chapel. The former congratulated herself on the accident, because it had afforded her the opportunity of doing a good action; the latter also found in it a subject of congratulation, but for a different reason. The other discovery made by Don Felix was one which concerned himself personally. He felt, and with no little alarm, that he was in love with Doña Pabla.

Ojos que no ven, corazon que no llora, is a Spanish proverb which has its analogous axiom in every language; and in English may be rendered by the familiar saying, "out of sight out of mind." The truth of the old proverb was fully understood by Doña Francisca Fernandez. It had been deeply imprinted in her heart, from the moment when she took leave of her husband. Aware of the susceptible and fickle nature of Don Felix, she had departed, not without reluctance, on a journey which family interests rendered indispensable. Whilst love urged her to shorten as much as possible the interval of her absence, jealousy whispered the expediency of pretending to protract it, and by her return at an unexpected moment, to prepare for her noble husband either an agreeable surprise or a salutary lesson. Accordingly, on the very day on which she set out on her homeward journey, she resorted to the stratagem of writing to inform Don Felix that she could not return in less than a month. The consequence was, that on reaching her home the lady herself met with the surprise which she intended for her husband.

Don Felix had left the castle on the preceding evening, and had not returned,—he had departed without saying whither he was going, or how long he should be absent,—he had gone away without embracing the children whom he so dearly loved, and whom his mysterious absence consigned to the care of hirelings. Even the fact of his departure would have been unknown, had he not enjoined secrecy on the domestics.

The feelings of Doña Francisca may be easily imagined. The latent suspicions which had haunted her mind were now fully confirmed. With the shrewdness of jealousy, she interrogated the servants, who quickly informed her of all the particulars relating to the adventure at the chapel. She lost no time in repairing to the Gipsy's hut, and, in reply to her interrogations, Juana candidly related all she knew of her benefactors. They had frequently visited her. Both had lavished on her the most liberal proofs of generosity, and they had been regular in their visits to her up to the day when the Marquesa had departed for Madrid.

"Has she then departed?" exclaimed Doña Francisca in an agony of suspense.

"Yes, señora," answered the Gipsy; "she went the day before yesterday." Then, without perceiving the effect her words pro-

duced on the lady, she added:—"Don Felix came last night, and enquired about the Marquesa. I told him she had gone, and I began to think he had gone too, for I have not seen him since."

Francisca did not wait to hear more. She guessed the rest; and having dropped her purse into the hand of the Gitana, she hastened back to the castle. "Get ready the carriage," said she to her servants, "and harness the swiftest horses. I must depart instantly for Madrid."

At the entrance of a narrow street in Madrid, near the Gate of Guadalajara, a lamp suspended in front of an image of St. Ferdinand diffused a pale and glimmering light. A cavalier of small and slender figure, elegantly attired, his plumed hat placed jauntily on one side of his head, and his features partially concealed by a demi-mask, was stealthily pacing up and down, and every minute looking round as if expecting some one, though afraid of being seen. It was the evening of the *Media quaresma*, and that transient revival of the carnival caused as much tranquillity in the little Calle de San Fernando, as it created bustle and tumult in the more frequented quarters of the city. After a short lapse of time, the masked cavalier began to evince symptoms of impatience mingled with something like apprehension; for he repeatedly looked around timidly and furtively, as if alarmed at finding himself alone in darkness and in silence. Presently another cavalier, also masked, entered the street, and perceiving that some one was loitering about, he placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and hurriedly exclaimed—

"What is your business here, Señor?"

The person thus addressed answered firmly and haughtily: "I do not intend to tell you my business, nor do I know by what right you seek to know it."

"No matter for that. I desire to be informed why you are waiting here?" resumed his interlocutor, in a peremptory tone.

The first cavalier was evidently startled by this authoritative address; but after an effort to summon his presence of mind, he coolly requested that his interlocutor would pass on without interrupting him.

"That is precisely what I must request you to do," said the other; "nay, I insist that you forthwith retire. I expect to meet some one here, and I can dispense with your presence."

"I am also waiting for some one," rejoined the other, "and I know no reason why we cannot both wait."

"Your pardon, Señor, that cannot be. I once more desire that you begone. If you do not go willingly, force must compel you."

These words, which were uttered in a very resolute tone, fired the proud Spanish blood of him to whom they were addressed, and without pausing to consider whether he was able to measure swords with his adversary, he instantly unsheathed his weapon. The other followed his example, and both stood for a moment face to face, and sword in hand, each hesitating to commence the conflict, though both were burning with rage and eager for vengeance. It was evident that beneath a great show of courage, they mutually sought to conceal a certain degree of fear, and that neither the one nor the other was an adept in the use of the sword. At length a bitter taunt uttered by the second cavalier, put an end to all indecision:—each raised his arm, and their blades crossed.

The combat lasted but a minute, for at the expiration of that interval, the first cavalier fell to the ground, uttering a piercing cry. His adversary, greatly alarmed, stooped down to examine the wound, and with no small satisfaction discovered that it was merely a cut on the hand. Then whispering in the ear of the prostrate combatant, he said:

"Marquesa Pabla de los Montes, we have both played our parts bravely. Know that the wound you have received has been inflicted by the hand of the woman whose heart you have mercilessly stabbed!"

The disguised Doña Francisca, having summoned the attendance of two valets whom she had left at the further end of the Calle San Fernando, she directed them to raise the fainting Marquesa, and to convey her carefully to her home.

Meanwhile, another person was seen to approach. Francisca immediately recognized Don Felix, and hastily advanced to meet him. "Behold, sir," said she, pointing to Doña Pebla, "the consequence of your indiscretion. An hour later,—and I should have killed her. But all may yet be well; for, in spite of the misery I have suffered, I can forgive, if you be willing to retrieve your error by repentance."

Overwhelmed with surprise and confusion, Don Felix accompanied his wife to her place of abode, and his deep and sincere regret for the past obtained for him full and complete forgiveness. Francisca related to him how she had heard of his departure from La Vega in pursuit of the Marquesa, how she discovered and kept watch on them in Madrid, how she had intercepted their assignation in the Calle San Fernando, and how she had taken vengeance on her rival, and averted the danger which threatened her own happiness.

Next morning Don Felix and Doña Francisca left Madrid to return to their residence in the Asturias, and the year which followed their reconciliation gave birth to Don Lope de Vega Carpio, the first dramatic poet of his age—he whom the great Cervantes, in his *Viage del Parnasso,* thus describes:—

> "Poeta insigne, a cuyo verso o prosa
> Ninguno lo aventaja, in aun le llega."*

In after years, Lope de Vega was sometimes heard to allude to the events above narrated. On those occasions he would jestingly remark *that he had well nigh missed being his mother's son,* adding, that the son of the Gipsy of the Val de Correido, who had been brought up and educated by the bounty of his family, was no other than the celebrated actor, Felix Pablo Valdez, to whose able performance he modestly assigned the popularity of some of his most favourite plays.

The Marquesa Pabla de los Montes, profiting by the lesson she had received, retired to the Ursuline convent in Madrid, of which she ultimately became Lady Abbess. Her portrait, which formerly hung in one of the chambers of the convent, represented a lady of exquisite beauty;—and, to render the resemblance perfect, the painter had been careful not to omit a scar, which was plainly discernible on the right hand of the original.

> * Distinguished bard, whom none of modern time
> Can pass, or even reach, in verse or rhyme.

OLD JEST-BOOKS.

BY J. O. HALLIWELL.

Who can read of the Globe Theatre, the Curtain, or Paris Garden, without wishing for one peep at Shakspeare as an actor, Burbage playing Richard, or an actual insight into what a "bear-garden" really was in the "good old days of Bonny Queen Bess?" Alas, for the days of merry old England! The occupier of one of our comfortable modern boxes, or even the denizen of the most wretched seat in a sixpenny gallery, can have but little idea of what was patiently endured by their stage-loving ancestors, some two centuries and a half ago; and we should be sorry to have to describe all their discomforts, commencing with standing in an arena unprotected from the weather, and not always terminating with the performance of the play. Our business leads us to a personage, now nearly forgotten on the regular boards, or retained only in the quickly vanishing pantomine, but who was then *the* actor *par excellence* for the multitude.

With what indignation does Shakspeare allude to the class we are about to mention,—if possible, to describe,—the ancient clowns. "Let those," he says, "that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered." This requires some explanation.

Few plays were anciently considered complete without a clown, and he was a much more important and privileged person in his day than our own. He not only entered on the stage at the proper times, but continually mixed with the company, and attempted to excite merriment by any species of buffoonery that occurred to him. Richard Tarlton, who played between 1560 and 1588, was one of the most popular and notorious of these extemporising clowns. Always on the look-out for a joke, he was not contented with confining his attentions to the company on the stage, but constantly sparred with the audience. Nor were the latter backward in inciting him to rhyme on themes which were generally concocted beforehand, in order to puzzle Tarlton when he appeared before them. Thus is related "Tarlton's Jest of a Gridiron," which we give in its original quaint style, for to translate it into modern language would destroy the best part, and injure the rest:—

"While the queen's players lay in Worcester city to get money, it was his custom for to sing extempore of themes given him; amongst which they were appointed to play the next day. Now one fellow of the city amongst the rest, that seemed quaint of conceit to lead other youths with his fine wit, gave out that the next day he would give him a theme to put him to a nonplus. Divers of his friends acquainted with the same, expected some rare conceit. Well, the next day came, and my gallant gave him his invention in two lines, which was this:—

Methinks it is a thing unfit
To see a gridiron turn the spit.

The people laughed at this, thinking his wit knew no answer thereunto, which angered Tarlton exceedingly, and presently with a smile looking about, when they expected wonders, he put it off thus:—

> Methinks it is a thing unfit
> *To see an ass have any wit!*

The people hooted for joy to see the theme-giver dashed, who, like a dog with his tail between his legs, left the place. But such commendations Tarlton got, that he supped with the bailiff that night, where my themer durst not come, although he were sent for, so much was he vexed at that unlooked-for answer."

Many other anecdotes are told of Tarlton. "There was a nobleman that asked Tarlton what he thought of soldiers in time of peace. 'Marry,' quoth he, 'they are like chimneys in summer.'"

"An unthrifty gallant belonging to the Court had borrowed five pounds of Tarlton; but having lost it at dice, he sent his man to Tarlton to borrow five pounds more, by the same token he owed him already five pounds. 'Pray tell your master,' quoth Tarlton, 'that if he will send me the token, I will send him the money.'"

"Tarlton being in a merry vein as he walked in the great hall in Greenwich, met my old Lord Chamberlain going between two fantastic gallants, and cried aloud to him, 'My lord, my lord, you go in great danger!' Whereat amazed, he asked whereof? 'Of drowning,' quoth Tarlton, 'were it not for those two bladders under each of your arms.'"

"Tarlton meeting a rich Londoner, fell into talk about the Bishop of Peterborough, highly praising his bounty to his servants, his liberality to strangers, his great hospitality and charity to the poor. 'He doth well,' says the rich man, 'for what he hath, he hath during his life.' 'Why,' quoth Tarlton, 'for how many lives have you your goods?'"

"Tarlton upon a time being in the country, and lodging in a homely inn, during which time there was a gentleman dwelling in the same town, somewhat frantic and mad, which madman on a sudden rushed into Tarlton's bed-chamber with his sword drawn, and finding him there in bed, would have slain him, saying, 'Villain, were it not valiantly done, to strike off thy knave's head at one blow?' Tarlton answered, 'Tut, sir, that's nothing for your worship to do: you can as easily strike off two heads at one blow as one; wherefore, if you please, I'll go down and call up another, and so you may strike off both our heads at once.' The madman believed him, and so let him slip away."

"As a gentleman and Tarlton passed through a field together, a crow in a tree cried 'kaw, kaw.' 'See yonder, Tarlton,' quoth the gentleman, 'yonder crow calleth thee knave.' 'No, sir,' he answered, 'he beckons to your worship as the better man.'"

Years before Tarlton appeared on the stage, Scogan bore the bell among buffoons, though of a different kind, in Edward the Fourth's time; and, like Tarlton, a collection of Jests was fathered upon him. Falstaff, according to Shakspeare, "broke Scogan's head at the court-gate." Our dramatist probably took the name and idea from the collection we have alluded to, for the historical evidence of his

biography is but small. Few of Scogan's jests will amuse the modern reader, but there is considerable humour in the following relation, "How Jack made his master pay a penny for the herring-bones."

"On a time, Scogan did send Jack to Oxford to market, to buy a pennyworth of fresh herrings. Scogan said, 'Bring four herrings for a penny, or else bring none.' Jack could not get four herrings, but three for his penny, and when he came home, Scogan said, 'How many herrings hast thou brought?' and Jack said, 'Three herrings, for I could not get four for a penny.' Scogan said, 'he would have none of them.' 'Sir,' said Jack, 'then will I, and there is your penny again.' When dinner-time was come, then Jack did set bread and butter before his master, and roasted his herrings, and sat down at the lower end of the table, and did eat his herrings. Scogan said, 'Let me have one of thy herrings, and thou shalt have another of me another time.' Jack said, 'And if you will have one herring, it shall cost you a penny.' 'What!' said Scogan, 'thou wilt not take it on thy conscience.' Jack said, 'My conscience is such that you get not a morsel here, except I have my penny again.' Thus contending together, Jack had made an end of his herrings. A Master of Arts of Oxford, one of Scogan's fellows, did come to see Scogan; and when Scogan had espied him, he said to Jack, 'Set up the bones of the herrings before me.' 'Sir,' said Jack, 'they shall cost you a penny.' Then said Scogan, 'What, wilt thou shame me?' 'No, sir,' said Jack, 'give me my penny again, and you shall have up the bones, or else I will tell all.' Scogan then cast down a penny to Jack, and Jack brought up to Scogan the herring-bones; and by this time the Master of Arts did come in to Scogan; and Scogan bad him welcome, saying, '*If you had come sooner, you should have had fresh herrings for dinner.*'"

In this case the master was outdone by the man, and Scogan well punished for his parsimony. But the picture of the times is singular.

The so-called "jests" of this early period are generally nothing better than very bad practical jokes, and it is difficult to select many that are readable. Following Scogan, we have a collection fathered upon the eminent poet Skelton, printed in the reign of Henry VIII. which commences with the following anecdote:—

"Skelton was an Englishman born, as Scogan was, and he was educated and brought up at Oxford, and there he was made a poet laureat. And on a time he had been at Abingdon to make merry, where he had eaten salt meats, and he did come late home to Oxford, and did lie in an inn named the Tabour, which is now the Angel, and he did drink, and went to bed. About midnight he was so thirsty that he was constrained to call to the tapster for drink, and the tapster heard him not. Then he cried to his host and his hostess, and to the ostler, for drink, and no man would hear him. 'Alack!' said Skelton, 'I shall perish for lack of drink; what remedy?' At the last he did cry out, 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' When Skelton heard every man bustling himself upward, some of them naked, and some half asleep and amazed, Skelton did still cry, Fire! fire! that every man knew not whither to resort. Skelton then did go to bed, and the host and hostess, and the tapster with the ostler, did run to Skelton's chamber, with lighted candles in their hands, saying, 'Where, where, where is the fire?' 'Here, here, here,' said Skelton, pointing

his finger to his mouth. 'Fetch me some drink to quench the fire, and the heat, and the dryness in my mouth,' added he; and so they did. Wherefore it is good for every man to help his ownself in time of need with some policy or craft, *so be it there being no deceit or falsehood used.*"

Not a few of the anecdotes current at the present day, and told of the generation just passed away, may be distinctly traced to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The jest-books of that period are full of curious and entertaining matter; a few selections may be amusing to the general reader. We will commence with one entitled "Wit and Mirth," 1630, written by John Taylor, a waterman on the river Thames, who was distinguished amongst his contemporaries as the "Water Poet."

"Myself carried an old fellow by water that had wealth enough to be Deputy of the Ward, and wit sufficient for a scavenger. The water being somewhat rough, he was much afraid, and instead of saying his prayers, threatened me that if I did drown him, he would spend a hundred pounds but he would see me hanged for it. I desired him to be quiet and fear nothing, and so in little space I landed him at the Bears' College on the Bank-side, alias Paris Garden. 'Well,' said he, 'I am glad I am off the water, for if the boat had miscarried, *I could have swum no more than a goose.*'"

"An old painter at the repairing of a church was writing sentences of Scripture upon the walls. By chance a friend of mine came into the church, and reading them, perceived much false English. 'Old man,' said my friend, 'why do you not write true English?' 'Alas! sir,' said the painter, 'they are poor simple people in this parish, and they will not go to the cost of it.'"

"A soldier upon his march found a horse-shoe, and stuck it at his girdle, where, passing through a wood, some of the enemy lay in ambush, and one of them discharged his musket, and the shot by fortune lighted against the fellow's horse-shoe. 'Ah! ha!' quoth he, 'I perceive that a little armour will serve a man's turn, *if it be put on in the right place.*'"

"A justice of the peace being angry with a pilfering knave, said, 'Sirrah, if thou dost not mend thy manners, thou wilt be shortly hanged, or else I will be hanged for thee!' The bold knave replied, 'I thank your worship for that kind offer, and I beseech your worship not to be out of the way when I shall have occasion to use you.'"

"A cardinal kept a knavish fool for his recreation, to whom he said, 'Sirrah fool! suppose that all the world were dead but thou and I, and that one of us should be turned to a horse, and the other of us to an ass, say which of us two wouldest thou choose to be?' The fool answered, 'Sir, you are my master and for that respect it is fit that your worship should choose first, and I will be contented to take that which you leave.' 'Why then,' said the cardinal, 'I would be a horse.' 'No,' said the fool, 'let me entreat your worship to be an ass, for I would choose to be an ass above all things.' 'Why?' quoth the Cardinal. 'Marry,' said the fool, 'because that I have known many asses come to be justices, but I never knew any horse come to the like preferment.'"

"A diligent and learned preacher, on a Sunday in the afternoon,

was preaching, whilst most of the vestrymen were fast asleep in their pews. In the mean space a young child cried somewhat aloud at the lower end of the church, which the preacher hearing called to the nurse, and said 'Nurse, I pray thee still thy child, or else it may chance to awaken some of the best men in our parish.'"

"A serving-man going in haste in London, minding his business more than his way, a gallant jostled him from the wall almost into the kennel: upon which the fellow turned about, and asked the gentleman why he did jostle him so. The gentleman replied, 'because he would not give the wall to a saucy knave.' The serving-man retorted, 'Your worship is not of my mind, *for I will.*'"

These and similar anecdotes supplied our ancestors with food for many a hearty laugh, and filled the place of *Punch* in the eating-houses of the seventeenth century. It is, however, to be regretted that some of the most clever and quaint specimens of this class are tinctured too deeply with the coarse indelicacy of the age to bear transcription.

CORPUS POETÆ LATINI.

(AD AMICUM POETAM.)

SIT *Corpus* tibi *Cor*, non *Pus*; ne *Pus* tibi *Cordi*;
At *Cor* sit *Purum*, sit sine *Pure* tamen.
Sis bene *Cordatus*, sed non *Caudatus*, amice,
Si sit *Cor-rectum*, Cor erit usque *De-cor*.
De-Cute sudorem nimium bene *Decute* semper,
Ut *Careat Carie* sit tibi *Cara Caro*.
Sit tibi *Pes sospes*, ne *gressus* sit tibi *fessus*;
Ne *Crus* sit quasi *Crux*, sit *Geniale Genu*.
Mansuetis sit *sueta manus*, *certusque Lacertus*,
Polleat et *Pollex*, *Palma* sit *alma* tibi.
Sint tibi *Prudentes Dentes*, *latumque Palatum*,
Os tibi sit *Compos*, ut canat omne *Mel-os*.
Ne tibi sit *Labrum scabrum*, sed *bella Labella*,
Sintque *Comæ Comes*, sit *Caput* atque *Capax*.
Sitque *Ornamentum Mentum*, sint *Ora Decora*,
Sintque *bonæ Malæ*, nam *Mĕla Māla nocet*.
Ne tibi sit *Vultus* stultus, ne Barbara Barba,
Sit *facilis facies*, inque *Colore Calor*.
Neve *Venenosæ Venæ*, nec *Sanguis* ut *Anguis*,
Alvus sit *Salvus*, *Sanaque* sit *Sanies*.
Neve à *Peccatis Pectus* tibi crede vocatum,
Sit *Calidum*, sed ne *Callidus* esse velis.
Neve *Sinum Sine* lege *Sinas* patrare *Sinistrum*,
Mentiri et *Mentem Mentio* nulla probet.
Sic *Tu* sis *Tutus*, fretus *Vir-tute Tu-endâ*,
Et *Tutè* facias omnia *Tute* Tibi.

CAROLUS DE LA PRYME.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

"FLANEUR.—A busy lounger; an industrious idler; an observing street-tramper; a peripatetic philosopher of the *pavé;* a wisdom-seeking wanderer about the world."—*Dictionary of common usage, not of the French Academy.*

SCRAP V.

Society.—Types of the "Lions" of the day.—Parisian Females in Society.—Parisian Salons.—Fashion and no Fashion.

THE world, as it goes, is the same all the world over, as far as the same foolish European costume prevails. Into whatever grade of society you may go, you will find all striving to be what they are not; all struggling to mount a stave or two higher in society's ladder. Those at the top presenting only, perhaps, a less lively picture than those a stave or two lower, since they have need of less movement in ambition's contest, and, consequently, exhibit less animation. As the ladder is descended in Parisian society, the various shades of difference it presents are so delicately and almost imperceptibly blended, that they are difficult to catch, and still more so to paint. The French, in fact, are better imitators in society than in most other countries, they are the best actors, "genteel comedy" actors, at all events, in the world, and when called upon to play, generally act their parts to admiration. In their endeavours to copy the tone of the higher ranks—in spite of an exaggeration of manner, of dress, of affectation,—they certainly succeed better than people succeed in a certain country that I wot of, where such attempts often degenerate, even among persons supposed to be well bred and well educated, into the coarsest caricature. It would be difficult, consequently, to attempt any detailed sketches of all these different gradations of society, which, it would fill a gallery, more endless than the Louvre on the occasion of a modern exhibition, to paint to the life and to the full. Besides, in decent French society, the general characteristics remain the same. Everywhere is the same looseness of morality, to which worldly *convenance* alone acts as a sort of police officer, to prevent excess, as far as any police agency can be efficient, and forms the stays and stiffened buckram, that control and confine, in the midst of the flimsy glitter of ribband and lace; whereas, be it said, *par parenthèse,* the morals of some other countries, such as Germany for instance, may be coarser, better, more solid, but are only too often wofully loosely put on, and want utterly that *tournure* which the tying and lacing of *convenance* bestows. Everywhere are to be found the same envies, jealousies, heart-burnings, and, above all, cynical *médisance;* everywhere the same travestied justice of the World's court of Question upon Character, in which judge, jury, and witness, are all one and the same; in which none, consequently, can expect to escape condemnation. Everywhere is the same flimsy, badly gilt affectation of politeness, that utterly lacks the sterling gold burnish of true courtesy, and, if ever made to pass as current coin at all, is so debased by exaggeration that it amounts to irony; and of this latter species of French politeness, no better example can be given than the well-known anecdote

of the old Frenchman, who, when told a rather incredible tale by a lady, answered her, "My dear madam, I believe the fact because *you* tell me so: but certainly if I had seen it with my own eyes, I should never have believed it." Everywhere the type remains more or less the same. The *flâneur*, then, will attempt no more than to follow up his usual system, or rather, want of all system, in wandering from one point of observation to another, without any guide-book regularity, without any idea of order or purpose, stopping here and there, on his capricious journey, to touch upon whatever objects may chance to fall under his eye.

The mania for balls among all classes in the French capital, and the art, artifices, and intrigues employed to obtain invitations to houses where the announcement, "*on dansera,*" has gone forth, has already been alluded to. Before further speaking of this invitation-mania epidemic, however, it may be as well to mention some of the various little devices of the Parisians for shining with a borrowed splendour, and giving balls at the expense of others. To witness the pursuance of this system to its greatest extent of successful accomplishment, it will be necessary, *credite posteri!* to return to those circles we have just left, and find ourselves once more among the greatest and most ancient names of the highest families of France, not but that inferior ranks would be equally ready to dabble in the same speculations, had they the capital of a great name and its consequent lustre upon which to speculate; and, in truth, in a country where speculation is now so much the order of the day, and high and low, rich and poor, turn their spirit of *exploitation* to the best account, why should we be astonished that the *exploitation des riches étrangers* should not afford matter for speculation as well as any other? The manner in which this *tour de main* is executed, might form the matter of a very neat receipt, in the style of Mrs. Glass's Cookery Book, which would run pretty nearly as follows:—

"First catch a foreigner, who must be rich and vain; separate him from his countrymen and connexions; puff him up with a spirit of imaginary exclusiveness; gild him with his own wealth; stir him up into a taste of ambition for distinction; lard him richly with aristocratic names, titles, and rank; and, after being sure that he is well cleaned of every thing *bourgeois*, stew him in his own vanity. When well done, the result will be a ball, which may be garnished with pretension and affectation *ad libitum*, and dished up gratis to one's noble friends."

This, we beg leave to observe, is the best approved receipt, constantly in use among the very highest ranks of fashionable society in Paris. *Probatum est.*

There is also another very pretty way of getting up concerts cheap at one's own house, which is far more easy of execution, and more in vogue among the less exclusive circles of Parisian society, and which is in daily use in French houses. This is to lay hold of a young *artiste* or two, who may be struggling to get on in the world, and induce them to play at one's own musical *soirées*, under the pretext of thus introducing them into society, and pushing them on, and, then, by way of recompense to them, to force tickets for a benefit concert upon all one's friends and acquaintances, and especially upon all the unfortunate young men who have had the honour of being introduced in the house, having thus the further advantages of playing the part of patron or

patroness, with no more trouble than that of exercising a vast deal of importunity—a trouble which is none to the Parisian,—and going to another concert gratis.

Apropos of concerts it ought to be remarked, *en passant*, that in few countries is *amateur* singing carried to such a pitch of perfection, as in Paris, and that more especially in the noble Faubourg an advancement truly surprising has been made in the art of music. In England, until very latterly, it was considered a social crime to attempt to compete with professional *artistes*. In France, it has for some time past been considered a glory. The English paid, and gave themselves no further trouble. The French emulated, and have succeeded. The question of the worth of these brilliant attainments, or of propriety, or of the advantages of shrinking modesty, or of giving to *artistes* what to *artistes* belongs, and such-like discussions, we must leave to those who discuss such matters in England. We speak but of results. The concerts of ancient music, supported chiefly by *amateurs*, and raised to so high a pitch of perfection by a well-known prince of the nobility of the empire, as well as the concerts occasionally given for great public charities, at which ladies of the first rank will not only appear in the part of *prima donna*, but also give their more modest mite of contribution in the choruses, are striking proofs of the pitch of perfection to which these matters have been carried. But how many *salons* might be cited throughout the capital, as a proof of this assertion, including the hotel of that Queen of Concerts, who, placed between two ranks of society, knows how to accomplish the difficult task of uniting both in an harmonious whole, and receives with equal grace and politeness ladies of the old court, and ladies of the new, diplomatists and men of letters, amateurs and artists, and not forgetting that more modest apartment of the Faubourg St. Germain, that scantily furnished and narrow "second-pair back," where many of the oldest and most *distingué* names and first fashion in France, together with the best illustrations of foreign rank, from the cream of the embassies, may be so often found congregated together, to listen to a concentration of *amateur* talent—another social distinction from a neighbouring country, where want of fortune would be a brandmark that would frighten away all thoughts of elegance or fashion. But it is time to quit these brighter spots in the picture, and return to our society of balls and *soirées*.

One of the most prominent characters to be found in all classes of society in Paris, but one which still, it seems, has never been done sufficient justice to, in novels or on the stage, is the hunter after invitations. We speak of the male of the species, although, as before said, the mania has become a general epidemic, and is far from being confined to the one sex. But the male *intriguant* is easier to follow through all the various manœuvres of his art, and lies more open upon the face of society than the female, whose various *finesses*, in all their delicacy of weaving, are far more difficult to be felt and seized in this branch of their art, as well as in every other. We should despair, with our coarse microscope of observation, of ever tracing all the connecting threads of such an entangled web. The male *chercheur de soirées* passes all the minutes, hours, days, weeks, and even years of his existence, in his eternal hunt for houses, to which he can, by any possibility, get invited. If he hears of a ball, he runs from friend to friend, till he finds some one connected, even in a third or fourth-rate degree of acquaintance, with the lady of the house. On him he fixes

with leech-like importunity, until he worries him into an effort to obtain the desired invitation. He never quits his bite until he has effected his purpose; or if he fails in his first attempt, he wriggles to some other victim, on whom he again bites with voracious pertinacity. No acquaintance, however slight, can consider himself as free from the attacks of those *soi-disant* dear friends. No ramifications of *intrigue* are too widely extended, that these audacious beggars in pumps and white kid gloves do not follow them up from the last fibre of the root, until they arrive at the trunk. If an embassy ball is to be achieved, what a genius of diplomacy do they display, in all their relations, social and political, to gain their ends,—what an unweariness of effort in their purpose!—what combinations!—what infinite *rouerie!*—What Talleyrands they are, their wits thus sharpened by the distant sounds of fiddle-strings! And, if it be some great house, with a great name, to which the remotest prospect of admission is offered, what a breathless course will they follow up, and through what mazes, until they reach its portals! Why, they would sell honour and soul,—if they thought they had any, or any demon would be dupe enough to buy them,—to effect an entrance. One little anecdote upon this subject may suffice to illustrate the complicated manner in which the hunt is followed up, and the strange mixture of *bassesse* and vanity in the means employed.

A young Prussian of rank was visited one morning by a gentleman, with whom he was on the slightest possible terms of acquaintance. The visitor came to demand the young foreigner's efforts to procure an invitation to a ball at the house of a great French lady of fashion—not for himself, no, for one of his friends. In vain the young Prussian protested that he himself did not know the lady. "But your Ambassador probably does," was the pertinacious reply; "and you can apply to him, to write to her, to demand the invitation in question."—"And pray," continued this "round-about" solicitor for his friend; "pray tell your Ambassador that my *friend's wife* has the most splendid diamonds, which cannot fail of producing an effect at such a ball!"

Since we have fallen upon one of the types of the male pleasure-seeking world in Paris, let us pursue our course in the delineation of a few others of the more characteristic in Parisian society.

The young *élégants* of Paris, the "lions" who are able to roar the best—although, by the way, there is many a cub that will roar as lustily as a full maned lion—those, in fact, who have the means of "cutting a figure," or who fancy they have, or who wish others to fancy it, may be divided into two separate and very distinct classes; those who live "in the world," and those who live "out" of it. Which of the two classes sums up the better account in the final reckoning of their quantum of pleasure gained, and of real happiness lost; which of the two, in fact, finds himself, at last, most on the debtor side, on the score of health, fortune, and content, it would be very difficult to decide. At first sight it might be supposed that he who affranchises himself from all the rules and even decencies of society, the "lion" of the Jockey Club, and other expensive institutions of that kind—the man, who lives a life of frank debauchery, unfettered by etiquette and the exigencies of the world, and who, thinking perfect carelessness to all *convenance* the only true spice of pleasure, reserves himself the penitence of marriage ties and an equivocal decorum, as phy-

sic to the soul, when surfeited and weakened by the life he leads, would appear the greater loser of the two. But this is only at first glance. Let those who have plunged into the seemingly quiet depths, the frozen-looking whirlpool of "society," tell of the hidden rocks and quicksands, the dangers, the vexations, the fatigues to be undergone in this career, the nets spread out to catch his repose, his liberty, his fortunes. When once he has made the plunge, the torrent bears the unfortunate wretch away, and he finds to his cost, that the frequenting *la bonne société* is as expensive and as ruinous as any other hobby, folly, or passion. He may scorn the lesser breakers of dress and equipage, for they are disregarded by the well-ballasted mariner; but when the season once commences—the season of subscription balls for the various purposes of charity or politics—for in Paris a concert has almost always a political tendency, and a public ball is a party affair,—the poor man is assailed by a whole storm of Lady Patronesses, who insist upon his taking tickets off their hands at twenty francs a-piece. To prefer one to another, to wound a fair friend's *amour propre*, would be to lose himself at once in his career. He takes from all, and preserves his consideration. The balls for the poor pass over; but philanthropy spreads out before him other shoals which are still to be passed. Every great Lady has her stall at a charity bazaar, or charity highway robbery trap, for the indigent of some *liste civile*, or "foreign fund," and every great lady expects his custom. To refuse an invitation, which amounts to a command, is impossible. The young dandy must appear at Charity's mock court, and bow down. Not a shrine can he pass without an offering. The knife of scarcely polite compulsion is placed at his throat; he may reason upon Falstaff's known principle, "that discretion is the better part, &c.," but he cannot escape. He pays a Duchess a hundred francs for a cravat. When a fair Marchioness offers him a pair of slippers of her own working, telling him to pay them what he thinks them worth, he purchases them, of course, with a thousand-franc note; and when a lovely English lady takes a *bouquet* of violets from her bosom, and bids him put his own price on such a favour—how is such a favour ever to be paid? The Carnival passes, and he vainly thinks that Lent will give him a respite from the fancy fairs, as well as follies of the world. But charity assumes another dress, and holds the plate for the poor at St. Thomas d'Acquin, St. Roch, or at that pretty little Parisian drawing-room, so beautifully furnished, so beloved of the "lionesses" of the Chaussée d'Antin and the *danseuses* of the opera, Notre Dame de Lorette; and there the persecuted victim of the world's wiles must again drop his pharisee's offering to well-dressed charity. At the end of the season, shattered in health and purse,—for, be it observed, a Parisian monied *élégant* is not an English one,—he has recourse to his doctor and his legal adviser to patch together his constitution and his affairs for another voyage. In a few years he is wretched without hope of recovery; and, after seeking in vain a place in order to repair his shattered fortunes, he tries his luck at a rich marriage. To effect this latter purpose he blazes up, like a dying candle, in order to make a last dash in the world—Fruitless efforts! From the young heiress he falls down to the rich old English mummy. But "the world," to which he has so long sacrificed everything, takes a pleasure in denouncing his misery and thwarting his plans. How willingly would he now beg a hand to hold a plate for him at a

church-door, a stall at a bazaar for his profit, a ball for his benefit! But the world has other means of showing off its charity than that of recompensing its victims. Such is the fate of one class. That of the other may, only too frequently, be traced in the Hygeian inscriptions on the walls of the capital, or in the wards of the prison for debt of the Rue de Clichy.

Apropos of rich marriages to repair shattered fortunes, it may be remarked, that the prospect of marrying for money—to make *a bon parti*, in fact, is the first notion of French education among all classes, inculcated into children before their A, B, C, and certainly before their Catechism. But it is far from being the little misses alone who are thus brought up: the little gentlemen are quite as much, or even more, instructed that if they do not "take their fingers out of their mouths, hold up their heads, and be good boys," they will never make a good marriage, or get a rich wife. This great *desideratum* they are taught from their earliest childhood to look upon as the main object of their existence. As to a career or an *emploi*, it is a secondary consideration quite, a safeguard only, in case they should fail in their expected prize. If accomplishments are bestowed upon them, it is for the sake of "catching an heiress." Their fathers instil into them no feeling but that of personal pride—their mothers no sentiment but that of vanity. They are bred for the market, where they may sell themselves for fortune; and whether their future bride have talent, or youth, or beauty, is a matter of very minor moment. She must have money. Then the young man is ready for sale; nor does it afterwards matter if he quite forget to fulfil the conditions of his purchase, and adds breach of faith to breach of manly principle. Vanity is thus, first and last, the leading movement of every action of the Frenchman; and how far this species of education for the great fishery of monied wives may influence the leading characteristic qualities of the nation, might be a question worth stirring up, even to the dirtiest dregs it contains, and would form a worthy subject for the pen of the satirist or the novelist.

In spite of what has been already said of the two distinct classes of Parisian Lions, it must not be supposed but that there are a great many varieties of the genus. There exists one species of the *homme à la mode*, whose physiognomy is more characteristic of the present more calculating, positive, and utilitarian epoch. Fantastic eulogiums may be still passed upon the *homme à la mode* of a by-gone age, and weak imitators may be still found of the *roué* who considered it admirable to lead a life of the most extravagant disorder, and who was so long tolerated as a type of that charming French *étourderie*, of which we have all heard so much sickening nonsense talked; but the species of the *homme à la mode d'aujourd'hui*, now touched upon, goes upon quite another principle. He is very averse to ruining himself, if he can help it, or unless it be in railway speculations and such-like modern gambling: he thinks it very bad taste to be encumbered with debts, farms his estate under his own eyes, talks of ameliorations, inventions, and agricultural economy, studies law books to be *au fait* of the technicalities of leases, sales, and transfers, and is perfectly versed in all the mysteries of the *Bourse*. If he looks to the material advantages of his position, he at the same time does not neglect its graces. He affects to be a distinguished *amateur* of the arts, and a *connoisseur* in matters of music and painting, as well as horses, dogs,

and women; and, moreover,—another distinguishing characteristic of the species—strives to be English, as far as he can contrive to be so, not only in notions social, political, and economical, but in fashion of dress, and in phlegma of manner.

Another very prominent type to be found for ever floating upon the surface of Parisian society is the self-created Noble; and, be it remarked, that the system of self-ennobling by no means meets with any opposition from society, and scarcely excites, even in the most severe, a passing laugh of ridicule and contempt, which is soon forgotten, and vanishes away before the persevering impudence of the *soi-disant* "man of family." Still more, it is even tolerated in the noble houses, where he may happen to be received, upon the principle that a name, with a smack of aristocratic appellation, sounds better in the salon upon announcement by the servant, and enables the *maitresse de maison* to receive without a blush before her exclusive female acquaintance, a man, whose designation of plain "Monsieur" would sound ill in their ears, but to whom interest or circumstances induce or compel her to open her doors. The proceeding by which one of these imaginative gentlemen creates himself a patent is one of extreme simplicity. His name may be Dumont, or Dupont, or Dubois, or any other of the plebeian patronymics, which in France are tantamount to the English "Smith." His father may have been a cattle-dealer, or a tanner, or a coal-merchant—no matter what: let us suppose him, at the best, of respectable, perhaps monied, *bourgeoisie* in the provinces. The young gentleman has an exterior which he considers qualified to "cut a figure" in the world; he has a taste also for good society, and he does not see why it should be balked. But the vulgar name of Dubois he finds a hindrance in the career to which he would devote himself. He remembers, however, that his father possesses a piece of land, or a mill, or a yard, which has a name, like everything else on the earth; or if his remembrance will not help him so far, he has a talent for romancing, and imagines that his honoured parent possesses such a one; and in that case he chooses it as well-sounding as he may. This name he tacks into his own, prefixing the aristocratic particle of *de*. He calls himself Monsieur Dubois de Noirmont; and thus his cards are printed. Before the first hundred are well dispersed, however, a new plate is engraved "D. de Noirmont." The "D." may, in this instance, be taken for the Christian name. The next plate bears the appellation of "De Noirmont" alone, and a coronet figures above the letters. He now permits himself to be formally introduced as the "Chevalier de Noirmont." But the title of Chevalier still has a tinge of the adventurer, and is to be avoided. The season following he is pompously announced as the "Baron de Noirmont." He is now in full swing; and why should he stop? He adopts, with or without knowledge of heraldry, but, at all events, without a dream of the existence of such an institution as a Herald's Office, a blazing coat of arms, full of crosses, and lions, and hieroglyphics without end. In a very short time he will be Viscount, Count, Marquis—if, indeed, he be modest enough to stop short before the title of Duke. But, at all events, he is ennobled, and will defend the veracity of his imagined title at the sword's point, as a noble ought to do. These specimens are not only not rare in the world of Paris, but they are everywhere to be seen. Then let it not be said that the tendency of France is towards republican institutions.

Among these innocent *soi-disant* "sprigs of nobility" may be found others, not less self-ennobled, but of a far more dangerous class, who by extreme imprudence, or by chance, may have found their way into the circles of "the world." The specimen is now-a-days rare in Paris, where men are seldom to be duped, unless they wilfully close their eyes, and insist upon being so. This is the foreign adventurer, the gambler or the spy, who dignifies himself with the title of Spanish Grandee, for instance—of course of the first class,—and who may contrive for a time to blind fair ladies' eyes by manœuvring on their hearts with a prepossessing exterior, or with tales of misfortune on account of his luckless attachment to the Carlist cause, and to work upon the feelings of old Legitimists by the "purity" of his declared principles, under which it is impossible to suspect the low-born adventurer in the man *qui pense si bien.* Fortunately, however, the season of these political swindlers on society and self-constituted noble refugees is pretty nigh past, and the specimen, finding no market for its intrigues, is gradually dying away.

After dilating thus upon some of the male types to be found in Parisian society, the *flâneur* ought, naturally, to turn his observation to the Parisian female,—the Parisian lady of the *salon* and the *boudoir:* but again he shrinks before the difficulty of the task, or rather, having made sundry vain endeavours, he gives up the attempt in despair. There are naturalists who think they can observe a butterfly at their ease, when they have run a pin through its body, and stuck it upon a cork. But such a process is as foolish as it is cruel. The butterfly, fixed thus immovably, is no longer a butterfly. A butterfly can be only examined as a butterfly, when it is fluttering round a bed of flowers. And who can then attempt the task of minute observation? Thus, the Parisian female is only to be examined as the true Parisian female, not in the interior of domestic life, where the pin has fixed her down, but the ball-room, or at the *soirée,* where she is fluttering with her wings of silk or gauze in the sunshine of a lighted *salon.* There she is no longer the dead insect she was when fettered to her humdrum cork. There she lives and breathes; for an impatient love of life is astir within her—a thirst of pleasure, of coquetry, of all the charms of her existence devours her. There, alone, is she to be seen in all her glitter. But then, who shall attempt to describe her? who can tell whether she be pretty or plain? for her features are in a perpetual state of movement, and compose a thousand faces, each more animated, and, often more seducing than the last. Who shall say whether her eyes be beautiful or not? for when a cannon ball is directed against your head, you cannot be supposed to make any enquiries as to the shape and make of the cannon; and the least execution these pieces of artillery expect to do, is to dazzle you by the flash, if they do not carry off your heart in the discharge. Who can judge whether the upper lip be long or short? when now, its fair possessor curves her nose *au vent,* now curves her lips with an air of disdain,—whether the mouth be large or small? where does the mouth end and the smile begin? Who, again, can penetrate the mysteries of the toilet, and distinguish what is real in what the *tulle* betrays, or what is unreal in all, which that baloon of silk is supposed to conceal? Who can tell whether she be false or true, coquettish or sincere, sentimental or gay? To give an impartial judgment, the judge and the judged must be equally in a state of composure. But who can remain composed near a Parisian

woman in a ball-room? Who ever saw a Parisian woman under such circumstances, calm and tranquil, in her whole life? How then should the *flâneur* be expected to observe, and much more to describe her? All that he can say about her is, that he has a firm belief in the old Parisian fairy legend, that tells how, once upon a time, the Parisian woman came into the world full of all sorts of defects, and how a kind fairy took pity on her, and, on each of these defects stamped a charm, and how the good fairy's name was Grace.

To enter into all the various characteristics of different Parisian *salons*, would be almost as hopeless a task. One prevailing tint, with shades of difference, which it would take infinite time to paint, pervades them all. One remark, however, that a foreigner cannot fail of making, on entering any of the more extensive *réunions* in the French capital, such as those of the Embassies, is the diversity of political parties that meet together in them, and the general diffusion of so many contrary elements. Vinegar and oil, with all their accompanying but incongruous et-ceteras in a salad-bowl, do not mix together into a more pleasant and harmonious whole, than do political contraries in that great salad-bowl, society. Names always clash, and fight, and howl defiance, when they meet together, upon paper; but the very men who bear them, may be seen standing peaceably, side by side, in a Parisian *salon*, like relics in an old curiosity shop, where idols of every age and clime lie pell-mell by each other, the head of a Grecian Apollo near an Indian fetish, an Egyptian Apis beside an Ecce Homo of the middle ages. In that curious museum of humanity, called a Parisian *salon*, an old mousquetaire, who has danced with Marie Antoinette, is shouldered by a philanthropist, who has been worshipped in the National Assembly, or a tamed Republican, who has been enshrined in the Directional Luxembourg—a great dignitary of the Empire, before whose sway all Europe trembled, bows to a lay Jesuit, a sovereign of the restoration, — all alike divinities of their day, and now, alike fallen, mutilated, tarnished, worm-eaten,—false gods, whose religion is rejected, and in whom few any longer put their trust,—while Legitimist and Orleanist, Doctrinaire and Liberal of the present day, shake hands in "much admired disorder."

SORELY THEY HAVE TEASED ME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

SORELY they have teased me,
  And vexed me early and late,
Some with too much loving,
  Others from downright hate.

They poisoned the drink in my cup,
  They poisoned the bread I ate,
Some with too much loving,
  Others from downright hate.

But she who most has grieved me,
  Who saddened and changed my fate,
Alas! she never loved me—
  She did not even hate.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

The dwarf dines with us.—I commit an assault—escape the station-house—and obtain an introduction to the drawing-room.

I FELT like a man in a dream, and could scarcely persuade myself that the occurrences of last night were actual realities. Had I been tricked by a male swindler, and cozened by a courtesan? I had—and no mistake; and, after a flattering self-examination of five minutes, I came to the honest conclusion that the loyal gentlemen, my ancestors, who had their necks disjointed, were Solomons come to judgment compared with me their unworthy descendant, and that in the history of the Elliotts I should be found the greatest ass that ever bore the name.

This agreeable train of thought was broken by the entry of Brian.

"How do you feel this morning?" inquired the smiling Patlander.

"That I am the sublimest fool within the bills of mortality," was my conscientious reply.

"I think my return to London was rather opportune, inasmuch as I have delivered you from the hands of the Philistines."

"You delivered me, my dear Brian, from far worse,—the snares of one of the most specious wretches who ever united a fair face to a depraved heart."

"Faith, in your estimate of the lady we are likely to agree in opinion. Have you seen or heard anything of her this morning?"

"Yes; she beat a retreat last night, and bolted with bag and baggage, leaving the canary, which you see hanging in the window, as the representative of its amiable mistress."

"Well," said Brian, "had this devil in the shape of woman, succeeded in entrapping you into matrimony, what would you have done?"

"Beaten out the male swindler's brains, and afterwards taken a double dose of Prussic acid. By the way, I had better send to the chemist's for a supply before the arrival of that infernal dwarf. Before I am in his company half an hour, I feel that I shall be a candidate for a strait waistcoat. He 'll drive me mad. What shall I say? I 'll tell him that Mrs. Bouverie died suddenly last night."

"No, no," replied the young Irishman. "He would request permission to have a peep at the corpse. You know the proverb,—those who take soup with the gentleman under the cellar, require a long spoon. You have not a chance with yellow-slippers; and, were I in your place, I would pluck up courage, and out with the truth, though it choked me."

"I believe you are right, friend Brian,—and I 'll make a clean breast at once. It requires desperate resolution, however; and, instead of the disclosure, and the pleasant remarks it will elicit from that thing of legs and arms, how willingly would I compound for a month on the tread-

Love at first sight.

mill! But come—let us be off somewhere to kill time; for, upon my soul! my morning meditations are far from being agreeable."

Away we went, visited a sight or two, returned at one o'clock—and, a stout determination of dying like a man, as my ancestors had done before me, I awaited the dwarf's arrival.

Punctually as two o'clock sounded from the belfry of St. Martin's, the little gentleman's equipage rumbled down the street, and stopped at the door of our dwelling-place. Had I been "i' the vein" for laughter, how extensively could I have indulged the humour; for never did mortal eye rest upon such a comical turn-out, a city sheriff's not excepted.

The carriage was the same chariot in which the little gentleman had visited the Border, and was therefore familiar to us. It was drawn by a couple of jobbed horses,—the near one a pie-balled cob—the outside a long-tailed black, which erstwhile had borne the weight of some Antony of the Life Guards, but, from increasing years and general infirmities, had exchanged the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war for what Cockneys call the "performance of funerals." These remarkable animals were driven by a man in a seedy box-coat and shocking bad hat,—a sort of *ultimus Romanorum* of that extinct race called "jarvies," who flourished some thirty years ago. By the side of this antiquated phaeton Cæsar was seated in all his glory; and, as if his ebony countenance were not sufficiently marked, it had pleased his amiable master to render it more striking still to admiring passengers, by the contrast of a white hat, while a dahlia of snowy hue was stuck in the "nigger's" breast, which, from its magnitude, might pass at a short distance for a cauliflower. Nor had the dwarf omitted to decorate his own person for his intended visit to the bride elect. His toilet had been unusually elaborate. He sported brimstone-coloured gloves, and, like his sable valet, exhibited a bouquet in his button-hole large enough to have furnished a bow-pot. With Cæsar's assistance, the little gentleman liberated his person from the leathern conveniency, and next minute the light of his countenance beamed upon us in the drawing-room.

After receiving our morning compliments with gracious dignity, he intimated his intention of honouring us with his company at dinner, and directed his equipage to return at an early hour in the evening. I was sincerely gratified when his turn-out received orders to be off; for the boys had collected round it by the dozen, and there was not a window within eye-range that wanted an admiring spectator.

"In love affairs, as well as business ones, men are expected to be punctual,—and here I am to the minute. I trust that my exterior will find favour in the lady's sight; for, in order to be eminently presentable, I have sacrificed to the graces most liberally."

And the saffron-faced rascal placed himself before the pier-glass, arranged afresh the bouquet in his button-hole, and emended the tie of his cravat. Brian walked over to the window, he being of the laughter-loving order, who cannot look on the ridiculous unmoved; while I, heaven pity me! felt like a criminal in the presence of a hard-featured judge, when the foreman of the jury responds to the interrogatory of the official a "Guilty, my Lord!"

"I sincerely regret, my dear sir, that your elaborate operations at the toilet have been unnecessarily thrown away—it is lost labour—for the fair lady is invisible."

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed the dwarf; "she must overcome this femi-

nine timidity. You told her, of course, that I was an old friend? Where is her abode? Point out the cage in which this bird of paradise is located."

"Upon my soul," said Brian, coming to the rescue, "I fancy it would puzzle even the detective police to give any account of the said bird of paradise."

"I do not exactly understand you," said the dwarf.

"I mean simply," responded Mr. O'Linn, "that the bird of paradise took wing last night, and—"

"What!" exclaimed the little gentleman, "has the relict of Lieutenant-Colonel Bouverie, C.B., disappeared?"

"She has, in sporting parlance," I desperately added, "bolted during the night, leaving a canary to the landlady as a keepsake."

He of the Kilmarnock night-cap puckered his cheeks together, and executed his whistle of astonishment.

"Will you, touching this most extraordinary proceeding of the bride elect, have the kindness to enlighten me?"

"My friend Brian," I replied, "can best do that, who, strange as it may sound, was an old acquaintance, and a favoured *cecisbeo*, had his Irish modesty not stepped in between him and his fortune. On certain passages in the life and adventures of the fair fugitive he will sufficiently enlighten you, and enable you to conjecture the causes of the lady levanting without beat of drum. Having awoke from the dream of love, I am going to see after sublunary affairs in the shape of dinner; and for that purpose I shall leave you together, while I visit my fat landlady down stairs."

I tapped at the parlour door, and was invited to come in. There I found Mrs. Lightbody—and, seated beside her on the sofa, one of the sweetest girls imaginable. Surprised at seeing me enter the apartment, the young lady rose to leave the room; but, apologising for my intrusion, I begged her to resume her seat, a request in which the stout gentlewoman united. Blushing to the brows, the fair girl modestly declined it. "Her father," she added, "expected her to resume reading the newspaper, which, from the infirmity of his sight, he could not manage to do himself," and with a smiling adieu to Mrs. Lightbody, and a bow to me, she gracefully quitted the parlour, after demolishing my peace of mind within the minute.

Reader—if you feel inclined to laugh, I beg you will restrain your merriment for a short time. I would not insult you by harbouring a doubt, but, that like myself, you swear by Shakespeare—and believe devoutly in all he sings and says, as the Turcoman does in the precepts of the Koran. If you were ever wounded "by a fair wench's black eye," you have Romeo and Juliet by heart, and must remember that "the gentle Montague" was dying by inches for a young lady of the name of Rosaline, until at the *Bal masqué*, given by Lady Capulet, her only daughter "did him brown." Fortified by that amatory precedent, I do not hesitate to confess, that one minute obliterated Mrs. Bouverie from my heart, and that Miss Julia Harley took immediate and undisputed possession of the tenement.

I know that in every future page of these my confessions, I should be making some personal allusion to the present Mrs. Elliott—you see, my dear reader, I never attempt to throw sand in your eyes, and mystify matters like modern "novel spinners," as Punch,—a gentleman for whom

I have a high respect—so happily designates that tribe. I shall therefore, and at once, present you to the lady—and as I am married a twelvemonth, and have been made the father of "a chopping boy," you may rest assured that I am now "*compos mentis*," and that the description shall be correct.

The morning on which accident introduced me to Julia Harley, was, by a curious coincidence, the nineteenth anniversary of her birth. Fancy a blushing girl, tall, slight, but finely proportioned—with dark blue eyes, teeth like pearl, lips that Suckling has described so well, and hair of veritable auburn, in which the predominant dark brown feebly betrays the tint of gold that dyes it. That face and figure were both positively handsome, no one could deny; but it was the expression of the former that finished me at first sight. She blushed—but her's was not the blush of a vacant school-girl when startled by a stranger. With Julia, it was the impulse of feeling that sent the blood careering from the heart to the brow. Her's was the innate modesty of one little looked upon, and all unused to lover's admiration. But see that countenance in repose, when unabashed "by man's approving," the intellectual eye, and calm but contemplative expression, indicated talent subdued by judgment, and then, and then only, you could estimate the gifted being, whom heaven had granted to the declining veteran, to soothe increasing infirmities and be the stay of age.

"Well," said the jolly landlady, "what think you of Miss Julia?"

"Think!" I exclaimed, "that she is an angel ready made, and only waiting for her wings to grow."

"Is she not pretty?" inquired mine hostess.

"Hang that cold phrase—it's only fit to be applied to a dress-maker. She's beautiful—intellectual—absolutely irresistible," was the answer.

"I wish you would fall in love with her then."

"That is impossible, my dear madam."

"And cannot modest beauty, like fair Julia's, touch that heart of adamant?"

"I have no heart. 'Tis gone—irrevocably gone."

"I could have guessed yesterday evening that it was over the way, but not having the least idea of the locality of the pretty widow at present, I cannot fancy within the bills of mortality, where it could be sought."

"Whisper, and I will tell you," I replied.

"Then you are not in total ignorance, as I believed you were, of the fair widow's 'whereabouts'?"

"Indeed I am in ignorance most profound—but my heart is—"

"Where?" enquired Mrs. Lightbody.

"At this moment in your second floor drawing-room."

"Would to God it were! and were I consulting your future happiness, I have offered up a prayer most likely to secure it. But, my dear sir, how could you waste time, and, if rumour may be credited, money also, on that worthless woman who ran away last night? They even went so far as to say, you actually had proposed marriage to her. But I stoutly denied it always—for I know you could never have been such a donkey."

There was a hard hit for a bamboozled borderer! after such a floorer, would "I plead guilty to the soft impeachment," and admit myself an ass? No, faith! I lied, and repudiated, like a Pennsylvanian bond, matrimonial intentions altogether.

"The servant over the way once lived with me—and Lord! how she used to make me shake my fat sides. After you used to leave the house, the whiskered scoundrel and his mistress would laugh by the hour at your simplicity; and every night after you were gone, they supped and caroused till morning. Two nights since, it appears that you remained later than you did generally,—and as Betsey went up to lay the cloth for supper, she overheard—as the door was partly open—the conversation.

"'Curse the fool. I thought he would never go,' said the lady. 'I fear the partridges will be over roasted.'"

"'Never mind, Emily,' replied the swindler, 'we must console ourselves by balancing the birds against the sovereigns. I relieved him of six—there are three for you.'"

This trifling anecdote was quite sufficient; and in all the extensive varieties of human donkeyism, I thought that my case might have claimed a supreme flight of asinine stupidity that none would dare to gainsay. I made hasty arrangements for the little gentleman's entertainment, implored Mrs. Lightbody to implore the cook, as she valued her first floor lodgers, to be punctual—and rejoined the dwarf in the drawing-room, in time to hear his flattering commentary on the narrative which Brian had just brought to a conclusion.

The proprietor of the brimstone gloves, drew from his pocket the memorable snuff-box, and took a long and exhilarating pinch. I knew what was to be expected—for it was his habit ere he delivered himself of a jobation, to take this agreeable refresher before he commenced hostilities."

"I had fancied I was apprized of the length to which mortal folly will extend; but I was in error, as it would appear, and have accordingly to profit by experience. I knew a man of eighty who married a girl of eighteen; I saw a sailor throw his gold watch into the frying-pan, and insist that it should be served up with the cutlets. The honourable Mrs. Softhead, *anno ætatis* sixty-four, married an ensign in a marching regiment, who within a brief twelvemonth, provided for her comfortably in St. Luke's. One fool consumes his life and fortune in looking for the Philosopher's stone; and another for a Polar passage. This man deposits his property in a bubble bank, and his person afterwards in the work-house; and that one usefully employs himself in calculating the Millennium to an hour. But of all the fools on earth, the Elliotts for ever!" and waving his handkerchief over his head, the little scoundrel gave a scream he intended to represent a cheer. For me to attempt to show fight was useless. I had not a leg to stand upon, good nor bad, and I thought it best to knock under at once.

"If sincere penitence for having permitted myself to be duped by a brace of swindlers, will insure pardon for the offence, I feel I shall not be damned for it," I said, "and to save unnecessary discussion on a subject which admits of but one opinion, I own myself a greater ass than the gentlemen who lost their heads, my aunt Janet who married the recruiting sergeant, or that gallows-bird who would have been my uncle, who blew up the parson, burned the hay-rick, and drowned himself afterwards."

"I fancy," returned the little man, "that the gallows-bird—as you are pleased to call him—was not the greatest fool in the family, after all. But '*de mortuis nil*,' he's gone to his account, and let him rest in peace.

After this free admission of your folly, it would be idle to say more,—and now listen quietly to me."

Again the little gentleman applied himself to his snuff-box, and then pleasantly continued:

"It must be evident to yourself, that in the management of worldly matters, you are regularly '*non compos.*'"

I bowed at this flattering observation, but the dwarf continued without moving a muscle.

"Of course, you must marry, and continue the silly succession of the Elliotts."

Was there ever such sublimated impertinence as that of this thing of legs and arms!

"You are not competent to choose a wife for yourself, and so I have taken the trouble to provide you with one."

I stared—Brian burst into a fit of laughter; but with perfect gravity the dwarf indulged in another pinch, and coolly waited my reply.

The proposition at the same time surprised and amused me. Of all the agents whom Cupid ever selected to go on an embassy of love, he of the Kilmarnock nightcap appeared to be the most unsuited for the task. I contented myself by an expression of gratitude for the service he volunteered to perform—hinted the probability was great, that in taste we might unhappily disagree—observed, that the late affair had damped my matrimonial ardour, and that after my miraculous escape, time must elapse before I would venture a second trial in the hymeneal lottery. The dwarf replied—"I gave, what lawyers call, a 'replication'"—when the postman's knock was heard at the hall door, and the maid delivered me a letter. One glance at the direction was enough; the writer was Mrs. Bouverie, and without taking the trouble of looking into the epistle, I handed it across the table to the little gentleman, and begged that he would favour us with the contents.

"'*My dearest Francis,*'—

"Oh!—curse her affection!" I groaned.

"'*I feel, from the ardent professions of regard you made so frequently, and sealed so ardently upon my lips, that you will be miserable at my sudden departure. For the second time, that blundering Irishman has disturbed the smooth current of my love. I always thought St. George supremely silly, and I fooled him as I pleased; but, as to you, you are so complete an ass, that it is almost degradation to a woman of talent such as mine, to acknowledge that she duped you.*'

"Never was remark more candid and more true," I murmured.

"'*The object of my present letter is to tell you that Captain Darnley and I are off to Paris. A paltry bill for a hundred, to which my dear Henry wrote a couple of indorsements, without troubling the owners of the names for their permission, has induced him to cross the Channel, rather than take a longer voyage to Australia at the country's expense; and, as I have given divers tradesmen instructions in book-keeping, I think it as well to accompany him. We did not draw you to the extent, within some hundreds, that we hoped to have done, owing to the interruption given our little plans by that infernal Irishman. Still we feel obliged for past favours; and, if you come to Paris, we shall be happy to give you further and finishing lessons in love and écarté. I fear the candid opinions I have expressed may prejudice a small request I have to prefer; but believe me that, in a course of love and play, the instruction you received,*

every circumstance considered, was given on very moderate terms. For one lesson, I have had more than you paid for twenty; and I think you conscientiously must hold yourself my debtor."

The dwarf paused, d—d her conscience, and then proceeded—

"'*Would you, then, my darling Frank, without further preface, oblige me with a loan of fifty pounds?*"

"If the Elliotts be fools," quoth the little gentleman, making his usual running commentary as he read, "the concentration of impudence is centred in Mrs. Bouverie."

"'*I dare not give you my address, as I am at present staying with a female relative, who is ridiculously particular about visits from a gentleman; but if you will, like a dear, kind fellow, add to former obligations, and favour me with the fifty, put a line in the upper column of the Times, addressed E—— B——, and I shall give you an immediate interview.*

"'*Dear, dear Francis,—thy friend at present,—and, but for that cursed Irishman, on Monday next—your affectionate wife,*

"'*Emily Bouverie.*'"

"There's an epistle!" said the dwarf; "and, for cool audacity, I'll challenge the world to match it! What answer will you send? Will you, in blackguard parlance, 'fork out the tin,' and stand the fifty?"

"I would pawn my last shirt to raise money, were it required, could it but be the means of sending the male scoundrel across the seas, and the female swindler for a year or two to hard labour and the Penitentiary."

"Well—it will only cost five shillings to give the lady's letter a reply; gallantry demands it; and will you allow me to word the advertisement?"

"Willingly, my dear sir, and even keep the promised appointment with the relict of Lieutenant-Colonel Bouverie, of the Royal Horse-Marines."

"I fear she'll hardly favour me with one," said the dwarf, as he nibbed a pen, and took a sheet of paper from the portfolio.

"*E. B—— wants fifty pounds. Don't she wish she may get it? F. E.*"

"There's an elegant and business-like reply, and couched in language perfectly in keeping with the position of the applicant and the modesty of the request,"—and the little gentleman chuckled over his own production. "Send it to a newsman at once, and relieve the suspense of your too devoted Emily."

Many a strange advertisement is seen in the second column of the Times; and among requests for runaway wives and runaway apprentices to return, assignations with married and single ladies, and mystified figures and initials, Mrs. Bouverie read, no doubt, with pleasure the communication which appeared the second morning from her "grateful pupil and admirer—myself."

Preparations for dinner ended any further discussion on the excellent taste, and profound knowledge of the world, I had evinced in my recent *affair de cœur*, with a lady whose affections were placed in the custody of me, and her property in the safe keeping of the Chancellor. The cook proved herself not only a capital *artiste*, but also a person of rigid punctuality; for as the soup was put upon the table, he of the brim-

stone slippers made a reference to his watch, and announced that the time was one minute past five.

Never did a dinner give more unqualified satisfaction—nor was the wine without its merit. When the cloth was removed, and we were left alone, I requested the little gentleman to hear attentively Brian's revelations, and after mature consideration to favour us with his opinion, touching the mysterious position in which the young Irishman was placed. To this request he readily assented, and with deep attention listened to the strange and involved history of the orphan boy. At the appointed hour his equipage arrived and he took a ceremonious leave, assuring Brian, that on the succeeding day he should have his deliberate opinion regarding both his rights and injuries, and for me open immediate negotiation to provide a consort, "*vice Mrs. Bouverie—levanted.*"

When his turn-out had wheeled into the Strand—for with no little admiration had we watched the departure of the little gentleman and his equipage from the window—we sat down to talk over the transactions of the day.

"Well, Brian, I think in the dwarf you have secured an able counsellor," I said.

"And you," returned the young Irishman, with a laugh, "the queerest commissioner ever dispatched in search of a wife from the court of Cupid."

"The poor, dear, amiable little man will find his matrimonial essay, I fear, as unavailing as the labour he bestowed upon his toilet this morning. But—hark! the harp sounds;" and with breathless attention we both listened, while the lovely girl who had fascinated me in the parlour, completed her conquest by playing to her father some of the sweetest Scottish airs which ever thrilled through the heart of an enamoured borderer.

"That evening, Brian went out to execute some commission for his mistress, while I remained to hang upon 'those silver sounds' which the beautiful girl 'discoursed so eloquently.' Presently, however, the music ceased. In a few minutes, while looking from the window, I heard the street door close, and Colonel Harley's daughter, shawled and closely veiled, issued from the house and headed towards the Strand. From two or three volumes in her hand, I guessed her errand, and, concluding she had gone to the next circulating library to exchange the books, I seized my hat, and without knowing wherefore, hurried off in the same direction.

Miss Harley turned into a bookseller's, and I paced the opposite side of the street for a few minutes, until she had completed her business. I saw her quit the shop and proceed in the direct line that led to Craven Street, when suddenly a stranger ranged up beside her, and it was quite evident that he addressed, and that she replied. In a moment, fired with jealousy, I bounded across the carriage way, while the lady turned into a bye street, the unknown still keeping close beside her. Unnoticed by either, I followed—and relieved from the rattling noise of passing vehicles, which would have drowned conversation in the great thoroughfare we left, I could now, in the quiet of John Street, overhear what passed distinctly."

"I pray you leave me, sir," said the fair girl, in an agitated voice; "your language conveys insult."

"Not I, by Heaven! pretty one, until you give me an opportunity to

explain myself. Come, my dear Julia—compassionate a poor devil who has worshipped at a distance, and never had an opportunity to address the idol until now."

"Saints and Devils! my blood boiled, and I experienced that smothering feeling, as if passion would have choked me, when, in the infernal scoundrel, I recognized the well-known voice of the murderer of William St. George—the paramour of Mrs. Bouverie!

"Once more I implore you, sir, to let me pass; you labour under a mistake, and imagine me some other person."

"You are wrong, fair Julia; often have I gazed upon you in Craven Street, with boundless admiration. Come, leave that old dotard who mews you from the world, for one who will lavish all upon you that love and luxury can bestow."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the insulted girl, "am I to be thus outraged with impunity? Oh! had I but a brother, or any other to protect me."

"Come—come, 'tis useless coyness this," and the scoundrel attempted to pass his arm around her waist—but ere he succeeded, I thundered, "villain," in his ear, and with a crashing blow, which like the stroke of a sledge-hammer laid him prostrate in the kennel, I left him on his back, and apparently insensible.

"My dearest Miss Julia," I exclaimed, catching the hand of the trembling girl, "your protector is at your side, take my arm and fear nothing."

"Is it possible," she replied, looking on me with evident surprise, "and has Mr. Elliot rescued me from that insolent man?"

She clung closely to me as a deliverer—and as we proceeded to regain the more public street, I could observe Darnley, like a man partially stupified, rise from the ground and stagger to the nearest area railings to support himself. No farther aggression was to be apprehended. The ex-chancery solicitor was regularly *hors de combat*, and had I been a graduate of an Irish university, I could not have "floored" a private gentleman cleaner than by the manner in which Captain Darnley saluted his mother earth.

"My dear Miss Harley," I said, as arm-in-arm we proceeded home, "are you not rash in venturing into the streets alone?"

"I feel, for the first time, that I am," she replied, "but never before did I receive the slightest insult."

"Know you the scoundrel who offered it to-night?"

"No—but from words which accidentally dropped from him, I have a vague suspicion of the person. Several times I have been driven from the window by the offensive staring of a foreign-looking man, who visited a person of much beauty, and I fear indifferent propriety, who occupied apartments opposite my father's. From his having addressed me by name, I feel convinced that my suspicions are well-founded, for the servant who attended the lady I have alluded to, formerly waited upon me."

"Your conclusion is correct,"—and now, as I rang the bell and plied the knocker, "let me bid you good evening, and leave you with the proud feeling that accident has permitted me to render a trifling service to one, who, since I saw her this morning, has occupied my every thought."

She turned round, and archly enquired "if I were an Irishman?" a question to which I pleaded "not guilty."

"I fancied you had come from that land of peace and harmony—for to nothing but Hibernian gallantry could I have attributed the magical influence an interview of half a minute had occasioned. But allow me to present you to my father—he was once a daring soldier, and had a stalwart arm like your own. Alas! years and misfortune have broken his proud spirit; and in the feeble invalid, you would never imagine you saw the forlorn-hope leader at Bhurtpoor."

Delighted with the prospect of establishing an intimacy with the veteran and his interesting daughter, I joyfully accepted the offer of an introduction, and following the fair Julia, found myself next minute in the presence of "the broken soldier."

Seated in a high-backed chair, and gazing listlessly on the fire, which, although summer, the frigid temperament of one for thirty years accustomed to an Indian climate required when evening fell, he did not remark that a stranger accompanied his daughter.

"Have you not, dearest," he said, "been longer away than usual? No—no, I suppose not—'tis but the selfish feelings of a father, who cannot bear a ministering angel from his side, which prompts the thought."

"Hush! Hush!" she said, as she stooped and pressed the old man's cheek, "I have brought a gentleman to present to you, dear father, and promised that you would thank him better than a daughter can."

"For what?" exclaimed the colonel, looking sharply round, and directing a suspicious look at me.

"Rescuing your child from insult."

"Insult!" and the old man's face reddened, as the flickering spark of a fiery temperament not totally extinguished, scintillated for a moment. "Who dared insult thee, Julia? ah, were I as I once was, who would have ventured to offer thee an indignity? But the heart now is feeble as the hand. What villain dared affront thee, love?"

"I know him not, but I fear that this gentleman's arm exacted too severe a penalty for the offence."

"Not a jot," exclaimed the irritated soldier. "Did you knock the scoundrel down?" he said, turning hastily to me.

"Never did instant punishment more promptly follow on offending," was the reply.

"Give me your hand, sir, and may Heaven's blessing attend the champion of the innocent and unprotected. Julia, my dear love, give us some wine. May I enquire your name, sir?"

I told him—and added that I was resident under the same roof with him.

"Ha! probably the gentleman whom my daughter informed me she met this morning in the parlour?"

"The same, sir."

"Sit down, my dear young friend, and while Julia enacts the butler, inform me what this occurrence was."

I did as the old Colonel desired—received again and again renewed assurances of his gratitude—was requested to stay supper, which invitation on my part, I need scarcely add, was eagerly accepted—sat till the clock told the eleventh hour—and then reluctantly took leave of the most engaging girl and interesting old man within the circuit of the modern Babylon.

"Where the devil have you been? and what have you been about

this evening?" enquired Brian, when I descended to the apartment, where the young Irishman was, as he termed it, drinking "his right hand against the left"—a most ingenious resource in Ireland, when gentlemen feel fatigued with their own society.

"I have half-killed a friend of yours," I answered, "and been murdered out and out myself."

"You deal in riddles."

"Ay, but they 're facts after all."

And I told to most attentive ears the story of my *rencontre* with Captain Darnley.

Great was the astonishment of Brian as he listened to this interesting narration of assault and battery.

"Lord! what luck, to run against the scoundrel, whom we concluded was ere now half way to Pandemonium. I might walk the streets a month of Sundays, Heaven pity me! and never get the chance. Was it a clean knock-down?"

"Nothing, I fancy, could have been more perfect. I firmly believe that the anterior portion of the occiput was the first portion of Captain Darnley's person that touched the pavement."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the delighted auditor. "Did he show fight at all?"

"A man, who, after a short repose in the kennel, is obliged to hold on by an area railing for support, is not likely to be very pugnacious for a time."

"Lord, what a chance!—ah! never was a truer word, 'Luck is everything.' Where did you hit him?"

"I infer, from these cuts upon my knuckles, direct upon the mouth."

"Oh! the devil a better spot you could have selected to plant a flush hit upon," and Brian's eyes brightened with all the satisfaction an Irishman evinces when he listens to the story of a row. "A tap there would send a gentleman to grass, were he worth four hundred a year. Of course, you cut your stick when you floored your customer."

"Not I, faith! but walked leisurely away, with the sweetest girl in London on my arm."

"They talk of an Irishman's good fortune," ejaculated Mr. O'Linn, "but give me Border luck. Had I run against the scoundrel, I should now have been in the station-house, with to-morrow morning a levy of the full penalty of five pounds, and a lecture as long as my arm, from what the papers call, the 'worthy magistrate.'"

We smoked a cigar, discussed a glass of brandy and water, and retired to our respective chambers. Oh! how different were our feelings from those with which on the preceding evening I had sought my pillow;

"No craving voids left aching in the breast;"—

a bull, by the way, though Pope wrote it—save on the part of Brian, that he had not the good luck to encounter Captain Darnley, and a little apprehension that mine would be a tedious love-chase, when I remembered with what admirable tact Miss Harley evaded all sayings or doings which seemed likely to run into matters, deemed by young ladies as steps preparatory to housekeeping. Indeed it was quite evident, to use military parlance, that I had broke ground before a stronghold of the first order, which nothing but a long and systematic siege could induce to even

parley; as to its eventual surrender, that was altogether problematic.

Next morning, as Brian and I were sitting at breakfast, the postman's knock was heard, and presently Mrs. Honeywood in person wished us a good morning, and gave me a couple of epistles.

"How did you like the old colonel, and did you pass a pleasant evening, Mr. Elliott?" enquired the stout hostess.

"Egad! if he did not," returned Mr. O'Linn, "I wonder at it. A sweet shindy in the street, like a fox-hunt, short, sharp, and decisive; and as a wind-up afterwards, a sentimental supper with the loveliest girl in London."

I made an enthusiastic commentary on the pleasure which my evening adventures had given, and concluded by an ingenuous confession, that it was all over with me, and that since the days of Marc Antony, of amorous memory, there never was a young gentleman so totally past praying for as myself.

"I am happy to hear it," returned Mrs. Honeywood, "and when you have read your letters, if you will step down into the parlour and enquire for the lady of the house, the undone gentleman in the first floor, may hear of something to his advantage."

And with a hearty laugh, the jovial hostess took her departure.

"And now for news from the Border," I said, as I recognized my sister Mary's hand-writing. "But—stop—Here's an epistle that must take precedence of a girl's gossip," as the second letter was evidently a missive from the little gentleman, the address being "a cursed crabbed piece of penmanship," and the seal large enough to be attached to a royal commission. Even in the colour of it, you remarked the dwarf's peculiarity of taste, for the wax was as yellow as his slippers.

The contents of the despatch were brief. It desired us to postpone our call until the third morning from the present, by which time the writer expected to have some interesting information to communicate. He had sufficient troubles of his own to contend against at present—Cæsar had scalded his foot—and the parrot had bitten the housemaid. In conclusion, he recommended us to eschew widows, and avoid the station-house if possible.

We burst into laughter as we perused the contents, and then looked at the exterior of the dwarf's epistle.

"I'll be hanged but the paper has a sulphureous smell! Was there ever, this side of Pandemonium, such an enthusiastic admirer of brimstone as our absent friend?"

"There is one passage in his letter that gives me great regret," returned Brian, "and that is, that instead of nipping the poor spider-brusher, the accursed bird did not take a beak-full from one of the spindle-shanks of the proprietor."

"And now for Border intelligence," I said, "wax, by your leave," and I opened my sister's epistle. It was a regular woman's letter, containing domestic occurrences, neighbouring gossip, and copious extracts from the Dillon despatches, from which it appeared she was the most fortunate of women, and he the blessed one among men. Of course the postscript contained the marrow of the whole.

"Maxwell has been here for two days, and he has urged mamma and me so earnestly to fix an early day, that, to get rid of his importunities, I have named the sixth of next month, if you can by that time have

your business in London completed; because without you to sustain me, I should never reach the hymeneal altar."

"She would make the attempt, however," observed Mr. O'Linn.

"Ay; and it would be a successful one, I fancy,—but here you figure in"—

"We all beg our kindest remembrance to Brian, and have been very uneasy in consequence of a strange and mysterious communication that has been sent to my father from Miriam, the gipsy quean. At papa's desire I enclose the paper, leaving for Mr. O'Linn to consider what (if any) importance may be attached to a document so singular."

The handwriting seemed that of a schoolmaster.

"Three nights following each other I have dreamed the same dream, and never did I see aught in sleep that did not surely come to pass afterwards. Young Brian and Hans Wildman have met *twice* since they left the Border. To one or other *the third meeting* will be fatal, for one will receive a mortal injury. Their backs were turned to me, and I cannot name the victim. Let Brian beware. This seems the last and most dangerous trial which fortune will impose upon him; and if he escape it, the future looks prosperous. Again—let Brian beware—the crisis of his fate will have arrived before the young moon wanes."

"Singular woman!" I exclaimed, handing the mystic warning to him for whom it had been addressed, "after this I shall be a true believer in necromancy myself. How the devil could she have known at the distance of a kingdom, that you had twice encountered the scoundrel here."

"Well," returned Mr. O'Linn, "I am at least obliged to her for timely notice to look sharp, and, on my soul! the warning shall not be thrown away. If Wildman's skin is not impervious to lead, I am not afraid of the third interview. But go down to the parlour, the stout dame has some pleasant love news, if there be faith in her merry laugh. Come, my little friends," he said, as he unlocked the pistol-case poor William St. George had given him, and extracted the highly-finished weapons it contained, "while you are listening to some amatory intelligence down stairs I will put these beauties into barking order."

I found Mrs. Honeywood alone.

"Have I excited your curiosity?" she said.

"Indeed you have," was the reply.

"Then, after that admission, I'll demand some consideration for my information," she said.

"What shall it be?" I answered laughing,—"a kiss or a pair of gloves?"

"Oh! hang your kisses—at nineteen they pass for current coin—at five-and-forty they are about the value of a country note, after the bank has been declared insolvent—give *me* the gloves. Ere a twelve-month shall elapse, if my sincere wishes could effect it, your kisses will be wanted elsewhere."

"The gloves are yours—proceed," I answered.

"Across the park, the person who nursed Miss Julia, and waited on the death-bed of her mother, lies bed-ridden with paralysis, and scarcely a day passes but that sweet girl steals an hour from attendance on her father to visit the humble invalid. A weekly allowance is given by the colonel for the support of his faithful domestic; and when he was most straitened in circumstances and persecuted by the harpies of

the law, never was that weekly aid withheld. This is the day on which Miss Julia brings the weekly subsidy to the poor sufferer; and she goes to her nurse after she has read the newspaper to her father, probably a quarter of an hour hence. The park is wide, the park is open, and if people run against each other in the park, why it is but accident after all. Do I deserve a pair of gloves?"

"A pair of gloves! a dozen pair," I exclaimed, and I sprang from the chair to prepare for instant movement.

"Nay—stop, sit down and understand me perfectly. Did Miss Julia know either of the communications I made yesterday or this morning, I feel that I should fall heavily in her estimation. Then why have I done an act that I would not have revealed? The head may have erred, but believe me, the heart is as it should be. Could it lead to her happiness, I should assist Miss Julia to a coronet. But no—her's is a mind of higher order than that which grasps at tinsel; and, next to filial devotion to a helpless father, I believe her next wish would be that Heaven would give her a man on whom she could concentrate a woman's love, and exhaust a wife's unwearied attentions. Were she mine own, I could not love her more dearly than I do, and should it please God to remove the old man before I go the way of all flesh, here is her home, and when I am gathered to my fathers, the little earnings of an humble, but an honest life, are all bequeathed to her. I have trespassed on your time, but it was to remove the shadow of a doubt, that aught influenced me in encouraging an intimacy with Miss Harley, but feelings a parent need not blush to own—and now, rejoin your friend, or at forty-five my fair fame might be seriously endangered."

She laughed heartily at the delicate consequences she pictured, as those attendant on our *tête-à-tête*—and I repaired to the drawing-room to prepare for a passage of love, while my friend Brian, to judge from appearances, was carefully preparing for a passage of arms.

Men differ in their tastes amazingly.

"Brian, my dear boy, I am off for an hour to the park—I have a chance—blessings on that good-natured mass of 'too, too solid flesh' below—of meeting Miss Harley!"

"Have you?" said the young Irishman, with provoking indifference, as he carefully secured a copper-cap on the second pistol, "I wish to the Lord! you could tell me where I had a chance of running against Hans Wildman!"

Chacun à son gout—I was excited in the hope of meeting beauty, while Mr. O'Linn was dying by inches—as the Irish call it—to fall in with a brigand.

DONCASTER: ITS SPORTS AND SATURNALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS."

WITHIN a quarter of an hour from the termination of the great race the whole event is on record in extemporaneous ballads, laudatory of the victor nag and his jockey, sung by a hundred stentorian itinerant songsters, in as many different tunes, and with a degree of vocal energy and determination which would put Toast-master Tool out of countenance. The after-sport of the day, which at any other time would excite great interest, passes off with comparative indifference, excepting to the real pleasure-taking north-country holiday folks. The distinguished portion of the company quit the course long before the day's programme has terminated; the mass subsequently move homeward from time to time, as inclination and fatigue prompt. The High Street of the town again exhibits an overwhelming multitude of human beings, a considerable portion of whom have indulged in potations deep,—some under the thirsty excitement and good fortune of the day, others in support of the nervous system under loss and disappointment. Vehicles of all descriptions are again on the move with their ponderous assignment of passengers, amongst whom are frequently some of the over-anxious to take hasty leave of the town. The Betting Rooms are crowded for a short time, preparatory to the prandial hour of the nobility and gentry; and without are congregated thousands, with inquiring look and greedy ear, devouring every whisper and rumour connected with the day's event. From the hour of seven until ten the Rooms are partially abandoned, and comparatively tranquil, and the scene without assumes more of the moving panoramic feature of a fair. The shops are in grand illuminated exhibition and display, to attract; feasting and revelry of all kinds are in grand operation; ballad-mongers, with candles in hand to enlighten them on the matter of their song, are again bawling forth the praises of the winner of the great St. Leger; and one general state of confusion reigns throughout the whole town.

About ten a grand muster commences at the Betting Rooms, and some trifling matters of settlement take place by persons who contemplate early departure on the following day; but the general business is in discussion of the great past event,—the winners, of course, being proud in their pretended foreknowledge and judgment, and loud and eloquent in their praise of their crack nag,—the losers by no means concurring with such encomium, but attributing the result of the day to some unforeseen casualty and auspicious chance, that could not come within the fair and reasonable scope of calculation. The majority assembled are intent on making up their accounts for the morrow's important settlement.

In the rooms above hundreds are congregated around the hazard and roulette tables. On this night the *furor ludendi* may be said to be at its height,—the potent impulse and excitement is on all. The winners on the race are spirited in speculation under their good fortune, and calculated morrow's increase of means,—the losers are equally so under the desperation of their losses, and the hope of recovering by the opera-

tions of the dice, or other chance event, the amount necessary to liquidate their reverses on the turf. This general impulse produces an enormous advantage to the proprietory; an immense amount of money is in constant risk, and continual operation to the banker's benefit. To observe the rolls of notes of large amount in the hands of the numerous and respective players, congregated two and three deep round the table, all pressing forward in anxious desire for a bet, and to behold the apparent carelessness and indifference with which most of them (particularly the north countrymen) threw down their tens, twenties, and fifty-pound notes on the chance event of a minute or two in its decision, would astound a novice, and lead him to the conclusion that "scarcity of money," so frequently complained of as a commercial and public inconvenience, must be a mere imaginative creation, existing only in a visionary state of things.

The play tables at the Betting Rooms are, as before noted, six or seven in number, and of variety in the games played thereat. The roulette tables attract the crowd, as well for the reason that the game opens to the player many modes of proportionate risk, as that it affords him opportunity to play smaller sums on any one event than he can at hazard. At the former game the lowest stake is half-a-crown; at the latter, nothing less than the regal coin of a sovereign is permitted to "stand the hazard of the die,"—the pull, or per centage, of roulette against the player being, however, nearly five times that of hazard. The small stakes played realize as large a result to the bankers. It requires all the vigilance of a player to guard his interests at this game; for, generally speaking, there is much confusion in the distribution of money staked by the many adventurers on the numbers and other points of speculation attaching to the game; and dispute not infrequently arises between two or three different claimants for the produce of some fortunate or winning result. These contested claims often arise from inattention in the player to the exact position of his money on the board, but are sometimes occasioned by the attempt of some sharping knave to possess himself of that which belongs not to him. The officials at the table, too, are most dextrous in their practical avocations, —more particularly so in the principle of drawing the money from the losing points of the game, immediately the winning number, &c. is called. The rapidity with which this operation is performed is most remarkable, and gives immense additional advantage to the bank; for it very often happens that, in the general sweep, the adroit croupiers rake off much more than they are entitled to; while, on the other hand, they can never, under any circumstances, be called upon to pay more than the loss attaching to the event.

On the St. Leger night it may be with truth averred that one-third of the players are under excitement of drink, and other influential impulses, and in such state are as blind to the actual results of the game, and as incompetent to protection of their own interests, as can well favour any unfair attempt on them. Novices, too, are frequently content to take considerably less in amount of payment on a winning number than the proportions of the game award to the event,—a piece of negligence which tells sadly against them in a few hours' play, and the evil of which might be avoided by no very great arithmetical effort.

The Berkeley Club confines its operations to the game of French hazard; and, although it cannot boast of the mob of players which resort

to the rival establishment, the proprietory may with truth aver that they are patronised most extensively, and by the most distinguished and *élite* company. Their rooms, which are most spacious and convenient, are open, without subscription payment, to all persons whom known character or marked impropriety of conduct do not disqualify; but, for the reason that the arrangements of play do not recognise a less risk than a sovereign, the multitude of smaller speculators prefer the roulette tables at the Betting Rooms. There is no lack of number, however, at "The Berkeley," as will be concluded from the fact, that in the racing week of 1843 there was but one table in operation at the establishment, —in 1844 there were two,—and at the last meeting in 1845 they increased to three, all of which were well filled and in full operation throughout the evening, in transactions of large amount, the bank, or capital, of this establishment being of large extent, and admitting of, and permitting, a greater sum to be staked by the players. The arrangements of the proprietors embrace much accommodation to the frequenters of the place; and, without more distinctive observation than accords with absolute fact, "The Berkeley" must be declared to be the superior, and in every respect more convenient and less disadvantageous resort, for a sporting gentleman determined on the risk of his superfluous cash.

While these hazardous and speculative amusements are going on within the walls of privileged pandemonium, without the scene is one of free and unrestrained hilarity. Until long past the hour of midnight the High Street is a complete fair, presenting a most incongruous medley of trade and traders. Master and servant, drunk and sober, are all crowded pell-mell in the peripatetic multitude; and as in the Roman Saturnalia one general equality prevailed, so in the Olympic festivities of Doncaster is there a comparative non-observance of grade and distinction. The Yorkshire lads of the labourers' and operatives' class are roughish and unceremonious customers in manner and exterior; but it is a fact, notwithstanding, that this night of riot and revelry passes off usually without much serious result.

The morning of settlement arrives,—at an early hour winners and losers on the great event are making hurried way, under the aspect of anxious and business-like countenances, to the Great Sporting Exchange, where, on the steps and in the porch of the building, sprinkled around the shrubs there tastefully arranged, are already positioned some anxious creditors on the look out for parties whose coming is of doubtful expectation, but most essential to the squaring of a good book by the waiting parties. Within the rooms, seated at the several convenient tables, is a motley group of Lords and Legs, amateurs and professors, in cool calculation of their respective accounts, and waiting payment and distribution in settlement thereof. The room fills fast, the interchange of money begins and continues for the space of two or three hours, under a system of order and great business-like regularity. Pocket-books heavily lined with the faithful promises of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England and other firms are abundant in display, rolls of the like precious and much to be relied on promises, are in the grasp of a hundred different hands, and continually changing owners, and Cheque Books are brought into use and operation in aid of the heavy business of the day. Notes are as abundant as nuts, and pass and repass from hand to hand without much apparent concern. Some disputes occasionally

arise, and loud and angry assertion on one side, and denial on the other disturb the harmony of business, but in such cases one or other of the disputants is of the class of knaves whose assurance exceeds their assets, and who, under loss and partial incapability, boldly adopt the repudiative system, or deny their engagement in toto. Appeals are in such cases made, in the rooms, to the stewards of the race, sometimes to the general opinion, and the result is a compulsory decision of just settlement, which, if not complied with, subjects the disclaiming party to exclusion and denouncement as a betting man. Many of this class, who have from time to time received a mittimus from the Rooms and from Tattersall's, still, however, haunt the extreme limits of the principal race-courses; exclusives and outsiders themselves, by reason of fraudulent and dishonourable acts, they still continue to do some business in betting, and that through the medium of some friend or relative of better standing in the market, and who has not yet run the gauntlet of repudiation in the ring; an ingenious game it will be admitted, but one which ought not to be suffered; looking to the probable result of such confederacy, it may be fairly inferred that the individual who thus countenances knavery in others, is himself a knave, and waiting only the day of reverse to prove the fact. It is a pretty certain system of speculation, (and the annals of the Turf and the Ring shew that it has been more than once adopted,) for two concerting parties, both alike regardless of their own individual honour and credit, to take up a system of betting against two particular horses, favourites of the day. It is certain, in fact, that only one of such two horses can win, and it is clear that if one of the two parties in concert and confederacy, *put the pot on*, (as the phrase is,) against one horse, and the other do the same thing against the other horse, it *may* follow that both adventurers shall win, but it *must*, under any circumstances result that one or other of the confederacy shall be on the safe and winning side of account. Should neither of the particular horses, so selected for opposing speculation, win the race, *the two* parties in concert appear at Tattersall's to receive the amount of their co-operative ingenuity, and on this they base future pretension as successful and honourable men; if, on the other hand, one of the two horses should win, the consequence is simply a Levant excursion by the loser, and the punctual attendance of his friend and confederate on the day of settlement, to touch the proceeds of his game, which is, in due course, divided with his absent friend. And who is to prove the conspiracy? Suspicion, it is true, may be awake to the fact, but suspicion alone is insufficient to establish the delinquency, proof being necessary to conviction. The knaves, therefore, succeed in their closely concocted scheme of fraud. One retires under consoling circumstances, to be an outsider, or excommunicated Leg,—the other keeps his position in the ring, his success giving greater confidence in his bets, and greater extent thereto; for a time he continues his successful course, but at length the day of reverse and loss comes to him, and having previously levied rather heavy contributions from the pockets of the wealthy and credulous of the ring, he concludes that it is time to retire, and coolly and philosophically intimates this determination to his expectant friends at "the corner," by failing to put in his appearance on the settling day. From such, or similar original fraudulent design, but successful in its result, have sprung into money and credit one half of the vulgar and ignorant upstarts who infest Tattersall's, and the various betting establishments in their respective local-

ities. The secret of their present position is, that their first "*run for the gloves*" came off right, and on this result they have taken up the foolish and mistaken notion, that they have qualified for association with gentlemen, and men of honour.

The remaining sports of the week, with the exception of the important contest for *The Cup,* are of interesting but less exciting character. The Cup day is, however, in regard to the influx of visitors and general company on the course, of character with that of the St. Leger, and the scene of feasting and revelry in the town, and of desperate speculation at night, of similar colour and degree. It is the wind-up of the week, and with many the last desperate *coup* for a favourable balance.

On the Saturday, myriads are once more on the move to the metropolis and other parts. Thousands flock again to the Station at Swinton, all the old mutilated specimens of coach conveyance are again in demand. Special trains, in constant succession, re-convey alike the joyous and the discontented to their respective destinations; and, in the space of a few hours, the town is restored to its original state of tranquillity and ordinary business. *Sic transit gloria Doncastri.*

OWED TO MY CREDITORS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

In vain I lament what is past,
  And pity their woe-begone looks;
Though they grin at the credit they gave,
  I know I am in their best books.
To my *tailor* my *breaches* of faith,
  On my conscience now but lightly sit,
For such lengths in *his measures* he 's gone,
  He has given me many *a fit.*
My bootmaker finding *at last,*
  That my *soul* was too stubborn to suit,
Waxed wroth when he found he had got
  Anything but *the length of my foot.*
My hatmaker cunningly *felt*
  He 'd seen many like me before,
So *brimful* of insolence, vowed
  On credit he 'd crown me no more.
My baker was crusty, and burnt,
  When he found himself quite overdone,
By a *fancy-bred* chap like myself—
  Ay, as *cross* as a *Good-Friday's bun.*
Next my laundress, who washed pretty clean,
  In behaviour was dirty and bad;
For into hot water she popp'd
  All the shirts and the dickies I had.
Then my butcher who 'd little *at stake,*
  Most surlily opened his *chops,*
And swore my affairs out of joint,
  So on to my carcase he pops.
In my lodgings exceedingly high,
  Though low in the rent to be sure,
Without warning my landlady seized,
  Took my things, and the key of the door.
Thus cruelly used by the world,
  In the Bench I can smile at its hate;
For a time I must alter my stile,
  For I cannot get out of the Gate.

Thoſe Swan like notes, ſung ſo inspiredly
To thy untimely full, proves most exact
Lines drawne from life & thy swift Tragedie.
Some but that omne Nodus Prophecie in Ae
thy Name and Vertues, live, to loſt thy Mould
was all imprisonment and Poison could.

But thy more heavenly Self from double charmes
Sett free (at once) thy Body and the Tower
In that Supreme impartiall Court remains
wher nor Ambition, Envy, Lust Slave power,
Redeem it from poysonous plotts from Witches charmes
from Westons & th'Apothecaries harmes B. B.

From an extra rare Print by F. Elstrack

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY AND HIS MURDERERS.*

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

Sir Walter Scott wrote the "Fortunes of Nigel" for the purpose of presenting to the world a more favourable portrait of James I. than that which the stern hand of impartial history has drawn. His antiquarian knowledge and his political partialities were at variance: in the attempt to reconcile them he delineated a character which could not possibly have existed; he thus stimulated without satisfying curiosity, and directed attention to the life of a royal but contemptible profligate, who practised every vice while he claimed the merit of every virtue. The character of James I. would probably have rested in the convenient shrowd of obscurity thrown over it by the polished periods of Hume, had not enquiry been provoked by the great author, each of whose romances became the prolific period of multitudinous and voluminous histories. The reign of James I. offered little to invite research; all that was known of his court was little more than a record of brutal and beastly vices, which inspired too much disgust to be examined by any one whose taste or even whose stomach was not of the coarsest and strongest order. The excessive adulation bestowed upon him by the churchmen of his day, had secured for him that traditional duty of defence which all establishments accord to those who have supported their institutions in times of difficulty and danger; while lawyers were slow to admit, even to themselves, that gross injustice had pervaded any transactions in which the participators were a Coke and a Bacon.

But the greatest security for the concealment of the royal iniquities arose from what we may almost term his canonization. An anniversary was appointed for returning solemn thanks to God for the delivery of James from a plot not unlikely to have been partially of his own contrivance, and certainly falsified in most of the particulars given by royal authority to the public. When as boys we took part in parading the effigy of Guy Fawkes, annoying our neighbours with squibs and crackers, forming a gunpowder plot of our own to disturb a peaceful community, and finally wound up the drama by consigning the detested image to the flames, it would have sadly annoyed us to learn that we were commemorating the rescue of one of the vilest monarchs that ever disgraced a throne in Europe, and for whom we could scarcely find a parallel without having recourse to the most repulsive pages of Procopius or Suetonius. The church-service for the day might have inspired some suspicion; for in the same breath it expresses gratitude for the deliverance of the first James, and for our deliverance from his grandson, the second James; but that service has fallen into desuetude, and is only occasionally revived to suit the temporary exigencies of party.

The first great blow at the false reputation of James I. was struck by Mr. Jardine: his exposure of the arts that were used to secure the judicial murder of Raleigh, a hero who, in spite of many grievous errors, not to say crimes, is dear to the English people,—a people not inclined to lessen its admiration for its naval heroes by enquiring too minutely

* The Great Oyer of Poisoning, The Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, by Andrew Amos, Esq., late Member of the Supreme Council of India. London, Bentley.

into their personal conduct—prepared men to doubt whether the King merited the place given him in the calendar; and this doubt became something like a certainty when the real history of the Gunpowder Plot was elicited from the records in the State-Paper Office. It was something like retribution, that a monarch who had done most by his interference to pervert the administration of justice, and falsify the records of evidence, should by these very means have bequeathed irrefragable proofs of his own guilt to a late posterity.

Mr. Amos's chief object in the volume before us appears to be the pointing out of the gross acts of injustice allowed and practised in the criminal trials of King James's reign; but the case he has selected for inquiry and illustration is connected with a mystery of iniquity, including many dark and loathsome deeds, which probably will never be fully elucidated. The very nature of the transaction has compelled the writer to be more discursive than is usual either in legal or antiquarian research, and hence he rather intimates than propounds his peculiar theory that there is reason to suspect James himself of having contrived the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

It is known to all readers of history that James had a passion for beautiful young men, on whom even in public he lavished those endearments usually reserved for the most wanton of the fairer sex. It needs not to hint at the suspicions to which the King's perverted taste gave rise in his own day, or to touch upon the controversies they have caused in our days. The fact is incontrovertible, and beyond the simple fact we need not go. Among the first, and we may add, not the worst, of these favourites, was Robert Carr, a cadet of a respectable Scottish family, who having attracted the King's notice at a tilting-match, was knighted, appointed a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and honoured with lessons in Latin by his pedantic sovereign. Whether Petronius Arbiter formed part of the classical course of the royal schoolmaster, is not mentioned. In a wondrously short time the lucky favourite became Lord Carr of Branston, Viscount Rochester, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, a Knight of the Garter, Earl of Somerset, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and finally Prime Minister.

Somerset, aware of his own deficiencies, sought the aid of a confidential adviser, and showed more prudence than could have been expected in selecting Sir Thomas Overbury. The royal favourite and the favourite's favourite were united by the closest bonds of intimacy, drawn all the closer by their being sharers in some criminal secrets. Somerset was less happy in the choice of a mistress. On the 5th of January, 1606, were married Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the son of Elizabeth's unhappy favourite, and Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk,—a bridegroom of fourteen to a bride of thirteen. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary magnificence and festivity in the presence of King James himself, who did not scruple to preside over a ceremony which violated the dictates of reason and the laws of nature. After the benediction had been pronounced, it was thought proper to separate the youthful pair until they had attained riper years. Essex went to travel on the Continent; his bride remained at court with her mother, a lady of loose morals and very indifferent character. After an absence of nearly four years, Essex returned to claim his beautiful bride, but found that she had fixed her affections on another.

Henry, Prince of Wales, and the favourite, Somerset, were rivals for the lady's favour. Overbury eagerly supported the cause of his patron, and is said to have composed the letters and amatory odes which induced the fair dame to give the preference to Somerset. In the November of 1612, Prince Henry died, the victim, as was generally believed, of poison; public opinion pointing to the Earls of Northampton and Somerset and Sir Thomas Overbury as the authors of the crime, while it was hinted that the King, if not actually an accessory, was "consenting unto his death." The Earl of Northampton was uncle to the Countess of Essex, and at her request he petitioned the King for the dissolution of her marriage, on the ground of physical infirmity in her husband. A case of conscience involving the most indelicate details, equally gratified the pedantry and the prurient imagination of James: he threw himself into the enquiry with the utmost eagerness, amassed from the casuists a mass of filth and indecency bearing on the subject, at which Dens himself would have blushed, silenced the judges of the ecclesiastical courts, bullied the Archbishop of Canterbury, and finally procured a divorce, in opposition to all law, justice, and morality. On the eighth anniversary of her marriage with Essex, the Countess, dressed as a virgin bride, stood before the altar to be married to Somerset; as before, the King gave her away, and the same Dean of the Chapel, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, performed both ceremonies.

Sir Thomas Overbury had exerted himself to win over the Countess as a mistress for Somerset, but he was very unwilling that the mistress should become the wife of his patron. He knew her profligate character, he was cognizant of her dealings with the celebrated poisoner, Mrs. Turner of Paternoster Row, and he had reason to suspect, if not to be assured, that her favours had not been confined to a single lover. Overbury vainly remonstrated with Somerset; the young man repeated the remonstrances to his paramour: her anger knew no bounds, and the unfortunate adviser was devoted to destruction.

At this period of our history it was deemed a misdemeanour to refuse any office proffered by the crown. Lord Northampton, anxious to remove the chief impediment to the marriage of his niece with the Prime Minister, induced the King to offer Overbury the embassy to Russia, which he, relying on the influence of Somerset, and deceived by his promises of support, refused to accept. He was in consequence arrested, committed to the Tower, and held in closer custody than was then usual with prisoners of state. Now, it so happens that this opening scene of the tragedy about to be performed, and which would have furnished a clue to much of the rest, has been neglected by all the investigators of the subject. The impression left on our minds by all the published and unpublished evidence, is, that Somerset was *honest* in the advice, and sincere in the promise of protection. The agents in sending Overbury to prison were unquestionably the Earl of Northampton and King James; while there is evidence, above all chance of suspicion, that Somerset commiserated and attempted to alleviate the situation of the prisoner. Hence the enquirers have omitted to give some dates and documents materially connected with the historical issue; as, for instance, the day of Overbury's commitment is not named, nor the original warrant quoted.

The chief circumstance which in modern times has weighed against

Somerset, is his share in the appointment of Sir Jervis Elways to be Lieutenant of the Tower, a few days before Overbury's committal. It is, however, clear that Elways purchased his appointment from Sir Thomas Monson, who was indicted as an accomplice in the murder, but, for reasons not yet sufficiently explained, he was never brought to trial. Monson, who seems to have been a large place-broker in those days, gave evidence that Elways paid 1400*l.* for his place—for whose profit does not appear,—and that he was nominated to his situation by Lord Northampton; adding, that Somerset patronized the appointment only in consequence of the interference of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Pembroke. Sir Francis Bacon's assertion that the appointment had been a matter long before arranged, is not supported by a particle of evidence, and appears to us completely refuted by the uncontradicted payment of the bribe.

We are strongly of opinion that all the investigators of this dark period of our history have gone off on a false scent when they turned away from examining the circumstances of Sir T. Overbury's committal. There is, at all events, evidence that his close confinement was the special act of the King; for Chamberlain records that, by royal order, Sir Robert Killigrew was committed to the Fleet for having spoken to Sir T. Overbury through the window, as he came from visiting Sir W. Raleigh in the Tower. Somerset, indeed, on his trial confessed that he had consented to the harsh treatment of Overbury, but he appears to have done so in compliance with the wishes of Lord Northampton.

The neglect of investigating this early stage of the proceedings has considerably increased the difficulty of forming a decisive opinion on the causes of the subsequent events. There is abundant evidence that Overbury's life was sought by the Countess of Somerset, by her uncle, Lord Northampton, and by another more powerful person, but not the Earl of Somerset. There is not, however, any satisfactory evidence that Overbury, after all, died by other than natural causes; for the verdict of the coroner's court of inquest does not appear among the documents elucidating the trials. It is not one of the least of the anomalies connected with these trials, that the persons accused were tried, convicted, and in some instances executed, for poisoning a person whose death was not in any way proved to have been the result of poison.

Mrs. Turner must now appear on the stage. Much of her history, as recorded by Mr. Amos, reminds us of the Brinvilliers,—that fearful yet interesting Marchioness, whose life Albert Smith has written with equal vigour of imagination and fidelity to the truth of history. The poisoning lady of Paternoster Row had been an old confidante and assistant of the Countess; she had supplied her with medicaments to practise on the life of her first husband, the Earl of Essex, and was her agent in consulting the mysterious mountebank, Dr. Forman, whom our ancestors would have burnt as a wizard, instead of setting him in the pillory as a cheat.

Here a curious question arises: were such fiends as the Borgias, the Brinvilliers, the Turners, &c., acquainted with poisons unknown to the pharmacopœia of their day, in the production of which they anticipated the discoveries of modern chemistry? We firmly believe that this was the case, and, on looking at the records of mysterious deaths, even earlier than the age of the Borgias, we think that there are strong indi-

cations of the presence of prussic acid as an agent of murder. It seems now established that this was the instrument used by Domellan in the murder of Sir Theodosius, though even such an eminent physician as Hunter declared that laurel-water, with which he was obviously unacquainted in its concentrated form, was perfectly innocuous. The poisons found in the possession of St. Croix, which led to the detection of the murders perpetrated by the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, appear to have been chiefly, if not all, of the acrid mineral class; but that there are agencies of destruction still more subtle and less easily identified is undeniable. To say nothing of prussic acid, which leaves behind no anatomical evidence of the cause of death, there is the celebrated Wouralí poison of the native Americans, so frightfully rapid and certain in effecting dissolution. Neither should we hastily reject the stories of poisoning by means of medicated gloves, saddles, and similar articles, when we remember the danger of wounds received in dissection, the slightness of the puncture which will admit the poison of hydrophobia, and the many cases in which animal contagion is received into the system through an abraded surface. It is not at all improbable that vegetable and animal poisons were really the sources of the destructive power attributed to ancient witches, for we find that some of their medicaments were composed of poisonous herbs, and others of dead bodies in the first stages of putrescence.

Such poisons were probably discovered by tentative processes, and preserved by tradition; it is not improbable that those who possessed the secret of their composition may have believed that certain ceremonies and incantations were necessary to their success, just as the ancient pharmacopœia introduced many substances into medical compounds, discarded by modern science as unnecessary to the success of the prescription. In this way we may explain the fact that wizards and witches were very often self-deceived as well as deceivers, believing as firmly in their own supernatural powers as the deluded judges who sentenced them to the stake. In the original Hebrew the word which our translators have rendered "witch" properly signifies "poisoner," and such clearly is the primary meaning of the Latin *Venefica.*

Bearing these observations in mind, we think that too little attention has been paid to the character and agency of Mrs. Turner in this mysterious transaction. We know little more of her than that she was a compounder of philtres, potions, and poisons; partly a cheat and quack, partly a rogue and ready agent in any profitable villany. There is abundant evidence of her close connection with the Countess of Somerset, and something like proof that both had practised against the life and health of the Earl of Essex. If any confidence is to be reposed in Turner's dying declaration, there is proof of her having conspired with the Countess and Lord Northampton against the life of Overbury, and we have little doubt of the fact as it is confirmed by the evidence of Weston, and by the Countess herself, who pleaded "guilty" when brought to trial. Her plea, however, only proves that she had tried to poison Overbury, and believed that she had effected her purpose, but it does not establish that the wretched man died by poison.

Supposing it to be proved that Overbury died by poison, it is not easy to gather from the evidence when and by whom the fatal potion was administered. The poisons said to have been given by Weston, in

which the complicity of the Earl was asserted but not fully proved, are said to have failed; his death is said finally to have been produced by a poisoned clyster, and the weight of evidence goes to prove that this clyster was administered by Lobell, the king's apothecary, by the prescription of Dr. Mayerne, the king's apothecary.

Against Mayerne there exist many causes of suspicion; though he had been the chief medical attendant on Overbury, he was not produced at the inquest nor at any of the trials. Lobell, in one of his examinations, declared that he had given to Sir E. Coke all the prescriptions he had received from Mayerne, but so far from these prescriptions being produced, we find that all mention of their existence was suppressed at the trial. It was also carefully concealed that Overbury had been visited by another of the royal physicians, Dr. Craig, at the express desire of Somerset, and likewise by Killigrew, a medical man of some reputation. It must not be omitted that Mayerne was accustomed to keep the most circumstantial and elaborate statements of the cases of the patients whom he visited, and that the leaves of his journal relating to the case of Prince Henry, have been torn out of the manuscript. It is also generally known that King James was dreadfully annoyed by the allusion which Sir E. Coke made to the poisoning or supposed poisoning of Prince Henry, and never forgave the involuntary offence thus committed by this eminent lawyer. There is further a strong presumption that James desired the death of Overbury; and, taking the lightest view of the case, if Overbury was murdered in the form and manner alleged, the King cannot be acquitted of cognizance that such a crime was intended, though he may have taken no part in its perpetration.

Written examinations were at this period received in evidence, but it was not unusual for the crown lawyers to garble these documents by omitting such passages as were supposed to be too favourable to the prisoner. Mr. Amos has shown that this was done to an enormous extent in the case of Somerset, and at many of the other state trials of the reign, and he has further proved that the King took a deep personal interest in selecting the lists of evidence to be produced against Somerset, studying their nature, and marshalling their array. Now, looking at the nature of the suppressions, and particularly the omission of all mention of Dr. Mayerne, his visits, and his prescriptions, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that this portion of the investigation, so obviously material to the issue, was suppressed in compliance with the wishes or the fears of the King.

This leads us to consider the conduct of the two great lawyers engaged in the trial, Coke and Bacon, which Mr. Amos has stigmatized with rather indiscriminate severity. Sir Edward Coke in this, as in every other state trial in which he was engaged, took up the cause of the prosecution with all the professional ardour of a huntsman having his quarry in view. The criminal was his game; and he felt as much eagerness to obtain a conviction as a young fox-hunter to secure the brush. He scrupled not to use the worst tortures of the rack for the purpose of extorting evidence, but worse even than this, which may be deemed the crime of the times rather than the men, was his insidious course of examination, sometimes by puzzling and sometimes by leading questions, until he had so entangled a witness that he was ready to say anything which the examiner pleased. He perverted religion as well as

law to his purpose; he had a body of trained clergymen to act as spies on the last moments of condemned criminals, to entrap them under the cloak of friendship into admissions and confessions, which were afterwards adduced as valid evidence against their real or supposed accomplices and associates. But this wickedness, of which we neither deny nor palliate the extent, was purely professional; it may have been cruel, but it was not corrupt; it arose more from a perverted sense of duty than a deliberate sacrifice of principle. In the Overbury case, his great anxiety was to have every one of the accused executed, and he would not have spared the King himself had he been professionally employed against him. Even in modern times we have seen among lawyers instances of criminal devotion to a client, extending not only to the suppression of what was true, but even to the direct suggestion of what was absolutely false, and, what is worse, was designed to implicate an innocent person.

Such an excuse—confessedly a very lame one—may be made for Coke, but nothing whatever can be said in favour of the conduct of Bacon. It was a compound of meanness and duplicity to which the annals of turpitude may vainly be searched for a parallel, save in those pages which record the life of Bacon himself. He was ready to hunt Somerset to the death to gratify the new favourite, his patron Villiers, who was naturally anxious to remove so formidable a rival; and at the same time he gratified the King by leaving loop-holes in the evidence, to which might be suspended plausible pretences for pardon. His tortuous windings in this double path are revealed in his own letters, published in the volume before us, and they exhibit a double-faced system of fraud and treachery which could only have been conducted by a great man, but which could only have been contrived by a great villain.

It is universally known that James *dared* not execute Somerset; though at his arrest he had imprecated the vengeance of heaven on himself and family if he ever consented to pardon the fallen favourite! What was the nature of the guilty secret which gave the fallen minister so much power over his worthless master? The price of the pardon is said to have been a casket of letters and other papers which Somerset is said to have placed in sure hands for the purpose of being published, if the law had been permitted to take its course. Our belief is, that more than one atrocity was exposed to the risk of detection; each theory that has been proposed has so much probability in its favour that we are inclined to accept them all. Mr. Amos has elaborately shown that the evidence adduced against Somerset, notwithstanding all the unfair practices of the crown lawyers, is far from being conclusive of his guilt, and at the same time establishes the intense anxiety evinced to procure his condemnation. He also records the countless artifices induced to entrap him into a confession after his conviction, and the efforts made by the King to get him to acknowledge his guilt as the Countess had done. A belief in his innocence cannot therefore be assigned as a motive for the pardon. Hume speaks of "the King's lingering affection for his favourite:" the very contrary feeling was shown by the pardon including the Countess, whom Somerset had begun heartily to detest as the cause of his fall and subsequent sufferings. Nothing then remains but the possession of some guilty secret to account for the pardon, and that secret is a mystery of some revolting iniquity into which we shall not attempt to penetrate.

THE PARTING OF THE EARTH.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER

BY LORD NUGENT.

" TAKE ye the Earth!" cried Jove, as from high heaven
  To Man he spake; " Yours shall it ever be,
" For an enduring heritage 'tis given,
  " Take it;—but see ye share it brotherly!"

Then hastened each to seize, with busy hand,
  As each, or young or old, his choice had made;
The Rustic tilled and reaped the teeming land—
  The Young Lord hunted through the greenwood shade.

With the world's wealth the Merchant filled his store,
  The Abbot's cellars yawned for generous wine;
The public pass the King stood guardian o'er,
  Bridges and roads,—" The Toll," he cried, " is mine!"

Division made,—then late, and listlessly,
  From some far realms the charmed Poet came,
Alas! what heritage or hope had he?—
  All owned some present master's earlier claim.

" Ah, woe is me!—Alone of all, must I
  " Forgotten be?—And I thy truest son!"
Thus 'gan he wail, loudly and mournfully,
  And cast him down before Jove's star-girt throne.

" Tranced in the land of dreams if thou didst stay,"
  Replied the God, " complain not then of Me—
" Where wast Thou?—others won the Earth away."
  " Father," the Poet said, " I was with Thee!"

  Still, on thy face was turned my raptured gaze,
  " Still to thy heaven's own harmony mine ear;—
" Pardon the wandering Spirit, that, in the blaze
  " Dazzled, hath lost all home and portion here."

" List, then," said Jove, "the Earth is others' fee,—
  " The Pasture, Forest, Mart, no more are mine.
" But, in my Heaven would'st Thou abide with Me,
  " Mount, son!—the realms of light and song are thine."

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE END OF BIRKENHEAD.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THERE is a delicious feeling of approaching enterprize always experienced upon emerging from the terminus of a long railway into a strange town. The utter uncertainty as to the direction you must take,—the eager curiosity with which you approach the corner of every street, almost regarding it as you would do the green curtain of a theatre that will presently discover some new scene to you,—the idea that all the shops, and houses, and people have sprung into existence that very moment, and that they had no being before you saw them, but have been conjured up to greet you — a somewhat conceited thought,—the entirely different appearance of the place to what you had determined it ought to have, in your own mind, before you saw it, and consequently the greater novelty,—all these things make a first visit to anywhere sufficiently exciting.

But when this feeling of strangeness lasts beyond the first impression, it is apt to get tiresome; and especially so to a Londoner, who can scarcely comprehend being in a large place that he does not know the minute anatomy of—at least in his own country. Abroad, he never ventures out, if an utter stranger, without a guide or a map; and indeed seldom desires to see more than the places whose *locale* is sufficiently conventional to be discovered without much difficulty, putting aside the chance of his not knowing the language indigenous to the country. But when he comes to a large place of which there is as yet no popular map, and whose outskirts are rising up in the night, like Aladdin's palace, quicker than even the aborigines can follow the names that indicate their sites, his case is somewhat perplexing.

Everybody has heard of Birkenhead,—originally a little nucleus of life, which has been shooting out in all directions, like a crystal forming on the disc of a microscope, until its diameter has come to be a very fair walk for an appetite,—on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. It so happened, that, a short time since, being at Liverpool, we determined upon paying a visit, before leaving for town by the half-past-four express, to a cousin, a young architect, located in the before-mentioned rising town—a follower of the large permanent encampment there setting up, with whom we had passed through all the constructive stages of infantile mud, Ramsgate sand, toy-shop bricks, dissected barns, little theatres, rabbit-hutches, and rustic verandahs, to those wilder castellated buildings of maturer age, which, in the spirit of true opposition as regards freedom, the French give to Spain, and we to the air. At last we parted. He took to building magazines in stories; we, to constructing stories in magazines; and when, after a long separation, we found that we were at Liverpool, and that he, as his card informed us, was at "St. Michael's Terrace, Birkenhead," we determined to call upon him.

"Terrace"—it was a grand word: there would be little difficulty in finding it. "St. Michael's," too, sounded well. Had it been "Prospect Terrace," or "Albert Terrace," or "Brown's Terrace," we should have mistrusted it; but "St. Michael's Terrace" conjured up

at once images of terraces known to the great world,—of the terrace at Windsor Castle, when the band is playing, and the tall mustachios of the Life Guards are out for a stroll,—of Connaught Terrace, wherein drawing-rooms light up so well, and cornets-à-piston sound so silvery amidst the wax-lights—pure patrician wax-lights, not Price doing duty for them—in the *Bridal* waltz,—that one above all others for *deux temps, cinq temps,* or we doubt not any time at all that could be invented by the most frantic professor;—even of the terrace on the Adelphi drop-scene, where the cavalier of the middle ages is supposed to be singing to his lady, who is, in turn, supposed to be listening to him inside the window;—or of another terrace we know, where there are some inmates who would have driven all the cavaliers of the Middle Ages into the wildest tomfooleries of chivalry, but the name of which we do not tell, for fear the public should flock to see it too eagerly. All these associations put us quite at rest about the practicability of readily finding out St. Michael's Terrace.

In the pride of our heart, having, in the language of the Neapolitan fisherman "beheld how brightly broke the morning," we left the George's Pier, Liverpool, on board the odd steamer which conveys anybody who "don't care two pence" (paid for the journey) to Woodside, on the other shore of the Mersey, which is to Birkenhead what Bankside is to the Borough. The steamer was a curious affair. It had all sorts of strange decks and seats, and a rudder and wheel at either end, so that it could "go ahead" or take "half a turn astarn" with equal facility; and the engine was directed upon deck. Two iron bars kept oscillating from out the hatches, as if a gigantic metal lobster was imprisoned below, and these were his feelers: by them was the machinery governed. The journey occupied two or three minutes,—literally no time, in the amusement derived from the panorama of docks, ships, buildings, and flashing water around us.

On landing at Woodside, we were too proud just at present to ask our way, so we followed the throng up what appeared the principal thoroughfare, and at last coming to a division of roads, thought it time to inquire after St. Michael's Terrace. To this end, we placed our faith in the intelligence of a contiguous baker, who, in return, "thought he knew the name, but couldn't exactly say whereabouts it was,—not for a certainty,—except that it wasn't within a goodish bit of his shop; but he reckoned the policeman opposite might know." With that irritable feeling always provoked by a person, who, upon being asked the way to anywhere, never puts you out of your misery at once, but, after keeping you in suspense for some time, at last confesses "he's a stranger in these parts," we left the shop somewhat discourteously, and attacked the policeman. The policeman's answer was frank and decisive—he had never heard of no such place at all; but added that there was a map in the market, a little way off. And so we turned towards the market.

Birkenhead will, without doubt, some day be a great town; but at present it is rather suggestive than imposing. The grand thoroughfares are simply marked out by a kerb and a gutter; and marvellous traps are laid to catch foreign pedestrians, fashioned like that which Jack laid for the Cornish giant, by covering sticks over a deep hole, which let you fall into embryo areas and dust holes. The sticks in this case are planks, and they tip up sideways like a beetle-trap, when you tread on them. Everything is new,—new door-steps, new slates,

new shutters; and where there are no houses, they are preparing to build them. Deep foundations are dug here and there, and about, which form into ponds for the ducks to dabble in; ground is partitioned off, and traces of the old localities are rapidly disappearing. Now and then a bit of primæval hedge, black and stunted, stares up in amazement at the improvements around it; and a piece of old wall, that hemmed in some garden of the middle ages, finds itself in the centre of an intended square; but beyond this, there is little to recognise the former spot by.

We contrived to find the market-place,—a nice building, by the way, resembling a railway terminus pulled out like a telescope, with fountains, and stalls, and edibles, and, we should suppose customers, only we could not have been there at the proper time to meet them. But there must have been people to buy things somewhere, because there were shops, with cloth caps at sixpence, and stout men's high-lows in the windows; and even note paper and envelopes. At the end of the market-place we found the map; it was, if we remember aright, a manuscript one; and the authorities had blockaded all approach to it with large forms and tables. But our situation was somewhat desperate. We were not to be stopped by trifles; and we climbed over all the obstacles until we got close enough to it. There were all sorts of names of existing and intended streets, but not the one we wanted: and getting down again at the peril of our neck, we vandyked along the central avenue, asking every stall-keeper on each side, and with the same ill-luck. At last we were directed to apply at the Parish Office; and this appeared the best chance yet: it must be a strangely desolate place that rate-collectors did not know of. But that knowledge, even here, was somewhat hazy; they certainly had heard of such a place, although they did not know at which point of Birkenhead it was situated. But they rather thought it was at the end of Grange Lane.

The end of Grange Lane! There was desolation in the very name. It told of dreary coppices and quags—of water-courses and lonely paths—of moated granges without even a Mariana to be aweary in them. Our spirits sank within us; but we thanked the gentlemen in the office for the sympathy they evinced in our tale of distress, and having had our route pointed out to us on another map, evidently the fellow to the one in the market-place, we set off again upon our weary pilgrimage. At the corner, a boy—the only one in sight,—was standing on his head with his feet against the wall, apparently for lack of better employment. We gently knocked him over to ask if we were right, intending to give him a penny. But the acerbity of his "Now then—you jest do that again—that 's all," stopped our mouth, and we went on until we saw the shop of John Power, a licensed victualler, invitingly open. We entered, and humbly made the old enquiry.

"Parthrick!" cried the individual we applied to, with a strong Hibernian accent.

"Sirr!" replied a hamper in the corner of the shop.

"Which is Michael's Staircase?" said the first speaker; at least we thought so, and we mildly suggested St. Michael's Terrace.

"Oh, your sowl—it 's all the same, and he knows it, you 'll see," continued the man. "Where is it?"

"Down by the hotel," answered the hamper; and then the lid rose, and a head appeared from it, and went on; "Keep right away from

the door, and take a turning you 'll see before you; and then anybody will tell you."

And this information being considered sufficient, the head went down again, and there was a noise as of packing bottles.

Whether the directions were wrong, or whether the position of our informer made the difference, we cannot tell. We only know that after much more dispiriting wandering, in the absence of the polar star to guide us, we described almost a circle, and found ourselves once more at the market. We were literally ashamed to ask again. We fancied that the policeman looked suspiciously at us; and the dealers eyed us as if we had been the Wandering Jew. At last, by the luckiest chance in the world, we saw a postman—a strong-minded intelligent man, above equivocation—and he directed us as clearly as minute directions about places perfectly out of sight would allow him to do. We followed his plan; and after passing rows of shell houses, and embryo chapels; and crossing perilous chasms, and limping over roads of broken crockery, and angular bits of granite with all their sharp sides uppermost, which made the walk as pleasant as it would have been along a wall with bottles on the top, we at length arrived—foot-sore and weary—at a row of houses they told us was St. Michael's Terrace. For no name had been put up; neither were there any numbers, and all the doors were alike. Morgiana and her chalk could have bothered the whole of the forty thieves beyond all chance of identifying any of the abodes, better than in Bagdad.

We found out the house, however, and conceived that the last *coup* had been given to our misery by finding also that our cousin was not at home. Hearing that we were at Liverpool, he had gone over to Radley's to find us out, and—he had got the keys! So we wrote a few words, in bitterness of heart, on a card, as we should have done to put in a bottle, in some great extremity out at sea; and sorrowfully began to retrace our steps. Of course we missed our way again. We had noticed a sandstone wall, with a top made of uneven bits, set on their edges, but there were so many like this, that when we thought to be at Woodside, we found ourselves at Birkenhead Church, and now having, as we conceived, a right to rest, we strolled into the churchyard.

The ruins of the old Priory of Birkenhead—or *Byrkhed,* as it was once called—are behind the church, and we paid them a visit. There was something inexpressibly refreshing in arriving at this tranquil oasis in the wilderness of new glaring bricks, and glowing slates, and dusty scaffold-boards and poles, that surrounded it. In an instant its ivy-costumed walls shut out everything from the view; and nothing told of neighbouring life, except a few bright greenhouse plants gleaming through an old gothic window-space from the garden of a *cottage ornée* adjoining. The door of the chapel was open, and we rested on one of the benches. The sun fell pleasantly upon the old red monuments of the cemetery, and pierced the evergreens of the ruins to flit on the turf below. All was calm and soothing; nothing breaking the quiet but the pattering of the autumnal leaves as they were driven into the chapel, and almost sounded like footsteps, as if its ghostly residents once more peopled it. There is a board at one of the gates leading to an inner ruin making known that "Strangers are not permitted to go into this place on the Sabbath-day." It is difficult to conceive what feelings not in accordance with the day in question

could be generated by a visit thereto. But there must be some other reason.

The pier-bell broke our day-dreams. We hurried down to the ferry and missed the boat; so that as the steamers do not leave Monk-Ferry so frequently as they quit the other piers, we were obliged to go on to Woodside. Everywhere the spirit of enterprise and speculation is at work: on all sides hotels, streets, public buildings—and docks, towards the river—are in progress of formation. The entire colony has the appearance of being certain to prove either the greatest hit or the grandest failure on record, for those concerned in it. The part that struck us as the most worthy of notice, is the Park, which we subsequently visited. We have nothing at all like it of the kind in London, nor, we should conceive, anywhere else. It is laid out and varied with consummate taste.

We had to wait again at Woodside until the half-hour came round; and when we got once more to Liverpool, we had still so much to do, that all notions of leaving that day were out of the question. Even our ten minutes at the ruins would not have aided us, if they could have been recalled. And so we wish well to Birkenhead, and shall be delighted to read in the papers of its extension and improvement—of the spirit of its inhabitants, and prosperity of its institutions. But we shall not venture into its wilds again, until all its streets and rows and terraces are marked in proper maps; and some of the dangers are abolished which at present threaten the enterprising visitor at every step. Until then, what ever relations we may have to establish with its inhabitants shall be accomplished by post.

THE REASONING SCHOOLMASTER.

A REAL CHARACTER.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

THE master of our school was an eccentric pedagogue, very learned as we thought, very formal as we saw, very severe as we felt; and among his eccentricities there was none more laughable and cryable than his manner of inflicting punishment. It was a maxim with him that justice should not only be done, but acknowledged; and thus such scenes as the following were of frequent occurrence.

Pedagogue. John Smith?

John. Here, sir!

Ped. Come from your "here" hither. [*John moves slowly and reluctantly up to the rostrum.*] John Smith, you have been guilty of throwing stones, which I forbade. [*John hangs his head disconsolately.*] John Smith, it is of no use looking sorrowfully now, you should have thought of sorrow before you committed the offence [*reaching down the*

cane]. You are aware, John Smith, that those who do evil must be punished; and you, John, must therefore be punished. Is it not so?

John. Oh, sir, I will never do it again.

Ped. I hope you will not, John; but as you forgot the prohibition when left to your unassisted memory, the smart of the remembrance now to be administered will be the more likely to prevent any relapse in future. Hold out your hand. [*Whack.*]

John. Oh, sir! oh, sir! I will never do it again.

Ped. I hope not: hold out your hand again. [*Whack, and a screech from John.*] Now, John, you begin to perceive the consequences of disobedience?

John. Oh, yes, sir,—enough, sir, enough, sir!

Ped. By no means, John. You are somewhat convinced of your error, but not yet sensible of the justice of your punishment, and the quantum due to you. Hold out your other hand [*whack and scream*].

John. Mercy, sir, I will never—[*blubbering*].

Ped. It is all for your good, John: hold out your left hand again. Even-handed justice! Why don't you do as you're bid, sir, eh? [*A slash across the shoulders.*]

John. Oh! oh!

Ped. That's a good boy! [*Whack on the hand again.*] That's a good boy! [*Whack.*] Now, John, you feel that it is all for your good?

John. Oh, no, sir,—oh, no! it is very bad, sir, very sore.

Ped. Dear me, John. Hold out again, sir. I must convince you that it is justice, and all for your good. [*A rain of stripes on hands and back, John bellowing all the while.*] You must feel it is for your good, my boy!

John. Oh, yes, sir—oh, yes-s-s-s-s.

Ped. That's a good lad; you're right again.

John. It is all for my good, sir: it *is all* for my good.

Ped. Indeed it is, my dear. There! [*Whack, whack.*] Now thank me, John. [*John hesitates,—whack, whack.*]

John. Ah, ah! Thank you, sir;—thank you very much. I will never do it; thank you, sir. Oh, sir, tha-a-a-nks.

Ped. That's a dear good boy. Now you may go to your place, and sit down and cry as much as you wish, but without making a noise. And then you must learn your lesson. And, John, you will not forget my orders again. You will be grateful for the instruction I have bestowed upon you. You will feel that Justice is a great and certain principle. You will feel it, John. You may see, also, how much your companions may be benefited by your example. Go and sit down; there's a good boy. John, there are punishments in this school more disgraceful and severe than that you have just undergone.

John, bowing. Yes, sir,—thank ye, sir.

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